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ST. JOE NEWS

1883 TO 1888

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ISSUES

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**NOVEMBER**



Issues Missing

Feb. thru Oct.



**Knickerbocker Dress Plaids Reduced to 5 cents.**

# ST. JOE NEWS.

**SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 3, 1883.**

Farmers say that the wheat throughout the county is looking splendid.

Smoke our Nimble Nickle Cigar. Its one of the best 5 centers in town.

Wash Boilers from \$1.25 to \$4.50, at Conrad's.

The best elbows in the market, found at Conrad's Tin Store.

Six cakes of good toilet soap put up in a fancy wooden box, all for the small sum of 25 cents.

Jacob Sechler is a sort of a grass widower, his wife having gone to Ohio on a visit.

We received a new supply of Hoods this week from Chicago. Some handsome new styles and colors.

George Blecks built an up ground cellar this fall. George thinks they are better and more convenient than those put under the ground.

Those new shades in changeable dress goods are very fashionable. We have sold a number of these patterns during the past week. Call in and see them, and also take a peep through our bargains in other goods.

Rev. Hussey will preach in the church at this place, next Sunday evening.

We've got some of the prettiest little baby hoods you ever saw.

J. H. Conrad has his room well filled up for the fall trade. Call and see him.

Wheat 90, Oats 30, Butter 10, Eggs 20, Dried Apples 8 cents.

The new Methodist church at Spencerville will soon be completed.

We have sold lots of Boots this week. Its because we sell cheap.

Dr. Sturgis of Huntertown, talks of locating in St. Joe.

We have a full line of Men's, Ladies' and Children's Overshoes.

We certainly have as handsome a line of Ladies' and Children's Hoods as ever was brought into this town.

Why don't you attend singing on Tuesday evenings? Its free gratis for nothing, and by going, you might learn something.

That worsted dress goods at 10 cents is a bargain you don't happen on to every day in the week, so call in and get what you need, before it's all gone. We have several different patterns.



## Boys Winter Caps, Good Quality Only 25 cents.

Knickerbocker dress goods a new supply at only 5 cents per yard.

We have some handsome new styles in Ladies Dress Flannels.

Canton Flannels, big assortment at prices that defy competition.

We guarantee every sack of Hursh's flour to be good or no sale.

Morris Widney of Auburn, spent last Sabbath with his brother O. H.

We are offering some rare bargains in Underwear. Take 'em in.

If we can't give you some bargains in goods this fall nobody else can.

A full line of Saxony and Germantown Yarns in all the latest colors.

Boys, don't you want a pair of Fine Boots this fall? We have a good boot for a small lot of money.

Shirting that most of the stores sell for 12 cts, we have cut the price down to 10 cents.

Teacher's meeting Sunday afternoon at three o'clock,, to which all are invited who are interested in Sabbath school work.

Canton Flannel

Canton Flannel

Canton Flannel

Reduced Prices

Reduced Prices

Reduced Prices

Come and see.

Come and see.

Come and see.

Smoke our Nimble Nickle Cigar. Its one of the best 5 centers in town.

Hon. C. F. Mosier, editor of the BRISTOL BANNER, was in town last Monday.

If you want a new calico dress we can suit you, as we have some new styles.

We've got a piece of Table Linen that is'nt all linen, which we are selling for 20 cents. It's cheap.

The present term of school at this place will close this week, and after a vacation of one week the winter term will commence. Mr. Merica as principal and Mrs. Jennie Batt teacher of the primary department.



## Boys Winter Caps, Good Quality Only 25 cents.

The boys at railroad bridge call Hi Bleeks "Jumbo."

WANTED, a good lively barking dog, apply at once to Mack Leighty.

French Mustard for 10 cents or three bottles for 25 cts. Who's next.

Shilling shipped a car load of hogs from this place last Monday.

Oat Meal is cheap and healthy. Call and get some of our number one.

Frank Scholes of Fort Wayne, was in town last week. Frank is now deputy surveyor of Allen county.

We can sell you an all bristle shoe brush for 25 cents, and if that don't suit you we'll throw you in a box of blacking.

Perhaps you haven't heard of the Nimble Nickle Soap, so we take the liberty of calling your attention to the fact that it is the best and biggest cake of soap in the market for the money.

Work is being rapidly pushed forward on the new iron railroad bridge that is being built over the St. Joe river near this place, and it is expected have it completed by the first of December.

Don't forget to call and see our blankets and get our prices before you dare think of buying.

All goods advertised in this paper for sale only by Case & Olds, St. Joe. Call and see us and get a paper.

Having recently purchased some new material we are prepared to do all kinds of job printing at low rates.

We received a supply of choice New York Buckwheat Flour this week, and some splendid new syrup, and now you can have pancakes and 'lasses.

Mack and Ben Leighty have the contract for loading fifty car loads of gravel to be used in grading the streets of Hicksville.

J. H. Conrad our enterprising tinsmith has got one of the neatest and cleanest little store rooms in De Kalb county, and Cooney knows just how to arrange a stock to make it look well, too. Call and see him.

While down at the elevator yesterday we asked Weighmaster Baker whether there was anything new or not. Mahlon began to scratch his head and think; Finally he looked up in a kind of a cross eyed way and said "Have you heard from Ohio." We left.



## Real Good Canton Flannel for 8 and 10 cents.

Rev. Hussey went to Kendallville last Tuesday.

A new fence has been built in front of Mr. Zern's residence.

We sell four boxes of Parlor Matches for 25 cents.

Christmas is on the way, and will be here. Look out for our Holiday goods.

Sam'l Wasson bought two pair of our \$2.50 boot. He said they were the best boot he had come across for the money.

Frank Zern spent a few days with his parents last week. Frank is now night operator at Kendallville.

We can show you a splendid assortment of goods if you will but come in and give us a chance.

Fur Caps are beginning to go. And it is no wonder, at the prices we are offering them at. Buy one.

Mrs. John Engle and Miss Sarah Boyle left Thursday morning, for a visit among friends in Ohio.

Mack Leighty says he don't know now just when he will be married, but he rather thinks he will or he wont, just as him and the rest of the folks think about the matter.

The boys had a whole pocket full of funny fun last Wednesday night, and by the appearance of the streets the next morning it looked as though a young hurricane had swept over the town. The fronts of the stores were piled up with boxes, planks, scantling &c. Joe Baker had a number of old wagons and carts left in front of his shop to be shaved and shampooed. A big gale stuck down the alley around Sol Barney's barn and turned his buck-board up side down in the ditch. Dr. Sheffer was hurriedly called from his midnight slumbers by a loud ring at the door bell, which he found upon opening the door, did not originate from any one who needed his services, but came from a string attached to the door bell, and a lot of boys at the end of the string, but when Doc got to the end of the string the boys was't there. The wind then took a southern direction and scattered a lot of empty boxes in Mell Bishop's front yard; it then whirled to the west, around the corner it piled up a lot of rubbish in front of Mart Testison's grocery, it then flopped across the street and became so severe as to cause the trees in front of Curt Washler's saloon to bloom out with beer bottles, it then proceeded on in its wild career, now tearing up a few cabbages, and then again putting down a street crossing in the wrong way, until finally, about 12 o'clock the wind went down and the boys went home and went to bed.

Call and see our stock of Lard Presses, and Lard Cans at Conrad's.

Conrad keeps a full line of stove pipe dampers &c. Call on Vic for bargains.



**ISSUE**

**MISSING**



DECEMBER



ISSUE

MISSING



Come in and see us

# ST. JOE NEWS.

VOL. 1.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 15, 1883

No. 32.

Dolls.

Shell boxes.

A B C Blocks.

Drums, Toy Chimes.

Books, Banks, Tool Boxes.

Mugs, Toy Tea Cups and Saucers.

Writing Desks, Children's Rooms.

Fancy Paper, Pens, Mustache Cup  
and Saucers, Shaving Mug.

Setting Hens, Cake Stands, Hobby  
Horses, Picture Handkerchiefs.

We sold fourteen dress patterns last  
Wednesday.

We have an elegant line of Silk Hand-  
kerchiefs, from 30 cents up.

Christmas Undies, Raincoats &c. at our  
store awful cheap and cheap.

The young people had a party at  
John Leighty's Dr., on Friday evening,  
in honor of Misses Silas and Dora.

We thank you for your patronage in  
the year that is past, and solicit a share  
of your 1884 purchases.

Mervin Whitney thinks that Michigan  
girls are a great deal nicer than our  
good looking hoosier girls.

Some of the boys living on Main street  
who make a practice of jumping on to  
moving freight trains, will get hurt if  
they don't stop it.

William Leighty, wife and little May  
went to St. Joe last Saturday and Sun-  
day, visiting with Dr. Mitchell's family.  
He reports that Doc is well pleased with  
his location, and is building up a good  
practice.

Don't fail to attend Prof. Gordon's  
concert.

We wish everybody a Merry Christmas  
and a Happy New Year.

There will be an Oyster Supper at  
Leighty's Hotel, after the concert to be  
given at the close of Prof. Gordon's sing-  
ing class, which will be either Friday or  
Saturday evening, Dec. 18th or 20th.

Dr. Bowman will move into Loran  
Saylor's house as soon as it is vacated.

Children's Knives, Forks and Spoons  
make a good Christmas present. We  
bought 3 dozen sets, and have sold part  
of them already. Call at once.

Nothing less than a shower of pitch-  
forks can keep the St. Joe people at  
home, when there is an entertainment  
on hand, as was fully demonstrated the  
evening of the Hard Tack Social, when  
notwithstanding the disagreeable weather,  
there was quite a large attendance, and  
all were well repaid for going out, by an  
evening of enjoyable fun. Everybody  
had a good time, and the speeches, songs,  
beans, pork and hard tack were excellent.  
We say, do it again sometime.



The

Very Best in the Market.

We received a new supply of Men's  
wool and woolen shirts.

Men's Boots.

Men's Shoes.

Call and see those Wool Knit Caps.  
They arrive this week.

Boy's Boots.

Boy's Shoes.

Men's Heavy Coats warranted not to  
leak, just received at our waterproof  
store. Prices all right.

Ladies' Shoes.

Children's Shoes.

We have run out of Knickerbockers for  
a week or more, but we received a new  
supply this week, coming at a rate.

In Fact, Shoes

For Everybody.

Who'd be the lucky man to  
marry? It's a safe prescription for  
himself.

Over Shoes

For Men and Boys.

J. D. Lehigh was at Indianapolis  
last week, attending a meeting of the  
Temple.

Over Shoes For

Ladies and Children.

The poultry business has not been a  
very paying investment this season, on  
account of warm weather.

In Fact, Over Shoes

For Everybody.

All goods advertised in this paper for  
sale only by Cass & Ohio, St. Joe. Call  
and see us, and get a paper.

Ladies' shoes and slippers at  
prices that will make your head spin.

It is predicted that this will be an open  
winter, with plenty of rain and slush, and  
there is nothing that will be of more  
real benefit to a lady in a wet rain, than  
a "Winter Circular." We thought it  
would likely be a wet winter, consequent-  
ly we bought quite a supply, and are able  
to sell them cheap.

Ladies' All Wool Hose cheaper than  
you can buy the yarn and knit them at  
the N. X. O. P. store.

Give me liberty, or give me two dollars  
and a half and I'll go down to Mortimer  
and get a pair of four dollar boots.



## Our Japan Tea is the Best the Market Affords.

Come in and see our holiday goods,  
and buy the baby a new dress.

Well, we've just got this to say, if you  
don't, why don't you—buy the Nimble  
Nickle 5 CENT soap.

J. H. Conrad is the worst man to spout  
in this country; fact of it is he spouts  
about all the time, and when he can't  
get any thing else to spout about, he  
spouts a house.

Misses Sidie and Dora Leighty, daugh-  
ters of Alex Leighty, who formerly lived  
in this place, are visiting friends here  
and at Spencerville, and will remain un-  
til after the holidays.

Have you ever been scared to death?  
If you hav'nt, but would like to be, just  
go over to George Bleeks' and have an  
interview with his dog. He can chaw  
a man up in 5 or 10 seconds and not  
half try. We've been there and know  
something about it, I thank you.

Two smart alecks from the rural dis-  
tricts bought a bottle of beer the other  
day, and had the impudence to come  
down right in front of our store and  
drink it, without offering us even a  
taste. They thought it was cute, you  
know, to stand out in the middle of the  
street and drain a beer bottle. People  
admire such exhibitions of smartness,  
and it is such an excellent example to set  
before the young men and boys. Shame  
on you boys, be a man, be something,  
but don't be a hog.



U. P. Houser of Auburn, was in town  
last week,

Three car loads of live pork were  
shipped from this place last week.

We can show as fine a line of holiday  
goods as the market affords.

George Miles, the present railroad  
agent at this place, has resigned his po-  
sition, and will leave the first day of  
January.

We offer the special bargains in Gloves  
and Mittens, for the next few days. Boys  
wool lined calf front Mittens 40 cents.  
Boys' all-calf felt lined reduced to 35 cts.  
Men's Mittens 40 and 50 cts. Gloves 75  
and \$1.00, Boys' Gloves 35 cts.



## Good Gingham Reduced to 5 & 6 cents per Yard.

A new year will soon poke its nose in upon us, and we, like all of the great newspapers, must have a prospectus for 1884. We had one last week, but it got away from us. We expect to make this paper one of the northern lights of 1884. It will be published semi-occasionally, that is, now and then, or otherwise, just as the weather will permit. It will be illustrated with the same illustrations that we used last year. It being leap year, we shall lend the use of the columns of this paper, and its brains too, if necessary, in assisting bashful young ladies and old maids in popping the question. Our politics are in prohibition. Our subscription price will remain the same, unless the democrat should happen to elect a president, and in that case, we should make immediate preparations for moving up salt river. Our terms are nothing, payable in advance. Chromos furnished on application. Subscribe at once.

If you want a nice new, stylish calico dress, we've got some new patterns.

We have some beautiful hanging lamps at low prices. Look at them.

Hugh Culbertson of Auburn was in town Tuesday.

I wish to inform the public, that I am prepared to do all kinds of Stamping. Having lately received from New York, some beautiful designs, I wish especially to call the attention of gentlemen belonging to the Masonic Order, as I have on hand some very pretty patterns for Masonic aprons. My patterns are all new. I will receive orders at the residence of O. E. Miller. F. J. Borst.

Harry White while at school last Tuesday, fell and fractured his ankle.

We have the handsomest assortment of Lamps ever brought to St. Joe.

We can give you a big bargain in Hosiery and Suspenders.

A number of new buildings will be erected in St. Joe, next season.

We have a bang up good piece of Linen Toweling at a price that will astonish you. Only 5 cents.

Mahlon Baker has moved into the house formerly occupied by J. H. Conrad.

A series of revival meetings will be commenced in the church at this place, immediately after the holidays.

We have some fancy embroidered Slippers for gentlemen, that will make a handsome Christmas present.

Morris Widney of Auburn, sang some fine selections of music at the hard tack social last Thursday evening.

O. E. Miller has leased the St. Joe Cheese Factory for five years, and solicits the patronage of the surrounding country.

The boys who had so much fun hollow eve night, paid for it last week, and some of them thought it was pretty expensive amusement.

Prof. Gordon will give a concert in Leighty's Hall at the close of the present term of singing school, which will be either Friday or Saturday evening, between the holidays. Due notice will be given of the time. Make your arrangements so that you can attend.



**JANUARY**



Mr. T. P. Keator, The re-  
on Tuesday Evening, January 22, 1884, unde-  
lecture.

# ST. JOE NEWS.

VOL. I

SATURDAY, JANUARY 12, 1884.

No. 23.

One of the most foolish and uncalled for habits, that men engage in, is that of swearing; nor is it altogether confined to men. Sorry to say, there are young men and even small boys in our town, who oftentimes are heard to use profane language. Now the question arises where do they learn it? Certainly not in their readers or spelling books; no, it comes from hearing older ones, and oftentimes parents themselves, indulging in this awful habit. Small boys are allowed out on the street until 9 or 10 o'clock at night, listening to all that is being said, and of course they hear men swear, and they are quick to follow the example, and if you ask them why they do so, they can truthfully reply "the big folks do that," or "my father swears, and if it's right for him, why not for me?" Is this not true to a certain extent, and if so, why not make a resolve at this, the beginning of a new year to quit using profane language, and after you have made the resolution, stick to it. There are other vices equally as bad, if not worse, which we shall speak of hereafter.

Call at the Brick Tin Store for good Tin Ware &c.

Call and see the stacks of wash boilers at Conrads.

Get a pail of our prepared Coconut Handsome pail and fine cocoa.

Conrad is getting ready a lot of spouting for the spring trade.

Plenty of brick for sale at the St. Joe brick yard.

Our job lot of Ladies' Hose includes some that usually sell at 20 and 25 cents. Bargains sure.

Phleta Shirts sold his horse, buggy harness and a brand new pin sleigh for \$110 cash.

George Miles, commonly known among railroad men as "big foot" has quit railroading. J. H. Trippe is now agent at this place.

Up in Minnesota the thermometer was down to 45 degrees below zero. Just think of it, 19 degrees colder than it was here. Whew!

That cold snap last week reminded us of the winter of—let me see; I believe it was some where along about August, 1857. It was so tormented hot, we came near freezing to death.

Vick Conrad will give you bottom prices on the neatest small tin pails in the county. Call on Vick.

The attendance at church has been good this week, but there is room for more. The meetings will probably continue for a number of days yet, and all are invited to come.



## Top Yeast. Its the Best.

Joe.

Mart Testison now carries a stock of Queensware.

St. Joe is one of the most lively towns in the county.

Morris Widney was in town on New Year's day.

John Widney will commence work on his new house as soon as spring opens.

Never run in debt if you can find any thing else to run into.

Dan Baker and his family have moved back from Iowa. He will farm the old homestead.

We have a bang up good piece of Linon Toweling at a price that will astonish you. Only 5 cents.

Buckwheat flour made into flap-jacks is always the best about this time of the year. We can supply you.

Our Tens are guaranteed to be first class, and the prices we will make way down low cheap.

Mr. Morica, principal of the Garrett schools, and brother of our Merica, was in town on New Year's eve.

We sold thirty eight silk handkerchiefs during the holidays, and still there are people who wont keep their nose clean.

ent of St.

The hunters who were down to the big woods last week, were very successful, bringing home with them seven deers.

Smoke the Nimble Nickle cigar. They are as good as the N. N. soap.

Men's and Boy's Rubber Boots of a first class quality for sale at the Nimble Nick store.

We noticed Joe Bull going home the other day with a cradle in his sled. Now we don't mean to insinuate that he was taking it home for his own use, but we just merely mention it as an item of news.

Alex. Filley's sister and mother spent New Years with him.

"Roastbeeflambmuttonandham," said the girl who waits on the table at the Isle of Rhosia. "Well said the old gentlemen, I never tasted it, but you may bring me some, and I'll see what it is like."

Say, who was it said they were going to build a grist mill in St. Joe?

Complete line of Men's Underwear at cold weather prices.

There was an average attendance of over 100 scholars at Sunday school during last quarter.

It was quite a difficult matter to keep the school rooms at this place warm during the cold snap last week. Trustee Brown came down and put up another stove, and done all in his power to made the scholars comfortable.



## Nimble Nickle Laundry Soap is the Very Best.

St. For

News.

Published every two weeks, by Mort E. Olds in the advertising interests of Case & Olds, Dealers in Dry Goods, Groceries, Notions, Boots, Shoes, Hats, Caps, Queensware &c.

Free to all who will call at our store and get a copy. It will be sent to any post office address, where the postage is pre-paid.

### THE INSTITUTE.

The Institute was called to order at 10:20 o'clock by County Superintendent Merica, followed by singing by the choir. The teachers present and the districts in which they teach is as follows:

- No. 1, Not present.
- 2, Amelia Sechler,
- 3, J. H. St. Clair,
- 4, Mrs. Nannie Kosht,
- 5, Annie Timmerman,
- 6, Chas. Merica and Jennie Evans,
- 7, Laura Shutt,
- 8, J. E. Dermott,
- 9, Byron A. Hadsell,
- 10, Prof. D. A. Holmes and Clara Wannemaker,
- 11, Eva Shutt.

Prof. Holmes gave some valuable thoughts on the much neglected subject of penmanship, and we think that if his theories were practiced by all teachers, there would be less of this so-called running hand. Miss Annie Timmerman then spoke upon the "Different Methods of Spelling," which was followed by a general discussion of the subject; developing the benefits of both oral and written spelling, with a decided preference for the written. Mrs. Kosht then gave a class recitation on "Parts of Speech," to a class of primary pupils, which was

very interesting and profitable. The meeting then adjourned for dinner.

### AFTERNOON SESSION.

Exercises open with song by choir and prayer by Rev. Baker. Miss Amelia Sechler gave a lesson in Mathematical Geography. Her ideas of relative distance were well presented, and likewise well received. Her remarks were supplemented by a talk by the Superintendent on primary geography taught orally, including such work as map drawing on a small scale, such as the school house and grounds, thus teaching a scale of miles as used in our maps. B. A. Hadsell then illustrated in a well chosen manner, the growth of our county from the days of the revolution. Miss Eva Shutt then gave an interesting talk on "Letter Writing." A lesson on Hygiene by J. E. Dermott, shows that teachers are beginning to see the practical uses of the book called "Physiology." In connection with this subject, Mr. Keeran of Auburn, being present, he was requested to explain the working of his new window blind. The Superintendent then gave an interesting and somewhat puzzling lesson on decimal fractions, after which he gave a talk to the teachers upon various topics in which they should interest themselves. Cooperation and organization was urged as absolutely necessary. The selfishness and jealousy of both parents and teachers was shown forcibly, and every teacher felt the truth of the remarks. A lesson on "Keeping the Register" was then presented in a brief manner, after which the Institute adjourned to meet at half past nine o'clock on Saturday morning.

When in town, call in and see us.



## Try a Pair of our Twenty Shilling Men's Boots.

### Stand by Your Own Town.

We clip the following from a Chicago Journal, and hope that every citizen of St. Joe, that is interested in the welfare of our town, will read it and profit thereby. "The growth of a town depends upon the character of the people who make up its population. This may seem so self evident a truth as not to need any mention, but we wish to call attention to one class of people who work much injury to their town. We refer to the grumblers who run down their own place as a business point, and think every other village sells goods cheaper and offer greater inducements. The men who refuse to stand by their own town are not few in number, and their influence is a bad one. If a stranger comes along to invest in some kind of business or manufacturing institutions he is told by these croakers that the place is "no good," and if they could get away themselves they would be glad to do it. They tell the new comer he will make a mistake if he invests and they would advise him not to. Such talk is enough to discourage the most enthusiastic investor and drive him away. There are but few towns which have no representation of this class of croakers. They may mean no harm, and would no doubt like to see their places advance, but they cannot see that they themselves are the barnacles which prohibit any progressive movement. Stand by your own town and and sound its praises, if you would see it grow."

William Shambaugh a prominent young attorney of Fort Wayne, visited friends in St. Joe during the holidays.

WE INVITE

YOUR SPECIAL ATTENTION

TO OUR

CLOSING OUT SALE OF  
WINTER GOODS.

1884.

Leap year.

Hoods at cost.

Days are getting longer.

Our \$2.50 Boot is a rattler.

2500 Tooth Picks for 10 cents.

Closing out winter goods at reduced prices.

B. S. Pettit of Hicksville, called upon us one day last week.

Cash Samburg was married one day last week.

Nimble Nickle Soap still takes the lead of all laundry soaps.

Mrs. J. D. Leighty was at Fort Wayne a few days last week.

Last Thursday was a billious old day for Griner's sale.

Knickerbocker Plaids knocked down to ONE NICKLE for three feet.



## Use the National Dry Hop Yeast. Its the Best.



Milt Boots of Edgerton, Ohio, was in town last Monday.

Some nice new dress prints can be seen by calling at our store.

If you want any printing done give us a call. Prices extremely low.

Communion services at the church on one week from next Sunday, at half past ten o'clock.

John McCue has been promoted to the position of walking boss, and Jerry Irwin is now foreman of this section.

Two county ditches have been laid through the low lands of Sodom, which will when completed, drain and fit for cultivation a number of acres of land, that is now almost worthless.

### SODOM ITEMS.

REPORTED BY S. S. WIDNEY.

Millie Sechler is teaching the Sodom school this winter.

Wm. Sechler is getting out lumber to build a new house next summer.

George Tappin received a severe cut on his foot, a few days ago, by coming in to close a contact with an axe.

Wm. Stamen bought an oak tree of Frank Sechler, the butt cut of which, measured 16 feet in circumference.

Mrs. Alice Tappin who has been quite sick for the past two months, is slowly regaining her usual health.

Alfred and Chalmers Reasoner have lately purchased a circle and drag saw, and are prepared to do all kinds of wood sawing.

Notwithstanding the severe snow storm on New Year's night, a sled load of young people went over to Henry Sechler's, east of Newville, to an oyster supper. They report a jolly time.

Dan Baker and wife, formerly of this neighborhood, but who have for the past three years been living in Iowa, have returned to make this their future home. Their return is welcomed by many friends.

## Job Lot of Ladies' Hose--Your choice for 10 cents.

We have an elegant good sugar now for 9 cents.

Is Wyatt has purchased the Concord store of Henry Garrett.

If you want a bargain in Men's shirts, call on we, us and company.

Frank Draggoe took a load of dead hogs to Fort Wayne last Monday.

We have reduced our 8 cent sugar to 7 cts, and our 9 to 8. They are bargains.

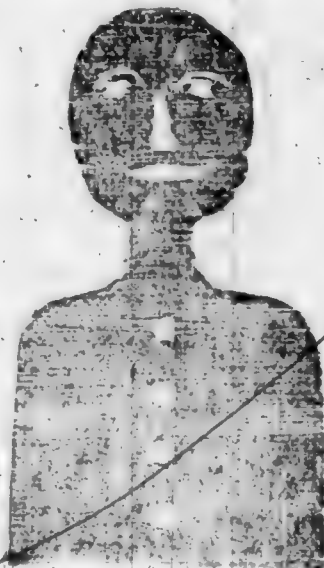
Charlie Meek has another pet. It is not in alcohol this time, but on his neck. Its a boil.

A sled load of young folks went over to Coburn's Corners Tuesday night to a literary.

There are several mistakes in this issue, both in spelling and composition. Our proof reader is getting near sighted.

Orange Fales was married a week ago Thursday, to a lady at Napanee, Ind. They spent last Sunday with father and mother Fales, at Spencerville.

Dr. Bowman pulled a tooth for Burt Hull on Tuesday, the roots of which reached clear down into his feet; at least they said that when Doc yanked on the tooth, Burt's feet flew up.



I hay ben hird bi the editer of this pa-  
par tu rite peaces. I am a boy 17 1/2 years  
old. I live on Porke Avaneu, Sant Jo.  
I gus i hav graguatid, anyway I dont go  
tu serle any moor. I was goin tu be a  
lawer, but mi paw said i was tu wel ede-  
cateled, so i conclooded to be an editer  
an rite peaces an draugh picturs fur illos-  
tratead nuzpapars. (The above photo  
is me. i skeetched it, so you cood see  
what i lok like. I wil rite another peace  
in the nex papar, an draw sum moor  
drawings, so gud bi,

Barcus Q. Hippenhammer.

Willis Brown of Auburn, was in town  
Tuesday.

Is this what they call an open win-  
ter?

Mrs. Wm. Saylor has been quite sick,  
but at this writing she is some better.

Mrs. Win. Volmar, who has been vis-  
iting her parents for the past few weeks,  
returned to her home in Fort Wayne,  
this week.



Examine our stock of Ladies' & Children's Shoes.

# ST. JOE NEWS.

VOL. 1.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 26, 1884.

No. 24.

## A MISHAP.

BY JOHN, BURT AND FRANK.

Not long ago in the town of St. Joe,  
There was a case in which there was a chase  
One man was small, the other tall,  
And oh it was fun, to see them run.

The tall man said  
Hold on Shorty, I'm almost dead,  
Then Shorty replied, I'm hunting bail;  
Then the tall man said you must go to jail.

When before the Squire they did appear,  
Shorty began to feel rather queer;  
And he said, what's all this fuss about,  
Then Solomon said, you're gone up spout.

Then Sam didn't look very immense,  
For he had got goods under false pretense;  
And then in order to settle the fun,  
They sent E. J. after Robinson.

Then very much against Sam's delight,  
They said he could not come to-night;  
And they found that the best they could do,  
Was to take him to Auburn on number two.

And after all his day's toil,  
They turned him over to Sheriff Boyle;  
Sam was marched through whitewashed halls,  
And finally lodged between stone walls.

The pay car passed through last Wednesday.

We have a supply of Red Pontiac Mittens in stock now. Call and get a pair.

One of our good looking young farmers will be married Sunday.

On Friday morning the mercury was down to 32 degrees below zero.

Mrs. Reed has been quite sick, but is now some better.

Quarterly meeting at the Methodist church in Spencerville, one week from Sunday.

O. M. Meeks will move to St. Joe, and engage in the work of house and sign painting.

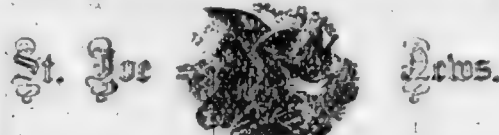
Look out for some new novelties in Glassware at the Nimble Nick glassware store. Fruit dishes for 5 cents.

Uncle Billy Allen is getting material on the ground for a new brick house, to be built the coming summer.

If any one would have asked us how long Mr. Keator lectured the other night, we should have answered, not over three quarters of an hour. It didn't seem possible that he had spoken over two hours, and yet such was the case.

One of the largest and most intelligent audiences that ever assembled in Leighty's Hall, greeted Mr. T. P. Keator in his lecture "My Trip Around the World," on last Tuesday evening. The lecture was intensely interesting; and Mr. Keator held the close attention of his hearers for over two hours. It was a literary treat rarely ever enjoyed by the citizens of this community, and we wish there might be many more such. The G. A. R's are to be congratulated on the success of the enterprise.

## Nimble Nickle Laundry Soap is the Very Best



Published every two weeks, on Saturday morning, by Mort E. Olds, in the advertising interests of Case & Olds, retail dealers in Dry Goods, Notions, Groceries, Boots, Shoes, Hats, Caps, Queensware &c.

*Free to all who will call at our store and get a copy, or it will be sent free to any post office address, where the postage is pre-paid. Our mail box is on the front door.*

ST. JOE, IND., SATURDAY JANUARY 26, 1884

Chas. Shephard was registered at the hotel one night last week.

French Mustard only 10 cents per bottle, or three for twenty-five.

We are prepared to do job printing in a first class manner.

Everything seems to indicate lower prices on wheat.

What kind of yeast shall I get? Why the National, of course.

The institute was well attended last Saturday, and quite interesting.

Nels Thomas' house came near getting on fire one night last week.

The BUTLER REVIEW man called on us last week.

Sheriff Boyle of Auburn was in the city one day last week on business.

Nimble Nickle soap will clean your clothes, and make them white.

We print about 300 copies of this paper every issue, and then oftentimes do not have a sufficient number to supply the demand.

Seven boxes for 25 cents. Ask about it. It will pay.

Sol Barney and wife went to Fort Wayne last week.

A gentlemen from Wauseon, Ohio, is talking of starting a photograph gallery in St. Joe. Plenty of room.

Two ladies were canvassing the town last week for a patent knitting machine. They sold several.

Large quantities of splendid ice has been harvested during the past few days.

A new brand of Plug Tobacco on sale at our store this week. Its the best thing on the market.

Sugars are very low, but they will be higher one of these days. Lay in a supply now and save money.

It is reported that Mr. Griner is anxious to build a grist mill here, if he can secure a good man to go in partnership with him.

Wall Fales has moved into the building formerly occupied by Joe Slaughter. We understand that Dr. Bowman will use the front room for an office.

Bear in mind that all goods advertised in this paper, as well as a great many other bargains, are for sale only by Case & Olds, St. Joe, Ind.

We printed some sale bills for Levi Lawhead last week. He will sell on Saturday, Feb. 16, 1884, 1 Milk Cow, 2 Work Horses, 1 Yearling Calf, 1 Wagon, 1 set of double Harness, 1 Buggy, 5 head of Hogs, Plows, Drags &c.



## Examine our stock of Ladies' & Children's Shoes.

Geo. Depew of Michigan, is visiting with his brother Abe.

If you want some good clean beans, we can supply you.

A car load of fork handle material left town the other day.

J. K. Culbertson, the Auburn furniture man, was in town last week.

Dol Kester has the contract for building John Widney's new house.

Men's Rubber Overshoes at the Nimble Nick overshoe store.

Dr. Sheffer will build an office on the corner of his lot next summer.

Mr. Ther of Minnesota, visited here among relatives, last week.

Wm. Stamen is buying and shipping large quantities of logs.

Miss Ida Blair of Waterloo, visited with friends in town last week.

Call and see the stacks of wash boilers at Conrads.

The thermometer was down to 14 degrees below zero last Sunday morning.

Those who have street lamps ought to see that they are lit, especially on dark nights.

New goods arriving, and low prices prevailing, with prospects for a thaw, at the Nimble Nick.

Josh Lounsberry and wife spent last Sunday in Hicksville. Alex. Filley and family visited Mrs. Filley's mother at Newville, who is quite sick.

John Henderson Esq., says he prides himself more on the quality of his sheep, than upon the clothes he wears. Those who are capable of judging claim that he has as fine a collection of sheep as this part of the country affords.

A good many farmers are doing something this winter they have never been guilty of before. Buying corn.

Oats are looking up about 34 cents worth.

The lawsuit held before Squire Woodcox last week, between Ad Chubb and Wilson Countryman, was decided in favor of the latter.

This is an age of wonders, and one of the latest is, that the stove in the waiting room at the depot, has been blacked. Score one for the new agent.

Mr. and Mrs. Griner and son, went to Ohio last week, to visit among friends and relatives.

There are nineteen millions of bushels of wheat in the Chicago elevators.

Get a pail of our prepared Cocoanut. Handsome pail and fine cocoa.

There is considerable work attached to the printing of this little paper, and the only compensation we can, and do expect, is the patronage of the public, or at least a share of it. And so, while you enjoy the perusal of it's columns week after week, don't forget to occasionally call in and show your appreciation of our endeavors to please you, by giving us a share of your purchases. Thus we will be mutually benefited.

## Examine our stock of Ladies' & Children's Shoes.

Another car load of corn is expected to arrive this week.

Miss Clara Shull was married last week to Mr. Lewis Lake.

We can furnish you a splendid good broom for 25 cents.

Try our new smoking Tobacco called "Honey Dew."

Dr. Bowman expects to go to Philadelphia about the middle of next month, to attend a course of medical lectures.

Alex. Donaldson has secured the contract for building a brick school house in district number four, Concord township.

There is quite a demand for houses to rent in this place at the present time. Why don't some one who has money, put up a few dwellings?

Will Carrie is trying hard to raise a moustache. Get some of Hall's Hair Invigorator and dope it on you upper lip three times a day, and that will fetch it every time, sometimes.

It is very seldom indeed, that we are able to present to our readers such lovely and at the same time, such highly interesting poetry, as that to be found on the first page of this issue. It was composed and written by three promising young men of our village, who are not yet out of their teens, and how such young and tender brains could produce such a thrilling description of a recent capture and trial, and then rhyme it into choice poetry, is more that we can tell. The boys ought to be careful and not over-task their brains too much, or it might produce a softening.



The editor he wanted me to draw a picture of Gorge Blinks' dog, so I went over and stood afar off, and sketched him. The aboy is him. He is a fine specimen of true doghood; his name is like. He is gentil, meke an myll. Should yu hapen into the lot where he stays, an want to sea him, yu need nt call him, he'll cum without calling, an most likly when yu sea him comin you'll hav busnis outside the lot. His master says he wont bite, but the editor says he dont beleave it, becas he's tried him, an he alwas found him willin an anxious to take a hold. I aint much posted on dogs, an ther4 I leav the subject wher I left off. I wil debate on sumthin els in the nex paper, untel then I am

Yours Very doggly,

Barcus Q. Hippenhammer.

A car load of milk cows were shipped from this place last Tuesday.

Quite a number of Newville people attended the lecture Tuesday evening.

Mr. Keator has been invited to deliver a lecture at Spencerville, and will probably do so sometime next month.



FEBRUARY

Three Big Pounds of Fresh Crackers for 25 cts.

# ST. JOE NEWS.

VOL. 1.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 9, 1884.

No. 25.

## SPECIAL NOTICE.

All persons interested in the building of a Grist Mill in St. Joe are requested to meet in Leighty's Hall, next Monday evening, February 11th, 1884.

John Davis was at Defiance last Wednesday.

Com. O. H. Widney went to Garrett Wednesday.

Revival meetings at Spencerville in M. E. church.

Russ George is working for the B. & O. railroad, painting engines.

Charles Widney is confined to his house on account of sickness.

Lawyers Rose and Moody of Auburn were on our streets last Wednesday.

Those Dried Peaches we received this week are the finest we have ever had.

Miss Lizzie Evans has been quite sick but is some better to-day.

Temperance meeting at the church next Wednesday evening. All are earnestly invited to be present.

Barcus Q. Hippenhammer is suffering from a dislocation of the brain, consequently he does not expectorate in this week's paper.

Remember we guarantee our goods to be as cheap as any one else will sell you the same quality of goods for. We work to please our customers.

John Henderson Esq., tells a good story about the BUTLER REVIEW man, who was through the county a couple of weeks ago writing up the farmers. John invited him to call at his place, which invitation he promptly accepted. Now any one that has ever met Mr. Henderson in his home, knows that he always makes people welcome. So it was with this newspaper man, John took great pains to show him over his farm, and the various things of interest connected therewith, until finally they came to the stock, and while in the barnyard, making an examination of the different kinds that Mr. Henderson prides himself upon, a sheep of the male persuasion, probably in a playful way, boughed his head forcibly to bear against the rear end of the REVIEW man, landing him on the opposite side of the fence, the worse case of printer's pi you could imagine. He picked himself up and went into the house, and stood up while he wrote a description of Mr. Henderson's farm and his stock, especially his fine quality sheep.

Charlie Meek is on the sick list.

No preaching in town to-morrow.

Jake Martin is selling out at cost.

Chas. Merica, principal of our schools, went to Garrett yesterday.

Miss Sarah Boyle is canvassing the town for a book called "Among the Poets." It is a splendid book.



## Don't use any thing but the Nimble Nickle Soap.

St. Joe



Notes.

Published every two weeks, on Saturday morning, by Mort E. Olds, in the advertising interests of Case & Olds, retail dealers in Dry Goods, Notions, Groceries, Boots, Shoes, Hats, Caps, Queensware &c.

*Free to all who will call at our store and get a copy, or it will be sent free to any post office address, where the postage is pre-paid. Our mail box is on the front door.*

ST. JOE, IND., SATURDAY FEBRUARY 9, 1884

Spear Head Tobacco.

Valentine day next Thursday.

Call and see our bargains in sugar.

Give us share of your patronage this year.

Literary at Coburn's Corners every Saturday evening.

D. M. Meek occupies rooms with his brother Charlie, in the Widney house.

The doctors all live at this end of town, consequently it is the healthiest part of the village.

George Bleeks' dog pitched into the wrong dog the other day, and got badly whipped. Good! we will set up the cigars to that dog if he will call around at our office.

We desire to call your attention to a list of our Canned Goods to be found on another page of this paper. Look it over and then call in and get our starvation prices.

The other morning Uncle George Willnot drove by the store with a saw log, and Billy Leighty was riding on a hand sled hitched on behind. As they went by, we, boy fashion, ran out and jumped on to the hand sled with Billy. Then Uncle George thought he would have some fun and he began to whip up the old horses. Away we went, around the corner, and over the railroad, and as we turned the corner by Bleeks' house Uncle George in his anxiety to see us tumble off, leaned a little too far back and away he went, head over heels, into the very identical snow bank he had expected to dump us off into. Moral: don't fool with boys.

Dr. Ward of Newville was in town last week.

Filley & Lounsberry have their mill yard pretty well filled up with logs.

Several of our citizens are getting ladders made for use in case of fire. A good idea.

Our garden seeds arrived last week. Good time to plant them, so as to have early vegetables.

We have a splendid quality of Choice New Dried Peaches. Call and lay in a supply.

Bear in mind that all goods advertised in this paper, as well as a great many other bargains, are for sale only by Case & Olds, St. Joe, Ind.

Don't fail to get one of our 5 cent Fruit Dishes.

---

The following is the way a juvenile dictionary defines words:

"Dust--Mud with the juice squeezed out."

"Fan--A thing to brush the warm of with."

"Ice--Water that stayed out in the cold and went to sleep."

"Monkey--A very small boy with a tail."

"Pig--A hog's little boy."

"Salt--What makes your potatoes taste bad when you don't put any on."

"Snoring--Letting off sleep."

"Wakefulness--Eyes all the time coming unbuttoned."

---

February.

Leap Year.

Twenty-nine days.

Girls do the sparking.

Use the National Dry Hop Yeast.

Wid Patterson was at Hicksville one day last week.

---

Have you seen those fruit dishes we are selling for 5 cents.

---

Biggest line of Canned Goods in town at the Nimble Nick.

---

Look out for some new novelties in Glassware at the Nimble Nick glassware store. Fruit dishes for 5 cents.

---

It is reported that Henry Fales will build a large room on the corner west of the hotel, this summer, to be occupied by him in the furniture and undertaking business. We hope the report may prove to be true.



CANNED  
Tomatoes.

Pie Peaches.

Green Gages.

Yellow Peaches.

Strawberries.

Lima Beans.

Sweet Corn.

Pumpkin &c.

Dried Peaches.

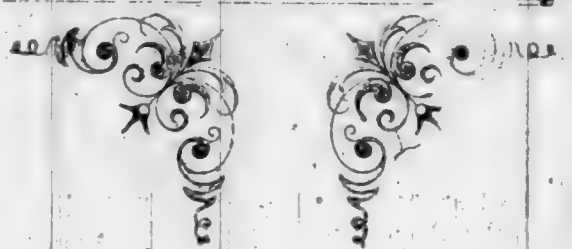
Turkey Prunes.

French Mustard.

Cove Oysters

PICKLES &c.

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# ST. JOE!

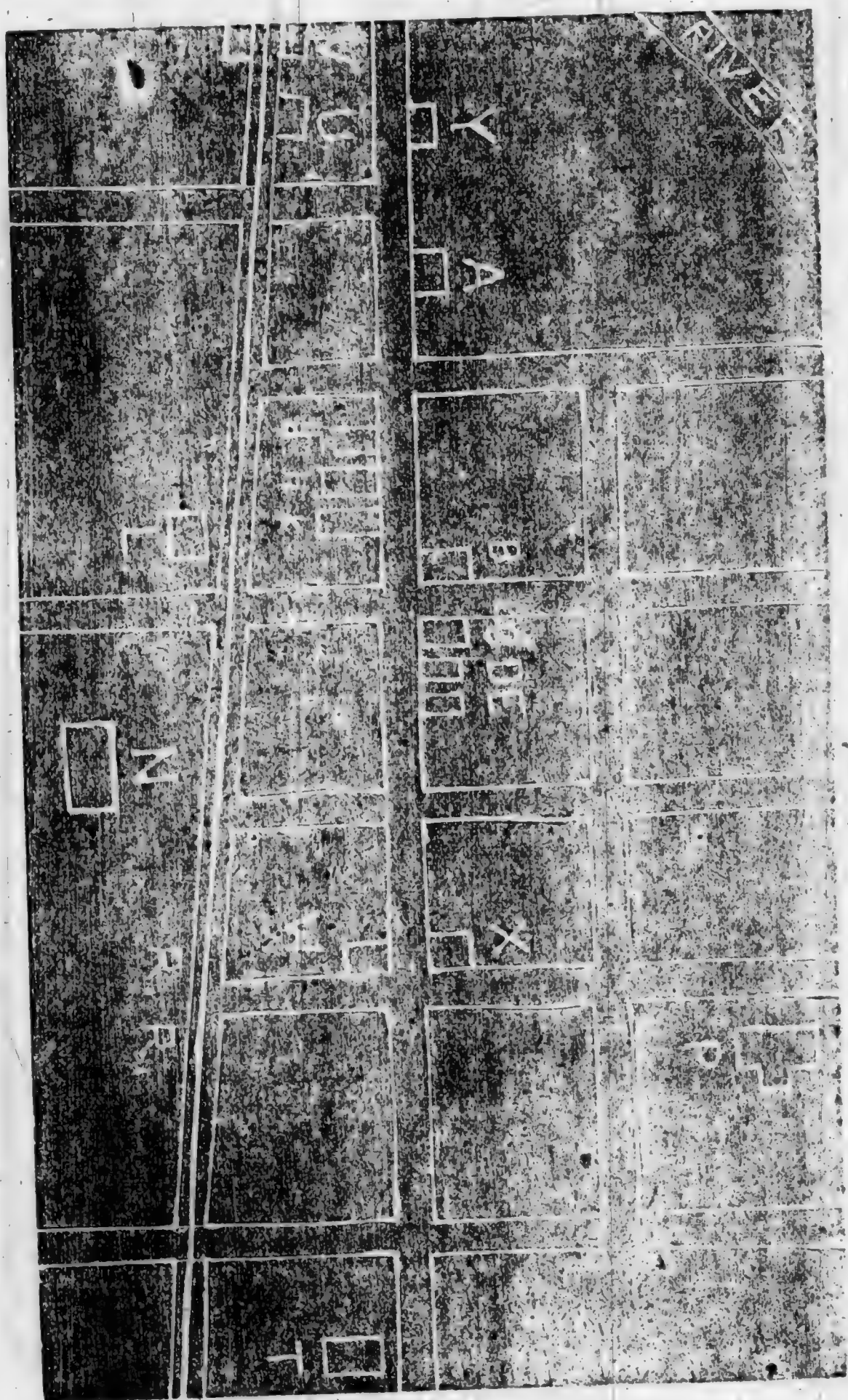
## It's Past, Present and Future.

Many are the changes that have taken place in this vicinity within the last eight years. At that time there was no railroad, and the land whereon the beautiful little village of St. Joe now sits, was used for farming purposes. The only house near here at that time was the one now standing opposite the depot, and owned by the railroad company. To-day there are nearly one hundred and forty buildings, among them some as good dwellings and business rooms as there is in the county. Eight years ago only one family resided here, while to-day between three and four hundred people

find homes and employment within the limits of the town. When the railroad was first built, and there was talk of starting a town here, some of the wise ones shook their heads, and said, its use, it will never make any thing of a place. But, notwithstanding all that, it has had a slow, but steady and permanent growth, until now it ranks among the cleanest, neatest and most enterprising young towns of the county. We have endeavored, in a crude way, to present to our readers this week, a plat of the town, showing some of the business houses, hotel, school house, mills &c. The location of the following places are designated on the diagram by the capital letters:

- A Leighty's Hotel,
- B Leighty & Bishop's Store.

- O Church.
  - D Conrad's Tin & Hardware store.
  - E Testison's Grocery.
  - F Patterson's Drug Store.
  - H Case & Olds' Store.
  - K B. & F. Barney's Store.
  - L Wineland's Handle Factory,
  - N Filley & Lounsberry's Saw and Planing Mill.
  - P School House.
  - T St. Joe Brick Works.
  - U Grain Elevator.
  - V Baltimore & Ohio Railroad Depot.
  - W Fales Furniture Rooms.
  - Y A good place for a Grist Mill.
- In addition to the above there are two wagon shops, two good meat markets, two boot and shoe shops, one blacksmith shop, two livery and feed stables, one
- (continued on last page.)





Don't fail to get one of our 5 cent Fruit Dishes.

We can furnish you a splendid good room for 25 cents.

Try our new smoking Tobacco called "Honey Dew."

We have a supply of Red Pontiac Mittens in stock now. Call and get a pair.

Don't be deceived. The Nimble Nickle soap is the best.

Cake Stands at remarkable low prices at the Nimble Nick store.

J. H. Conrad has his room jini-jam-cram full of Tinware &c. Please call.

Samuel Warner Esq. was in town last week. Deputy Constable Thomas please take notice.

Geo. Bleeks sold a car load of lumber last week to Hamilton & Co., of Kendallville.

Dan Baker will move on to the old Evans farm, now owned by George Barney.

We invite your attention to our stock of Quensware and Glassware. We have bargains to offer.

Shearer & Wilson of Auburn, secured the contract for building Chris Currie's new brick house. Patronize your own town.



The following is a statement of the material used by our enterprising tinsmith, J. H. Conrad in the two years of his residence in St. Joe,

1882	{ 31 Boxes Tin Plate @ 5675 lbs.	
	Solder	298 "
	Sheet Iron	812 "
1883	{ 36 Boxes Tin Plate @ 8155 lbs.	
	Solder	375 "
	Sheet Iron	1134 "

Showing an increase of 1478 pounds over the year 1882. Mr. Conrad is a first class workman, and worthy the patronage he receives.



## Don't use any thing but the Nimble Nickle Soap.

Last week's BUTLER REVIEW devoted a column and a quarter of its valuable space to taffy about our town and its citizens. While there were some things slightly exaggerated, yet in the main, the article but did justice to our village. However we are inclined to think that most of the puffs were measured by the length of the subscription given that paper.

Barney Woodcox offers his property in St. Joe for sale at a bargain.

Come in and carry off some of our canned fruit. We're selling it cheaper than you could put it up, if the fruit didn't cost anything, and some one gave you the cans.

Biggest line of Canned Goods in town at the Nimble Nick.

Two car loads of western corn arrived in town last week, to be sold at a fair price. Those who want to buy should come immediately, as it is selling quite rapidly.

The second day of this month was what they call ground hog day. It was a beautiful day and the sun shown out bright and clear, and if the ground hog didn't see himself, it was because he was too poor to make a shadow, or too lazy to come out of his hole.

We had the misfortune to get our printing rollers too close to the fire the other day, which flattened them out until they resembled a couple of good sized pancakes. For this act of carelessness, we were compelled to use an old and worn out pair, which accounts somewhat for the blurred appearance of our paper this week.

Shull & Hadsell, at their yard, situated one half mile south of Colburn's Corners, offer for sale some Tile at the following prices:

8 Inch Tile @	\$60.00	per Thousand.
7 "	\$40.00	"
6 "	\$30.00	"
5 "	\$25.00	"
4 "	\$17.50	"
3 "	\$12.50	"
2 "	\$10.00	"

Get a bottle French Mustard to eat on your meat.

There were lots of people in town last Saturday.

Quite a demand for timber at the present time.

Our prices on Boots and Shoes are as low as the bottom.

Five car loads of corn have been shipped to this place this winter thus far.

Ask Frank how it is about his Dunkard preacher.

Don't you want a new calico dress? We have some pretty styles. No trouble to show goods.

Barney Woodcox is putting a cellar under the house he recently purchased of his mother's estate.

We expect to have as fine a collection of wall paper and border, for the spring trade, as can be found in the market.

Conrad has 1500 feet of spouting made up and ready to be put up as soon as the weather will permit.

Wm. Saylor is about to let the contract for building a new house on his corner lot, located just west of Mr. Grill's residence.



## Three Big Pounds of Fresh Crackers for 25 cts.

(continued from fifth page)

good barber shop, one millinery shop, one cooper shop, one saloon, two contractors, three painters, two masons and plasterers, two lumber dealers, two doctors &c. Leighty's Hall is a large room 24 x 70 feet in size, seated with chairs, and is well adapted for concerts, lectures, suppers &c. The G. A. R's have an organization here, with a large membership. Good Sunday school and church facilities are afforded, and take it upon the whole, St. Joe is a very desirable place to locate in.

There were 115 persons present at Sunday school last Sunday.

Miss Olive Dermott returned from an extended visit in Iowa, last Thursday.

Pickles, prepared in vinegar, only 12 cents per dozen, at the Nimble Nick.

Over 400 cans of Fruits and vegetables received this week at the Nimble Nick store. Prices eatable.

Miss Plumie Rex of Newville, spent last Sabbath in town the guest of Miss Minnie Nichols.

What shall we eat? Why go down to the Nimble Nick store and get some of their Canned and Dried Fruits, Vegetables, Pickles &c.

Ed Coburn and Charles Shephard of Hicksville, were in town Tuesday advertising the dedication of the New Opera House at that place.

Becks Erick was married last Sunday to Miss Viola Yarnell. They left Monday morning for Middleberry, Ind., to visit the bridegroom's parents.

It is our painful duty to announce to our readers this week the death of George Bleeks' dog, which occurred last Monday night, from some unknown cause. It is sad to think that right in the prime of his glory he should be so suddenly called away, and yet it is a relief to know that he is gone. We mourn as those that have no hope, and don't want any.

Dearest doggy, thou hast left us,

But thy loss we'll never feel;

Thou no more will ever caress us,

Nor thy teeth our breeches feel.

Alex. Filley was at Auburn Tuesday on business.

T. P. Keator lectured in Newville last Tuesday evening.

Our best Tea is the best, and if you don't believe it, ask Wm. DeMarauville what he thinks about it.

Send a copy of this paper to your friends, and let them see the improvement that has taken place in this vicinity in the last few years.

Clide Woodcox purchased the Meat Market owned by Bailey & Fales this week, and will conduct the business hereafter at the old stand.

Theron P. Keator will lecture in the Lutheran church in Spencerville on next Tuesday evening, Feb. 12, 1884. Subject: "Queer and Curious Things I Have Seen."

Lige Saylor undertook to turn the corner at Robert Davis' residence to quick last Sunday, causing his horse to slip and fall, breaking both shafts, and otherwise damaging the outfit.

Everybody uses the National Dry Hop Yeast.

# ST. JOE NEWS.

VOL. 1.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 23, 1884.

No. 26.

The following is the programme for Temperance Meeting, to be held at the church in St. Joe, on Wednesday evening, February 27, 1884.

1. Song by Congregation.
2. Responsive Readings.
3. Prayer by J. A. Reed.
4. Song by Young Folk's Choir.
5. Address by O. H. Brown.
6. Declamation by Vick Conrad.
7. Quartette by Mattie White, Faith Hull, Frank Boyle and Frank Hart.
8. Essay by Miss Ida Scholes.
9. Exercise by the children.
10. Select reading by Mrs. B. S. Sheffer.
11. Declamation by Cora White.
12. Miscellaneous Exercises.
13. Closing Song.

It is intended to make this meeting one of the most interesting ever yet held. All are invited. Reserved seats for the children.

Sugar making season is fast approaching.

Ask Alex. Donaldson how much he got a pound for old iron.

Rubber Circulars are just the thing for wet weather.

We can sell you a good Bed Spread for a small amount of money.

Prof. Merica has been quite sick part of this week, and unable to be at the school room.

High waters.

Roads getting bad.

No grist mill in town yet.

George Bleeks has a new dog.

Friday was Washington's birthday.

Miss Ella Emanuel was married last Thursday.

There is considerable sickness at the present time.

The G. A. R's will give a pork and bean social sometime next month.

Misses Sidie and Dora Leighty returned to their home in Michigan, last Wednesday.

Mrs. Nelson Bartlett, of Painesville, O. visited with Alex. Filley's family last Sabbath.

There was a good attendance at temperance meeting last Wednesday evening, and the exercises were quite interesting.

Mallon Baker steps around as fatherly as you please, all because he has another voter at his house.

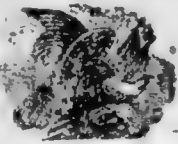
Prof. Merica and several of our young people assisted in the entertainment given at Coburntown last Saturday evening.

John Davis had the misfortune to cut his foot quite severely a few days ago and not being satisfied with that, last week he tried to cut off the end of one of his fingers.



## Call and see our stock of Embroideries & Laces.

St. Joe



News.

Published every two weeks, on Saturday morning, by Mort E. Olds, in the advertising interests of Case & Olds, retail dealers in Dry Goods, Notions, Groceries, Boots, Shoes, Hats, Caps, Queensware &c.

*Free to all who will call at our store and get a copy, or it will be sent free to any post office address, where the postage is prepaid. The mail box is on the front door.*

ST. JOE, IND., SATURDAY FEBRUARY 23, 1884

Two week's more of school.

Use the Nimble Nickle Soap.

Township election occurs in April.

Wm. DeMaranville will make cheese this season.

Try our new smoking Tobacco called "Honey Dew."

O. H. Widney will enlarge and remodel his farm house this summer.

Wes Hart is now sole proprietor of the St. Joe Brick Works, having recently purchased Mr. Currie's interest.

Ladies who want tins for crimping their hair, will find a good supply by calling on Vick Conrad.

The school house at Widney's corners has been declared unsafe, and the school dismissed.

Mr. Davis the new agent at this place, has moved his family into the upper rooms of the Case house.

Conrad made some of the biggest milk pails last week we have ever seen. They were probably intended for a cow shed and milk pail combined.

Don't buy a plow this spring until you see and try the "Burch."

Billy Currie's moustache is beginning to sprout.

If you want a nobby new hat, call at the Nimble Nick cheap hat store.

There was a large demand for the last edition of this paper.

Wm. Leighty sold a new wagon last week to Lewis Lake.

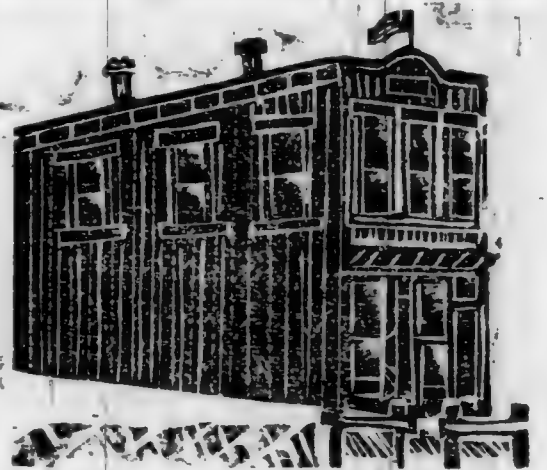
Call and get a supply of Pickles—already prepared in vinegar.

Rich Culbertson will sell machinery for Wm. Shutt this season.

Wm. DeMaranville wants to buy some good milch cows.

Over one hundred persons from this vicinity, attended Keator's lecture at Spencerville last week.

Wallace Ables was coming over to St. Joe one of those icy days last week, carrying a basket of eggs. Well, what of it? Why nothing, only he fell down and broke the eggs.



J. H. Conrad's Tin and Hardware Store. Built in 1883.

## Three Big Pounds of Fresh Crackers for 25 cts.

There is annually spent in the United States for intoxicating liquors over one billion of dollars, and it is estimated that at least 100,000 men, women and children are directly or indirectly, killed from the effects of strong drink every year. And yet, right in the face of these startling facts, there are men in our community who uphold and encourage saloons, if not with their patronage, they lend what influence they may exert, in that direction. They allow their boys to frequent such places, until they become acquainted with all manner of vice and immorality. It is true, there are men who warn their boys not to go into a saloon, and yet, these very same persons who will not allow their boys to enter such places, go themselves. They say there is no harm in taking a glass of beer once in a while, as long as a person knows when to stop. But how many there are who don't stop, but keep going on from bad to worse, and in the end become confirmed drinkers, and perhaps fill a drunkard's grave. Supposing some one should come into St. Joe and open a store and offer for sale an article that was guaranteed to destroy human life in a very short space of time, how many of our citizens would patronize such an establishment? None, of course; and still we have in our midst a place where an article is being dealt out, that will not only destroy the body, but the soul. An article that is crowding our penitentiaries, jails and poor-houses with inmates, it is ruining many happy homes, making widows and orphans, and otherwise destroying the peace, happiness and prosperity, of not only this community, but of the whole nation. The evil of intemperance is one of the greatest there

is in the world to-day, and every means possible, ought to be used for its suppression. There is ample room for work in this direction in this place, and all who are interested in the temperance cause, ought to say and do what they can to stay the blighting influence of this great evil.

Russ George has moved his family to Garrett.

Jake Martin has sold off all of his stock and tools and left town.

D. P. Hale of Sioux City, Iowa, was in town last week.

We invite your attention to our choice selection of staple and fancy groceries.

There is only an average attendance of six scholars at the Orangeville school.

Go to the Nimble Nick and supply yourself with some splendid Syrup.

Ote Coburn went to Nebraska last week, where he expects to engage in the work of herding cattle.

What shall we eat? Why go down to the Nimble Nick store and get some of their Canned and Dried Fruits, Vegetables, Pickles &c.

Bear in mind that all goods advertised in this paper, as well as a great many other bargains, are for sale only by Case & Olds, St. Joe, Ind.

Mack Leighty says he has made about \$700.00 worth of improvement on the Yarnell farm since he has been living there. Now let's see, if he has made that much improvement in two months, in five years the farm will be worth \$21,000.00 more than when he moved on to it. Mack is a snorter to work.



Everybody uses the National Dry Hop Yeast.

O. M. Meek has rented the building formerly occupied by Martin, the wagon-maker, and will use it for a paint shop. Give him a call.

Arton Thomas was hit in Gasville last Tuesday.

350,000 valentines passed through the Chicago post office on Feb. 14. Valentine's day.

William Bleck is building a barn on his lot.

Rev. Frank Hussey began a series of revival meetings at Concord last Thursday evening.

Our canned fruits are selling off quite rapidly. Try our vinegar pickles.

Mr. Evans will move back to St. Joe next week.

Mrs. Louisa Bradley was married last week to E. E. Wilson, a book agent, who has been canvassing through this part of the county for the past few weeks.

Steve Silberg went to Napanee last Monday.

It was highly amusing last week, on those icy days, to see how particular people were about how they walked. They acted as though they were afraid of falling down.

Ruf McDonald has been working in the saw mill this week.

Wm. Stamen was about the only person in St. Joe who got a valentine last week. It was one of the kind that can keep a fellow awake when he wants to sleep. Its a boy, and he will probably be out buying lumber in a few days.



The editor of Lib. about me in the last  
number; he said I was sufficient with a  
"lokation" of the bridge: it was not so. I  
had the bridge. I don't believe the  
editor will ever have any more about the  
bridge-gate. I asked it, & was told not to  
any. As for the "Lib. on the Bridge"  
I saw the other day, a thinking man  
self, I heard a grate royal just ahead, and  
I saw a man coming out of a house, and a  
woman was after him with a broom.  
It was just awful the way that grate  
big woman pelted that poor harmless in-  
nocent man; all because he wouldn't  
carry in the wood and make fires. The  
idea, that in this enlightened age, under a  
free government, a man must carry in the  
wood, and get up on a coal morning and  
start the fire, while the woman keeps the  
bed warm; it's preposterous to think of.  
And yet, this man was driven from his  
own house, under the point of the butt  
end of a broom, (see above engraving) just  
because he refused to do as she said.  
I had loved to take a companion this  
fall, but seeing this incident has kinder  
upset me. Yours in trouble,

Barcus/Q: Hippenhammer:

MARCH



Canned Strawberries, Green Gages & Sweet Corn.

# ST. JOE NEWS.

Vol. 2.

SATURDAY, MARCH 8, 1884.

No. 1.

Programme for Temperance meeting to be held at the church in St. Joe, on Wednesday evening, March 12, 1884.

- 1 Song by Young Folk's Choir.
- 2 Prayer by Wm. Hollabaugh.
- 3 Song by Congregation.
- 4 Declaration by Ashton Stamen.
- 5 Address by Dr. Sheffer.
- 6 Quartette.
- 7 Select Reading by P. A. Shirts.
- 8 Declamation by Effie Davis.
- 9 Chalk Talk by C. A. Meek.
- 10 Exercises by the Children.
- 11 Election of Officers.
- 12 Closing Song.

A special invitation is extended for all to be present at this meeting.

We have two ear loads of corn on the way.

John Saltsgaver is able to be out again.

Ben Leighty will work for Clide Woodcox this summer.

Mrs. Henry Jenkins is slowly recovering from her late illness.

Mrs. George Willmot has been quite sick, but is some better to-day.

Hard Tack social at Leighty's Hall on next Tuesday evening.

Willie Erick of Middleberry, has been visited in town this week the guest of Merit Barney.

Mary Maxwell, sister of Mrs. O. H. Widney, died last Saturday evening, and was buried in the Newville cemetery on Monday.

The temperance meeting on Wednesday evening was one of the largest and most enthusiastic meetings ever yet held. John W. Baxter of Auburn was present and delivered an interesting address, showing some statistics in regard to the liquor traffic in this county, and closing his remarks with an earnest appeal to the people to be temperance men every day in the year. Mr. Green, also of Auburn, being present made a few appropriate and well chosen remarks. Nina Filley in her usual good manner, spoke and excellent declamation. The singing was good and the exercises by the children were of a very enjoyable and pleasing character.

The winter term of school closes to-day.

Charlie Meek is confined to his room with sickness.

Large quantities of wheat have been marketed in St. Joe this week.

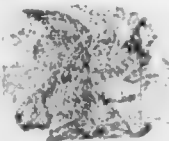
T. S. Merica of Garrett, is in town visiting his brother C. O.

Rev. M. L. Blaney of Kendallville will preach at the church next Monday evening, in the interests of the General Christian Missionary Convention.

Bear in mind that all goods advertised in this paper, as well as a great many other bargains, are for sale only by Case & Olds, St. Joe, Ind.

## Canned Strawberries, Green Gages & Sweet Corn.

St. Joe



News.

Published every two weeks, on Saturday morning, by Mort E. Olds, in the advertising interests of Case & Olds, retail dealers in Dry Goods, Notions, Groceries, Boots, Shoes, Hats, Caps, Queensware &c.

*Please to all who will call at our store and get a sample of it will be sent free to any post office at which the same is pre-paid. Our mail box is on the front door.*

ST. JOE, IND., SATURDAY MARCH 8, 1884.

Days are getting longer.

Cash on to some of our canned fruit, and pickles.

Frank Hart dug a well for Wm. Stamen last week.

Fremont Nelson of Hicksville was in town last week.

We shall keep a supply of western corn on hand at all times, to be sold at reasonable prices.

Quit a number of our citizens had business at Auburn last week.

There was a party at Mr. Conrad's last Thursday evening, given in honor of Miss Bitha Baughman.

Last week Thursday was the birthday anniversary of Miss Violet Barney, and also of Miss Bessie Patterson, both occurring on the same day. They, with a few of their intimate friends were entertained by Mrs. Patterson. We hope that Violet and Bessie may live to enjoy many happy returns of the day.

Dr. Bowman has a skeleton hanging up in his office, and the other day Art Woodcox was in looking at it, and then went out on the street and calling to some boys he said: "Say, you fellers come down here, they have got a man in here that aint got any meat on him."

We can and do offer you the best 7 cent sugar in the market. Fact.

Henry Maxwell was made happy last week over the event of a girl baby, which came to stay at his house.

David Grill is making a fine office desk for Conrad.

Several of the young men of our town were subpoenaed to appear before the Grand Jury last week. The boys were considerable frightened when the Sheriff came for them, and we hope that this will learn them, as well as many others, a lesson that they will profit by.

The debate at Jukes's school house on Friday evening was quite interesting.

MARRIED: at the Methodist parsonage in Spencerville, by Rev. Frank Husey on Wednesday February 27, 1884, Mr. John Hull to Miss Ettie Quonce.

The temperance meeting held on Wednesday evening, Feb. 27th, was unusually well attended, and the exercises were of a highly interesting and pleasing character. The speaking and singing by the little folk's was exceedingly well done. Trustee Brown delivered a short but well pointed and practical address on the power of influence. Prof. Merica read an excellent essay on "Will Power." The other exercises were equally as interesting, and all seem to enjoy it.



## Everybody uses the National Dry Hop Yeast.

If you would not be a drunkard,  
Of the drunkard's drink beware!  
It has ruined many millions,  
Though it seems so good and fair.

When you're asked to take the first glass,  
If you would escape its woe,  
Do not hesitate or falter,  
But just firmly answer, "No!"

From the many thousand victims,  
Yearly, filling drunkard's graves,  
Comes this fearful note of warning:  
"Drinking lightly makes us slaves."

Boldly, then, refuse the first glass,  
The subtle, evil taint,  
Lest you feel its cruel mocking,  
And at last its fatal sting.

Eggs 15.

Butter 18.

Sugar lower.

Try our pickles.

Use Nimble N soap.

Buy your Tea of us.

Sample our canned fruits.

Get a box of our toothpicks.

Cake stands for sale at a bargain.

French Mustard 10 cts. per bottle.

There are 10,500 grains in a bushel  
of wheat.

The ground hog theory is being verified  
this year.

We have the best 7 cent sugar in the  
market. Call and see about it.

Mrs. O. M. Meek went to Lima last  
week to visit friends.

Get your sale bills printed at the Nimble  
Nick store. We do job work neatly  
and cheaply.

Step in and examine our goods and  
get a paper.

J. H. Conrad was at Hicksville one  
day last week.

We can sell you a good Bed Spread  
for a small amount of money.

Rubber Circulars are just the thing  
for wet weather.

Last month was jam full of all kinds  
of weather. It ought to have been ashamed  
of itself for getting so full.

P. K. Greer moved his household  
goods to Michigan last week and will  
probably make that his future home.

Call in and see our stock of Boots and  
Shoes. We can show you some interest-  
ing bargains.

Phlete Shitts' brother who has been  
visiting with him for a couple of months,  
returned to his home in Michigan last  
week.

There is scarcely a single crime com-  
mitted in the world to-day, but what is  
caused either directly or indirectly from  
strong drink.

Sometime ago the ARIZONA REPUBLICAN  
put a cylinder press into its office,  
and last week the CORONA followed suit.  
Now gentleman, let us have a little less  
blowing about presses, and a few more  
items of news.

A great many boys, even very small  
ones, seem to think it a manly thing to  
smoke, and so they learn just as soon  
as they can get money enough to buy a  
little tobacco. But, although there are  
a great many bad things about using  
tobacco, there is not one really good one.  
Boys, don't never learn to smoke.

## Canned Strawberries, Green Gages & Sweet Corn.



"Winter lingers in the lap of spring." Well, I shude say so! I wonder if Miss Spring aint gettin tired of havin' old man Winter settin' around on her lapp? Here it is nigh on to the middel of march an still its actuly cold enuf to freeze one of Ukel Sammy Lawhed's ears. I guss the young hog did a mity sensible thing wen he went bak into his whole to stay six weeks. By the way, they've ben havin' sum of the boys up to four the gran jury, an I herd they wer badly frightened. Its a purty scary piece of business to hav to be set up on a hi stool befor a lot of inquisitiv men an tell all ya kno an sum things ya don't kno, and its no wonder the boys hare stood on end lik the abov illustrashun which I drawd. The editor says I mussent rife satch lenthly peeces so I pursum I'd beter clothes.

Yours Lovingly,

Barens Q. Hippenhammer.

Mr. Latin Zimmerman of Goshen was in town last Tuesday.

Over 1,000,000 hogs were sold last year in Indiana, the value of which amounted to \$8,000,000.

We were aroused from our slumbers last Tuesday morning by a loud rattling on the store door. Wondering who it was that was out so early, we hurriedly dressed and decended. Upon opening the door we found Frank Sechler standing there, acting as crazy as a loon. We were at a loss to know what made him act so strangely, and indeavored to quiet him down a little and find out what was the matter. Finally after his excitement had somewhat worn off, he said: "I've got my dunkard preacher." The facts in the case were that Frank was the father of a nine pound boy baby, and he was as happy as a clown in a circus.

George Metcal has moved his family to Garrett.

Mell Bishop went to Fort Wayne last Tuesday.

Twenty seven persons united with the churches at Spencerville last Sunday.

Don't buy a plow until you see the old reliable "Eurch" with its recent improvements.

Amos LaRue of the ACBURN COURIER, was in town last Tuesday looking up the interest of that paper.

The well known firm of Leighty & Bishop desolved partnership last week, M. T. Bishop retiring. Mell will engage in the lumber business.

We received another supply of Japan Tea this week. We guarantee it to be the best ever brought to St. Joe, and we mean just what we say, too.

Alex. Donaldson drove up to Hugh Maxwell's Sunday evening and neglected to tie his horse, the consequence was his horse came home in the sleigh, and Alex. walked home afoot.



**Programme for temperance meeting  
on Wednesday evening, March 26, 1884.**

- 1 Song by Choir.
- 2 Prayer by M. E. Olds.
- 3 Song by Congregation.
- 4 Declamation by Cora Dilley.
- 5 Select Reading by P. A. Shirts.
- 6 Duett by Mrs. Olds and Miss Evans.
- 7 Essay by Mrs. Sheffer.
- 8 Address by John Engle.
- 9 Exercises by the Children.
- 10 Declamation by Wm. Vanzile.
- 11 Song by Merit Barney.
- 12 Closing Song.

Turn out everybody, and encourage  
this good work.

See our handsome new patterns of  
Wall-Paper.

Its time to begin to save up eggs for  
Easter.

Call and see our assortment spring  
shoes. Prices cheap.

We have a full assortment of Men's  
and Ladies' Overshoes.

We shall have a full line of Garden  
Tools, Nails, &c, for the spring trade.

Mrs. J. M. Lounsberry has been at  
Fort Wayne this week visiting her daughter  
Mrs. Volmar.

We are anxious to have a share of  
your trade this summer and shall offer  
you special inducements. Come in and  
see our stock.

Hanford Tiffany started for Missouri  
last Thursday.

The Burch plow runs the lightest and  
does the best work.

William Hollabaugh will build a new  
barn this summer.

Mell Bishop will receive a car load of  
lime next week.

Bill Blecke killed a muskrat in front  
of Leighty's store the other evening.

There was lots of people at Hugh Maxwell's  
sale and every thing sold high.

H. H. Fales & Son talk of selling their  
stock of furniture to A. Kinsey.

We have taken special pains in selecting  
our Wall Paper stock, and we think  
we have the handsomest variety ever  
shown in St. Joe. No trouble to show  
goods.

John Bowman of Butler, who formerly  
lived at Spencerville, and is well  
known by some of our citizens, had his head  
nearly severed from his body last Wednesday  
by falling on to a saw in a saw mill. His  
death was instantaneous.

The disagreeable weather last Wednesday  
evening prevented a very large attendance  
at temperance meeting: however the  
exercises were up to the usual good  
standard. These meetings are growing  
better and better, and they ought to be  
attended by more of our citizens.

Interests in Case & Oils, retail dealers in Dry Goods, Notions, Groceries, Boots, Shoes, Hats, Caps, Queensware &c.

*Free to all who will call at our store and get a copy, or it will be sent free to any post office address, where the postage is pre-paid. Our mail box is on the front door.*

ST. JOE, IND. SATURDAY MARCH 22, 1884.

The National Yeast is the best in the market.

Milo Walker and Ben Wasson are selling a patent fence.

Two weeks from next Monday is the township election.

The best plow for real practical use is the "Burch."

J. S. Davis the B. & O. agent has moved into Wm. Bohls' house.

We have some rare bargains in Ladies' Silk Neck-ware.

Henry Baker has secured the contract for building William Saylor's new residence.

O. H. Widney has discovered a new use for cross cut saws, that of stopping up hog holes in a fence. The more the hog roots the more he don't want to.

We received another supply of Japan Tea this week. We guarantee it to be the best ever brought to St. Joe, and we mean just what we say, too.

escape from something worse.

Look out for our stock of wall paper and bordering.

Notwithstanding the hard times, quite a number of new buildings will be erected this summer.

Bargains in hats at the Nimble Nick store, 20, 25 and 35 cents.

The AUBURN COURIER contained quite a lengthy description of St. Joe and some of its business firms last week.

Eat some of our canned fruits and you will get fat.

One of the most interesting features of the temperance meeting last week was the Chalk Talk by Chas. Meek. The big folk enjoyed it, and the little children was tickled all over.

We never knew why it was that Frank Draggoo liked to sell the Deering Binder until we saw one of their advertisements the other day, and that explained the matter. From the illustration on the advertisement we inferred that the man who buys a Deering Binder is usually so well pleased with it that when the agent calls to settle, he sends his wife out to hug and kiss him, (the agent.) No wonder Frank brags up the Deering. The more machines he sells the more settlements he makes—don't you see?



## Call and see our new assortment of Embroideries.

Harry J. Juty, a 17 year old boy at Easton, Pa., is the latest example of what time-novel-reading will do for the rising generation. He was an enthusiastic student of trashy literature, and when his father attempted to chastise him for some misconduct the lad drew a revolver and shot his parent. Not the least of the evils in the world that need to be corrected is that of printing such reading matter and permitting it to get into the hands of the young. Supply your children with good wholesome literature, and although it may cost you something, it will be money well spent.

See our line of Laura's Fancy Worked Handkerchiefs.

The last two cars of corn we received are the best we have had.

We have some handsome new patterns in Lace Curtain Net. Call and see.

Whether the G. A. R's are partial to rainy nights or not for holding their hard tack socials, they have been unfortunate enough to appoint their meetings on just such evenings. However, there was quite a number in attendance at their meeting last week and they all seemed to enjoy themselves highly. Gen. Blair of Waterloo, was present and delivered an interesting address. John Provines related in a pleasing way, some of his army experiences. The inimitable Morris Widney of Auburn was present and made people laugh whether they wanted to or not. The pork and beans were eaten with a relish that indicated that people had been saving up for the occasion, and the bill of expense for the whole evening's entertainment was nothing. The soldiers "set 'em up."

J. W. Dills was at Fort Wayne last week.

We have a good assortment of Silk Handkerchiefs.

The "Burch" Plow is on the war path for spring plowing.

Get one of our FIVE CENT pocket handkerchiefs.

How to do your washing without much work? Use the Nibble Nibble Laundry Soap.

Don't buy a plow until you see the old reliable "Burch" with its recent improvements.

Mell Bishop was in the northern part of Michigan last week buying in a supply of lumber, shingles &c.

The feud in regard to the removal of the old bridge at the west end of St. Joe was postponed until the next term of court.

We received a letter from the Col. last week enclosing \$25 for the purpose of requesting us to send him the St. Joe News. He is located at Indianapolis.

H. H. Fales & Son offer their old stock of furniture at cost for the next ninety days. Give them a call if you want a bargain.

A pair of new boots and some old cast off clothes were found in a field near Coleman's school house last week. It is supposed that some thief had been on a lot of goods, among them a new suit of clothes, and had stepped at the school house to put them on, and in his hurry he forgot to put on his new boots.

## If you want the Best Plow, buy the "Burch."

J. D. Leighty was at Indianapolis this week.

Frank Herrick is agent for a patent road scraper.

Arron Thomas is building an addition to his house.

Byron Woodcox offers his two lots in this place for sale at a bargain.

Barney Woodcox has to use a cane to walk with on account of a badly sprained ankle.

Frank Schples of Fort Wayne was around shaking hands with his many friends, last Saturday.

We received another invoice of choice hand picked Marrowfat Beans this week. Call and get a supply.

Our stock of canned fruits and vegetables is worthy your attention, both as to quality and price.

Filley & Lounsberry proprietors of the St. Joe Saw and Planing Mill have sawed 1005 logs in the last two months and a half. Who can beat it?

Vince Dilley has sold his property in this place to Joe Baker. Joe will move in about the first of April. Vince has not yet decided where he will go.

Chris Currie will move his old house on to a lot near the brick works, and build his new brick where the old house stood.

M. T. Bishop will give you bottom prices on Lumber, Lath, Shingles &c. He has the finest lot of lumber ever brought to St. Joe. Give him a call.

There was a large attendance at church last Sunday evening. The next regular appointment will be one week from next Sunday (March 30th) at half past two o'clock.



This is the year we men want ofis, an' sum ov them want it purty bad, tu. Thay hav a thirstin an a hankerin fer tu be a candidate fur sum hi posishun. Ther mouth waters fer tu be Trustee or Justis or Constabel or a skule director, or presidant ov a debatin club or a section boss or anything jest so its ofis. Thay chun forth in the day ov the caucus or convenshun lik mushrooms in the spring time an on election day thay ar cut down an thay wither away. Thay spend ther time an money fer that wich is nix. Politix dont pay; it cost tu much tu be elected. Ther ought tu be more ofises so everbody could hav one. I am not up fer ofis, that is i am not up, but, however, if thay want tu run me fur Constabel i will let em run. I'll guarantee not tu let the prisners git away from me lik that deputy feller did sumtime ago; he cudnt help it tho the prisner wus tu much fer him; it wants a big man fer that ofis. I aint partickler about it tho.

Yours Fer Ofis.

Barcus Q. Hippenhammer.

G. B. I hav concludded not tu be a candidate unles thay want me tu.



APRIL

Examine the reliable Burch Plow before buying.

# ST. JOE NEWS.

VOL. 2.

SATURDAY, APRIL 5, 1884.

No. 3.

T pot T.  
National Yeast.

Examine our wall paper.

Try Silver Star Baking Powder.

Our T pot T is selling like hot cakes.

We can sell you a bolt of good muslin at a very low figure.

Get one of our Patent Horse Polks and keep your horse from jumping.

Hanford Tiffany expects to move to Missouri in a few weeks.

Our wall paper is selling off quite rapidly, and the reason why is, the styles suit the people. Don't you see?

Mrs. Steele and Mrs. Hart of Hicksville were in town Friday visiting with Mrs. George Brecks.

Frank Draggoo will occupy the Slaughter building with a line of agricultural implements.

Bear in mind the fact that we trim all wall paper bought of us free of charge. It saves lots of tedious work.

Jake Sechler bought a tea pot full of our tea and his wife says its the best tea they ever had in the house. One pound of choice tea and a good tea pot for only 50 cents.

We have something special to offer the trade this week in the shape of one pound of good Tea put up in a good tea pot for 50 cents. This tea is put up by us under our own brand and we guarantee it to be of a good quality. Try it.

Rev. Frank Hussey will preach in the church Sunday evening.

We can sell you a good curly comb for 10 cents.

The Burch Plow has been greatly improved. See it yourself.

Our stock of Garden Tools are as cheap as the cheapest.

Boys don't fail to see our stock of new hats. Nobly spring styles.

Frank White has moved into the house formerly occupied by Champ Bailey.

Vote next Monday and then come in and see our stock of men's shoes.

There is plenty of wall paper in St. Joe but we think we have as handsome patterns as there is in the market.

Buy a can of Silver Star Baking Powder and get a piece of Silver Plated ware free.

Fifty one pieces of Triple Plated Silver Ware to be given away at the Nimble Nickle store in the next 30 days. First come, first served.

One of James Platter's sons died Wednesday evening with the measles, and the rest of the family are down with the same disease.

The programme for temperance meeting was not handed in to us in time to print this week, but we can assure our readers that if they go to the church next Wednesday evening they will be well entertained.



## Examine the reliable Burch Plow before buying.

St. Joe  News.

Published every two weeks, on Saturday morning, by Mort E. Olds, in the advertising interests of Case & Olds, retail dealers in Dry Goods, Notions, Groceries, Boots, Shoes, Hats, Caps, Queensware &c.

Free to all who will call at our store and get a copy, or it will be sent free to any post office address, where the postage is pre-paid. Our mail box is on the front door.

ST. JOE, IND., SATURDAY APRIL 5, 1884.

Wall Fales will work for Wm. Leighty this summer.

The time for paying taxes expires the third Monday in April.

The new bell for the Methodist church at Spencerville arrived last week.

The prospects for a good crop of wheat never was better at this season of the year.

Vince Dilley will move into the house formerly owned by Henry Maxwell near John Widney's residence.

Get your Fish Hooks and Lines at the Nimble Nick store. The fish will bite better if you do.

James May has been promoted to the position of foreman of the fence gang on the B. & O., working between Garrett and Deshler.

Bear in mind that all goods advertised in this paper, as well as a great many other bargains, are for sale only by Case & Olds, St. Joe, Ind.

Joe Baker, our own Joe the barber, he thought business was picking up some and he needed help in the shop, so he got a little "shaver" last week. The boy is doing well, but his papa was so nervous he could'nt have shaved the head of an oil barrel. The second day after the baby was born Joe went over to Nels Testison's and got a whole wagon load of potatoes, smoked meat, cabbage &c to feed the baby with. Its a wonder he had'nt killed the poor child. Joe was out of head considerable, but he's better now.

See our stock of Men's Shoes.

Ask John Widney what he thinks of the Burch Plow.

See our stock of Ladies' Shoes.

Try our "Old Peaches" Plug Tobacco. Biggest hunk for the money we have ever had.

Mrs. O. M. Meck has brought her loom here from Lima, and is prepared to weave carpet in a satisfactory manner, and at reasonable prices.

We have a new supply of Willow Clothes Baskets. They are without any doubt the most durable basket to buy, and no well regulated family can get along without one.

House cleaning time is here and of course you will want some wall paper, window curtains &c. We invite your attention to our stock of such goods.

We have taken special pains in selecting our Wall Paper stock, and we think we have the handsomest variety ever shown in St. Joe. No trouble to show goods.

## Examine the reliable Burch Plow before buying.



A new breed of Polan China chickens for sale by Barney Woodcox.

The Burch plow runs the lightest and does the best work.

The Burch Plow runs easy.

One week from next Sunday will be Easter.

The Burch Plow is easy handled.

B. F. Blair will open up a drug store at Newville,

The Burch Plow has the best jointer.

Os Allen was in town last week. He was't after any of the boys this time.

The Burch Plow runs steady.

Uncle Johnny Jenkins of Waterloo, was around shaking hands with his many friends last week.

The Burch Plow is the boss.

We have been kept quite busy of late doing job printing. Our terms are very reasonable and we endeavor to do work in a neat and workmanlike manner. If you have any printing you want done give us a call.

See our handsome new patterns of Wall Paper.

See our wall paper.

Call and see our assortment spring shoes. Prices cheap.

See our wall paper.

We have a full line of Garden Tools, Nails, &c, for the spring trade.

See our wall paper.

We have a full assortment of Men's and Ladies' Overshoes.

See our wall paper.

Try our "Old Times" big chunk of good plug tobacco for 5 cents.

See our wall paper.

Our stock of canned fruits and vegetables is worthy your attention, both as to quality and price.

See our wall paper.

Lyman Knight went to Valparaiso last week to attend Normal school. Lyman is bound to know something.

See our wall paper.

We are anxious to have a share of your trade this summer and shall offer you special inducements. Come in and see our stock.

See our wall paper.

At the temperance meeting last week Uncle John Engle made an eloquent appeal to the people to do something, but what that something was is more than we were able to tell. He probably forgot himself and thought he was delivering a lecture to a class of medical students.



## Examine the reliable Burch Plow before buying.

Last Tuesday was the first day of April, and as a consequence a good many people got fooled. About the best thing we heard of was on Alex Filley. Alex is a great hand for plenty of sugar in his tea, and one of his girls knowing his failing in that direction, emptied the sugar out of the sugar bowl and filled it up with salt. Alex put a liberal supply into his tea, stirred it up and took a big swallow. You can imagine the rest.

We have some handsome new styles of dress prints. Their just lovely.

We certainly can show the largest and best assortment of Ladies' Fine Shoes ever brought to St. Joe. We kindly ask you to call and examine our stock before you buy. Will you please?

There are 50 car loads of coal on the side tracks at this place.

Bill Vanzile will build a new fence around his property.

Our line of Overalls, Cottonade Pants, Coats &c is worthy your attention.

Charlie Meek talks of building a new house this summer.

Remember we have a stock of Nails, Garden Tools, Horse Polks &c.

Champ Bailey moved on to his farm below Spencerville last Monday.

We have a fine collection of shoes especially adapted for old ladies' wear. Call and see them.

The car house for the upper section is to be moved up near Auburn. This will compel some of the men to move or lose their job.

**SKUNKED!**



This world is full of disappointments. I was willin an anchus to hav my naim go befour the cawcus as a candidate for constabel. I didn't care mutch wich party take me up, jist so I was take, but alas fur humain expectashuns, my naim wuent even suggested or thot ov. Man perposes an the cawcuses upset the hole business. What hav I ever dun tu deserve sutch treatment? Hav'nt I always ben on the fence ready tu flop off on the side that had the most cigars? Hav'nt I always dun jist as my party leaders told me tu? Hav'nt I dun all this an moor tu, and yet wen I ask fur offe they pas me bi unnoticed an uncared fur. Its a long lane that aint got a big mud whole an it sum whare.

Yours in Deep Sorrow,  
Barcus Q. Hippenhammer.

Tea Pot Tea.

New line of Shirting.

Big assortment of fine shoes.

Several barns are being built in St. Joe.

Don't fail to get a pound of our choice tea put up in a good tea pot, all for 50 cents.

Three Pound Cans of Pie Peaches for 10 cents.

# ST. JOE NEWS.

VOL. 2.

SATURDAY, APRIL 19, 1884.

No. 4.

The following is the programme for temperance meeting to be held at the church on Wednesday evening April 23, 1884.

- 1 Song.
- 2 Prayer by Samuel Lawhead.
- 3 Song.
- 4 Declamation by Effie Davis.
- 5 Paper by M. E. Olds.
- 6 Song.
- 7 Declamation by Charlie Hart.
- 8 Remarks by P. A. Shirts.
- 9 Song } accompanied by  
Frank Hart on the  
Harmonica.
- 10 Select Reading by Mrs. A. B. Filley.
- 11 Declamation by Merit Barney.
- 12 Dialogue by Addie Widney & others.
- 13 Closing Song.

Music for the evening to be conducted by Mattie White and Lona Testison.

Croquet balls are on the roll.

Frank Meek was in town yesterday.

Lots of people had business at Auburn this week.

Our T pot T pleases everybody that gives it a trial.

Don't forget to go and see Miss Bartlett's spring stock of millinery goods.

Shade trees have been set out around the depot at this place. Quite an improvement.

New Embroideries!  
New Embroideries!  
New Embroideries!

Fancy Window Curtains!  
Fancy Window Curtains!  
Fancy Window Curtains!

Handsome Dress Prints!  
Handsome Dress Prints!  
Handsome Dress Prints!

Ladies' Silk Gloves!  
Ladies' Silk Gloves!  
Ladies' Silk Gloves!

Complete line of Hosiery!  
Complete line of Hosiery!  
Complete line of Hosiery!

Will Koch and Miss Anna Timmerman were married last Sunday.

We have a few choice dried apples for sale. See our wall paper.

Several of the newly elected officers were sworn in this week.

Call and see our line of Ladies' Fancy Handkerchiefs. Prices from 10 cents up to 25 cts.

Charlie Bartlett, brother of Mrs. Alex. Filley, who has been in the west for the last four years, returned home last week.

Mrs. Wes Hart read an excellent essay at temperance meeting last Wednesday evening. It was right to the point and ought to have made moderate drinkers and tobacco users feel sick.



## Examine the reliable Burch Plow before buying.

St. Joe

News.

Published every two weeks, on Saturday morning, by Mort E. Olds, in the advertising interests of Case & Olds, retail dealers in Dry Goods, Notions, Groceries, Boots, Shoes, Hats, Caps, Queensware &c.

Free to all who will call at our store and get a copy, or it will be sent free to any post office address, where the postage is pre-paid. Our mail box is on the front door.

ST. JOE, IND., SATURDAY APRIL 19, 1884.

Tea Pot Tea.

New line of Shirting.

Big assortment of fine shoes.

Rev. Frank Hussey will preach in the church Sunday evening.

Our line of Hosiery is large, prices ranging from 10 cents up to 50 cents.

Mr. Z. Hathaway of Newville, died last Wednesday morning and was buried on Thursday.

Don't fail to get a pound of our choice tea put up in a good tea pot, all for 50 cents.

Buy a can of Silver Star Baking Powder and get a piece of Silver Plated ware free.

We have a fine collection of shoes especially adapted for old ladies' wear. Call and see them.



Bear in mind the fact that we trim all wall paper bought of us free of charge. It saves lots of tedious work.

M. T. Bishop sold a bill of lumber to parties in Hicksville this week. Mell is making prices so low that people come from quite a distance to buy building material of him.

We have something special to offer the trade this week in the shape of one pound of good Tea put up in a good tea pot for 50 cents. This tea is put up by us under our own brand and we guarantee it to be of a good quality. Try it.

We have some handsome new styles of Dress Prints. Small checks are being worn a great deal this spring and they make a very pretty suit. We have some new patterns and invite you to call and see them before buying.

## Examine the reliable Burch Plow before buying.

T. pot T.

National Yeast.

Examine our wall paper.

Try Silver Star Baking Powder.

Our T pot T is selling like hot cakes.

John Baker went to Ohio last Tuesday to work on the railroad.

The republicans will not hold their election until next fall sometime.

We can sell you a good curry comb for 10 cents.

Boys don't fail to see our stock of new hats. Nobby spring styles.

Our stock of Garden Tools are as cheap as the cheapest.

The Burch Plow has been greatly improved. See it yourself.

Get one of our Patent Horse Polks and keep your horse from jumping.

There is plenty of wall paper in St. Joe but we think we have as handsome patterns as there is in the market.

Our wall paper is selling off quite rapidly, and the reason why is, the styles suit the people. Don't you see?

The St. Joe schools commenced last Monday with Miss Laura Shutt as principal and Miss Swineford, assistant.

Some one made the remark that there wasn't any thing in the last edition of the News but advertisements. That's it exactly: we don't print this paper just for the fun of it—not by a long shot. We want to sell our goods, and are making use of the columns of this little paper to let people know what kind of goods we have and how cheap we can sell them, and at the same time furnish a few items of fun and news.



We invite your attention to our stock of Fort Wayne Overalls Coats &c. They never rip, that is, hardly ever. Our prices are rock bottom.

We can sell you a bolt of good muslin at a very low figure.

Our line of Overalls, Cottonade Pants, Coats &c is worthy your attention.

Remember we have a stock of Nails, Garden Tools, Horse Polks &c.

Call and see our stock of Fancy Window Curtains.



## Kanned Korn & Tomatoes Reduced to 10 cents.

P. P. Shukr will have a sale one week from to-day.

J. D. Leighty was at Indianapolis last Thursday.

They will not build a church at Concord this year.

Monday is the last wag of the hammer for paying taxes.

Miss Bartlett will receive her spring stock of millinery goods this week.

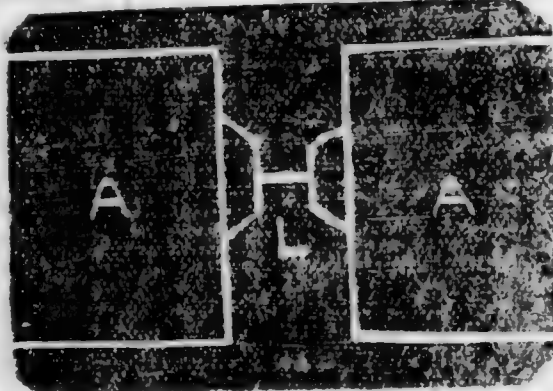
Just for the fun of it we are selling canned corn for 10 cts.

W. B. McClaran and wife of Argos, Ind., were in town last week visiting friends.

In the next issue of this paper we will publish a letter from C. O. Merica, formerly principal of the school at this place, but now attending school at Valparaiso.

We certainly can show the largest and best assortment of Ladies' Fine Shoes ever brought to St. Joe. We kindly ask you to call and examine our stock before you buy. Will you please?

We have done thirteen different jobs of printing since our last issue. It has taken up about all our spare time and we have not been able to devote much attention to our paper, which accounts somewhat for its unusual thinness. It is always thin, but this week it is thinner.



Man is ingenious an alvus has ben ever since. We hav men in Sant Jo who mite hav ther naims carved among the graight enventours ov the age, if they wussunt so bashful. Reef Mackdonall has inventead a car cuppler that takes the cookes. Its an automatick back actin dubel jointed self adjusting arrangement. All the breakman has tu do is to set in the caboose and blow a little wistle an awa she goes. The diagrapha repersents in a feabel manner, this newly discoverd invenshun. The letters A A are the cars: L is the cuppler. The bumpers ar fasened to the cars by a bolt running lenthways through the tender; the cuppler is connected to the bumper by the connecting rod which connects the connectshun. The simplicity of the affair is very simple: ther is no endangering ov life an lim becaws the breakman is in the caboose aslepe. The cuppling is easly uncuppled by taking off the rear end of the car with a munky rench and detaching the air brake frum the cow-catcher. Its a wunderfool improvement ovar the old whey. Mr. Mackdonall will take out a pattent on it as soon the soap making seson is over. Ther are other invenshuns an enventours in town which we shal speek by hereafter.

Yours Enventivly.

Barcus Q. Hippenhammer

MAY



Try a Box of our Choice Boneless Cod Fish.

# ST. JOE NEWS.

VOL. 2.

SATURDAY, MAY 3, 1884.

No. 5.

In the spring tyme gentel Anni,  
Wen the frogs begin tu hum,  
Then's the tyme wen thay tare up  
Carpets an clean hous an scrubb,  
An a feller has tu eat a cold bite  
On a flower-barrell.

I think that potry is emmence; the latter  
end ov it dont rime eggactly, but there's  
lots of centiment in it espeshly to a  
man who is unfortunate enuf tu be mar-  
ried. Hous cleaning tyme is the most  
deliteful seson ov the year; it is then  
that you ears ar greated with the musickal  
voic ov your wiffe as she yelles "James  
come hear an help me take down this  
stov pipe," or "Jake you hurry yourself  
around hear an shack that ar carpet."  
Its etacks ov fun i tel you. If i was  
cauled upon tu chuse between hous clean-  
ing tyme an a Picknick i druther go tu  
the Picknick.

Yours Most Trooly,  
Barcus Q. Hippenhammer.

P. G. The editor he said ther wusnt  
room fur a pickture in this weeks papar,  
so ther wont be eny.

T pot T.

See our wall paper.

Kanned Korn only 10 cts.

No preaching in town to-morrow.

Mell Bishop received a car load of  
shingles this week.

Why do people use the Nimble Nickle  
soap? Because its the best.

If you want to hear some good speak-  
ing go to Auburn next Saturday.

Say, by the way why don't you come  
in and see our wall paper, window  
curtains &c.

Programme for temperance meeting  
on Wednesday evening, May 7, 1884.

1. Song.
2. Prayer by J. M. Lounsberry.
3. Song.
4. Essay by Miss Laura Shutt.
5. Song.
6. Select Reading by S. S. Widney.
7. Duett by { Elsie Stamen,  
Ida Boyle.
8. Declamation by Vick Conrad.
9. Dialogue by Mattie White & others.
10. Miscellaneous Business.
11. Closing Song.

Music for the evening to be conduct-  
ed by Messrs Bishop & Olds.

Hanford Tiffany left for his new home  
in Missouri yesterday.

Go to temperance meeting next Wed-  
nesday evening.

August Kinsey is selling lots of furni-  
ture. Call and see him.

Three pounds of choice lard put up in  
a tin pan for 40 cents.

Don't forget to go to Auburn next  
Saturday. Train leaves at 1:05 P. M.

Why not have a rousing Fourth of  
July celebration at St. Joe this year?

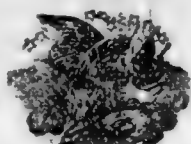
We have a splendid assortment of  
Ladies' Summer Gloves.

P. A. Shirts has got the Michigan fe-  
ver and offers his property for sale at a  
bargain.

All members of the Sunday school and  
church, as well as all others who are in-  
terested in organizing a Mite Society,  
are requested to meet at the residence of  
Robert Davis on next Friday evening,  
May 9th, 1884.

## Don't Use any but the National Dry Hop Yeast.

St. Joe



Peters.

Published every two weeks, on Saturday morning, by Mort E. Olds, in the advertising interests of Case & Olds, retail dealers in Dry Goods, Notions, Groceries, Boots, Shoes, Hats, Caps, Queensware &c.

Please to all who will call at our store and get a copy, or it will be sent free to any post office address, where the postage is pre-paid. Our mail box is on the front door.

ST. JOE, IND., SATURDAY MAY 3, 1884.

We received another car load of corn this week.

We are selling lots of canned fruit and why? O because.

Get one of our straw hats and keep your head cool.

"Old Times" Plug Tobacco is taking the lead. Try it.

Harvey Ackley and wife of Hicksville, were in town last week, visiting friends.

A good fanning mill for sale at a bargain. Call and see it.

Quite a number of the G. A. R's from this place attended the Hard Tack Social at Garrett last Saturday evening.

Gil Barbeau was in town last week. He deposited money to have the News sent to him every week.



I tell you now  
if you want to  
see a nice lot of  
Spring Goods  
call on Case &  
Olds, St. Joe.

Its a splendid good time to go fishing and get a bite. However the mosquitoes are not thick enough yet to make bites very plenty.

Workmen have been engaged during the past few days in painting the new iron railroad bridge over the river at this place.

Vester Widney has bought a lot next to the one his father is building upon, and will devote his attention to raising chickens. Vester will also furnish eggs at all times of the year.

The gravel put upon the streets of St. Joe last fall was a big improvement. We hardly know what bad roads are now until we get out of town. Why would it be a good idea to gravel the road between here and Spencerville.

## Don't Use any but the National Dry Hop Yeast.

What might have resulted in a very serious accident occurred at Wineland's handle factory a week ago last Saturday. The shingle bolter while running at a high rate of speed bursted, and pieces of it flew in all directions: one piece weighing about eight pounds was thrown into George Bleeks' floor yard: other pieces tore off the roof and siding. Mr. Wineland and his sons were working in the mill at the time, one of the boys was working at the machine when it bursted but fortunately none of them were hurt. It was a narrow escape, for had any of the pieces struck any of them it would have caused almost instant death.

Try "Old Times" Plug Tobacco

Walt Cheeseman was in town one day last week.

Nels Thomas is brakeing on the B. & O.

Our T pot T pleases everybody that gives it a trial.

We can sell you a good sewing machine very cheap.

Burt Donaldson expects to leave the printers trade.

William Vanzile is working in the carpenter shops at Garrett.

Call and see our stock of Fancy Window Curtains.

We have a few choice dried apples for sale. See our wall paper.

Four weeks from yesterday is Decoration Day.

Buy a can of Silver Star Baking Powder and get a piece of Silver Plated ware free.

There's danger in the glass. Beware lest it enslave. They who have dreamed it find, alas! Too often early graves. It sparkles to allure with its rich ruby light: There's no antidote or cure, only its course to fight.

It changes men to brutes, makes women bow their heads, fills homes with anguish, want, disputes, and tears from children's eyes.

Then dash the glass away and from the serpent flee, drink pure cold water

day

day

day

and

walk

God's footstool free.

*Chicago Sun.*

Call and see our line of Ladies' French Handkerchiefs. Prices from 10 cents up to 25 cts.

Mr. Brooks has bought Shugart's house, moved it out on to the street and converted into a shoe shop.

Our wall paper is selling off quite rapidly, and the reason why is, the styles suit the people. Don't you see?

We have a fine collection of shoes especially adapted for old ladies' wear. Call and see them.

Don't fail to get a pound of our choice tea put up in a good tea pot, all for 50 cents.

Mr. Harter has bought George Bleeks' Orangeville property and will make that his future home.



## Three Pounds of Choice Dried Peaches for 25 cts.

### Letter from O. O. Merica.

Valparaiso, Ind., April 26, '84.

As I begin this letter I hear, in memory of editor saying, "Mr. Merica, you are on program for an address," and imagine I see an immense array of excuses offering their services gratis; and I think how welcome and yet how useless. Though I wish to write yet my desire amounts almost to reluctance; because, except that I recite four times each day, and study, or ought to study each lesson, Valparaiso doings and I are scarcely acquaintances. Coming from Fort Wayne over the Nickle Plate, I arrived here at 6 P. M. - It was dark and rainy, so, seeing an ancient-looking vehicle, which, by the way proved to be a sort of a cab, I entered it, giving orders to be driven to the college. I soon found a place to stay all night; and being tired, soon tested the comfort of a College Hill bed. Along, my brother and myself all slept in the same bed, in a room as dirty as one often sees. But we didn't complain, for we thought that maybe they wasn't expecting company. Notwithstanding the dirt I slept, and in the morning, when I awoke, wonder of wonders! the sun was rising in the north, or it seemed so to me, and so it has seemed ever since. Thus it would evidently, be difficult for me to become acquainted with the city; for I wouldn't know from which side to approach. Valparaiso became incorporated in 1865, and now numbers about 5000 inhabitants, not including students. The fame of its schools has extended over the whole country. The N. I. N. is the largest in the U. S., enrolling nearly three thousand each year, and having a term enrollment of about thirteen hundred. The High School contains over seven hundred pupils, and is one of the best in the state. St. Pauls Academy has about 300, and the Lutheran about 100. College Hill, the site of the Normal, is about three quarters of a mile south-east of the Public Square. It is, as its name implies, a high plat of ground, and is

separated from the rest of the city by a ravine. The Normal School building was built in 1859, the renowned Dr. Sims establishing at that time, the Valparaiso Male and Female College, a Methodist institution. This continued until about 1873 when H. B. Brown and B. F. Perrine organized the first class of the N. I. N. Not much assistance in teaching was then required by the founders; now the faculty numbers more than twenty, some of whom work nine hours each day. (to be concluded next week.)

Arrangements are being made so that those who desire to attend the Mass Temperance Meeting at Auburn next Saturday, can return on the fast train fare for the round trip 55 cents. Everybody ought to go.

The railroad machine shops at Butler burned down last week.

Wid Patterson went fishing the other morning before sun-up and caught one poor little lonesome sucker; at least he said he caught it, but we are rather inclined to believe that he found it laying along the river bank somewhere.

We have a quantity of choice lard for sale. Call at once.

The Old Settler's Meeting will be held at Waterloo this year.

A real spicy little lawsuit occurred in our town last week between a man and his wife who reside at one of our small neighboring villages. Six of our prominent citizens sat up the seat of judgment, two eminent lawyers in an eloquent manner, argued the rights and wrongs of the case until finally it was given to the jury and they returned a verdict of "not guilty!" Why not move the court house over here?

Three cans of Standard Tomatoes for 25 cents.

# ST. JOE NEWS.

VOL. 2.

SATURDAY, MAY 17, 1884.

No. 6.

Programme for temperance meeting  
Wednesday evening May 21, 1884.

- 1 Song.
- 2 Prayer by Charles Widney.
- 3 Song.
- 4 Declamation by Charlie Hart.
- 5 Select Reading by C. A. Meek.
- 6 Song by Miss Swineford.
- 7 Address by Mrs. Widney.
- 8 Song by the children.
- 9 Remarks by Samuel Lawhead.
- 10 Song by Hadsell Brothers.
- 11 Declamation by Cora White.
- 12 Closing Song.

Music for the evening to be conducted by Addie Widney and Faith Hull.

Charlie Meek went to Avilla last Wednesday.

Dr. Sheffer will have a fine office when completed.

M. T. Bishop received another car load of Lime this week.

We got in another invoice of those handsome window curtains this week.

We are having a good trade on Ladies' Gloves. Call and see our assortment.

Prof. Holmes of Spencerville is conducting a writing school at this place.

After the first of July the St. Joe post office will be a money order office.

Dr. Bowman went to Philadelphia this week to attend a course of medical lectures.

John Leighty received a postal card from Fort Wayne the other day, with the following written upon it:

"Cousin John, I've received the St. Joe News, And heard it read from beginning to end; Can only say it beats the Jews! What customers get when so little they spend. Your town is growing, I see very plain, And already has the airs of a city! Although not as large as Fort Wayne, It is very sprightly and pretty."

Your Cousin, Walter Filley."

Howard Northrup and B. F. Hoyt went to Kansas this week.

Moulding to suit everybody for sale by M. T. Bishop.

Wm. Hollabaugh has purchased an interest in the saw mill at Spencerville.

250,000 shingles in one lumber yard is a good many, but M. T. Bishop has them, and they are good.

The ladies all say that Miss Bartlett has the finest line of millinery goods ever brought to St. Joe.

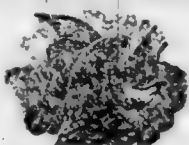
Rev. Frank Hussey has gone to conference, consequently there will be no preaching here Sabbath evening.

Filley & Loonsberry are manufacturing a new wrinkle in house siding, which is certainly an improvement over the old style.

We are still selling lots of canned fruit. Strange, isn't it? Oh! not so very when you consider how cheap we are selling it.

## Try a Box of our Choice Boneless Cod Fish.

St. Joe



News.

Published every two weeks, on Saturday morning, by Mort E. Olds, in the advertising interests of Case & Olds, retail dealers in Dry Goods, Notions, Groceries, Boots, Shoes, Hats, Caps, Queensware &c.

Free to all who will call at our store and get a copy, or it will be sent free to any post office address, where the postage is pre-paid. Our mail box is on the front door.

ST. JOE, IND., SATURDAY MAY 17, 1884.

Why don't you buy one of our 5 cent towels.

Donaldson & Brooks will do your painting for you.

Call on Wid Patterson for Paints, Oils, Varnishes &c.

We have some handsome patterns of floor or cloths.

Three cans of sweet corn for twenty-five cents. Take it in.

Wm. Leighty is having a new fence built around the hotel.

The young people had a party at the residence of Henry Jenkins on last Thursday evening.

August Kinsey has finished plastering his house and will move his family here in a few days.

While Quince Fusselman's horse was hitched in front of the store one day last week some one tied a large placard to it which read "Oats wanted, inquire within."

USE THE SILVER



BAKING POWDER

T pot T.

See our wall paper.

Kanned Korn only 10 cts.

Wm. Hellabaugh is building a new barn.

August Kinsey is selling lots of furniture. Call and see him.

John Widney will move to town in a couple of weeks.

Why do people use the Nimble Nickle soap? Because its the best.

Go to temperance meeting next Wednesday evening.

If you want to get any screen doors made call on Alex. Filley.

Dr. Bowman drove to Fort Wayne one day last week.

We sell the best corn planter in the market.

There will be an exhibition at Spencerville on one week from next Saturday evening.



## Try a Box of our Choice Boneless Cod Fish.

### Letter from C. O. Merica.

(continued from last week.)

Mr. Perrine is no longer teacher, being the manager of the Normal Book Store, a place where, to my astonishment I found Webster selling for \$8.00, Chambers, ten volumes for \$14.00, and so on all through the list, except text books, which are about the usual price. Many students rent their books there, which can be done at a cost of from 10 to 20 cents a term. I am told that there are fourteen hundred students in attendance this spring; yet, I do not find any of my classes too large. Lyman and Lung are in Brown's grammar class, which is said to be the largest—only about two hundred. But one is most surprised at the chapel. Every morning at the nine o'clock devotional exercises, a hall that will seat about eight hundred, is crowded with students; and then one stops and thinks that the other half didn't come this morning. Besides the devotional use of this meeting, in it are made all business announcements, and enquiries for lost articles. If anything from a shoe-battler to a stove-pipe hat is lost, all one has to do is to advertise in the chapel and the article "returneth again to its own home." Truly the school is a great one! Every thing is great, even the boarding halls are great—great frauds. No, they are not after all. Who could expect to "fare sumptuously" at 7 cents per meal? I am not so very lean yet; but if I were back to St. Joe, I think Mrs. Leighty or Miss Boyle would see that, after I became a little used to it I could eat about three times as much as before, a feat seemingly impossible. If I failed to do so at all other times, at

meal time I would think of home and St. Joe. I have very few acquaintances here. One young man, a Mr. Grubb of Maysville; I esteem very much. He is one of the seniors in the commercial, and is said to be among the best in his class. Lyman is doing meritorious work, and, I am sure is receiving returns. He is one of the boys that, when persons in class say things that are vague and false, finds out the real meaning. But my article is already long, and begging the pardon of the people for using so much space in their valuable little paper, I remain as ever

Their friend and well-wisher,

Chas. O. Merica.

Cod Fish.

New straw hats.

Nobby New Shoes.

Silver Star Baking Powder.

Use National Dry Hop Yeast.

Charlie Shephard was in town last week.

Remember that we keep a supply of corn constantly on hand.

Several fine strings of fish have been caught in the river this week.

Remember we keep Nails, Forks, Rakes, Hoes, Spades, Shovels.

Three pounds of choice lard put up in a tin pail for 40 cents.

We have a splendid assortment of Ladies' Summer Gloves.

Say, by the way why don't you come in and see our wall paper, window curtains &c.

## Examine our stock of Working Coats & Overalls.

We are having quite a trade on Nails. Don't forget us.

Fusselman & Moody shipped a car load of sheep to Buffalo this week.

Ves Wise of Spencerville is working for Wm. Leighty.

How is it about that fourth of July celebration? Are we going to have one?

It is time to wash and shear sheep. Buy your wool twine of us.

John Hamilton of Butler was upon our streets last Monday.

The supervisors are beginning to warn men out on the road to work out their taxes.

Call and see the Freemont Corn Cultivator. The best corn cultivator made. Buy no other.

Sol Barney talks of digging a cave so that in case a cyclone passes this way he will have a hole to crawl into.

Twenty-five persons from this place attended the temperance rally at Auburn last Saturday, and they all had a good time, too.

We are having quite a trade on Cheese Cloth. The ladies all say it makes the finest kind of summer dresses. We have sold all the first lot we bought but will have a new supply this week. Yard wide and only 6 cents per yard.

The other evening at temperance meeting some of the ladies happened to see a mouse running across the church toward them and it was real amusing to see how frightened they became. They acted as though they wanted to stand up on the seats. It's strange, isn't it, how one poor little mouse can frighten a half a dozen women.



This world is full of changes. Spring changes into summer, summer into autumn, autumn into winter and so on. Every thing changes more or less, but perhaps there is nothing changes so regular as the style of ladies' hats. Last year if you remember the style was a grate wide sun-shade, big enuf for a circus tent; this year the style makers nocked the old fashioned last year's sun-shade into a four storry hat, with the call the latest an hansomest stile for the seson of 1884. The above pictur represents one of them as neer as we cud git at it. The range all the way from 18 to 24 inches high, an the usually trim them with preserved sun-flowers, with now an then a band of black dress brade. A butifool effect can also be maid by puttin a bunch of live chicken fethers on the top of the hat. This is certainly the purtiest stile that hav had out fur years.

All Yours, Fur Stile,

Barcus Q. Hippenhammer.

Ladies' Kid Shoes for One Dollar.

Frank Dills was in town last Monday.

Farmers are unusual busy getting in their corn.

Remember the Strawberry and Ice Cream Festival in Leighty's orchard, St. Joe, on Friday evening, June 13, 1884. A splendid good time is expected. Should it rain it will be held in the Hall. The Jackson Cornet Band will be here.

# ST. JOE NEWS.

VOL. 2.

SATURDAY, MAY 31, 1884.

No. 7.

Programme for temperance meeting on Wednesday evening June 4th, 1884.

- 1 Song.
  - 2 Prayer by W. C. Patterson.
  - 3 Song.
  - 4 Declamation by Nina Valley.
  - 5 Select Reading by Frank Walker.
  - 6 Duett by M. Bishop and Miss Lizzie Evans.
  - 7 Address by Prof. Holmes.
  - 8 Duett by Mattie White and Ida Boyle.
  - 9 Declamation by Mervyn Widney.
  - 10 Closing Song by the children.
- Music to be conducted by Mrs. Patterson, Mrs. Olds and Miss Bartlett.

Another republican voter arrived at Vince Dilley's last Wednesday.

We got in another lot of National Yeast this week. Its the best.

We received a letter from Prof. Gordon last week. He is well and sends his regards to all his friends here.

Wire Clothes Lines used to sell for 5 cents a foot and now we can sell you 100 feet for 50 cents.

Joe Baker went to Hicksville yesterday to assist one of the barbers of that place.

H. K. Reynolds is now agent at this place, J. S. Davis having been transferred to Milford Junction. J. H. Trippe is back working at night again.

The Immortal J-N is in town to-day.

We are selling a splendid sugar for 6 cents.

Wm. Stauffer formerly agent at this place was in town Thursday.

Wool is beginning to come into market, and now prices prevail.

John McHugh will sell his household goods at auction next Monday.

Charlie Meek and wife will leave for their new home in Avilla next week.

Quite a heavy frost occurred through this section of country last Wednesday night.

The railroad bridge over Bear Creek near Concord came near burning down yesterday morning.

Quite a large number attended the Social at Mrs. Engle's last Friday evening, and they report having a splendid time.

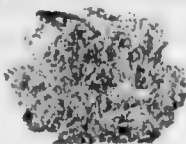
Remember the next social will be held in Leighty's orchard, and the Jackson Township Cornet Band will be present. Strawberries and Ice Cream will be the bill of fare. Don't forget it.

The Decoration Day exercises were well carried out and due honor was paid to the memory of those who died in their country's defence. Rev. Stewart of Garrett was the speaker of the day, and the Jackson Township Cornet Band furnished the music.



Three cans of Standard Tomatoes for 25 cents.

St. Joe



News.

Published every two weeks, on Saturday morning, by Mort E. Olds, in the advertising interests of Case & Olds, retail dealers in Dry Goods, Notions, Groceries, Boots, Shoes, Hats, Caps, Queensware &c.

Free to all who will call at our store and get a copy, or it will be sent free to any post office address, where the postage is pre-paid. Our mail box is on the front door.

St. JOE, IND., SATURDAY MAY 31, 1894.

Sugars are cheap.

Politics are getting hot.

Please buy your fish of us.

The pay car went through one day last week.

Come in and see our stock of Ladies' Gloves and Mitts.

Commissioner B. D. Thomas of Garrett was in town last week.

Moulding to suit everybody for sale by M. T. Bishop.

T. S. Merica trustee of Keyser township, was in town a few hours one day last week.

George M. Williams and wife of Zanesville Ohio, were visiting in town last week, the guests of Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Davis.



We have sold nearly 400 cases of fruits and vegetables this spring.

John Widney moved into town last week and thereby increased the population of St. Joe by an addition of seven inhabitants.

The De Kalb County Sunday School Convention will be held at Cornuda this year, on the 10th and 11th of June. An interesting programme has been arranged, and it is hoped as many as possible will attend.

We are having quite a trade on Cheese Cloth. The ladies all say it makes the finest kind of summer dresses. We have sold all the first lot we bought but will have a new supply this week. Yard wide and only 6 cents per yard.

The drink bill of this country last year is estimated at \$750,000,000, and the number of criminals caused by the whiskey traffic is 500,000. The money squandered in drink and its consequences in Ohio alone in one year would buy lots and build comfortable houses for over 25,000 families. Just please Mr. Beer-drinker, set down and think about these startling facts.

## Three cans of Standard Tomatoes for 25 cents.

John P. Widney and wife, of P. O. Box 10, were in the vicinity of the following relations.

Cal and John P. Widney, of the Widney family. The Widney family made the following relations.

Not much progress for several days, as the wind was destroying the crops and the ground.

We are still selling here in cans. Let's see, what is it? Let's see, very well, you can see it, and you are selling it.

Say, you can see it, and you are selling it. You can see it, and you are selling it. You can see it, and you are selling it.

Mrs. Hart of Gee, of Orangeville, after giving our lot of a fair trial, says it is the best tea they ever had in the house for the money. Try it.

Morris Widney is married. Morris is a splendid singer, and is acquainted with a great many different songs, but he will probably hear something new in the musical way, now.

Mueller, the brewer of Tiffin, Ohio, failed last week. He used to ship lots of beer into this part of the country, but we hope he is so badly smashed up that he will never do it again.

There are many cases of the results of the war. An illustration of this fact occurred at Hicksville only a few days ago. Five boys of that place, whose average age was about 11 years, boarded a freight train last Sunday and came to the place. From this point they made several stops, and at each stop a person will purchase tickets for Chicago, except one who became ill and had to return home. The other boys went to Chicago, where two of them were detained, and the other two, who were taken who were taken to the city and Chicago, they were taken to the city and Chicago. The other two, who were taken to the city and Chicago, they were taken to the city and Chicago.

The other two, who were taken to the city and Chicago, they were taken to the city and Chicago. The other two, who were taken to the city and Chicago, they were taken to the city and Chicago. The other two, who were taken to the city and Chicago, they were taken to the city and Chicago.

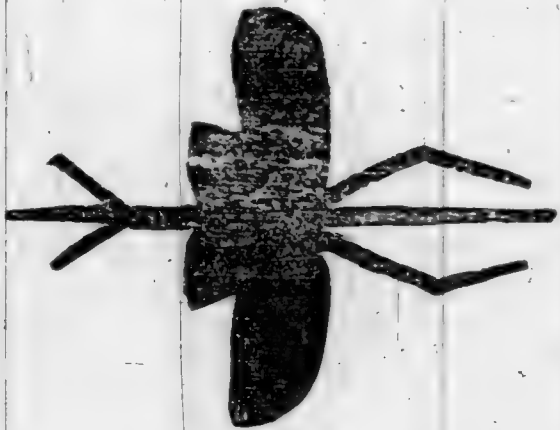
Ladies' Kid Skin Boots for Sale.

We are having a good time on Ladies' Glove. We are having a good time on Ladies' Glove.

We got in a lot of those handsome shoes in a week.

We sold twelve pairs of shoes last Saturday afternoon, and it wasn't a very good afternoon for shoes either. Call and see our stock before you buy your fourth of July shoes.

## Call in and Examine our Fourth of July Shoes.



Evary town has sum partickular inducements to offer to thos who want to find a plesent place to lokate in, and while purhaps sum ov our naboring vilages ma boast ov the wonderful size an biting qualeties ov her bed bugs, St. Jo can walk rite awa from them in the way ov big muskeeteers. An ordinary muskeeteer is quite an invenshun but in order to fully appreshate a St. Jo bard ov the muskeeteer kind, one must here him sing an feal him bite. The lo, an wet land laying south-west ov St. Jo is pecurlerlarly adapted to the productshun ov large helthy blood thirsty muskeeteers, and on a summer eayning, as the sun is sinking to rest beneath the westearn horize, you will hear in the dim distance a band ov musick as it were, an as tha approach nearer an nearer you are so charmed that you forget evary thing else, until you feal a queer sensashun, as if sum one had stuck a pin into you clear up to the head; then purhaps if not before you wood realise that a muskeeteer had bit you. St. Jo muskeeteers grow to an enormous size: in fact we hurd a man say the other day that he saw two muskeeteers carrying off a young heifer, so you ma kno that the muskeeteers

must bee purty large or the heifer must hav ben awful small. The abov photo is a life size painting ov a jenuwine full blooded St. Jo muskeeteer.

Yours Quite Tenderly,

Barcus Q. Hippenhammer.

Low rates to Chicago this week.

Mrs. Dr. Bowman spent last Sunday in Avilla.

Pay one of our Revolving Horse Hay Rakes. Prices the lowest.

Next week they will nominate the next president of the United States.

How are you off for soap? Just try the Nimble Nickle for dirt.

The farmers have got their corn nearly all planted.

Mell Bishop has had a big trade this week in Lumber and Shingles.

Buy a Kit of our (new catch) family White Fish.

J. M. Lounsberry and family spent last Sabbath in Fort Wayne.

Elder Stewart of Garrett delivered a very forcible temperance lecture at the church last Saturday evening.

The Sunday school at Concord will be held in the afternoon during the summer months.

C. A. Meek and his brother Frank will open up a grocery and restaurant at Avilla the first of next month. Charlie has many friends here who are sorry to see him leave, and we think they all join with us in wishing him success in his new enterprise.



JUNE

Full Line of Shirting, Denims, Ticks & Muslins.

# ST. JOE NEWS.

Vol. 2.

SATURDAY, JUNE 14, 1884.

No. 8.

Programme for Temperance meeting to be held at the church on Wednesday evening June 18, 1884.

- 1 Song.
- 2 Prayer by Alex. Filley.
- 3 Song.
- 4 Declamation by Marshall Radsell.
- 5 Song by Effie Stamen.
- 6 Select Reading by Mrs. St. Jr.
- 7 Song by Mervin Widney and others.
- 8 Address by J. M. Lounsberry.
- 9 Song by Frank Hart.
- 10 Declamation by Andrew Reed.
- 11 Closing Song.

Music for the evening to be conducted by Misses Evans and Swineford.

We have plenty of corn for sale.

Come in and see us when you are in town. No trouble for us to show goods.

We have some medium sized feather dusters for 25 cents. Just the thing for family use.

Rev. E. K. Baker's next appointment will be one week from next Sunday at half past ten o'clock.

Quite a good deal of wheat is being brought to St. Joe. Prices ranging from 85 to 98 cents.

The inside of the depot has recently been surprised with a new coat of paint, which is quite an improvement.

Wanted, 500 families to use the wonderful T pot T.

S. & F. Barney shipped a car load of wool this week.

Dr. Bowman is expected home the latter part of this month.

A traveling photograph gallery is talking of locating in our town. Plenty of room.

St Joe is paying more for country produce than many of the neighboring towns.

It is currently reported that a wedding will take place in town in the near future.

We want your trade and will offer you such inducements as will make it profitable for you to deal with us.

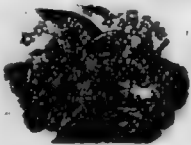
The new iron bridge over Bear Creek at this place has arrived, and will be put into position in a few days.

The town was full of people Wednesday evening, to hear Mrs. Wilson lecture on the subject of temperance, but for some unknown cause the lady failed to put in an appearance.

There was a remarkable sudden change in the weather last Monday afternoon. One minute people were wiping the sweat off of their brows and the next minute they were hunting for a hot stove.

## Standard Quart Fruit Jars Reduced to 75 cents.

St. Joe



News.

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Free to all who will call at our store and get a copy, or it will be sent free to any post office address, where the postage is pre-paid. Our mail box is on the front door.

ST. JOE, IND., SATURDAY JUNE 14, 1884.

Rah for Blaine.

Try the National Yeast.

Shall we celebrate the Fourth.

Trade with us and thereby save money.

Wilson Lawhead is the daddy of a boy.

Above every thing else don't neglect to try our T pot T.

We received another lot of white fish this week. Catch a kit.

Don't forget us when you get ready to buy a pair of shoes or slippers.

When you see a person going by with a big bundle done up in a newspaper, you can look out to see that same person wearing a new hat about the next Sunday.

Two young men from Hicksville have rented the the bakery of Mart Testison and will supply the citizens of St. Joe with fresh bread, pies, cakes &c. Give them your patronage.

These hard times it is right and proper that you should buy the necessities of life at as low a figure as they can be had. We are selling a pound of choice tea put up in a good two quart tea pot for 50 cents. The tea we guarantee to be as good as can be bought any where for 50 or 60 cents, and the tea pot is just such as they retail at all tin stores for 25 cents, while we offer you both for 50 cents, thus saving you from fifty to seventy per cent on the dollar. If you want to economise and save money buy the T pot T.

Our prices on Hay Forks and Pulleys are worthy of your attention. Call and see about it.

When you need printing done remember the poor—thats us.

Only a few persons from this vicinity attended the old settler's meeting at Waterloo last week.

Our trade on shoes has been better this spring than ever before since we have been in business. Examine our stock before you purchase. It will pay.

Arch Ellison formerly barber at this place was in town last week shaking hands with his many friends.

Alex. Filley has made a prescription case for W. C. Patterson which is hard to beat in point of design and beauty of finish. Alex. is a first class workman and when he undertakes to do any thing he does it right.



## Try a Tea Pot Full of our Wonderful T Pot T.

The trees that were set out along our streets only a few years ago are growing nicely and are already beginning to add to the beauty of our town. There ought to be some trees set out upon the school grounds.

John McHugh has moved his family into the Bohls house.

Wire Clothes Lines used to sell for 5 cents a foot and now we can sell you 100 feet for 50 cents.

Buy one of our Revolving Horse Hay Rakes. Prices the lowest.

Will a mule kick? We are not able to answer that question from personal experience, but we really think he would if he could find anything to kick at.

Mell Bishop was up in Michigan a few days last week buying lumber.

Our constant aim is to get such goods as will please our customers and to sell them at the lowest price possible. One price to everybody is our way of doing business. Try us once.

Prof. Holmes of Spencerville delivered an interesting address at the last temperance meeting. He presented some new ideas in a way that impressed his hearers with the importance of being wide awake, earnest, active and above all consistent workers in the temperance cause. Come again.

We are selling a splendid sugar for 6 cents.

How are you off for soap? Just try the Nimble Nickle for dirt.

Buy a Kit of our (new catch) family White Fish.

David Murray of Newville was in town last week.

Miss Libbie Erick of Middleberry Ind., was in town visiting friends last week.

Ves Wise has moved family up to St. Joe and occupies the Walker house.

Alex. Filley is giving his house a new coat of paint which adds much to its appearance.

William Seely, trustee of Newville township was on our streets one day last week.

Nimble Nickle stands for the best and biggest cake of soap in the market for 5 cents.

Alex. Donaldson is building a fine dwelling house for George Webster on his farm north of Newville.

O. H. Windey carried around a black eye last week. He got it in a legitimate way however, a calf having kicked him.

## Full Line of Shirting, Denims, Ticks & Muslins.



Ba, did you evar take a girl tu an  
 I scream an Strawberry Festival? Well  
 I did, but I'll neaver do it agin. You  
 sea this was the wa it cum tu happen:  
 Ther's a tolerbel gud looking girl up on  
 Porke Avenew that is mashed on me,  
 and it bein leap year she tuk the liburty  
 ov askin me tu go with her tu a Festa-  
 val. I did'nt hav any thing fit tu ware,  
 but I cood'nt refuse, so I said I'd go.  
 She came around fer me at seven o'clock  
 an we went. I had a gud tyme awl  
 along until it cum tyme fer refreshments  
 an then I sea trubel ahead. The girl was  
 a grate lover ov i scream, but she had  
 forgot her pocket book, an it fell upon  
 me tu fut the bill. I wood'nt hav mind-  
 ed it at awl if she had let up with nine  
 or ten dishes, but she did'nt, she kept  
 rite on mowing it awa, until I becum  
 alarmed, not about the girl, but on ac-  
 count ov the low state ov mi finances.  
 Finaly tha run out ov i scream an she  
 had tu quit. I tuk her home an prom-  
 ised myself neaver tu be tuk in that wa  
 agin az long az I had gud cts.

Your Humbel Servant,  
 Barons Q. Hippenhammer.

Only three weeks until the fourth of July.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Dills of Auburn were in town last Sunday.

Mrs. B. S. Sheffer spent last Sunday with friends in Waterloo.

The brick layers commenced work on Mr. Currie's house this week.

Rev. Frank Hussey has returned from the east and will preach at the church next Sunday evening. All are invited.

Rev. Jewel of Newville, preached at the church last Monday evening. He will also preach here again on Monday evening June 23, 1884.

Mrs. Mort Milliman presented us with some of the largest strawberries this week, that we have ever seen. They was'nt quite as big as a tea cup, but they were "whoppers," I tell you.

Two of our citizens while walking along the river bank the other day were somewhat frightened upon seeing just before them in the path a snake. They dodged back, and hastily picked up a large club apiece and advanced to meet their deadly foe. It was a fierce battle, but our two brave citizens came out victorious and the venomous reptile lay dead at their feet. It was found upon measuring it to be thirteen and half inches long.

Full Line of Shirting, Denims, Ticks & Muslins.

# ST. JOE NEWS.

VOL. 2.

SATURDAY, JUNE 28, 1884.

No. 9.

There is a circus at Hicksville next Monday.

We have some handsome new ties suitable for the Fourth.

It will pay as well as please you to buy your shoes at the Nimble Nick.

Ask Bill Leighty if he has seen any thing of his hip pocket.

Mrs. J. D. Leighty and son John visited with friends in Cherubusco this week.

Shamo & Greer, proprietors of the Globe Bakery at this place are turning out an excellent quality of bread.

Any one desiring a programme of the Island Park Assembly at Rome City can get it by calling at our store.

Ask W. H. Simonten where he was when Squire Walborn called upon him last week.

Wm. Leighty lost his pocket book the other morning, and they searched the premises all over and finally found it in his overall's pocket.

The following notice is posted over the door of the freight room at this place: "An onest man dise in de poo hous." Trappe probably done the spelling.

At the last temperance meeting it was thought best not to hold any more meetings until after the warm weather, as people were all busy and the evenings were so short that the attendance was not as large as usual.

Programme for the Fourth of July at St. Joe.

Social in the Afternoon.

Refreshments served from 5 to 7 o'clock.

Musical Entertainment at 8 o'clock.

Fireworks at 9 o'clock.

A large fireworks balloon will be sent up.

The orchard will be beautifully illuminated with Japanese lanterns.

All are invited.

Say, have you seen any thing of Susie Brown?

We have a few Parasols which we will sell at a bargain.

Alex. Donaldson has a sister visiting him from Pennsylvania.

Come to St. Joe on the Fourth of July and get your picture taken.

Frank Barney has been at Indianapolis this week attending the state convention.

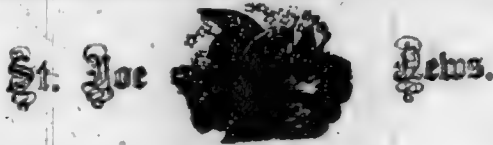
We received yesterday a few pieces of Dress Gingham and Prints. Call and get you a new Fourth of July dress.

People still continue to buy our T pot. We got in a fresh supply this week. Only 50 cents for a pound of choice tea, and a good home-made tea-pot.

In order to give us time and opportunity to get our harvesting done we shall discontinue the publication of this paper until the first of August.



## Full Line of Shirting, Denims, Ticks & Muslins.



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*Free to all who will call at our store and get a copy, or it will be sent free to any post office address, where the postage is pre-paid. Our mail box is on the front door.*

ST. JOE, IND., SATURDAY JUNE 28, 1884.

Remember that we sell Men's overalls "orfully" cheap.

Bill Shilling talks of buying out Milt Chaney's Meat Market.

The thermometer was up, among the 'ninties most of the time last week.

There was 101 scholars at Sunday school last Sunday.

We received another lot of Cheese Cloth this week.

Wm. Shutt & Co. delivered a car load of Champion machines at this station last week.

W. H. Calkins of Laporte received the nomination for governor at the Republican convention held at Indianapolis last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Warren of Illinois were visiting with their sister Mrs. Reed last week. Mr. Byerly of Pennsylvania, a brother of Mrs. Reed's also made a her brief visit.

Get one of our palm fans and keep cool.

William Hollabaugh will put a slate roof on his barn.

We shall hereafter keep a supply of cheese on hand.

Go to the "Globe Bakery" for fresh bread, cakes, pies &c.

Chris Currie will have one of the best houses in this part of the country when completed.

John Robinson's Menagerie and Circus exhibits at Auburn on Thursday, July 3, 1884. Don't fail to miss it.

The prospect throughout this section of the country for wheat, oats and grass is very encouraging, and corn is looming up wonderfully.

J. S. Davis was hurriedly called home from Milford Junction one night last week, on the account of the arrival of a young telegraph operator at his house.

We have an abundance of ladies shoes notwithstanding the large number of pairs we have sold in the last few weeks. Come and see us.

Jacob Walborn of Auburn was in town one day last week, looking up his interests as a candidate for treasurer before the democratic county convention.

Hand Park Assembly at Rome City will open July 5th, and continue in session until the 29th. Those who can go, will find this a pleasant and profitable resort at which to spend a few days.

**Full Line of Shirting, Denims, Ticks & Muslins.**

We made a visit to the brick yard one day last week, and found the boys all hard at it. Mr. Hart has a kiln of one hundred and fifty thousand brick almost ready to burn. Those in need of brick will do well to consult Mr. Hart before buying.

J. D. Leighty attended the State Convention at Indianapolis last week.

Hugh Culbertson of Auburn was in the city last week.

The high bridge over the railroad at the west end of town has at last been removed.

We sold twelve kits of fish last week.  
It will pay you to go to the Nimble  
Nickle store for fish.

A lady was canvassing the town last week for a patent ironing board.

The photograph gallery has arrived, and pitched its tent on the vacant lot north of Brooks' shoe shop.

We want your trade and will offer you such inducements as will make it profitable for you to deal with us.

We have some medium sized feather dusters for 25 cents. Just the thing for family use.

The social held at Leighty's orchard was like pvery thing else the St. Joe people undertake to do, a decided success. There was a whole town full of people here, and although it was a cool evening they gobbled down the ice cream and strawberries as though they never had seen any before. The net receipts was about \$17.00.

The Fourth of July will soon dawn upon us and of course, you along with the rest of the American people will want to celebrate. And you won't want to go tearing around in a strange place without something new to wear. The ladies will want new dresses, ties, ribbons, laces, gloves, parasols, shoes, fans &c. The gentlemen will want new shoes, hats, collars, bows, scarfs &c. And are you aware my kind friend, that the best and cheapest place to buy these articles is at the Nimble Nick store. If you aint why don't you.

## Full Line of Shirting, Denims, Ticks & Muslins.

W. C. Patterson was at Butler last Wednesday.

Remember we are selling Revolving Hay Rakes for \$3.75.

Dr. Bowman returned from New York last Monday evening.

Alex. Filley's brother from Michigan, has been visiting with him this week.

P. A. Shirts went to Garrett Wednesday to work for the B & O.

Don't go without pies when you can buy pie peaches for 10 cents per can. Fresh supply just received.

Don't forget the social in Leighty's orchard on the Fourth of July. It will be a grand good time.

Plenty of ice cream and lemonade in Leighty's orchard on the fourth of July. Fireworks in the evening.

If you want to keep your hands from chapping get a cake of our Pine Tar Soap.

Chambrays are being worn quite a good deal this season. We have a line of them in all the fashionable shades.

P. Bishop of Spencerville went to Springfield, Ohio last Tuesday morning, to attend the commencement exercises of Wittenberg College.

There will be a Quarterly Review Concert and Children's Meeting at the church next Sunday evening, (June 29th, 1884.) Rev. Frank Hussey will be present and make a practical application of each lesson in the quarter. All are invited. Special seats reserved for the children.



A girl is sweet,  
But oh how bitter

The same girl is  
Wen her clothes dobt fit hur.  
In mi last letter, if you remember I told ov a girl wat was mashed on me, but lo an beehold' you things hav tak a change, an now I am mashed. I hed promised miself not tu hav eny thing moor tu du with the femail sect but I cood'nt help it; and as the poet says "luv concored me an I was a goner." I met her on the street an hur exquisit buty an luvliness at once captivated mi young an tender hart. I purposed, was accepted, an in the stilly autum, wen the muskeeters are all ded, we will bea maid one. The abov photograph shows how the girl looked the day I met hur. It was truly a case ov luv at first site. Mi happanes is compleat, mi cup ov joy is ful an running ovar. No moor sewing on pance buttons fur me.

Yours in Matrimony,  
Barcus Q. Hippenhammer.



AUGUST

We received a New Arrival of Shoes this week.

# ST. JOE NEWS.

VOL. 2.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 16, 1884.

No. 10.

We will sell you a good Fanning Mill for \$7.00

Russ Kopp was at Michigan City last Thursday.

Mrs. Dr. Mitchell of Logonier was in town this week visiting friends.

D. D. Moody will speak here Saturday evening, and organize a Cleveland and Hendricks Club.

Quite a number from this place attended the convention at Auburn yesterday.

We got in a supply of handsome new dress prints this week. Something new and nobby in small checks and plaids.

Daniel Cowhick a prominent citizen of Hicksville, shot himself in the head last Wednesday morning, causing almost instant death.

Robert Oulbertson, W. C. Patterson and Samuel Widney are delegates to the Senatorial Convention to be held at Pleasant Lake on Friday, Aug. 29th.

Do you thing of buying a grain drill this fall? If so call and see the Superior Drill. It is one of the best there is made and the price is low.

The St. Joe Blaine & Logan Club will meet Saturday evening in Leighty's Hall. Members as well as all those who expect to join are requested to be present, as business of importance is to be transacted.

Miss Lizzie Evans is quite sick.

Moody speaks at Spencerville Monday evening.

Several ladies from Spencerville were entertained by Mrs. Dr. Bowman yesterday.

It will soon be Fair time, and of course you will want a new dress. We received some new goods this week especially adapted for fair dresses. Ahem!

In order to supply the demand for our T pot T we now offer it at 35 cents per pound without the teapot, or 50 cents with the teapot. The demand for this T is on the increase. Try it.

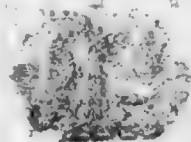
Charlie Grubb attended a wedding on Thursday evening. Whether it was his own or not we are not able to say, but we have heard it whispered that he was talking quite seriously of entering the state of matrimony.

We received a supply of Ladies' Canvas Belts this week, both in black and white. They are worn a great deal, and are hard to find; we only have a few and they are selling quite rapidly. Call and see them and buy one.

O. S. Blood of Newville township received the nomination for Commissioner of this district by a majority of one vote. John L. Davis of Auburn was nominated for Treasurer. We were unable to learn the other nominations before going to press.

## Try Our Genuine White Elephant Plug Tobacco.

St. Joe



News.

Published every two weeks, on Saturday morning, by Mort E. Giss, in the advertising interests of Case & Olds, retail dealers in Dry Goods, Notions, Groceries, Boots, Shoes, Hats, Caps, Queensware, etc.

Free to all who will call at our store and get a copy, or it will be sent free to any post office address, where the postage is pre-paid. Our mail box is on the front door.

ST. JOE, IND., SATURDAY, AUGUST 16, 1884.

Nice weather.

Sugars cheaper.

Picnics are plenty.

Try J T Plug Tobacco.

Politics are getting hot.

Hurrah for Laine & Bogan.

The days are growing shorter.

Mad Meek has his house nearly completed.

Dr. Bowman is getting material on the ground for an up ground cellar.

Flying kites seems to be the favorite kind of amusement among the boys now-a-days.

Have you heard about our tea—that we mean our T pot of. Just please give it a trial.

Give the Burch Plow a trial before you buy any other. It has recently improved until it now ranks among the best plows in the market.

Several couples from this place attended the Birthday Surprise Party given in honor of Mrs. Henry Coburn of Newville, on Thursday afternoon of last week. It was a complete surprise to Mrs. Coburn, and a very pleasant and enjoyable occasion to those who were present.

The peach crop of Delapaire this year will reach 4,000,000 bushels.

George Bleeks has a hen that has a brood of 30 chickens.

Wheat is turning out from 20 to 35 bushels per acre.

Vester Widney sold 250 cigars at the Coburntown picnic. Vester is working up quite a trade in the cigar business.

Mr. and Mrs. Bowen of Attica, Ohio, spent part of last week in town visiting their daughter Mrs. H. K. Reynolds.

Work will be commenced on the new iron railroad bridge to be built over Bear Creek at Concord in a few days.

Don't you think it will pay you to see our stock of Boots & Shoes before you buy? Try us and we'll make it pay.

Lynnan Knight returned home from Valparaiso last week, where he has been during the past three months attending school.

J. S. Davis is no longer night operator at this place. A new man whose name we were unable to learn now occupies the position. Since the foregoing item was set up the night operator at this point, whose name we did not learn, has been removed and J. S. Davis again handles the keys. Future changes will be noted as they occur.



## Full Line of Shirting, Denims, Ticks & Muslins.

How to get your fall plowing done easy? Buy a Burch Plow.

There will be a Sunday school picnic at Spencerville next Thursday.

For Pure Cider Vinegar go to the Nimble Nickle store.

H. K. Reynolds the present agent at this place is a "reputable" man. Rather strange is it.

If you want to keep your hands from chapping get a cake of our Pine-Tar soap. It is boss of the walk.

Through the failure of the lumber firm of Hallup & Hamilton of Kendallville, George Blocks has about \$300 and William Stamen \$200.

Frank Boyle went to Egerton last week to work in a barber shop. He got home-sick however, and came back the same day he went.

People still continue to buy our T pot T. We got in a fresh supply this week. Only 50 cents for a pound of choice tea, and a good home-made tea-pot.

Will Carrie is now proprietor of the upper meat market, having purchased it last week of Clide Woodcock. Billy is one of our own home boys, and is deserving of patronage.

A Blaine & Loren Club has been organized at this place with the following officers:

T. D. Meese, President.  
J. B. Lounsberry, Vice President.  
M. T. Bishop, Secretary.  
W. C. Patterson, Treasurer.

The Club will number from 75 to 100 members, and will probably have uniforms composed of coats, caps and torches.

Bear in mind that we carry a stock of Bales.

We have plenty of good home made lard for sale.

John Widney has his house ready for the plasterers.

Try our dead end Nimble Nickle Laundry Soap.

P. A. Shirts moved his family to Garrett last week.

If you need printing of any kind on us. We will do it neat and cheap.

The Burch Plow is the plow that you can rely upon to do your work in a satisfactory manner.

The prospects are encouraging for fall crop of corn at least, and should the frosts stay off until late there will be quite a yield throughout this section.

## We received a New Arrival of Shoes this week.

On last Sabbath evening Rev. Frank Hussey preached his last sermon here before going to conference, and as he does not expect to be returned to this charge, it will in all probability be the last time he will preach here, for years at least. Rev. Hussey has many warm friends here who are sorry to see him leave.

Mrs. Mad Meek is visiting friends at Avilla.

The Butler grist mill burned down one night last week.

We don't want you to forget that the Nimble Nickle soap is the best soap to buy.

Miss Cora White returned home from a visit among relatives in Ohio, last week.

We printed some circulars for August Kinsey last week, advertising his large stock of furniture.

J. M. Lounsberry had the misfortune to let a heavy piece of timber fall upon his foot last week, which laid him up for a couple of days.

A camel will work seven or eight days without drinking. In this he differs from some men, who will drink seven or eight days without working.

The social held at the residence of Mr. Evans on Thursday evening of last week, for the benefit of Rev. Frank Hussey was largely attended; in fact, there was't room for any more. The evening was spent in social and friendly conversation after which lunch was served. It was a pleasant occasion.

For President  
**BENJAMIN LEIGHTY**  
of St. Joe.

For Vice President.  
**BARCUS Q. HIPPENHAMMER**  
of Porke Avenew.

I feel rejoiced to hav the plasure of givin tu this grate mashun another presidential ticket, an one wich will no dout bea suckcessfool, if it gets enuf voats. I clame that this is the best ticket that has ben histed befour the american people. The man who heads this ticket has a politikal reccord that is as brite as the bottum side ov a tea kettel, as spotless as a turkey red hankercheaf and as lasting as a ripe watter mellon. He has alwus stuck tu his party wen evar he nu whare it wus, an now he wants his party tu stiek tu him. He is solud on the tarrif guestshun, a strong prohighbishanest, dont chew nor smoak, and ways about 201 pounds. No man can refuze tu support him on account ov his politicks, becaws he has'nt got eny. He is the only perfect condidate in the feald. Modesty forbids that we say much ov the tale end ov this ticket; it is a tolerable delicate matter to brag up one's own qualificashuns, but we feel safe in saying that the tale will carry New Yorke and Indiana, an if the head can carry the balance ov the stais, we wil bea victorins. Hurraw fur us!

Barcus Q. Hippenhammer.

**MARRIED:** at the Methodist parsonage in Spencerville, by Rev. Frank Hussey, on Thursday evening August 5th, 1884, Mr. Tell Elson to Miss Emma Jenkins.

Examine our stock of Ladies' & Children's Shoes.

# ST. JOE NEWS.

VOL. 2.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 30, 1884.

No. 11.

Frank Sechler met with quite an accident last Tuesday afternoon. He was hauling logs in a clearing and had his team hitched to three small logs about 12 or 14 feet long and in drawing them to a log-heap near by, one of them caught on a root and flew around and struck him the back part of the head, knocking him down and causing the blood to flow from his nose and ears. It was thought at first that he was seriously injured, but he recovered from the effects of the shock and is now much better. It was a close call.

Good corn weather.

Mater Melons are plenty.

Wheat is bringing 75 cents.

Examine our stock of Men's Hats.

Wes Hart burned another kiln of brick this week.

Mad Meeks and wife have been at Chicago this week.

Mrs. H. K. Reynolds is visiting friends in Attica, Ohio.

We shall open up a stock of Clothing next week. Call and see it.

Frank Walker got badly kicked by a horse on Wednesday evening.

Fishing in the St. Joe river is good now; that is it is a good time to fish but a poor time to catch any thing.

Hursh's Best Family Flour reduced to \$1.20 per sack.

Call on Vester Widney for Campaign Badges. New supply just received.

Wes Hart offers brick for sale at a gre at bargain. See him before you buy.

The Jackson Band will give a social in Boot's grove Saturday evening.

George Willmot has been quite sick this week, but is somewhat better now.

T. P. Keator, candidate for Congressman from this district, was in town last Thursday.

Mahlon Baker's little baby died on Thursday night. The funeral occurred on Friday afternoon.

The Republican Club will meet for drill Saturday evening. All members are requested to be present.

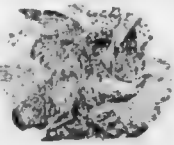
We had more items than we could get into the our little paper this week, so we had to print a supplement. Read it.

You have to get up in the morning when you find any one that can beat Billy Currie on an off hand shot. He went out to kill a beef the other day, and they got the animal cornered up and Billy got the muzzle of his gun up against the steer's head and fired, an sir, for an honest fact, he missed the whole business.



## Six cans of Choice Table Peaches for One Dollar.

St. Joe



News.

Published every two weeks, on Saturday morning, by Mort E. Olds, in the advertising interests of Case & Olds, retail dealers in Dry Goods, Notions, Groceries, Boots, Shoes, Hats, Caps, Queensware &c.

*Free to all who will call at our store and get a copy, or it will be sent free to any post office address, where the postage is pre-paid. Our mail box is on the front door!*

ST. JOE, IND., SATURDAY AUGUST 30, 1884.

T pot T.

Eggs 14 cts.

Price our sugars.

Use the N. N. Soap.

See our new dress prints.

Try the Nation Dry Hop Yeast.

Martial bands are getting numerous.

Preaching in the church Sunday evening by Rev. Baker.

We always keep a supply of cheese on hand.

J. H. Conrad received a lot of new novelties in tinware last week. Call and see them.

Dave Howey and wife of Montpelier, Ohio, visited with friends in this vicinity last week.

John Davis attended the soldier's reunion at Fort Wayne last Saturday and Sunday.

Mrs. John Davis left last Tuesday morning to visit friends in the eastern part of Ohio. She expects to be absent about three weeks.

Politics got heated up among the small boys of St. Joe last week. The little republican boys went to the woods and brought in a pole about 65 feet long, and after a good deal of whooping and hurrahing, and a couple of dog fights, they stood it on end, and swung to the breeze a flag upon which was inscribed the name of the man who they expected to honor with their votes. No sooner had the last shovelful of dirt been deposited around the roots of this republican sapling, until the young democracy began to flap their wings, and they flew to the woods, and of course they lit upon a hickory tree. They cut it down, hauled it into town, and with boyish enthusiasm they hoisted a pole which would have been a credit to older heads. No name was inscribed upon their streamer, but the pole, as well as the racket they made plainly indicated who the man was that should receive their support at the coming election. The republican youngsters claim to have the highest pole, while the democrat boys think they have the straightest.

Mr. and Mrs. Florence Buchanan attended the Methodist Conference at Kendallville last week.

Why is it that so many people buy their shoes of us?

1st. Because we have a large variety to select from.

2nd. We are always able to fit the foot perfectly.

3rd. We aim to carry a good quality of goods.

4th. Our prices are reasonable.

5th. Call and see our stock and learn our prices. No trouble at all for us to show our goods.

## Good Housekeepers all use the National Yeast.

The following testimonial is from a well known citizen of this county in regard to the curative powers of Ferrell's Conqueror of Pain as a remedy for Rheumatism.

Spencerville, Ind., Aug. 15, 1884.

I desire to tender my grateful acknowledgments for the great benefit I derived from the use of your Rheumatism Medicine. Two applications gave me perfect relief. I can with pleasure recommend it to the public.

S. S. Shutt.

If you want good bread use the National Yeast.

On Monday and Tuesday of last week we sold twenty one dress patterns.

Jimmie Ryan talks of taking the stump for Ben Leighty.

We printed two thousand circulars and labels for Ferrell & Draggoo last week.

Get a bottle of Brown's Shoe Polish for ladies' shoes. It is the best in the market. We keep it.

Five years ago there was but one organ in St. Joe, while to-day there are twenty two. Quite an increase.

John Henderson will have a colt show at Spencerville on Saturday, September 13, 1884. Lovers of good stock are requested to be present.

In order to supply the demand for our T pot T we now offer it at 35 cents per pound without the teapot, or 50 cents with the teapot. The demand for this T is on the increase. Try it.

New arrival of Fine Jewelry at the drug store. Go and see it.

We are the house that sells you the best goods for the least money.

Don't you want a new calico dress; we have some handsome new prints.

We got in another supply of "Old Peaches" Plug Tobacco this week. It is a good one.

The democrats have fitted up Barney's old store room in which to hold the meetings of their club.

Joe Baker is a great fellow for improvements. The latest thing he has is a patent fly roost.

The Globe Bakery of St. Joe is no more, it having died last week of an empty pocket book.

Miss Swayne of Fort Wayne delivered a very interesting talk upon the subject of temperance, at the church on Thursday evening of last week.

The democrats organized a Cleveland & Hendrick's club at this place last Saturday evening and elected the following officers: C. C. Walters president, C. H. Brown recording secretary, Sol Barney treasurer, Mahlon Baker sergeant-at-arms.

John Knight, son of Wm. Knight living near Concord, wanted to have some fun last Saturday, so he took a bottle and put some powder in it and touched it off. The bottle went off and so did he. Although it did not result in any thing serious it might have been otherwise, and should be a warning to boys not to fool with loaded bottles.

# SUPPLEMENT.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 30, 1884.

Next Monday is the first day of September.

We are selling a nice yellow sugar for 6 cents.

J. H. Conrad has put up nearly 4000 feet of spouting since the first of March.

We guarantee our \$2.50 boot to be all whole stock.

Mell Bishop has already sold this season 700 barrels of lime.

We have the best boot in the market for \$2.50. Examine it.

We have some comic advertising cards which we will print cheap. They are a splendid advertising medium.

The Democrat Club attended a pole raising in Stafford township last Wednesday evening.

There were 100 empty freight cars standing on the side tracks at this place last week.

Remember that we can give you good goods at prices that will make you feel rich.

Our assortment of 'Ladies' and Children's Hose is generally complete, and our prices are always reasonable.

The new minister to take the place of Rev. Hussey, will preach at the church in this place on one week from next Sunday evening.

Don't buy tickets for the east, west, north or south until you call and get our rates. The B. & O. is prepared to furnish them at the lowest possible rate. If you think of going on a trip, do not purchase your tickets until you see H. K. Reynolds, agent B. & O., St. Joe, Ind.



1  
SEPTEMBER

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Call and see our stock of Men's & Boys' Clothing.

# ST. JOE NEWS.

VOL. 2.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 13, 1884.

No. 12.

The Hicksville Fair will be held week after next.

Dr. Bowman is building an addition to his house.

Mrs. Widney has moved into the rooms over Testison's grocery.

The republicans will raise a pole at Orangeville some night next week.

There was an ice cream social at Co-burn's Corners last Wednesday night.

Doll Kester is putting the finishing touches on to John Widney's house this week.

We hope everybody will examine our stock of clothing before they make their fall purchases.

Remember we have just opened up a stock of new clothing. No old shoddy goods. All fresh and new.

Jimmie Ryan will speak up on Porke Avenue some evening next week. Every body turn out.

They have another new night operator at the depot. J. S. Davis the former one is breaking on the local.

H. K. Reynolds has turned over a new leaf and now gets up every morning at eight o'clock.

The democrats will have a grand rally and pole raising at St. Joe on Wednesday evening, Sept. 17, 1884. Judge O'Rourke, and Wm. Shambaugh of Fort Wayne, and several prominent speakers from Ohio will address the people. Turn out everybody.

T. P. Keator, republican candidate for congressman, will speak to people of this vicinity on Monday evening, Sept. 22, 1884. There will also be a pole raising and a grand torchlight procession. The Hicksville Glee Club will sing. Don't forget the time.

The Nimble Nickle soap is just as nimble as ever. Try it.

We shall have some handsome new dress prints the first of next week.

Communion services in the church next Sunday at half past ten o'clock.

John Widney would like to have the man who stole his bridle come back and get the horse.

Burton Green of Auburn will address the democratic club at this place on next Saturday evening.

Don't forget the Nimble Nick store when you need Overalls. We have the the best quality at the lowest price.

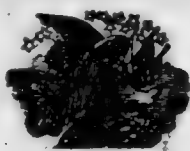
Did you ever set down on a yellow jacket's nest? Mart Testison did the other day, but he got right straight up again.

Joe Knisely was made shouting happy the other morning on account of a baby boy that commenced to board at his house.

Rev. Lineberry, the new pastor of the Methodist church preached an interesting sermon in the church at this place on last Sunday evening, to a large and attentive audience. He will preach again in two weeks.

## Call and see our stock of Men's & Boys' Clothing.

St. Joe



News.

Published every two weeks, on Saturday morning, by Mort E. Olds, in the advertising interests of Case & Olds, retail dealers in Dry Goods, Notions, Groceries, Boots, Shoes, Hats, Caps, Queensware &c.

*Free to all who will call at our store and get a copy, or it will be sent free to any post office address, where the postage is pre-paid. Our mail box is on the front door.*

ST. JOE, IND., SATURDAY SEPT. 13, 1884.

Dog days.

Butter is scarce.

See our "cloddings"

Elderberry pie is ripe.

Try a pair of our \$2.50 boot.

Examine our clothing before you buy.

We have knocked the tariff off our prices.

Wonder who is to be principal of the St. Joe schools this winter?

Wes Hart will ship all of his brick to Chicago if he can secure a low shipping rate to that point.

A republican wagon load of young folks from this place attended a picnic near Butler last Saturday.

Wm. Stamen talks of trading his property in this place for Wm Cahill's farm. Should he trade however, he will not move out of town but will probably build another house at once.

We have the best boot in the market for \$2.50. Examine it.

Remember that we can give you good goods at prices that will make you feel rich.

Gas Hall will move on to a farm near Waterloo next week, and Vince Dilley will move into the house where he now lives.

It is our duty to keep the public posted on matters of interest, consequently we hereby inform the readers of this paper that Alex Filley has built a pig pen.

We received a new supply of black ladies' belts, that is we mean the belts are black, not the ladies. They won't last long, that is we mean our supply will soon be gone.

The democratic club from this place attended a pole raising one mile north of Newville on last Thursday night. They had a band of music and three four horse wagon loads of people and made a fine appearance. Gen. Blair of Waterloo was the speaker and those who were present say he delivered a very able and interesting speech.

Burglars entered the store of Olds & Carnes at Spencerville one night last week and helped themselves to a lot of cutlery, cigars, tobacco and what change there was in the money drawer, amounting to perhaps about twenty five or thirty dollars. They got in by cutting out the glass and raising the window. Should you see any thing of the rascals, shoot them.



## Examine our stock of Ladies' & Children's Shoes.

There was a large crowd of people in town on Wednesday evening of last week to witness the drill of the St. Joe Blaine & Logan club. The Spencerville club was also present and with their fine uniforms they made a splendid appearance. Baker Brother's band assisted by Mart Bodey and others filled the air with music, and the people with patriotism.

Try our t pot t.

Our assortment of Men's Shoes is complete and we are just as anxious to sell as we used to be.

Try our t pot t.

Don't buy tickets for the east, west, north or south until you call and get our rates. The B. & O. is prepared to furnish them at the lowest possible rate. If you think of going on a trip, do not purchase your tickets until you see H. K. Reynolds, agent B. & O., St. Joe, Ind.

Try our t pot t.

Our assortment of Ladies' and Children's Hose is generally complete, and our prices are always reasonable.

Try our t pot t.

There has been somewhat of a change in the mail route running through here from Fort Wayne to Butler. The hack now comes up from Fort Wayne on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, instead of going down on these days as it formerly did. The change was made in order that Mr. Phillips who lives at Fort Wayne could be at home over Sundays.

Try our t pot t.

Examine our stock of Men's Hats.

Sol Barney was at Kendallville last week.

John Widney's house will be ready to move into in a couple of weeks.

We are selling a nice yellow sugar for 6 cents.

We guarantee our \$2.50 boots to be all whole stock.

Ben Zimmerman came home from Michigan last week.

T pot T without teapot 35 cents per pound. Try it.

Hursh's Best Family Flour reduced to \$1.20 per sack.

If the frosts stay off a couple of weeks longer we will have a pretty fair crop of corn.

We have some comic advertising cards which we will print cheap. They are a splendid advertising medium.

If you want to buy some Towels dirt cheap call on the Nimble Nickle "teller." Prices range from 5 to 25 cents.

Although there are two good livery barns in this place, yet it is not enough at times to supply the demand. Last week two or three days there was no rigs to be had at all.

David Butler one of the old settlers of this county, died at the old farm residence near Spencerville on Wednesday afternoon of last week, and was buried on the following Friday.

## Call and see our stock of Men's & Boys' Clothing.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Widney gave a party at their residence in St. Joe, on last Friday afternoon, in honor of the birthday anniversary of their little granddaughter, Cora Sechler. Quite a number of her little friends had been invited among whom were the following: Mattie Testison, Cora Widney, Bessie Patterson, Rettie and Katie Bishop, Lina Sheffer, May Leighty, Nena Leighty, Anna Sechler, Elnora Sechler, Francis Sechler and Jennie Baltz. The little folks played and talked and enjoyed themselves as children only can. Bye-and-bye Mrs. Widney called and said "Supper is ready" and then their little eyes began to sparkle, and as they marched in and took their seats around that table loaded down with good things, their bright, happy, smiling faces told but too plainly that their happiness was complete. May little Cora as well as all the other little girls who were present live to see many happy returns of the day.

Picnic at Concord next Saturday.

Wm. Shambaugh spoke at Spencerville Monday night.

Before you buy winter clothing for your boys see us.

The Blaine & Logan club will drill Saturday night.

The democrat club received 100 torches this week.

You can go to Chicago and return this week for \$3.15.

The night operator got a bug in his ear the other evening. Dr. Bowman took it out.



It wus tu hot last weak fur ena use. I wantad tu take a trip up tu the north pole but the editer he wus anchus tu hav a fotograf ov our candidates for president an vise president in his papar this weak, so I stade at home. The abov likenesses I drawed frum life. One ov them is Mr. Benjamin Lickty, the great-reformer and litening bucher, an the other one is me, an fur the life ov me I cant tell wich is wich. The first one loks the most like me in the face but his body is two big around the waste fur me. I gues I must have intended the pickture on the rite fur miself, altho the nose is a trifel large an the mouth dos not du me justice: however it dont matter jist so we get enuf voats tu be elected this fall. Thats what we want an we want it bad two.

Your Obediant Servant,

Barcus Q. Hippenhammer.

G. B. Fur feer that sum ov our opponents ma try tu mar our past reckord by saying that owing tu domestick troubles we wer bald headed, I wood jist say that in drawing these fotoes I forgot tu put eny hare on their heads.

Call and see our stock of Men's & Boys' Clothing.

# ST. JOE NEWS.

VOL. 2.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 27, 1884.

No. 13.

Frost.

Eggs 15 cts.

Butter 15 cents.

Hip! Hip! Hurrah!

The pumpkin crop is big.

John Hull is now a father.

Only five weeks until the election.

Mrs. John Davis returned home yesterday.

When you want a new suit of clothes call at the Nimble Nick clothing store.

Somebody stole 6 cans of cherries out of Wm. Leighty's cellar the other night.

J. H. Conrad can make any thing from a tin whistle to a sheet iron monkey. For further particulars see the Plumed Knight.

Call at the Drugstore and get a trial bottle FREE of Dr. King's New Discovery for coughs, colds &c. Also a copy of the Druggist will be given to all who will call for it.

The AUBURN REPUBLICAN says there is two men living near Auburn who cut 232 shocks of corn last Monday. They must have been very small shocks or else that is a pretty big story.

We received this week some new hand lamps, also a lot of other nice things for table use such as Sauce Plates, Turkeys, Cup Plates, Bowls, Deep Dishes, Platters, Cups and Saucers, Plates &c. Remember us when you need such things.

Several of our citizens spent the day at Cedar Beach last Sunday.

The heavy winds of Wednesday morning blew down the hickory pole.

Examine our stock of clothing and you will live long and be happy.

Wash Woodcox and Curt Washler was up to hear Hendrick's speak at Pleasant Lake last Tuesday.

It was't two seconds hardly after the earthquake had occurred last week, before the street was lined with people and you could hear them asking one another: "Say, did it shake your house?"

Dennis Burley says that Athlophores has relieved him of Neuralgia from which he has suffered for months. It will also cure Rheumatism. For sale at the Drugstore, St. Joe, Ind.

Wm. Leighty was sitting upon a hitching post in front of the store the other day, and as he sat he thought, and as he thought he looked, and as he looked he beheld laying in front of him a squash seed, and remembering something about an acorn and an oak tree that he used to read about in a spelling book when he was a small boy, he said "Large water melons from little squash seed grow." Just imagine, if you please a large Georgia water melon growing on an Indiana squash vine. Whew!



## Call and see our stock of Men's & Boys' Clothing.

St. Joe  News.

Published every two weeks, on Saturday morning, by Mort E. Olds, in the advertising interests of Case & Olds, retail dealers in Dry Goods, Notions, Groceries, Boots, Shoes, Hats, Caps, Queensware &c.

Free to all who will call at our store and get a copy, or it will be sent free to any post office address, where the postage is pre-paid. Our mail box is on the front door.

ST. JOE, IND., SATURDAY SEPT. 27, 1884.

T' pot T.

N. N. Soap.

National Yeast.

Nights are longer.

Rallies getting thicker.

Politics are getting hotter.

Our prices on goods are lower.

Good demand for apples this fall.

The Fort Wayne fair will be held next week.

Mrs. J. D. Leighty visited friends in Fort Wayne last week.

If you want to buy a trunk mighty cheap call on us.

Ruff McDonald has moved into the Kauffman property.

Our two dollar and fifty cent boot is taking the lead this fall. Money can be saved by buying it.

Large sized Looking Glasses just received which we are going to sell at the astonishing low price of 50 cents.

Poles are being raised at almost every cross-roads in the country.

Quite a number from this place attended the Hicksville fair last week.

It is said that Iowa will produce this year 300,000,000 bushels of corn.

Joe Metcalf hauled in a wagon load of new corn last week, the first of the season.

We are handling the Fort Wayne yarn this fall. It is of an excellent quality and very cheap.

Mrs. Reed and Mrs. Donaldson left last week for a visit among friends in Pennsylvania.

We got in a new invoice of Ladies' Hand Satchels this week, and we want to sell them.

Those who attended the Hicksville fair say it was better than any year since its organization.

Thad Meese got severely kicked by one of his horses at the Hicksville fair last week.

Wm. Vollmar thinks St. Joe is a nice place to live and so he has moved back here from Fort Wayne.

Don't forget the Nimble Nick store when you need Overalls. We have the the best quality at the lowest price.

Don't buy tickets for the east, west, north or south until you call and get our rates. The B. & O. is prepared to furnish them at the lowest possible rate. If you think of going on a trip, do not purchase your tickets until you see H. K. Reynolds, agent B. & O., St. Joe, Ind.

## Call and see our stock of Men's & Boys' Clothing.

For years we have waited,  
In hope and in glee,  
Watching the billows,  
Scanning the sea,  
For our ship on the ocean,  
Laden with gold,  
To come and enrich us.  
The tale is soon told;  
No longer we're waiting,  
For sorrow's our cup;  
The ship has come in,  
But it's bottom-side up.

O. L. Young of Butler was in St. Joe one day last week.

Before you buy winter clothing for your boys see us.

The Nimble Nickle soap is just as nimble as ever. Try it.

Remember we have just opened up a stock of new clothing. No old shoddy goods. All fresh and new.

People wonder why it is that the price of wheat is so low. They do not stop to consider the fact that the great west is now producing more grain than ever before in the history of our nation. The reports from some of the different states make the wheat crop of 1884 as follows:

Kansas	49,113,000	Bushels.
Minnesota	38,500,000	"
Illinois	38,000,000	"
Missouri	29,000,000	"
Iowa	28,500,000	"

These are only a few of the wheat growing states and when you look over the above figures and think of the enormous amount of wheat produced in this country, and no foreign demand to speak of, is it any wonder that wheat is selling at such a low figure?

One of the largest crowds that has been in St. Joe since old settler's day gathered here on Wednesday evening of last week, to see the democrats raise their pole and hear their speakers spread fourth the doctrines of old democracy. They were late in getting the pole up, but finally succeeded in raising it, after which they formed into a procession and marched to the speakers stand. The glee club then sang several fine selections of campaign music after which Frank Barney stepped forward and in a graceful manner introduced W. H. Shambaugh of Fort Wayne, who spoke for about one hour. Mr. Friend also of Fort Wayne followed Mr. Shambaugh in a lengthy speech. D. D. Moody was then called for but owing to the lateness of the hour he did not say much. The glee club then sang, the bands played, the men hollered, the babies cried, the dogs barked and everybody went home and went to bed.

There were six bands present.

It was a pity to waste that broom.

The pole is over 150 feet high.

The speakers stand was nicely decorated.

Frank Scholes of Fort Wayne assisted the glee club.

Wm. Shambaugh got mixed up on his "tater" story.

The ladies' Cleveland & Hendricks club of Newville made a fine appearance.

The martial bands made such a racket you couldn't hear the cornet bands.

Frank Furlow a prominent stump speaker of Hicksville was present, but did not get a chance to say any thing.

## Call and see our stock of Men's & Boys' Clothing.

The republicans had a big blow out at Orangeville on Friday evening of last week. Clubs were present from St. Joe Spencerville, Newville and Presler's, and they raised a pole in front of Harter's residence in about three jerks of a dead lamb's tail. The clubs then formed into a line about as straight as an ordinary rail fence and headed by a band of music marched to the residence of Harlow Gee, where seats and a speakers stand had been arranged. The exercises were opened with a song by Presler's Glee Club and, as the last strains of the first verse were dying away, there came a crash as if another earthquake had occurred, and when the smoke had cleared away it was found that the platform upon which the singers were standing had been made out of democratic planks, and they were rotten, consequently they gave way and the glee club came down. With true republican grit, however they soon recovered from their fright, and stepping out upon solid ground, finished their song. After listening to short speeches by T. D. Meese John Provines and others, the meeting adjourned with three cheers for Blaine & Logan.

Jud Gee says he built that platform.

Spencerville turned out two four horse wagon loads.

The business houses of Orangeville were all closed.

The pole was a beauty and stood about 100 feet above ground.

O. S. Blood was called for but said he never made speeches.

Wm. Simanton was present and seemed to enjoyed the meeting.

We desire to inform the public that we are prepared to make sorghum, on the farm of R. G. Coburn, two miles east of St. Joe. We guarantee satisfaction. Prices reasonable. Please favor us with your patronage.

COBURN BROS.

What is a doodlebug?

Before you buy winter clothing for your boys see us.

Preaching next Sunday evening by Rev. E. K. Baker.

If you want to buy a nobby new dress pattern call at the Nimble Nickle T pot T store.

We hope everybody will examine our stock of Clothing before they make their fall purchases.

William Bleeks got tired of living in the country and so he moved back into town this week.

We received this week a new invoice of Queensware, Glassware &c. to be sold at reduced prices.

Filley & Lounsberry have a quantity of ash or maple flooring for sale. Give them a call if you in need any thing in that line.

Alex. Filley and J. H. Conrad went out hunting the other day and so far as we can learn they did not kill any more game than they could carry home.

Our prices on Trunks are way below what most stores get for them. Every young man should have a trunk and now is the time to get one cheap.



OCTOBER

Call and see our stock of Men's & Boys' Clothing.

# ST. JOE NEWS.

VOL. 2.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 11, 1884.

No. 14.

**New Goods.**

**Fine Wall Paper.**

**Fancy Window Curtains.**

We are selling trunks very cheap.

Dr. Murphy was in town Thursday.

Buy your boy a Blaine or Cleveland cap.

Don't fail to examine our stock of Overcoats.

Try our T pot T at only 35 cents per pound.

Chas. Widney has been sick but is able to be out again.

Three pound pails of Family Lard for 35 cents.

Before you buy winter clothing for your boys see us.

Wm. Demarville delivered a speech at the hall the other night. His subject was "Tariff on Salt."

Don't fail to examine our window curtains and fixtures, wall paper, border &c before you buy.

We can show you the handsomest line of wall paper and border ever brought to St. Joe. No charge for trimming.

Our clothing trade has been much better than we expected so far and we hope it may continue. Come in and see our stock: it is all fresh and new; no old nobby shop-worn goods. Prices right.

Shilling shipped a car load of sheep this week.

We have a full line of Rubber Boots, Overshoes &c.

John Widney moved into his new house this week.

When you want a new suit of clothes call at the Nimble Nick clothing store.

We have some Men's Rubber Coats of a first class quality and cheap.

Frank Draggoo got his foot smashed at Case's barn raising Friday.

If you want to buy a nobby new dress pattern call at the Nimble Nickle T pot T store.

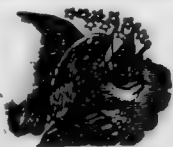
Dr. Stewart of Garrett will deliver a prohibition speech at this place on Friday evening, Oct. 17, 1884. There will also be a pole raised. All are invited to come out.

Dennis Burley says that Athlophoros has relieved him of Neuralgia from which he has suffered for months. It will also cure Rheumatism. For sale at the Drugstore, St. Joe, Ind.

A martial band is a nice thing but there ought to be a cut off valve attached to each one of them so that when they got through they would stop. The most of them don't know where the tune ends.

## Call and see our stock of Men's & Boys' Clothing.

St. Joe



News.

Published every two weeks, on Saturday morning, by Mort E. Olds, in the advertising interests of Case & Olds, retail dealers in Dry Goods, Notions, Groceries, Boots, Shoes, Hats, Caps, Queensware &c.

*Free to all who will call at our store and get a copy, or it will be sent free to any post office address, where the postage is pre-paid. Our mail box is on the front door.*

ST. JOE, IND., SATURDAY OCT. 11, 1884.

Tax paying time.

Overcoats are in demand.

Put up your winter stoves.

Try our T pot-T at only 35 cents per pound.

The Ohio election takes place next Tuesday.

Take in your plants or they will freeze.

We now carry a supply of Mansfield Flour.

We have some Men's Rubber Coats of a first class quality and cheap.

When you want a new suit of clothes call at the Nimble Nick clothing store.

A pole will be raised at Newville Center Saturday night.

All members of the Blaine & Logan club are requested to meet at the hall on Tuesday evening Oct. 14, 1884, as business of importance is to be transacted at that time.

We desire to inform the public that we are prepared to make sorghum, on the farm of R. G. Coburn, two miles east of St. Joe. We guarantee satisfaction. Prices reasonable. Please favor us with your patronage.

COBURN BROS.

Before you buy winter clothing for your boys see us.

If you want to buy a nobby new dress pattern call at the Nimble Nickle T pot T store.

We hope everybody will examine our stock of Clothing before they make their fall purchases.

We received this week a new invoice of Queensware, Glassware &c. to be sold at reduced prices.

Rev. E. K. Baker having gone to Synod, there will be no preaching in town next Sunday.

Last Wednesday was the birthday anniversary of Mrs. John Engle, and a large number of her friends celebrated the occasion by giving her a party. A very pleasant time was had and Mrs. Engle was the recipient of a number of nice presents.

We got in a large invoice of Boots & Shoes this week, and we offer them to the public at low prices. Our trade on shoes this summer has been much larger than we expected and we purpose to boot and shoe a good share of the people this fall. Our assortment is complete and we kindly solicit your patronage.



## Call and see our stock of Men's & Boys' Clothing.

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The school house is under-going repairs.

The west end of St. Joe might appropriately be called Poletown.

Examine our stock of clothing and you will live long and be happy.

Dr. Ferrell is building up quite a practice in his profession.

Mrs. W. C. Patterson visited friends at Hicksville this week.

Quite a number of democrats from this place attended the rally at Hicksville last Wednesday.

Capt. Cutter, the republican candidate for Sheriff was in town looking up his interest this week.

The Overcoat season has arrived and we are in the market with a new stock and competing prices. Try us on for an Overcoat.

Call at the Drugstore and get a trial bottle FREE of Dr. King's New Discovery for coughs, colds &c. Also a copy of the Druggist will be given to all who will call for it.

We received this week some new hand lamps, also a lot of other nice things for table use such as Sauce Plates, Turkeys, Cup Plates, Bowls, Deep Dishes, Platters, Cups and Saucers, Plates &c. Remember us when you need such things.

Some one suggested the idea of leaving that young midnight buckeye stand and fill the dirt in around it so that it would grow and then probably until the campaign of 1888 it would be grown to a good sized pole.

Overcoats.

Overcoats.

Overcoats.

Overcoats.

Overcoats.

Overcoats.

Overcoats.

## Call and see our stock of Men's & Boys' Clothing.



This is a grate year fur pole raising. The crop is goin tu bea a large one an prices wil probabla bea lo. The demokrats rased a pole with a brom on it but the winds kame, and as it was not built upon a rock, it broke off an tumbled down. The repubilkans tha undertuke tu rase a pole that wood reach tu the moon, an after tryin too tymes thay hed tu giv it up without so much as a stubb tu show fur ther wark. Then ther was another party who's naim we could not lern, that kame intu town between midnite an morning an headed bi a bras band that is the whol band must hav ben pretty brassy, tha tuke a buckeye pole and proceeded tu raise it. Now ther was'nt

ana thing mean about ther puttin up a pole at nite, but it was a little cheaky fur them tu use the hole tu set it up in that was maid fur another breed ov poles. However its none ov mi apple-sauce, I'm in the pole business miself.

Yours in favor ov Poles,

Barcus Q. Hippenhammer.

G. B. Sa, in ordar tu git a korrekt vew ov this pickture you wil hav tu stand on youre hed.

Another cheap excursion to Chicago next Thursday.

Alex. Filley is pitting a brick wall under his house.

Money saved by buying round trip tickets over the B. & O.

Byron Woodcox is painting and grain- ing the school house.

Walter Palmer and wife visited friends in St. Joe this week.

Our stock of Men's Hats never was more complete than now. Come in and see them.

J. H. Davis has moved to Garrett and Mr. Wilson has moved into the house formerly occupied by him.

We received another lot of black ladies' Belts this week. We have sold a wheel borrow load of them and still they go. Call early.

Don't use any but the Silver Star Baking Powder and you will never have poor bread or pancakes or what ever they make out of baking powder.

T. P. Keator will speak at Newville on Saturday evening, Oct. 18, 1884, at which time a large pole will be raised. Everybody turn out.

Three Big Pounds of Fresh Crackers for 25 cents.

# ST. JOE NEWS.

VOL. 2.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 25, 1884.

No. 15.

See our wall paper.

Buy one of our trunks.

New assortment of Hoods.

The campaign will soon be over.

Come in and see our assortment of winter hosiery.

We have just received a big line of Men's and Ladies' Underwear.

Moses Ashelman's lost his barn and grainery Monday night by fire.

Don't forget that we are selling the best boot in town for \$2.50.

The cold snap this week made people hunt around for their winter wraps.

The pay car passed through last Thursday and made the railroad boys happy.

Examine our Children's Suits. They are nobby, nice and cheap.

We shall have in a full line of colors in Germantown and Saxony Wool Yarns next week.

Charlie Grubb and Mervin Widney attended a rally at Maysville last Wednesday evening.

Rev. E. K. Baker will preach in the church in St. Joe on Sunday evening, Oct. 26th, 1884.

George Hamm is building a barn for a man by the name of Gerrig, living near Leo.

Quite a good deal of wheat has been brought to market this week. Prices ranged from 72 to 75 cents.

Before you buy winter clothing for your boys see us.

Fred Jenkins will teach school in district number four this winter.

Mrs. Harlow Geo went to Iowa last Wednesday to visit friends.

Ruff McDonald has been working at Garrett for the past two week.

We can supply you with spring window curtain rollers. They are by far the most convenient and best.

Rev. Coomer of Maysville, will preach at the church in this place on Sunday evening, Nov. 2, 1884.

J. S. Jackman, condidate for representative on the republican ticket, was in town last Thursday.

The Blaine & Logan club will meet at Leighty's Hall on Saturday evening, Oct. 25th.

Our assortment of Ladies' and Children's Hoods are in, and we are satisfied that no better variety has ever been opened up in this town than can be seen by calling at our store.

George Bleeks had the misfortune to lose one of his horses this week. "Sam" as he was called, was a fine little buggy horse, and will no doubt be greatly missed by George and his family.

We sold six suits of clothes and four overcoats last week. Our goods seem to please people and so they buy. We ask you to examine our stock before you buy. We'll make it pay.



## Three Big Pounds of Fresh Crackers for 25 cents.

St. Joe



News.

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Free to all who will call at our store and get a copy, or it will be sent free to any post office address where the postage is pre-paid. Our mail box is on the front door.

ST. JOE, IND., SATURDAY, OCT. 25, 1884.

Before you buy winter clothing for your boys see us.

We have a full line of Rubber Boots, Overshoes &c.

Jake White is up in the big woods of Michigan hunting bear.

We guarantee every suit of our clothing to be a perfect fit.

When you want a new suit of clothes call at the Nimble Nick clothing store.

We have some Men's Rubber Coats of a first class quality and cheap.

Don't fail to examine our window curtains and fixtures, wall paper, border &c before you buy.

We can show you the handsomest line of wall paper and border ever brought to St. Joe. No charge for trimming.

There will be a large public sale at the residence of James R. Roller, (deceased,) two and a half mile north of Mayaville, on Saturday, Nov. 1st, 1884.

It is really amusing to read the reports given by the different correspondents and reporters for the papers. For instance if there is a republican rally the republican papers will say there was a very large crowd present and the speaking was splendid; there was several bands in attendance and over 300 torchlights in the procession &c. The democrat papers would say of the same meeting that it was a very dry affair, that there was about 50 persons present including the women and children, that the speaking was all a pack of lies, that the music was horrible, that there was only 85½ torches in line by actual count, and they were mostly carried by boys &c. On the other hand if the democrats have a rally the republican papers would probably say that it was a thin meeting, there was only 7 men, 33 women, 5 babies and 2 dogs present, and the speaker was so full of benzine that he couldn't say any thing, that the music sounded like a pack of boys pounding on a lot of tin pans, that there wasn't enough voters to make a decent torchlight procession &c. The democrat papers would claim in their account of it that it was one of the grandest meetings ever held in this part of the country. And so they have it. Now why wouldn't it do to tell some thing near the truth about these matters and not have so many lies to account for.

We sold twenty-four Blaine and Cleveland caps last week.

It is an established fact that we carry the best assortment of Ladies' Shoes in St. Joe, and sell them cheap, too.

This paper don't amount to much but you are welcome to a copy when ever you will call at our store and get it.

## Three Big Pounds of Fresh Crackers for 25 cents.

Don't fail to examine our stock of Overcoats.

The Silver Star Baking Powder is the best and no mistake.

One week from next Tuesday will tell the story as to who will be the next president.

We are having a splendid trade in clothing. People appreciate a good quality of goods.

The ladies all say "Why what handsome wall paper you have; save me five rolls of that kind." All right.

In all the political speeches that have been and are yet to be made during the campaign, how many lies do you suppose have been told?

At a club meeting held at the hall last week J. D. Leighty resigned the position of committeeman for this precinct, and M. T. Bishop was unanimously chosen to fill the place.

While Will Currie was out killing a beef the other day he accidentally blew off one end of his moustache. Billy ought to be careful or he might lose the other end and then he wouldn't have any.

You will soon clean house and then you will want some wall paper, window curtains, rollers &c., which of course you will come to our store to get as we carry the best assortment and make the lowest prices.

We were surprised last week to hear of the death of Miss Ella Kelso, daughter of Rev. S. Kelso, formerly pastor of the Lutheran church of this place. She died at the home of her parents in Lancaster Illinois on Sept. 29th, 1884.

Some of our readers laughed because we said in our last issue that we had received another supply of black ladies' belts. They insinuated that we meant that the ladies were black and the belts were white, but it's all a mistake. We want it distinctly understood that the belts are black—not the ladies. However should there be any black ladies who want a white belt why then of course the white belts would be black ladies' belts, or in other words the black ladies' belts are for white ladies and the white black ladies—oh pshaw we're getting all mixed up; we have the belts to sell though, and don't care whether it's a white lady or a black lady that buys them.

Try our T pot T at only 35 cents per pound.

Three pound pails of Family Lard for 35 cents.

Buy a can of Silver Star Baking Powder and get a beautiful piece of silverware free.

Our stock of Men's Hats never was more complete than now. Come in and see them.

Don't use any but the Silver Star Baking Powder and you will never have poor bread or pancakes or what ever they make out of baking powder.

Mrs. Widney has organized a prohibition party among the boys and girls of St. Joe. They raised a pole last Saturday at which time Mrs. Widney made a speech, and in the evening they had a grand street parade. Hurrah for young america.

## Three Big Pounds of Fresh Crackers for 25 cents.



We went out hunting with a prominent lumbar merchant of St. Joe last week. He is a grate sportsman an a crack shot and he sed he wood guarantee us a mes of foxx squerils if we wood go with him. So we went, he was tu du the shooting an we were tu carry the gain. We struk fur the woods an in a short tyme cum across a larg foxx squeril an the lumbar merchant he sliped up an blazed awa. The gun went off an so did the squeril; that is the squeril went off up the tree into a not hole. The lumbar merchant sed he was shure he hit him, butt the squeril did'nt cum down. Wel, we went on, bi and bi we saw anuther big foxx squeril and the lumbar merchant he crauled up, tuke ame and puled the trigger. It was an exciting moment an we hav endeavored tu illustrate it in the abov engravin. The man with the gun is the lumbar merchant; the distance from the man tu the squeril was 20 feet moor or less; after the gun went off the squeril sat ther just as if nothing hed happened; he acted as tho he had seen the lumbar merchant befour an now that he

cu'd'nt hit ana thing. Finally he flopped off on tu anuther tree an went into his hole. We then went on a short distance further an treed anuther foxx squeril, but it was no gude, we did'nt git him, an so we started fur home, but I did'nt hav ana gain tu carry.

Yours Without Squeril,  
Barcus Q. Hippenhammer.

Deputy Sheriff Jeff Boyle was in town last Saturday.

M. T. Bishop sold a bill of lumber to one man last week amounting to \$118.

There were 56 bands of music in the processions at Fort Wayne last Monday night.

Come in and see the handsome silverware that is given away with the Silver Star Baking Powder.

Mr. Bowen and family of Attica, Ohio, have moved to St. Joe, and occupy rooms with his son-in-law, H. K. Reynolds.

Three things you can't buy at any other store in St. Joe but at the Nimble Nick: Star Baking Powder, T pot T and Nimble Nickle Soap. Try them.

Silver Plated Castor, Butter Dish, Cake Stand, Fruit Dish, Pickle Castor, Butter Knife &c given away with Silver Star Baking Powder. Try it.

The Rev. Dr. Stewart of Garrett, candidate for Elector on the prohibition ticket was in the city on Friday evening of last week and delivered a speech to a quite a large number of both democrats and republicans. The young ladies' Glee Club of St. Joe sang some nice selections of music and Mr. Hadsell and sons also favored the audience with several appropriate songs.



NOVEMBER

Examine our stock of Ladies' & Children's Shoes.

# ST. JOE NEWS.

VOL. 2.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 8, 1884.

No. 16.

Bill Vanzile moved to Garrett last Wednesday.

A full supply of Stove Hollow-ware at Conrad's.

Chicago daily papers were in great demand last Wednesday.

We carry a splendid assortment of Ladies' Winter Hosiery.

We have a full line of Men's Rubber Boots and Overshoes.

Republicans were pretty scarce about last Wednesday morning.

Hereafter our address will be No. 273 Salt River. Call and see us.

Conrad has quite a stock of Lard Cans from 6 to 15 gallons. Call and see.

Our line of Canton Flannels is large and prices exceedingly low.

A Lutheran Conference will be held at Spencerville week after next.

Our rooster don't know just exactly who to crow for.

See our elegant assortment of Hoods before you purchase.

It seems pretty tough but I guess we'll have to go up the creek this time.

Prayer meeting every Thursday evening at the church, to which all are cordially invited.

We have sold already all of our first stock of Hoods, but we shall have in this week a new invoice of handsome new styles from Chicago. Come in at once, while there is a good assortment to select from.

Come in and see our new stock of winter shoes.

We have some choice hand-picked beans for sale.

Look out for good times now and lots of money. Whoopee!

Quarterly meeting at the Methodist church in Spencerville on next Sunday Nov. 9th.

Coffee Mills, Sad Irons, Carpet Tacks, Hash Knives, Lanterns, Wooden Bowls, Zinc Stove Boards &c. at Conrad's.

The new road running north from Wash Woodcox's and connecting with the main road on the railroad land is being opened up this week.

Some one telegraphed the central committeeman at Auburn last Wednesday evening that this township had gone democratic by a nice majority, but it didn't pan out that way.

If Cleveland gets to be President, W. H. Simanton is to be appointed post-master general, and St. Joe will then be moved to Washington and made a general distributing office.

David Shull, an old and respected citizen of this county living two miles east of Spencerville, died very suddenly last Monday evening while on his way home from a rally held at the above named place. His death resulted from the bursting of a blood vessel near the region of the heart. The funeral occurred Wednesday and was largely attended.

## Three Big Pounds of Fresh Crackers for 25 cents.

St. Joe.  Notes.

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*Free to all who will call at our store and get a copy, or it will be sent free to any post office address where the postage is pre-paid. Our mail box is on the front door.*

ST. JOE, IND., SATURDAY, NOV. 8, 1884.

Rev. E. K. Baker was at Republic, O. last week.

Call on J. H. Conrad for Tinware of all kinds.

Come in and see our assortment of winter hosiery.

Come in and see the handsome silverware that is given away with the Silver Star Baking Powder.

We are glad at all times to have people come in and see our goods, even if they don't buy.

Now that the campaign is over why wouldn't it be a good idea to organize a singing class?

Our assortment of Ladies' and Children's Hoods are in, and we are satisfied that no better variety has ever been opened up in this town than can be seen by calling at our store.

D. M. Allen, surveyor of Allen county and formerly a prominent teacher of this county, died at his home in Fort Wayne on Tuesday of last week, and was buried at Spencerville on Thursday.



Last week was jam full of speeches and rallies.

We have a splendid quality of yarns this season. Examine it.

We have a full line of colors in Germantown and Saxony Wool Yarns.

Try the Spear Head Plug Tobacco and you will use no other.

There are 23 poles in this town, including the small ones.

Charlie Shepherd, the happy insurance man of Hicksville, was in town one day last week.

Certainly every one is glad that the campaign is over, and now let's all settle down to business.

Dave Knisely's house in the west end of town is for sale or rent. Enquire of M. T. Bishop.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank P. Coder who have been visiting friends in this vicinity, returned to their home in Norvell, Michigan last week.



## Three Big Pounds of Fresh Crackers for 25 cents.

---

Examine our gingham.  
Examine our dress goods.  
Examine our laces and ribbons.  
Examine our handkerchiefs.  
Examine our skirts for ladies.  
Examine our bed ticking.  
Examine our floor oil cloth.  
Examine our window curtain.  
Examine our embroideries.  
Examine our underwear.  
Examine our shawls.  
Examine our hosiery for ladies.  
Examine our cotton flannel.  
Examine our stocking webbing.  
Examine our hoods.

---

Examine our Children's Suits. They are nobby, nice and cheap.

Don't forget that we are selling the best boot in town for \$2.50.

We have just received a big line of Men's and Ladies' Underwear.

H. K. Reynolds lacked just twelve days of being in this state long enough to vote.

The Rev. Dr. Stewart of Garrett, made a prohibition speech at Spencerville last week.

Silver Plated Castor, Butter Dish, Cake Stand, Fruit Dish, Pickle Castor, Butter Knife &c given away with Silver Star Baking Powder. Try it.

Three things you can't buy at any other store in St. Joe but at the Nimble Nick: Star Baking Powder, T pot T and Nimble Nick's Soap. Try them.

Burt Patterson of Hicksville was in town last week.

Several car loads of hogs were shipped from this place last week.

The county institute was held at Auburn last week.

Erastus and Jake White returned from Michigan last week. They killed two deer while they were gone.

Mervin Widney raised a piece of corn this year that averaged over 100 bushels to the acre.

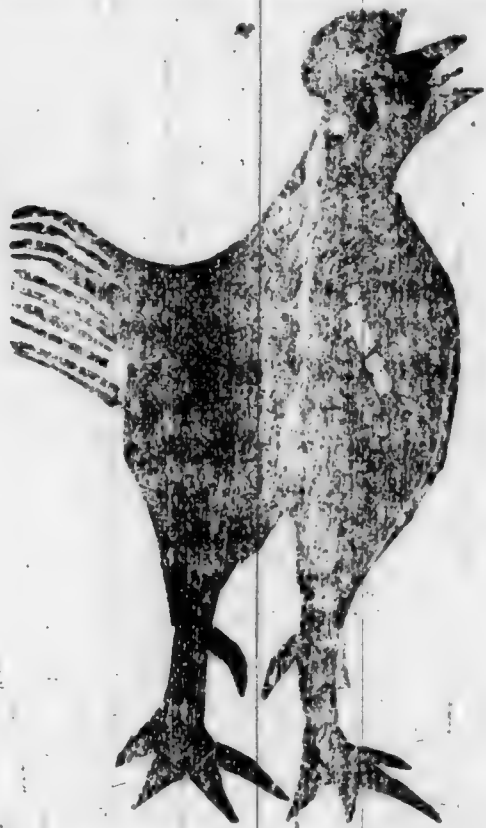
M. T. Bishop will remove his lumber yard and sheds on to the railroad land, just south of the elevator.

John Leighty Sr. sowed a patch of turnips in July and now he is reaping his harvest. He will probably have between two and three hundred bushels.

Al Brooks has secured the agency of this county for a Patent Carpet Tack. They are simple, convenient and cheap, and are no doubt a good thing.

Why don't you go to Sunday school? You are certainly interested enough in this town to want to see the Sunday school kept up, and yet you stay away time after time and thus throw your influence against the welfare and prosperity of the best interests of the community. For who would want to live in a town where there are no churches or Sunday schools? Certainly no one; then why not come out and aid and encourage the work by your presence. If you can not take a part in the exercises come and look on.

## Examine our stock of Ladies' & Children's Shoes.



This is the weak when the papars hav roostars in them. Ther will prababla be severl differant breeds ov them reprecent-ed. Ther wil be one kind ov roostars that wil be strutting around on ther hind leags an crowing awa for deer life, an then ther wil be anuther breed that wil feal sick an want tu vommot orful bad. You kin take which evar you like, but as fur me I perfur a gude sized spring chicken, (either mail or femail,) cut up an fried in buttar.

Yours in faver ov Roostars.

Barcus Q. Hippenhammer.

Everybody recommends the Silver Star Baking Powder.

The public schools of this place will open on Monday, Nov. 17th, 1884. We were anable to learn who is to teach in the higher room, but Miss Swineford will have charge of the primary department.

M. T. Bishop went to Waterloo last Saturday.

Dr. Bowman and Frank Draggoo went to Fort Wayne last Friday.

Preaching next Sunday evening by Rev. E. K. Baker.

S. S. Shutt made a political speech at Newville last Saturday night.

Rev. Lineberry will preach in this place on Sunday evening Nov. 16th.

We can supply you with spring window curtain rollers. They are by far the most convenient and best.

Election day was a wet, cold and disagreeable day, but every one kept good natured and happy.

Mrs. Donaldson and Mrs. Reed returned from their visit among friends in Pennsylvania last week.

There will be a hog on exhibition at the fat stock show in Chicago next week, that is said to weigh 1400 pounds.

Friday night of last week was the time when the boys usually turn things up-side down, but for some reason they did not do much mischief. The small boys were out pulling cabbage and Jake White thought he would have a little fun with them, so he went in and got his gun and fired it off into the air; the little fellows were badly scared and in their hurry to get away one of them stumbled and fell; he thought he was shot, sure, and he called to the boys and said: "Hold on, I'm shot! I'm shot!" He soon found out though, that he was alright, and got up and skipped out for the next cabbage patch.

PAGES

MISSING



## Examine our stock of Ladies' & Children's Shoes.

Mr. Stamen received the insurance money on his barn last week.

Try our wafer butter crackers, put up in three pound boxes at 25 cents.

About what is the distance from here to the central part of Salt River?

Jerry Andrews' barn was destroyed by fire one night last week.

Next Thursday, November 27th is Thanksgiving day.

Our line of Canton Flannels is large and prices exceedingly low.

We have something new in a fleece lined Overshoe for ladies. Come in and see them.

It has been proven beyond a doubt that H. K. Reynolds was actually seen at church one week ago last Sunday evening.

The AUBURN COURIER of last week contained some amusing illustrations. Especially laughable was the one where the editor of the REPUBLICAN is riding on an untame firey steed.

Will some kind democrat who has been there and knows all about it, please inform Mell Bishop how the hunting is up in the Salt River country. Are there any fox squirrels up there, and are they hard to hit?

How to make your little boy happy? Take him down to the Nimble Nick store and buy him one of those handsome suits of clothes, a new hat and a pair of boots and if it don't make him shouting happy in less than five minutes we will give it up.

John Knight, who sometime ago injured one of his eyes by the explosion of some powder which he had put in a glass bottle, and who has not been able to see out of that eye since, went to Fort Wayne last week, and Dr. Dills took a piece of glass from the eye ball.

Mrs. Joe Baker spent a couple of days visiting friends in Garrett last week.

Frank Zern has been visiting his parents for the past few days.

Mr. Sheffer of Kendallville, visited in St. Joe last week the guest of Dr. Sheffer.

Farmers have no reason to complain this fall about the weather not holding off until they got their corn husked and their fall work done. The weather has just been splendid.

Everybody recommends the Silver Star Baking Powder.

It is really surprising to us that we sell as many hoods as we do. We sold twenty-four last week. The reason for it is however, that we have something that always pleases people.

We are glad to inform our readers that Barney Woodcox is better. It was feared by his friends that the excitement incident to the election of Cleveland had unsettled his mind, but his brain was tapped and some of the surplus drained off, and he is thought now to be on a fair way to recovery. Barney has waited twenty-four years and we don't blame him for throwing up his old hat and hurrahing.

## The Nimble Nickle Laundry Soap is the Best.

We received the following pass through the mail this week:

Pass Mort Olds from St. Joe to Salt River by Salt River Packet Co., Steamer Jas. G. Blaine, chartered by the G. O. P. from and after Nov. 4th. (No stop over checks allowed.) Connected by annex boat J. A. Logan with Star Route Little Rock and Ft. Scott R. R. Beware of forgeries as you are not expected to return. Checks will be issued for unlimited baggage. You can have my bunk; it is No. 219 on the top tier.

George Wade is building a barn for Moses Ashleman.

Buy a pair of our Ear Tabs and keep your ears warm.

School commenced last Monday with a large number of scholars in attendance.

Rev. E. K. Baker will preach at the church in this place next Sunday at half past two o'clock.

J. W. Dills and family are visiting in Argos this week the guests of Mr. and Mrs. W. B. McClaran.

This paper is published regularly every other Saturday, and you are welcome to a copy if you will take the trouble to call and get it.

A new station has been made on this road at Concord. They have a switch and a telegraph office, but it will only last while they are putting in the fill at Bear Creek.

Have you noticed a man running around the streets this week with a piece of stove pipe under his arm? That was Ruff McDonald; he has been trying to put up a stove but he can't get the pipe together.



Wa up along the old Salt River,

Up neer the end;

Thers whare the republikans wil shiver,

Thers whare tha've got us pened.

Aftar weeks ov panefool anxiety the electshun is owar, an what is stil moor panefool tu us is that we got left. It is tru, we didn't get beet bad, but ther is'nt much consolashun in that when we cum tu realize the fact that we hav aul got through tickets up Salt River. The mane reson I think, whi we got beet was becaws we had'nt enuf voats tu elect our man. However, we hav fot a gude fite, we hav finished our wurk, hebsforth ther is a place prepared fur us cauled Salt River.

Yours (fur four years only.)

Barcus Q. Hippenhammer.

R. J. The fellar standing up in the rear end ov the beat is the republikan committeaman fur the north precink. He is spying out the land.

G. B. Wen we git ther we'll rite and let you no what the country looks lik.

DECEMBER



Call at our store and see Old Mr. Santa Claus.

# ST. JOE NEWS.

VOL. 2.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 13, 1884.

No. 18.

Toy Cook Stoves, Skates &c at J. H. Conrad's.

I tell you we've got a nice lot of christmas goods.

We wish everybody a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

All little girls of ten years and under, can guess on the big doll.

Rev. Lineberry is holding a series of meetings at this place.

We want everybody to come in and see our goods whether you buy or not.

We haven't room to tell you all about our goods, but come in and see them.

Old Santa Claus is stopping with us and he wants all the children to come and see him.

Tell your neighbors about the handsome big doll we going to give away to the children.

Bring the children in to see our holiday goods, and have them guess on the big doll.

M. T. Bishop is up in the big woods of Michigan purchasing a supply of lumber shingles &c.

The heavy winds last Sunday blew down the smoke stack on Wineland's huddle factory.

J. H. Conrad was so excited over the baby that when his wife sent him down town after some sugar he thought she meant safety pins.

We have a beautiful doll, nearly three feet long, dressed in nice style, which we wish to give to some little girl for a christmas present, and this is how we are going to do it: we have in our store a bottle full beans and to the little girl under ten years of age who guesses the closest to the number or beans in that bottle, we shall give the doll. Alex. Filley and M. T. Bishop put the beans in the bottle and sealed it up, and on Christmas afternoon (Dec. 25th,) these gentlemen will open the bottle and count the beans, and to the little girl that guesses the closest the doll will be given. A ticket will be given to each one with their name, age and number of the guess. All girls under ten years of age are entitled to guess. You don't have to buy anything or pay anything in order to guess, as it is a free pitch in for all the little girls.

Dolls.

Tea Sets.

A B C Blocks.

Banks, Tool Boxes.

Toy Wash Boards, Tops.

Children's Knives and Forks.

Monstache Cups, Shaving Mugs.

Cake Stands, Doll Hats, Pop Pistols.

Toy Pails, Nigar Targets, Toy Books, Harmonicas &c.

Come in and see our christmas tree, Santa Claus and the big doll.

## Bring the Children in to see our Holiday Goods.

St. Joe



News.

Published every two weeks, on Saturday morning by Mort E. Olds, in the advertising interest of Case & Olds, retail dealers in Dry Goods, Notions, Groceries, Boots, Shoes, Hats and Caps, Ready Made Clothing, Queensware, Glassware &c.

Free to all who will call at our store and get a copy, or it will be sent free to any post office address where the postage is pre-paid. Our mail box is on the front door.

ST. JOE, IND., SATURDAY, DEC. 13, 1884.

Call in.

It will pay.

Try our T pot T.

Smoke Tansill's Punch.

Try our Fine Cut Tobaccos.

Four gallons of Syrup for \$1.35.

One week from next Thursday is Christmas.

Try some of our French Prunes; they are delicious.

We have had a tip-top clothing trade for the last two weeks.

The section men have recently had their wages cut down from \$1.20 to \$1.00.

Over ninety men were discharged from the B. & O. railroad shops at Garrett, last week.

The young people of St. Joe have organized a dramatic company. We understand they will give an entertainment sometime during the holidays.



Jud Gee has got a moustache, and as most of our readers have never seen it, we present it this week in a magnified form.

The latest important news: John Widney has built him a new pig pen.

We invite your careful attention to our stock of Boots and Shoes. Our variety is large and prices low.

Harper Leighty cut down the pole in front of his grandfather's residence last week. He done it with it with his little hatchet.

Carpet Slippers are a comfortable thing to slip on these long winter evenings after the days work is done. We have them and are selling them cheap.

Wes Hart now offers brick for sale cheaper than they were ever known to be before. If you think of using any brick now is the time to get them at a bargain.

If you have any watches, clocks or jewelry to be repaired, take it to Burt Patterson, at the St. Joe Drugstore. He has had several year's experience and warrants all of his work.

Mr. Baxter of Auburn was canvassing the town last week for a book entitled "What can a woman do?" We hav'nt given the subject much thought, but its our candid, honest opinion that a woman can do most any thing when she sets her head for it.

## Bring the Children in to see our Holiday Goods.

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The melancholy days have come,  
'Tis colder than the tomb.  
For politics no longer hurt,  
And boomlets cease to hum.

At the Nimble Nick store is the place  
to get Holiday goods.

One of the best cigars in the market  
is Tansill's Punch.

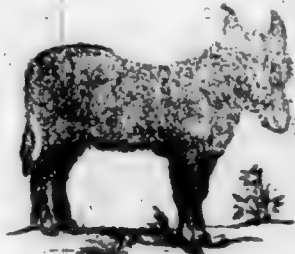
Christmas comes but once a year, so  
why not buy the children a nice present.

In the mean time don't let it slip your  
memory that we can show you a splen-  
dine of Clothing. Also a desirable line  
of Overcoats.

Here's a special bargain for you. Four  
gallons of Pure Sugar Syrup put up in  
an iron bound wooden keg, all for the  
astonishing low price of \$1.35. Don't  
talk about hard times when you can buy  
a whole barrel of syrup for a dollar and  
thirty five cents. Its a fact.

Thanksgiving day was observed in this  
place in various ways: some went hunt-  
ing, some attended the supper in the eve-  
ning, some attended church and others  
done just as they pleased.

Christmas is the happiest time of the  
year for children, and even the big folks  
look forward to that occasion with a  
great deal of pleasure. Christmas is the  
same this year, as last; it is old and yet  
is ever new. Who is there but what can  
look back upon many happy Christmas  
times. Let us all try to make the com-  
ing one, a season of pleasure to those  
around us as well as to ourselves.



Frank Draggoo's Mule.

---

Smoke Tansill's Punch:

Jud Gee is working for Landlord Wm.  
Leighly.

Santa Claus will stop at our store  
again this year.

Buy a pair of our Ear Tabs and keep  
your ears warm.

We've got whole stacks of things suit-  
able for presents for everybody.

War Coburn has a little fellow at home  
now that calls him "papa."

Everybody was tickled over our sick  
rooster in our last issue.

Please don't forget that we want your  
holiday trade, and want it bad, too.

You will want to make your friends a  
handsome Christmas present and the  
place to buy it will be at the Nimble  
Nickle holiday store.

Santa Claus is neither a democrat or  
a republican, but he is a jolly good old  
fellow, and he has got the nicest lot of  
"nicknacks" for the children this year  
that you ever seen. We are headquar-  
ters for his goods and we invite every-  
body to come and see them.



## Smoke Tansill's Best Five Cent "Punch" Cigar.

---

We offer this week, Boys' Calfskin Mittens for 25 cts. A big bargain.

We carry twelve different colors in Saxony Yarn.

Come in and see our assortment of holiday goods.

Trustee Brown is supplying the school houses in this township with clocks. A good idea.

Remember that we can now supply you with a good suit of clothes, boots, hat, shirt, collar, neck tie, suspenders &c. at bed rock prices.

We are selling a splendid 36 inch wide Dress Cashmere for 30 cents. Brown is the most fashionable shade that is being worn this fall.

D. P. Hale of Sioux City, Iowa was in town last week. Mr. Hale has just passed through a severe attack of sickness, and is on his way to California for the benefit of his health.

We have secured the agency in this place for Tansill's Punch Cigar; one of the best five cent cigars in the world. Try them.

We got in this week five boxes of Nimble Nickle Laundry Soap, which makes three thousand three hundred and sixty bars of this soap that we have sold since we have been handling it. Its large and increasing sales certainly go to prove that it is of a superior quality, and very cheap. Ask those who have used it how they like it. It is without doubt the boss of all soaps.

We have recently received a new invoice of Overcoats, which we offer at reduced prices.



If you think of buying an Overcoat this winter don't fail to call and see us.

## Bring the Children in to see our Holiday Goods.



Did you evar put up a stove? If you didn't, don't. Now mind wat I tel you, don't you evar du it. It usually taiks a good deal tu maik a man angray but jest let him tri tu put up a stove one an if he don't git fiting mad befour he gits thru, it wil bea funny; and even the ladies, thos deer tender harted creatures that hardly evar get out ov humor, you kuo, evar tha git on ther ear, an rip an tare an almost sware. It is easy enuf to get the stove in place, but when it cume tu fitting the pipe together, that's the rubb. Fur instance you git the pipe almost together on one side an go tu pres it down, an up she flies on the othar side; aftar several attemps tu get it together, an your face and hands are all bedaубed with black, it is then so pleasant tu hav your wife make the remark "that you don't kno how tu put up a stove anawa." Jist about that tyme you'll begin tu boil ovax. She wil probabla take hold ov the pipe then tu help you, an about the tyme you hav got it neerly together agin she (in her smartnes) wil giv it a jerk on the rong side an off it wil go agin. Then ther wil bea musick in the air, an it is per-

haps better that we draw the carten here, as thos who ar married kno how it is themselves, an thos who are not wil find out soon enuf.

Yours from Experience.

Barcus Q. Hippenhammer.

The days are getting shorter at both ends.

Yes, Hart's have named their new boy Grover Cleveland.

We think it will pay you to come in and see our holiday goods.

It will pay you to call and see us before you buy an Overcoat.

Just please come in and see our stock of christmas "fixens."

Our stock of holiday candies will be awful sweet.

If you want a good suit of clothes cheap, call at the Nimble Nickle Cloth-Store.

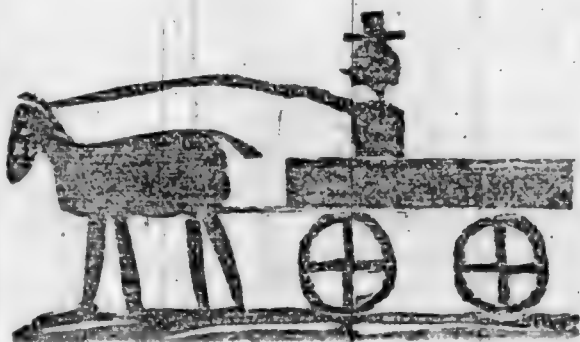
Alex Filley don't purpose to burn wet wood any longer and so he has built a woodshed.

Chris Currie went to Buffalo last week. He will probably call on Cleveland if he happens to be at home.

Burt Patterson is now located at the Drugstore in St. Joe for the repairing of Clocks, Watches &c. He solicits your patronage and guarantees satisfaction.

In the trial between Mr. Ashleman and Mr. Merica in regard to the punishment of the former's son while attending school at Newville, the jury brought in a verdict of acquittal.

## We have Christmas Presents Suitable for all.



Mell Bishop has recently bought him a horse and little wagon and as he drove by the store the other day he stopped and asked us to take his picture. We did.

John Hull talks of opening up a bar-bes shop here.

We got in some new Ribbons, Laces &c this week.

Mrs. C. F. Mosier of Bristol, Ind., was in town last week, visiting friends.

John P. Widney of Bellville, Ohio, visited friends in this vicinity last week.

Howard Northup celebrated his tin wedding on Friday of last week.

Joe Baker feeds his cows saw-dust in the place of bran. He says the cow don't know the difference.

We carry a line of Gentlemen's Cuffs that you will find at no other store in St. Joe. Ask for A B C Cuff.

Chris Currie brought back with him from Buffalo last week, a small anvil which he says has been used by Mr. Cleveland as a paper weight.

Andrew Patterson of Hicksville, wrote to his brother Wid last week, and told him that if he would look in Isaiah, the ninth chapter and the first thirteen words of the sixth verse, he would find out what had occurred at their house. Now what was it?

P. A. Shirts requests us to publish the following two items:

Will the parties having books in their possession belonging to me please bring them home.

Will the gentleman who is in the habit of borrowing tools, please remember where he got a pair of pinchers and return the same to the owner.

John Baker spent a couple of days in Chicago last week.

We opened up this week a nobby line of Gent's Christmas Neckwear.

You'll miss it if you don't get a keg of Syrup at \$1.35.

Our line of Silk Handkerchiefs are the most handsome that we have ever shown, and the prices are low, too.

We have some handsome new styles of dress prints. Just the thing for a sensible and servicable christmas present.

For Oil Paintings and Chromos suitable for christmas presents, call on A. Kinsey, at the St. Joe Furniture Store.

Remember that you can get your watch or clock repaired by leaving it with Burt Patterson, at the St. Joe Drugstore. Work done promptly and at reasonable prices.

We received another supply of Syrup this week. Just open your mouth and think of it; four gallons of Pure Sugar Syrup, put up in a good keg for \$1.35. Don't fail to get a keg.

We have taken special pains in selecting our holiday goods, and we trust you will come in and see them. We have endeavored to get presents that will be useful as well as ornamental.



JANUARY

The Nimble Nickle Laundry Soap is the Best.

# ST. JOE NEWS.

VOL. 2.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 3, 1885.

No. 19.

1885

ANOTHER year with all of its joys and sorrows, its pleasures and disappointments has passed into eternity. And while it has been a year of excitement, it has also been one of peace, prosperity and good will to all mankind. As we to-day stand upon the threshold of the new year, and look into its unknown future, let us each make new resolves to be better, and let us not only make them but above all let us keep them after they are made. We wish all our customers, as well as everybody else a happy, happy New Year. We most cordially thank you for the patronage you have so kindly bestowed upon us during the past year, and we solicit a continuation of the same in the year to come.

Ben Hoyt will move to Kansas in the spring.

Don't forget to write it eighteen eighty five.

Lem Bair of Fort Wayne was in town Thursday.

Frank Scholes was in St. Joe one day this week.

Pure Sugar Syrup, four big gallons for \$1.35. Try it.

O. J. Powell editor of the GARRETT HERALD was in town Tuesday.

Try Grasshopper Plug Tobacco. Its something new.

Ask Will Currie what was in that little box he got off of the christmas tree.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Davis of Fort Wayne are visiting friends in town.

We have a few Overcoats left that we will sell at a special low price.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Davis entertained a number of their friends on New Year's day.

A select party was held at Ben Leighty's on New Year's evening. Several persons from Garrett were present.

Alex. Filley has recently bought him a fine cow and in our next issue we shall present to our readers her "photo."

Last Thursday was the day when people swear off from swearing, chewing tobacco, smoking, washing their feet &c.

Mrs. Cole who has been visiting with friends in this vicinity for the past few weeks, returned to her home in Kansas last Friday.

Al Hall has built him a shop on the corner of his lot, and is now prepared to file saws of all kinds in a first class manner and at reasonable prices.

A representative of the AUBURN REPUBLICAN was around collecting money for that paper this week. What in the world does a newspaper man need money for any how? They hav'nt any more use for money than a preacher.

## The Nimble Nickle Laundry Soap is the Best.

St. Joe



News.

Published every two weeks, on Saturday morning by Mort E. Olds, in the advertising interest of Case & Olds, retail dealers in Dry Goods, Notions, Groceries, Boots, Shoes, Hats and Caps, Ready Made Clothing, Queensware, Glassware &c.

*Free to all who will call at our store and get a copy, or it will be sent free to any post office address where the postage is pre-paid. Our mail box is on the front door.*

ST. JOE, IND., SATURDAY, JANUARY 5, 1885.

Try a pound of thirty-five cent Japan Tea.

Jud Gee's moustache is growing backwards.

Choice Mixed Bird Seed only 10 cents per box.

It looks as though the ice crop would be short this year.

Services to-morrow morning at half past ten o'clock by Rev. Baker.

We opened up this week a nobby line of Gent's Neckwear.

You'll miss it if you don't get a keg of Syrup at \$1.35.

The AUBURN REPUBLICAN was afraid it would founder its subscribers with too much reading matter so they did not publish a paper this week.

Remember that you can get your watch or clock repaired by leaving it with Burt Patterson, at the St. Joe Drugstore. Work done promptly and at reasonable prices.

Everything has its own peculiar usefulness, but we were at a loss to know, until christmas evening, what use could be made of these high crown hats that the ladies wear. Our mind was set at rest on that evening, by the discovery that the ladies used the second story of them for a sort of closet or cloak-room. They take their cloak or shawl, their mittens, a veil, a pair of over-shoes and such other articles as they may want to take off, put them in the top of their hats and put their hats back on their heads, and then when the services are over they know right where to find them. Oh, its real handy.

Al Bair of Syracuse was in town last Monday.

We printed over 400 copies of the last NEWS and still there was not enough to supply the demand.

The Boot Up-side Down of Auburn is up-side down for sure now, they having failed last week to the tune of about \$35,000.00.

We received another supply of Syrup this week. Just open your mouth and think of it; four gallons of Pure Sugar Syrup, put up in a good keg for \$1.35. Don't fail to get a keg.

Burt Donaldson went back to Freemont last Monday. He says he came home to see his mother, but we're rather inclined to think that some of our nice looking girls had something to do with it.



## The Nimble Nickle Laundry Soap is the Best.

Mervin Widney and John Simanton are canvassing this township for the books entitled "Lives of Cleveland & Hendricks" and "Lives of Blaine & Logan." The first two gentlemen are alive and alright, but in a political sense, the last two persons mentioned, have died and gone up Salt River. The boys don't care a snap however about that, just so they sell their books. They say that John Simanton called on an old republican over east of here last week and wanted to sell him a Blaine & Logan book. John gave the old gentleman a lengthy description of the work including the usual amount of taffy and wound up his speech by saying "I tell you Mr. H——, they've scooped us this time, but we'll lick them in 1888, and don't you forget it." The old man says "you bet," bought a book, and John went on to tell the next man what a good democrat he was.

We want everybody to come in and see our goods whether you buy or not.

We have some handsome new styles of dress prints. Call and see them.

P. A. Shirts and family are visiting friends in the northern part of Michigan.

Our line of Silk Handkerchiefs are the most handsome that we have ever shown, and the prices are low, too.

There were 52 guesses on the big doll. 1066 was the number of beans in the bottle and 1080 was the closest guess. Conny Burley was the lucky little girl.

The coat was a very bad fitting one in the back.

"That'll never do," said the customer, "it looks like a shirt on a bean pole."

"Dot coat, mein frient," replied the merchant, "is a very stylish garment. Mein gracious it is most luffly, beautiful puffing—der latest style and don't you forget it. It was made on Fifth Avenue. It is the Fadder Hubbard style and is worth so much as five tollar more on dot cut." Five minutes later the delighted customer left the store with his Fadder Hubbard coat.

Children's Woolen Mittens for only 10 cents.

Call and get a sack of Buckwheat Flour.

Pie Peaches 10 cts. Best Standard Tomatoes 10 cents.

Sifted Corn Meal only 20 cents a sack at the Nimble Nick store.

The boys had a jolly time snow-balling last Monday. Arron Thomas seemed to get the worst of it.

David Filley, living near Antwerp, O., spent several days in this place last week, visiting his big uncle Alex.

We have prepared Minco Meat put up in 5 pound buckets for only 50 cents. Cheaper than you can buy the materials and make it, and guaranteed to be of a good quality. Try it.

## The Nimble Nickle Laundry Soap is the Best.



The most of our readers no doubt remember the fire that occurred over east of here two or three weeks ago, early in the evening, at which time the barn of Mr. Countryman was burned. On that evening W. H. Stanton and Samuel Hineman, living at Orangeville, in their anxiety to get to the fire, did not want to take the time and trouble to go round by the bridge, so they both got a straddle of a horse and forded the river. The above picture but faintly represents the scene. Supposing the men would have fell off, what would have become of the poor horse?

### Where and How some of our Citizens spent Christmas.

Will Carrie took his girl out sleigh riding.

J. H. Conard had to take care of the new baby.

Charlie Meese and Laura Currie got married.

S. J. Bowen went back to Attica to see somebody else's sister.

Mr. and Mrs. Florence Buchanan took turkey at Auburn.

It took Jud Gee all afternoon to black his boots.

Bill Leighty smoked something less than two dozen cigars.

Miss Ollie Overholtzer spent the day at Spencerville.

Miss Lizzie Evans spent the day with friends at Garrett.

Charlie Grubb grubbed around and didn't go any where.

Mr. and Mrs. Ruff McDonald enjoyed the hospitality of Newville friends.

The small boys had a big time throwing down everybody they met.

Burt Patterson took dinner with one of his girls at Hicksville.

A good many children came in to see the beans counted.

MeH Bishop didn't do any hunting, except to hunt for his dinner.

Burt Donaldson gave a christmas dinner to a number of his young friends.

The attendance at church was small but the services were of an interesting character.

The young people had a very pleasant party in the evening at the residence of Mack Leighty.

Alex. Filley and Josh Lounsberry with their families ate turkey with friends at Newville.

Uncle John Engle had a big turkey roast, to which a number of his friends and relatives were invited.

Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Leighty entertained a large number of their friends, including several Fort Wayne people.

H. K. Reynolds the happy railroad agent at this place, attended to his business just the same as any other day.

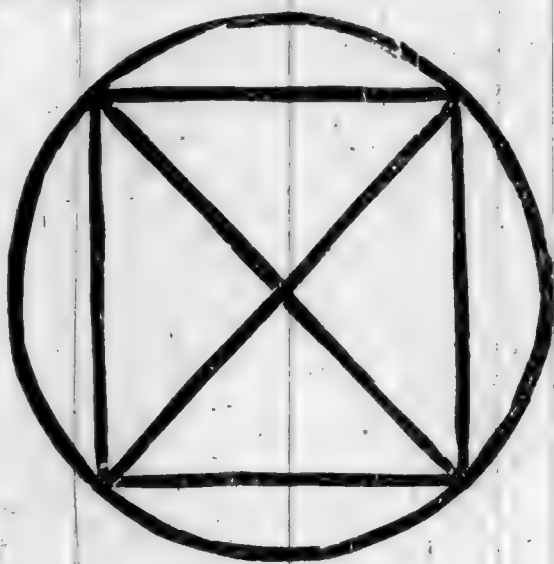
Three Pound Standard Tomatoes only 10 cents.

# ST. JOE NEWS.

VOL. 2.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 17, 1885.

No. 20.



Can you draw a figure like the above without taking your pencil from the paper or going over any of the lines a second time.

National Yeast will always bring good bread. Try it.

Corn Meal only 20 cts. Buckwheat Flour 50 cents per sack.

Only a few more kegs of Syrup left. Don't fail to get one.

The price of wheat took quite a boom this week, being one day as high as 80 cents.

Doc Sheffer was in and got a dozen safety pins Wednesday morning. Its the same old story—a big boy baby.

Prof. Gordon will close his singing school at Spencerville with a concert, on Saturday evening, Jan. 24, 1885.

French Bottled Mustard only 10 cts. Three for twenty-five.

Literary at Widney's school house next Thursday evening.

Muslins, Denims, Shirting, Ticking, Ginghams &c. at bottom prices.

Mr. Boon of Hicksville was in town Thursday, looking after the collection of some old accounts.

Dr. Bowman has a new treatment for catarrh which is proving quite a success, and in most cases affects a permanent cure.

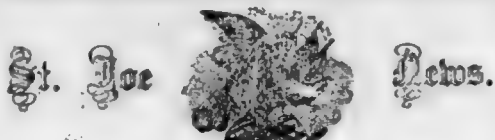
P. A. Shirts presented us with a large bunch of wintergreen plants and berries, which he brought home with him from Michigan. Thanks.

While Henry Sechler and his wife were away from home on Thursday afternoon two tramps broke into their house and after helping themselves to a good square meal, they took a pair of bracelets, and what money they could find and went on their way rejoicing. Blessed is the way of the poor tramp.

The donation given to Rev. Lineberry on Friday evening of last week, at the residence of Sol Barney, was a decided success, both as to numbers and contributions. The ladies who had charge of it are to be congratulated on the excellent manner in which the affair was managed.



## The Nimble Nickle Laundry Soap is the Best.



Published every two weeks, on Saturday morning by Mort E. Olds, in the advertising interest of Case & Olds; retail dealers in Dry Goods, Notions, Groceries, Boots, Shoes, Hats and Caps, Ready Made Clothing, Queensware, Glassware &c.

*Free to all who will call at our store and get a copy, or it will be sent free to any post office address where the postage is pre-paid. Our mail box is on the front door.*

ST. JOE, IND., SATURDAY, JANUARY 17, 1885.

Pure Sugar Syrup, four big gallons for \$1.35. Try it.

The days are beginning to lengthen out at both ends.

Begin the new year aright by trading at the Nimble Nickle store.

We have a few Overcoats left that we will sell at a special low price.

Have you ever tried our French Prunes? They are much finer than the common ones.

Wilson Sanders has sold his house and lot in Spencerville and talks of locating in the place.

Try Grasshopper Plug Tobacco. Its something new, and those who have used it, pronounce it splendid.

We are selling "lasses" awful cheap. Try a keg of our Pure Sugar Drips. Its good for a bad cold. Sixteen quarts for one hundred and thirty-five cents.

What might have resulted in a serious smash-up at the saw mill one morning last week, was happily avoided by the presence of mind of Mr. Alex. Filley. In starting up the machinery Mr. Filley heard a peculiar rattle in the pipe which connects the boiler with the engine, and fearing something was wrong, he immediately shut off the steam and stopped the machinery. On opening the pipe it was found that two stones about the size of a walnut, had in some manner worked their way into the pipe, or else they were put there by some one. Had these stones had time to have worked themselves down into the cylinder the damage to the engine would have no doubt amounted to a couple or three hundred dollars.

Over 1500 pounds of butter was sold by the merchants of this place last week.

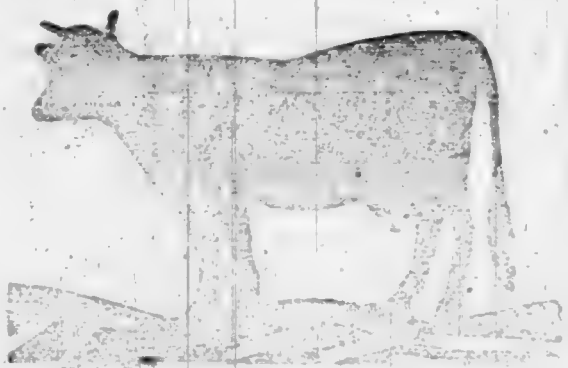
Mrs. David Sanders of Lansing, Mich., has been visiting among her old friends and neighbors during the past week.

We have just received an excellent quality of green Coffee which we offer at 13 cents. It is really a splendid good one; a clean large bean and of a good color and fine flavor.

We shall most truly appreciate any patronage you may give us; if you don't need any thing but a darn needle, we should be glad to sell you even that. By the way, we carry a full line of darn needles.

A western newspaper in telling of a funeral, said that while the procession was on their way to the cemetery that the pall bearers got into a quarrel, and that the only quiet person among them was the corpse.

## The Nimble Nickle Laundry Soap is the Best.



According to agreement we present to our readers this week a "photo." of Alex Filley's cow. This is said to be an extraordinary fine cow; a good milker and no doubt a good kicker. We expect one of these times to hear of Alex picking himself up out from under a bucket full of split milk.

James Reed was at Butler one day last week.

Keg Syrups are selling out at the rate of about two a day.

Herman Booser of Waterloo was in town on Wednesday of last week.

Remember us when you get ready to buy a pair of rubber boots.

Mrs. Anna McDonald spent several days in Hicksville last week.

Several of our citizens will attend the Exposition at New Orleans.

Willis Baker dished up the oysters to a number of his friends who assembled at his residence on Tuesday evening of last week.

Dr. James Ferrell reports that he has performed several wonderful cures with his celebrated medicine, on persons living in Elkhart and Goshen.

### HARD TIMES.

WRITTEN ESPECIALLY FOR THE ST. JOHNS NEWS.  
PATENT APPLIED FOR.

The times are hard as many know,  
And thousands know the rest of it;  
Let each a wise submission show,  
And try to make the best of it.

Let patience do its perfect work,  
And study to economize;  
Nor honest labor let us shirk,  
And we shall higher far it rise.

If you have boys who need new boots,  
Or girls who need new shoes;  
Buy them a pair of Case & Olds,  
And you will thereby never lose.

In Dry Goods too, and Groceries,  
You'll find our stock complete;  
And in this line we're always pleased,  
To competition meet.

In Notions and in Boots and Shoes;  
Our prices are way down;  
And when it comes to Clothing,  
We're the cheapest place in town.

Frank Draggoo traded off his mule last week.

Every young man ought to have a trunk: we have a few that we will sell at a bargain.

George Lounsberry and daughter of Minnesota are visiting with his brother J. M., of this place.

If it is possible, something ought to be done to persuade the small boys of this place to quit using tobacco. Its just dreadful to think of little fellows hardly old enough to talk plain, chewing and smoking as though they were old hands at the business.

## Three Pound Standard Tomatoes only 10 cents.

They call Doc Bowman's office "the cooler."

Dr. T. J. Dills of Fort Wayne was in town last Tuesday.

Mrs. Robert Davis spent last Sabbath with her daughter in Sedan.

Tansill's Punch Cigar is quite a favorite among those who know what a good cigar is.

A gentleman from Chicago has been in town this week, writing up a history of the county.

Frank Meek of Avilla, was around shaking hands with friends in this place last Wednesday.

Bert Patterson is kept quite busy cleaning and repairing clocks, watches, and jewelry.

Miss Maud Byerly of Sharpville, Pa., is visiting in this place the guest of Mrs. Reed.

Dr Emanuel and wife left last Tuesday for a visit to the World's Exposition at New Orleans.

The number of murders committed in the United States during the year 1884, was, as near as can be estimated about 1465.

The Blaine & Logan pole was cut up into fire wood last week. We venture the assertion that it made spanking good wood.

Charlie Grubb has been spending the week at home, visiting with his mother in the day time and going to see his girl at night.



No. 1

No. 2



No. 3

No. 4

The editor he wantend me to rite a peace on hoggs; that is to describe sum ov the diferant kinds an illustraite the sain with a pickture. The first hogg is pig; a pig is hogg that never gits ana bigger than about so big. The moor you feed him the smaller he gits. The nex engravin represents wat is comonly nown as the "sooner kind," that is tha wood sooner go into sunbody elses yard an eat husks an scraps than to hav gude swill and korn in ther own pen. Pickture number 3 is cauled the "subsoiler." This is a gude kind to hav in the spring wen you make garden; tha luv grass an tha luv it best with the roots up; tha ar an easy keepar, a shure getter and an everlasting rooter. Number fore is a wel nown breed cauled the "two limbed porker." Tha ar usually found at oister suppers, festivals &c.

Yours Untill Nex Tyme.

Barcus Q. Hippenhammer.

We offer special low prices on winter goods to close them out. Bargains in Underwear, Hosiery, Hoods &c.



Four Gallons of Pure Sugar Syrup for \$1.25.

# ST. JOE NEWS.

VOL. 2.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 31, 1885.

No. 21.

## A Letter from New Orleans, written by M. T. Bishop.

New Orleans, Jan. 26, 1885.

Editor News: The snow storm delayed us so that we missed our connection at Cincinnati; left there Saturday night at eight o'clock and arrived at Chattanooga Sunday morning, and at the time you were going to Sabbath school we were speeding around Lookout Mountain, among the finest scenery I ever saw; and it continued most of the way. We left St. Joe in a snow storm and landed here to-day where the sun is shining bright and where the grass and leaves are green. Oranges are ripening all over the city. We was in French Market this morning where they have every thing that is good; apples are selling here for 40 cents per dozen, oranges 10 cents per dozen. The Exposition is grand beyond description. Liberty bell from Philadelphia, came in to-day with great ceremony and firing of guns. Do not know when we will leave here. Will write more particulars next time.

Yours Truly,

M. T. Bishop.

Read the supplement.

Next Monday is ground hog day.

Prof. Gordon's singing class at Spencerville closes to-night, but his services have been secured for another term.

O. H. Whitney has been at Auburn this week.

The snow is reported to be about two feet deep in the woods.

Cad Walters will move to St. Joe and occupy the Hart house.

Heavy snows in the east have caused the trains to be late this week.

We have a full line of Men's, Ladies' and Children's Rubber Overshoes. Price low and tariff off.

Twelve sheets of good letter paper and twelve envelopes for 10 cents. For sale at the drug store.

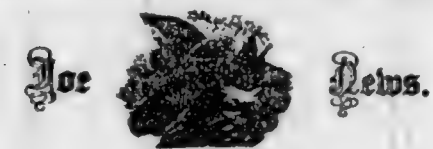
For hand and toilet use we recommend the Ivory Soap. For sale at the drug store. Try it.

We have a quantity of choice hand picked beans which we are selling at 4 cents per pound.

John Leighty left last Thursday for Orchard Lake, Mich., where he will enter upon a four year's course of study and military drill.

Frank Draggoo will sell at public auction on Saturday, Feb. 7, 1885, three head horses, one hundred sheep, buggy, sleigh, light wagon, bob-sleds, single and double harness, household goods &c.

ur Gallons of Pure Sugar Syrup for \$1.25.



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aps, Ready Made Clothing, Queensware,  
ware &c.

to all who will call at our store and get a  
r it will be sent free to any post office ad-  
where the postage is pre-paid. Our mail  
on the front door.

JOE, IND., SATURDAY, JAN. 31, 1885.

ll Currie put up 42 loads of ice  
week.

erary at Widney's school house next  
day evening.

lling shipped a car load of cattle  
heep last Saturday.

forgot to mention the Nimble  
le Soap. Its the bestest.

ncert at Spencerville on Saturday  
ng, Jan. 31st, 1885.

Baker now wears a striped jacket.  
getting awful stylish lately.

re has more snow fell this winter  
any winter for a number of years.

T. Bishop left on Friday of last  
for the sunny south. He will stop  
w Orleans and take in all of the  
ition that he can hold, after which  
ll cross the Gulf of Mexico into  
a, where he expects to do some  
ooting. He will probably be ab-  
about three weeks.

VICK CONRAD,  
DEALER IN

Ladies' Friz & Bang Tins  
ST. JOE, IND.

Special prices to little girls.

Rev. Jewel is holding a series of meet-  
ings at Coburntown.

We are having quite a trade on our  
13 cent coffee. Try it

Mrs. Gus Hull went to Illinois this  
week to visit her daughter, Mrs. Ed  
Tiffany.

Hon. C. F. Mosier, editor of the BRIS-  
TOL BANNER, was in town last Saturday,  
the guest of R. K. McDonald.

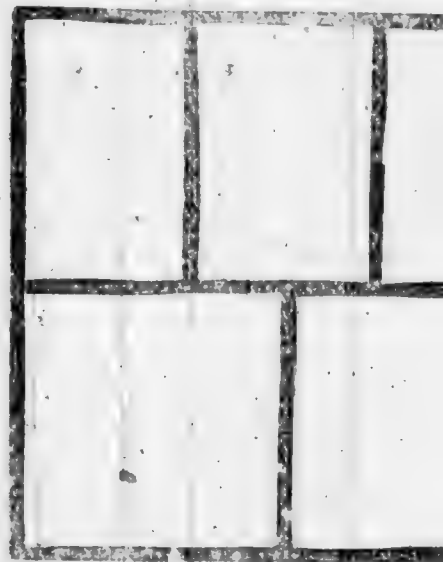
Parties from Hicksville are talking of  
opening up a hardware store in this  
place.

Charlie Shephard says there are only  
five houses in St. Joe that are not in-  
sured.

John Henderson Esq., was in last Sat-  
urday and paid the postage on the NEWS  
for another year. He says that he takes  
eight papers, but that he always reads  
the NEWS first. He also says that his  
wife can't keep house without it, and  
that even the children cry for it.

Frank Stamen of Petersburg, Ohio,  
spent last week in St. Joe, visiting his  
brother William. Frank is a genial, jol-  
ly good fellow, and we were glad to make  
his acquaintance. We tried to persuade  
him to marry one of our good looking  
young girls and settle down here, but he  
wouldn't consent.

Three Pound Stand



Our readers had such a big time  
to solve the puzzle in our last is-  
sue we feel like giving them another  
work at. This puzzle is to m-  
above diagram with three strokes  
pencil, without erasing any lines  
ing over any of the lines twice.  
stroke of the pencil is meant a  
you can go without lifting the  
from the paper.

National Yeast will always bring  
bread. Try it.

French Bottled Mustard only  
Three for twenty-five.

The time has about arrived for  
Currie to get married.

Muslins, Denims, Shirting,  
Ginghams &c. at bottom prices.

Corn Meal only 20 cts. Bu-  
Flour 50 cents per sack.

Now actually, to consider the  
in a sober, candid manner, which  
most fun; to see a women, atte-  
drive a nail or a man try to t  
needle?

## Four Gallons of Pure Sugar Syrup for \$1.25.



Music hath charms to soothe  
An aching tooth in a crooked jaw.

Among the many prominent men of Sanit Jo, there perhaps is none that ranks higher as a first class fiddler than H. K. Reynolds, the B. & O. agent at this place. As near as we can find out Mr. Reynolds was born in Ohio sometime between the year 1851 and 1860; consequently he is between 25 and 34 years of age; we don't know the exact number of months and days. From early childhood he loved music, and when but a mere boy, scarcely seventeen years of age he could whistle a tune clear through without stopping. His musical qualities continued to develop from time to time until now he is considered one of the most accomplished and graceful fiddlers in this part of the known country. He can perform some wonderful feats on the fiddle, such as playing a tune on the bow with the fiddle, fiddling backwards, playing a correct tune with the fiddle blindfolded &c. Truly, he is a straight fiddler.

Your Obedient Servant

Barcus Q. Hippenhammer.

\*Sometymes called a violinist.

Dr. Bowman went to Fort Wayne last Tuesday.

Try Hood's Sarraparilla if your blood is impure.

Jake Seehler froze his foot last Monday morning.

When needing anything in the clothing line, remember us.

Duplex Corsets, New Laces, Ribbons, a good variety at the Nimble Nick.

Cosmoline Hair Oil is the finest thing out; for sale the drug store.

If you are in need of a pair of good Spectacles call on Patterson.

Patterson sold a clock the other day to parties living within one mile of Butler. Low prices did it.

If you want printing of any kind done don't forget us; we will do it in a satisfactory manner and dirt cheap.

We don't want to TEAS you, but we would just call your attention to the fact that we have some number one good TEAS.

We base our claim for continuous patronage upon the uniform scale of low prices and excellent quality of everything we keep. If we can not make it to your advantage to deal with us we cannot hope to enjoy your patronage. We want your trade and in order to secure and keep it we shall offer special inducements on all our goods during the coming spring and summer season. It will pay you to investigate our bargains. Please take the trouble at least, to call and see us and we will do you good.



FEBRUARY

The National Dry Hop Yeast is the Very Best.

# ST. JOE NEWS.

VOL. 2.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 14, 1885.

No. 22.

Saturday is valentine day.

The open winter still continges.

Patronize the St. Joe grist mill.

Mell Bishop got home Thursday morning.

Frank White visited friends in Ohio last week.

Try Uncle Tom's five cent package of smoking tobacco.

"Pumpkin Pie" Fine Cut Tobacco is a splendid article.

Henry Hull's favorite remedy for hog diseases is Jimpson salve.

No trains got through from Chicago this week until Thursday.

Come in and see our assortment of Boots, Shoes and Rubber Goods.

They have had examination at the schools in this place this week.

Mell Bishop brought home with him from the south a live alligator.

The thermometer indicated 24 degrees below zero again Friday morning.

We got in a fresh supply of Canned Corn this week. Price 10 cents.

More safety pins; its at Many Dermott's this time, and its a boy.

Dexter Case of Kansas, is spending a few days at the old parental homestead.

We always carry a full line of Ladies' Hand Satchels, and sell them at bottom prices.

The Nimble Nickle Laundry Soap is still ahead. Do try it.

Frank Draggoo will start for Missouri in a couple of weeks.

In the spring when you get ready to buy a plow don't forget to examine the "Burch."

Evans Dermott has brought in the largest ear of corn so far. It weighs 17 ounces.

Last Monday the snow had drifted over the B. & O. tracks at Chicago to the depth of 8 and 10 feet.

Jonathan Boyle celebrated the 70th anniversary of his birthday last Thursday, at which time his children presented him with a handsome easy chair.

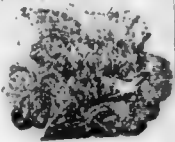
Ben Leighty and George Blecks claim to have charge of Dr. Bowman's practice while he is gone. They guarantee to either kill or cure. Give them a call.

Within the past week we have had the following different kinds of weather: snow, sleet, rain, hail, thunder, lightning, stormy, windy, moderate, sunshine, cold, colder, awful cold, most awful cold.

Sol Barney, J. D. Leighty and Dr. Bowman with their wives left last Tuesday morning for a warmer climate than this. They were bound for New Orleans to visit the World's Exposition. They expect to make several stops on the way and visit prominent places.

Choice Mixed Bird Seed only 10 cts per Pound.

St. Joe



News.

Published every two weeks, on Saturday morning by Mort E. Olds, in the advertising interest of Case & Olds, retail dealers in Dry Goods, Notions, Groceries, Boots, Shoes, Hats and Caps, Ready Made Clothing, Queensware, Glassware &c.

Free to all who will call at our store and get a copy, or it will be sent free to any post office address where the postage is pre-paid. Our mail box is on the front door.

ST. JOE, IND., SATURDAY, FEB. 14, 1885.

Wilson Sanders will move to St. Joe and occupy Cal Saylor's house.

There was a large crowd in town last Saturday attending Draggoo's sale.

Mrs. Will Dilley of Iowa, is visiting friends in this vicinity.

There were 1,450,768,460 postage stamps sold in the United States last year.

We have some handsome new styles of dress prints. Come in and see them before you buy.

We are out of Keg Syrup and can't get any more. We sold over two hundred gallons.

The ground hog didn't see his shadow, so of course we won't have much more winter weather.

No one has as yet solved either one of the puzzles we have published; we can't do them, and in fact we don't believe they can be done.

## Joe Hull's Little Piggy.



I.

Oh now my friends some news I've gleaned,  
About a pig that was not weaned;  
The property of Joseph A.  
Who lives down south, one mile away.

II.

The pig took sick, was very bad,  
No such disease his pigs had had;  
He felt of it's pulse, then felt of it's snout,  
And concluded to give it some rumaty root.

III.

He went to the house and got a sack,  
And carried it over on his back;  
He made it a nest as good as he could,  
And propped it up with sticks of wood.

IV.

Oh now says Joseph that fever I'll break,  
This rumaty root now tuk and take;  
It will fetch you out snug, I goshens it will,  
T'will do you more good than plaster or pill.

V.

Then in comes Franklin who lives o're the way  
His favorite remedy is butter milk whey:  
John Queen put on a mustard plaster,  
And said that would help it get well faster.



## Large Sized 10 x 17 Looking Glasses 50 cents.

### VI.

Then in comes Silas, and made it's bed wider,  
And pick'd up the spoon and gave it cider:  
Then who comes next, Jay Tappin, be sure,  
And he gave it a drink of Warner's Safe Cure.

### VII.

But the pig got worse; the doctors all failed.  
It stretched out its legs and curled up its tail:  
Then Joseph he took it up in his lap,  
And sent Sam Lawhead up after his pap.

### VIII.

When Henry came the pig was dead.  
He stood and mused, and then he said:  
If Jimson salve you had applied,  
Your little pig would not have died.

### IX.

So now Mr. Joseph I pray you beware,  
Of all quack doctors that gathered up there;  
If more pigs get sick your remedy will suit,  
So stand by the side of old runaty root.

Last Tuesday was the coldest day of the winter.

Debates are held at the Jenkins' school house every Friday evening.

We hear the young folks talk of going up to "hog-waller" to church. Wonder where that is?

Communion services in the church at this place next Sunday at half past ten o'clock. All are invited.

Charlie Grubb and wife are keeping house for Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Leighty while they are at New Orleans.

William Stamen has traded his residence in this place to Mrs. Matilda Wilney, and will move back on to his farm in the spring.

## An Interesting and Spicy Letter from John Leighty Jr.

Orchard Lake, Mich., Feb. 1, 1885.

We arrived here last Thursday noon, and I thought at once that I would like the place but in about an hour I changed my mind, because I felt kind of sick, and there was something in my throat; I don't know what it was, though. When we first arrived here pa and an officer trotted me around the grounds, and about 100 heads came out of the windows, and I felt as if I would like to get into my overcoat pocket. Pa stayed about an hour and then we went to the dining hall and there he abandoned me and I was alone among 125 strange boys. Then I felt funny. In the dining hall there is 10 at a table, (or places for 10) and there is what they call the chief of the mess, who deals out the food, and he generally manages to deal out a little more to himself than any one else; but I am in a different mess now than I was and I fare better. The mess that I am now in has only six, and they have the same kind of food on each half of the table, or rather each half of the mess have a dish of food of each kind; for instance each five boys have a pie; well to-day there was only two of the five at our end of the table and we had a chance to eat all the grub that was intended for the whole five, that meant half a pie for me, and when the four boys at the other end of the table saw it they wanted to buy it, and I had an offer of 25 cents for my half, and it was just common apple pie, too. When I am walking around on the ground (which is very seldom,) if an officer sees me he will yell out "palms in front there, you new cadet." The

## The National Dry Hop Yeast is the Very Best.

boys that just came, they emptied a pail of water in their beds or a pail of snow, or steal the bed clothes or something of that kind; one fellow said that they made him sit on the point of a bayonet and polish his shoes, which would be a very pleasant occupation, would it not? Before I left home I heard some of the boys say that they would chew tobacco while here if they wanted to; well they might chew if they were not caught at it. In the next room to mine, there is a boy rooming that chewed to his sorrow; he is now under arrest and he does not get to go out of his room only at recitation hours, meal time and to drill. That was a pretty dear chew of tobacco. This morning we had inspection in the drill shed. We were formed into line in front of the barracks and marched to the drill shed where we were drawn up in a line around the rocin, and the Lieutenant came around and inspected everything even to our collars and cuffs. One of the cadets turned his head and the Lieutenant saw it and he turned to one of the minor officers and said: "report Mr. — for turning his head." Every one of these reports counts a demerit, and every 9 demerits entitles the holder to "pack-turf," (which means to shoulder a nine pound musket on walk,) for an hour or more. Just now there was a squad of 23 marched into the drill shed to pack-turf. Some of those boys have to walk 9½ hours. For my part I don't want any of it. That cadet that is under arrest expects to stay so for three or four weeks, and if he is caught out of his room he is liable to be expelled. I believe I will try that on if I get homesick. In a room next to mine there is a cadet

(concluded on last page-)

## ST. JOE MILLS!

We are prepared to give in exchange for your wheat as much flour and bran as you will get at any of the mills. We have both burr and roller flour; bring in your wheat and take your choice. We have one of the best

### FEED MILLS

in the state, and can grind your corn, oats, rye &c., fully satisfactory. With this mill we can

### CRUSH THE COB

and grind it as fine as meal, and grind other grain with it at the same time, which thoroughly mixes your feed while grinding. This mill has proved to be a grand success in other places and we assure you that we will make it a success in St. Joe.

### GIVE US A TRIAL

and be convinced that our plan of a mill is better than a real flour mill, because you get a choice of burr and roller flour, because you need not wait to get your grist ground. We

### Guarantee Satisfaction

This enterprise is a credit to St. Joe, and if you patronize it, it will grow to a large and profitable business. We cordially ask you to give us a trial.

**L. L. & J. Bair,**

DEALERS IN

FINE ROLLER FLOUR, CORN MEAL  
BUCKWHEAT FLOUR, MILL  
FEED, CORN, OATS &c.

## Men's All Wool Cotton Suspenders for 25 cents.

### A VALENTINE.

Dearest man  
to you kind sir  
I send all the love  
of one who'd die for  
yourself or any oth-  
er feller; hear  
my plain-  
tive  
sigh I'm  
a sad and ten-  
der flower; left al-  
one to bloom on the  
parent tree. I'd  
brighten ev-  
ery hour  
of your life  
but marry me  
and I'll prove that  
love is just what the  
poets softly call the  
blushing roses, heart  
brewed, cupid's magic  
mystic thrall. I can cook  
and darn and sew. Am I  
not a lovely prize. Turn not  
from my pleading, I've waited  
years in vain; love me and let me  
love you and I promise sir, I'll be  
true to you. I pray, won't you be my  
Valen           tine?  
Ere            Say  
my roses   that you  
fade away will name  
the           day.

Harry Meek spent several days at  
Avilla last week.

If you are in need of a pair of good  
Spectacles call on Patterson.

Cosmolino Hair Oil is the finest thing  
out; for sale at the drug store.

George Hanim was in Fort Wayne one  
day last week.

When needing anything in the cloth-  
ing line, remember us.

Duplex Corsets, New Laces, Ribbons,  
a good variety at the Nimble Nick.

There were 362,876,750 postal cards  
sold in the United States last year.

We have a full line of Men's, Ladies'  
and Children's Rubber Overshoes. Price  
low and tariff off.

We have a quantity of choice hand  
picked beans which we are selling at 4  
cents per pound.

For hand and foot use we recom-  
mend the Ivory Soap. For sale at the  
drug store. Try it.

Bert Patterson took up his bed  
and walked away from this place last  
week one day. He is now located at  
Hicksville.

We have been accused of offering  
half bushel measure for the largest ear  
of corn, in order to supply the want of  
a hungry pig. This is a cruel mistake.  
We have no pig; we had one, but he  
died the other day. Bring on your corn  
though however, and we will try to get  
another one.

The habit of washing feet is often-  
times attended with great danger, espe-  
cially during the winter season. W. H.  
Simanton, a prominent citizen of Orange-  
ville (this state,) washed his feet one day  
last week, from which cause he took a  
severe cold, and it nearly resulted in his  
having an attack of the eppozootic.



## The National Dry Hop Yeast is the Very Best.

that the boys have a good deal, and the other evening he locked them out by putting a chair against his door and under the knob; the boys tried to force it in but could make only a small crack in it; then one of the boys slipped down stairs and came up rattling his bayonet against the steps and tried to play the officer of the day on inspection, but that would not work, so they forced a crack in the door and called him to it, and squirted his eyes full of water. The calls are all given by the drum. They have a drum corps and a band here. I can't think of any thing more that would be interesting, and probably this is not.

Yours Truly,

J. R. Leighty.

Use the Silver Star Baking Powder.  
The best in the Market.

We got in a fresh lot of Choice Butter Crackers this week. Get a some.

Lyman Knight will go to New Orleans as soon as his spring term of school closes.

Celluloid Waterproof Linen Cuffs are the cheapest and most durable to buy. Try them; we keep them for sale.

The undersigned has a sugar camp of 150 trees to rent on the shares; inquire at the office of Dr. J. Emanuel, Spencerville, Ind.

Two of our St. Joe ladies went out sleigh riding last week, and while crossing a bridge they drove to close to the edge of it and up-set. Now please don't say any thing about it for we promised not to tell.



Sant Joe has lost of a grate many noted men professionally, an among them awl ther perhaps is nun that is moor ov an expert at his bispess than Will Currie the litening butcher. The trade ov a butcher is one that requirs a gude ffeel ov skill in order to maik a suckcess ov it; especshally must a person bea a gude shooter. In this Mr. Currie is hard to beet, as he has ben known to kill a shear the first shot, at frum a distance ov over three feet, an he killed it dead, too. It is quite a trick too bea abel to cut up a beef in gude stile; it used two bea, in early tymes, that tha wood only cut up certain parts ov a beef into stake, but now tha hav got the bisness down to such a find point, that tha kin maik stake out ov the whole beef, inclooding the horns. Altho Mr. Currie is but a young man he has maid a suckcessfool butcher, and has established a gude trade.

Most Trooly Yours

Barcus Q. Hippenhammer.

FLORIDA ALLIGATORS AND RATS  
Addie Widney and Effie and Pearl Stamen came into see us last Saturday, and set up the first line of this item.

Ladies' Fancy Flowered Handkerchiefs 5 cents.

# ST. JOE NEWS.

VOL. 2.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 28, 1886.

No. 23.

We received 500 cans of Canned Fruits and Vegetables this week, which we offer at the following low prices:

Best Yellow Peaches	25 cts.
Best White Peaches	29 cts.
Gold Peaches	35 cts.
Pie Peaches	10 cts.
Red Seal Sweet Corn	10 cts.
Pumpkin	10 cts.
Shepard Tomatoes	19 cts.
California Appricots	25 cts.
California Table Plums	15 cts.
Lima Beans	10 cts.
Marrowfat Peas	8 cts.

Every can warranted.

Use National Yeast.

Best Beans only 25 cts.

Buy your canned goods of us.

It will soon be tax paying time.

Wheat sold at 78 cents this week.

Try our Dried Sweet Corn; only 9 cts per pound.

Our Best Japan Tea is the best that grows. Try it.

Will money be any plentier after the 4th of March?

Canned Peas at 8 cents a can are awful low down cheap.

Traveling men have been more plenty this week than customers.

Don't buy your spring clothing until you examine our stock. We have some special bargains for you.

William Saunders will move back on to their farm next week.

Mr. and Mrs. George Shatt returned home from New Orleans Thursday.

Look out for some really new spring clothing at our store one of these fine days.

It is reported that the persons who let on the election just failed to request to appear before the grand jury.

O. H. Widney will raise up and put a new cellar wall under his house this spring, and otherwise improve it.

We received some of the new patterns of Table Oil Cloths this week. They are beautiful and cheap, too. Call and examine them.

We shall be on deck with a full line of wall paper, bordering, and window curtains, and we hope to have your patronage in this direction.

John Bates of Ohio, is learning the timber's trade under the direction of J. H. Conrad. If any body can make a good timber out of him George can.

The weather prophets claimed that last Wednesday was to have been the coldest day of the winter, but instead of that it proved to be almost the warmest; which goes to show that they don't know any thing more about it than common people.

## Special Bargains in Canned Goods this week.

St. Joe



Notes.

Published every two weeks, on Saturday morning by Mort E. Olds, in the advertising interest of Case & Olds, retail-dealers in Dry Goods, Notions, Groceries, Boots, Shoes, Hats and Caps, Ready Made Clothing, Queensware, Glassware &c.

*Free to all who will call at our store, and get a copy, or it will be sent free to any post office address where the postage is pre-paid. Our mail box is on the front door.*

ST. JOE, IND., SATURDAY, FEB. 28, 1885.

We got in a lot of Rick-Rack Braid last week.

Henry Milliman will have a sale on the 3rd of March.

We can make it pay you to buy canned fruit of us.

O. W. Rummel of Spencerville, talks of moving to St. Joe.

Our line of Men's Hats is complete and prices low. It's a fact.

Mell Bishop's alligator died last week. It couldn't stand the cold weather.

George Depew of Mason, Michigan, is making his annual visit with his brother Abe of this place.

Nearly everybody has been wanting Black and White Saxony Yarn. We got in a supply this week.

Rev. E. K. Baker's next regular appointment at this place will be on Sunday evening, March 1, 1885.

Miss Arvilla Patterson of Hicksville visited in town last week the guest of Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Patterson.

The Methodist social was entertained on Wednesday evening of last week, by Mrs. Florence Buchanan. There was nearly one hundred persons present, and they report having a splendid time. Mr. and Mrs. Buchanan don't allow people to come out to their house without enjoying themselves. We went out there once with a sled load of folks, and we had a whole barrel full of fun.

Use the Silver Star Baking Powder. The best in the Market.

Celluloid Waterproof Linen Cuffs are the cheapest and most durable to buy. Try them; we keep them for sale.

S. S. Widney spent a couple of days at Auburn last week, visiting friends.

If you don't find any papers in our mail box, ask for them; we always keep a few laid by for those who are not in town every day. You're welcome to them if you will only take the trouble to come and get them.

Pickles are cheap this year—only 8 cents per dozen.

Do you appreciate these little papers enough to give us a share of your trade? If so, we should be glad to receive it.

According to a Michigan paper, Billy Burch of Coldwater is, or ought to be the richest man in the world; and this is the reason why. Thirty years ago he let a farmer have eight chickens to double every year. The other day he thought it was about time to have a settlement, and when they come to figure the matter up, it was found that Billy had 17,179,867,264 chickens coming to him, which he claims are worth on an average 30 cents each. Figure this up and he owns the whole United States or \$5,153,960,179,420.



## The National Dry Hop Yeast is the Very Best.

The following piece of poetry is most respectfully dedicated from Mervin Widney to his girl:

I dearly luv the singin' bird,  
And the little buzzing bee;  
But dearer far than all the rest,  
Is thy sweet voice to me.

Oh very deep is daddy's well,  
And deeper is the sea;  
But deeper in my buzzum is  
The luv I bear for thee.

Then smile on me, dear Corian,  
And make my heart feel lite;  
Obtain the Big dog, and I will cum,  
A courtin' Sunday mite.

"Pumpkin PP" Fine Cut Tobacco is a splendid article.

Try Uncle Tom's five cent package of smoking tobacco.

Come in and see our assortment of Boots, Shoes and Rubber Goods.

We got in a fresh supply of Canned Corn this week. Price 10 cents.

In the spring when you get ready to buy a plow don't forget to examine the "Burch."

Why will ye go hungry when you can buy Canned Goods as low as we are selling them.

The section men from this place were called to Chicago again last week to shovel snow.

Canned Goods are cheaper this year than they have ever been known to be before. Call in and see about it.

Don't go round wiping your nose on your coat sleeve when you can buy a good hem-stitched handkerchief for only 5 cents. We've got them.

It's funny, isn't it, how some people will set themselves down in the end of the seat at church and all creation can't move them or make them shove along. It's so very pleasant you know, for a person who wants to get into the seat to have to crawl over and squeeze through a space about six inches wide; and sometimes the person who occupies the end of the seat will get up and stand in the aisle while somebody else passes in, and then they plunk themselves down in the corner of the seat again, just as if that particular end of the seat was made for them, and wouldn't fit anybody else. Why wouldn't it be a good idea to arrange pins under the end of each seat, with strings attached to them running to the back end of the church, and then when any one wishes to enter a seat and the person who sits at the end of it won't shove along, have the sexton pull the string, and in most cases, that would no doubt produce the desired effect. It might make a good deal of extra work for the sexton, but it would be a great convenience for the people.

Charlie Grubb talks of buying property in this place.

The Nimble Nickle Laundry Soap is still ahead. Do try it.

See our prices on canned fruits and vegetables on another page.

We always carry a full line of Ladies Hand Satchels, and sell them at bottom prices.

L. L. and J. Bair, proprietors of the St. Joe Mills, are working up quite a trade. Their manner of doing business answers, in most respects, the same purpose as a full fledged grist mill.

## Men's Heavy Well Made Overalls only 50 cents.

The pay car showed up here last Tuesday.

H. K. Reynolds scrubbed out the depot Tuesday.

Wash Woodcox was in Fort Wayne last Tuesday.

Dan Shearer of Iowa visited friends in St. Joe this week.

Plenty of Rubber Boots and Overshoes at the Nimble Nick store.

William Simanton was seen at church last Sunday evening.

Try a can of our California Plums. They are delicious eating, and we are selling them dreadful cheap.

The Methodist social will be held at the residence of John Engle, on Wednesday evening, March 4th, 1885.

We shall open up something new in Men's Shoes next week. Come in see them. They are nobby, new and cheap.

Next Wednesday Cleveland will be inaugurated as president of the United States, and we will take the tariff off of our prices. Call and see us.

At a meeting held for that purpose on Tuesday evening, Feb. 24th, Sol Barney, George Bleeks and Frank Engle were elected trustees for the Methodist organization at this place. They were also constituted a building committee for the erection of a new church.

Here's a special bargain for the ladies: Fancy Flowered wide hem-stitched Handkerchiefs only 5 cents. They usually sell for 15 and 20 cents but we bought a large quantity of them at a very low figure, and we are thereby enabled to offer them at the above low price. Don't let this opportunity pass without taking advantage of it, and supply yourselves with handkerchiefs.



Did you ever go out on the water and get seasick? We didnt, but Mell Bishop did. While he was down at New Orleans he take a noshun one day to go across the Gulf of Mexico and visit Florida, so he got on board a steamer and started. After tha got out in mid-oshan, ther cum up a grate storm, the winds begin to howl, the rane fell, the waves dashed hi, the boat rocked and Mr. Bishop becom alarmed. The continual rocking ov the boat made him sick: he fealt as tho he had ate sunthin that didnt set well on his stomake; he tried to brace up so that the othar passenjars woodnt notice him, but it wus no use; he get sicker an sicker until finally he cudnt stand it any longer. He managed to get to the edge ov the boat an then, as the old saying is "he just throwed up Joner." It seemed as tho he wood turn himself rong side out; even his butes came up. After several severe attacks ov the same onpleasantness he got better, and during the remainder ov the voiage he enjoyed it. It was a trip long to bea remembered.

Yours Once Moor,  
Barcus Q. Hippenhammer.

MARCH



Ladies' Fancy Flowered Handkerchiefs 5 cents.

# ST. JOE NEWS.

VOL. 2.

SATURDAY, MARCH 14, 1885.

No. 24.

Miss Lizzie Evans is visiting at Garrett this week.

There were 1688 words in Cleveland's inaugural address.

There will be an eclipse of the sun on the 16th of this month.

Call and see the Sap Pans at J. H. Conrad's. Prices low.

We have plenty of Pie Peaches: only 10 cents per can.

Chris Long was adjudged insane this week and sent to the asylum.

George Depew returned to his home in Michigan this week.

John Simanton was married last Sunday evening, to Miss Wilderson.

The G. A. R. Post of this place held a meeting last Saturday evening.

We shall have in to-day some new men's Brown Stiff Hats. The newest spring style.

Only a few cans of California Plums left. Try them if you want something that's good and no mistake.

There don't seem to be many applicants for the post office at this place. If there is, they seem to be awful quiet about it.

Come in and see our new line of Dress Prints, just received. All brand new spring styles. Also a handsome assortment of Indigo Blue Prints, which are being worn so much.

E. L. Dilley will occupy part of Mrs. Widney's residence.

The higher department of the St. Joe school will close next Wednesday.

The Bohemian outs men have been delivering outs at this place during the past week.

Frank Draggoo will move to Spencer-ville next week and John Means will move into the house made vacant by him.

A Neck-tie and Apron social will be held at the residence of Mrs. Matilda Widney, on Wednesday evening, March 18th, 1885.

We got in another supply of French Prunes this week. They are just splendid eating; every so much better than the common prune. Try them.

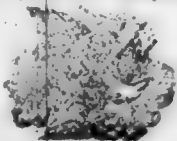
Miss Swineford requests us to say that Mrs. Sol Barney, Mrs. Donaldson, Mrs. Reed and her niece Miss Byerly and Mrs. Filley visited her school this week.

Silas Reasoner can kick higher than any other man in this country; all on account of a new boy baby that's stopping at their house. We just got in a new supply of safety pins.

Miss Belle Bowen went to Ohio last Monday morning for a short visit among her old friends. She expects to be absent two or three weeks. Fred has the sympathy of the entire community in this sad affliction.

## Ladies' Fancy Flowered Handkerchiefs 5 cents.

St. Joe



News.

Published every two weeks, on Saturday morning by Mort E. Olds, in the advertising interest of Case & Olds, retail dealers in Dry Goods, Notions, Groceries, Boots, Shoes, Hats and Caps, Ready Made Clothing, Queensware Glassware &c.

Free to all who will call at our store, and get a copy, or it will be sent free to any post office address where the postage is pre-paid. Our mail box is on the front door.

ST. JOE, IND., SATURDAY, MAR. 14, 1885.

From the shoe-maker, has moved to Newville.

The weekly prayer meetings are well attended.

Ruff McDonald went to Indianapolis last week.

We can sell you a bolt of Muslin at a special bargain.

Most everybody is complaining now days with a bad cold.

Culbertson & White will occupy Case's corner building with a stock of farm machinery.

The proceeds of the social held at Mr. Engle's on Wednesday evening of last week, amounted to \$10.30.

As the COCHIER correspondent from this place says, we are now under good old democratic rule again.

Say, the Burch Plow is the only safe plow to buy. It won't kick, and hardly ever gets out of order.

For pity sake don't go around complaining and finding fault about hard times when you can buy eatables as cheap you can now. There's no use of starving. Look at the following extraordinary low prices on fresh canned goods.

Best Yellow Peaches	25 cts.
Best White Peaches	20 cts.
Good Peaches	15 cts.
Pie Peaches	10 cts.
Red Seal Sweet Corn	10 cts.
Pumpkin	10 cts.
Standard Tomatoes	10 cts.
California Appricots	25 cts.
California Trade Plums	15 cts.
Lima Beans	10 cts.
Sharrowhat Peas	8 cts.

Every can warranted.

If you are going to need any sale this spring we want to print them for you. Please remember us.

At the social the other night some body wanted us to play hurly-burly. We did; but we'll be hurly-burled if we'll ever do it again.

E. L. Dilley has sold his farm and will sell off his stock, farming utensils &c. on next Tuesday, March 17th. He thinks of moving to Iowa in the fall.

While the people of this place were in the south they attended a negro meeting one evening, and during the exercises the old colored preacher called on "Bradder" Bowman to make a few remarks, but as "Bradder" Bowman was not in the habit of speaking in meeting, he very politely declined saying anything.

## Ladies' Fancy Flowered Handkerchiefs 5 cents

At a social held not long ago,  
 At William Stamen's house;  
 They played charades, as all well know,  
 As quiet as a mouse.  
 (They wasn't very quiet but we had to  
 put that in, in order to make it rhyme.)

There were people there from all around,  
 Both old and young and middle aged;  
 A happier crowd could not be  
 Found on top of the ground.  
 (This verse don't just exactly rhyme, but  
 it answers the purpose alright.)

Bye-and-bye they passed the plates,  
 Upon which you could find,  
 A piece, biscuit, butter and cake,  
 Coffee, and meat of two kinds.

And then they passed another dish,  
 About the size of a hat;  
 And into that they said they wished,  
 We'd put a dime right flat.  
 (Of course they didn't care whether you  
 put the dime in flat or not, but we had  
 to say it that way in order to make the  
 poetry flow.)

Then after that they music had,  
 And conversation too;  
 Until the old folks homeward went,  
 And the rest went to playing charades.  
 (The rear end of this verse don't rhyme  
 with the second line as it ought to.)

The Nightingale poured forth her lays,  
 The Bob-white sang his song;  
 The Savage, Slob-law Trade-mark wags,  
 And who pum-up Lacrosse wrong.  
 (Or any other man.)

'Twas mid-night, and the stilly moon,  
 Was shining overhead;  
 When Brotner Stamen come to look,  
 Behold we all had fled.

Our Best Japan Tea is the best that  
 grows. Try it.

Canned Peas at 8 cents a can are aw-  
 ful low down cheap.

Try our Dried Sweet Corn: only 9 cents  
 per pound.

Plenty of Rubber Boots and Overshoes  
 at the Dimple Nick store.

Try a can of our California Peas.  
 They are delicious eating, and we are  
 selling them dreadful cheap.

Look out for some nobby new spring  
 clothing at our store one of these few  
 days.

We shall open up something new in  
 Men's Shoes this week. Come in see  
 them. They are nobby, new and cheap.

Don't try your spring clothing until  
 you examine our stock. We have some  
 special bargains for you.

We shall be on stock with a full lot  
 of wall paper, bordering, and window  
 curtains, and we hope to have your  
 patronage in this direction.

We received some handsome new pat-  
 terns of Table Oil Cloths this week.  
 They are beauties and cheap too. Call  
 and examine them.

Here's a special bargain for the ladies.  
 Fancy Flowered wide hem-stitched Hand-  
 kerchiefs only 5 cents. They usually sell  
 for 15 and 20 cents but we bought a  
 large quantity of them at a very low  
 figure, and we are thereby enabled to  
 offer them at the above low price. Don't  
 let this opportunity pass without taking  
 advantage of it, and supply yourselves  
 with handkerchiefs.



## Ladies' Fancy Flowered Handkerchiefs 5 cents.



Roller skating rinks are all the go now-a-days; especially in the larger towns and cities. They have one over in Auburn, and some time ago two of St. Joe's most stish young men went over to try their hand at it. The hall was nearly full when they got there; but they put on their skates and started all right. One of them in particular, wanted to show off before a crowd of handsome young ladies that had gathered there; and he did show off reel cutely. The above illustration but feebly represents the scene. The girls giggled and laughed, but that didn't seem to discourage the young man altogether, for he launched all right again, but with the same result—down he came. After several attempts he concluded he wasn't a success as a roller skater and started for home a sadder but a much wiser young man.

(Yours for the first time under the new administration.)

Barcus Q. Hippenhammer.

Mr. and Mrs. H. K. Reynolds were called to Ohio last Monday to visit his mother who is dangerously sick.

Most of the country schools closed last week.

Vester Widney's big dog "Fam" weighs 110 pounds.

Bill Bohl now drives a white trotting horse.

Ben Hoyt left for his new home in Kansas this week.

We are selling lots of 15 cent handkerchiefs for 5 cents.

Sol Barney was at Fort Wayne the first of this week.

The Burch Plow is the best and cheapest plow to buy.

John Leighty will be home in a couple of weeks on a short vacation.

P. A. Shirts will move to Garrett this summer and engage in work in the railroad shops.

Miss Emma Nelson of Hicksville visited this week with her sister Mrs. W. C. Patterson.

Just stick a pin in here—good ready made towels for a nick, half a dime or 5 cents. Don't eat any thing until you see them.

There was quite a large attendance at church last Sunday evening and Rev. Linoberry preached a very interesting and appropriate sermon.

W. K. Bowen and son J. D. Bowen of Attica, Ohio, visited his brother at this place last week. J. D. Bowen has just graduated from the Toledo Medical College.

Examine our stock of Clothing before you buy.

# ST. JOE NEWS.

VOL. 2.

SATURDAY, MARCH 28, 1885.

No. 25.

Try our new Pan Tea.

Pickles only 8 cts per dozen.

The National Yeast is the best.

One week from next Sunday is Easter.

James Reed is on the sick list this week.

We have sold nearly 100 cans of California Plums.

We have a few smoked hams and shoulders for sale.

George Wyatt is still very poorly and unable to leave his room.

The Methodists have decided to build a brick church here this summer.

Mrs. Hettinger and her daughter Mrs. Myers moved to Mansfield this week.

How to cure a bad cold—use stew pan tea three times a day for 10 years.

We shall have in a handsome new line of fancy window curtains next week.

Cadet John Leighty of the Michigan Military Academy, is at home on a short visit.

A Dusting Cap Social will be held at the residence of Dr. Bowman on Friday evening, April 10th. Of all the funny socials a dusting cap social is the funniest. Don't fail to go.

The next meeting of the W. C. T. U. will be held at Mrs. Alex. Filley's, on Saturday afternoon, April 11th, at three o'clock. All who are interested in temperance work are earnestly requested to be present.

Come in next week and see our new spring goods. Biggest line of hose ever shown in town; over 500 pairs.

School will commence next Monday with Miss Eva Hunt as principal and Miss Swinford in charge of the primary department.

Our 5 cent handkerchiefs won't fade, and we are selling lots of them; we ordered ten dozen more of them this week; we're bound to have people keep their noses clean.

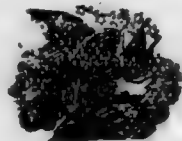
Talk about your J. I. C. and Mand's trotting horses, but if you want to fly over the country at a lightning speed just get behind Mel Bishop's fast horse, and let the strings loose, and you'll get there before you know it.

Barcus Q. Hippenhammer is off on a visit to New Orleans and other places in the south. He will begin a series of letters in our next issue giving a description of his trip down there, and some of the curious and funny things he has seen.

Charlie Shephard is a very liberal hearted creature. He came into the store the other day and very kindly presented us with two common second handed paste board plotters, and then went around and helped himself to a couple of sticks of candy. These insurance agents have got more cheek than a fellow has who has been stung in the face by a half a dozen yellor jackets.

## Try our New Fangled Stew Pan Japan Tea.

St. Joe



News.

Published every two weeks, on Saturday morning by Mort E. Olds, in the advertising interest of Case & Olds, retail dealers in Dry Goods, Notions, Groceries, Boots, Shoes, Hats and Caps, Ready Made Clothing, Queensware, Glassware &c.

Free to all who will call at our store and get a copy, or it will be sent free to any post office address where the postage is pre-paid. Our mail box is on the front door.

ST. JOE, IND., SATURDAY, MAR. 28, 1885.

Y Lamy Gee went to Kansas last week.

For a change just try our Stew Pan Tea.

Look out there boys, you're smoking up your start.

Call and see the Sap Pans at J. H. Conrad's. Prices low.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Davis visited friends in Fort Wayne last week.

Miss Maud Byerly returned to her home in Pennsylvania last week.

The Burch Plow is the best and cheapest plow in the market. To buy one is to try it.

It's real funny to think that you can buy 2500 double pointed toothpicks for 10 one cent pieces. Aint it.

One 14 quart pail, one 12 quart pail, one 10 quart pail, one wash basin and one dipper for only one dollar, at J. H. Conrad's Brick Tin Store.

We guarantee every can of fruits and vegetables that we sell to be good. If not found so we will refund the money. You see, don't you.

People are beginning to find out that we mean just what we say in this paper in regard to our goods and prices. We aim to say just what we mean, and mean just what we say. Trade with us.

We would not forget to just merely mention the simple fact that the Nimble Nickle Soap is the best and biggest cake of soap in the world for the money. That's a pretty big story, but it's so.

A barrel of crackers that was laying to close to the track at the depot, was struck by the fast train one night last week and knocked into "smithereens." It looked in the morning as though a shower of crackers had fallen there during the night.

John Means and Cad Walters have formed a partnership for the sale of the Deering Harvesting machines at this place. They will build a shed in which to put their stock of machinery, on Ohas. Widney's vacant lot just west of Testison's grocery.

Last Friday Wineland's loaded a car of fork handle material, and the next morning the local unloaded it. It was a small sized wreck and this is the way it happened: the local crew in taking the car off of the side track neglected to set the brake and the car got into motion and in coming down grade it collided with the balance of the local's train, upsetting the car and spilling the whole load of handles over the main track. The car was badly broken up.



## Ladies' Fancy Flowered Handkerchiefs 5 cents.

### Notes taken while at the Mush and Milk Social.

The mush was all ate up sleek and clean.

Sally Sleek was so sleek that she sleek out.

Prof. Billy Barlow's elephants were immense.

Barbary Squeers made a bow in the wrong direction.

Frank Barney acted the hoosier school master to a dot.

The mush and milk was good and was ate with a relish.

The children were out in full force, and enjoyed themselves all over.

The song at the close of the school scene reminded us of a half a dozen cats out on a concert expedition.

The quilting scene was as natural as life. It was just like the women do now-a-days; talk, talk, talk.

Henry Durst is about as good an accordion player as you generally come across. He can just make an accordion howl.

Henry Durst entertained the audience with some excellent music on the accordion. He was seconded on the organ by Bert Milliman.

Grandpa Simanton is getting old and feeble. His voice is weak, his eyesight is dim and his hair grey; poor old man, he is just tottering on the verge of a democratic administration.

John Snoozer is a sure shot with a bow and arrow, as well as a gun; and although the arrow didn't come within ten feet of the boy in the Tell scene, it knocked the orange off of his head.

Lyman Knight is teaching school south of Auburn.

We are selling lots of 15 cent handkerchiefs for 5 cents.

Charlie Grubb sold his horse last week for \$140 spot cash.

Henry Ables is getting material on the ground for a new brick house to be built in the spring.

Only a few cans of California Plums left. Try them if you want something that's good and no mistake.

We got in another supply of French Prunes this week. They are just splendid eating; every so much better than the common prune. Try them.

Come in and see our new line of Dress Prints, just received. All brand new spring styles. Also a handsome assortment of Indigo Blue Prints, which are being worn so much.

Isaac Moore a conductor on a freight train was arrested at this place last Tuesday morning and taken before Squire Woodcox and fined three dollars and costs for holding the crossing. The fine and costs amounted to a V.

J. H. Conrad has got more brass than any body we know of in this neighborhood; brass bird cages we mean. He just got in a new supply and they do say that he sells lots of them, and sells them cheap, too. .llac a mih eviG

Just stick a pin in here—good ready made towels for a nick, half a dime or 5 cents. Don't eat any thing until you see them. This is the same item we had in last week's paper. You needn't read it unless you want to.

## Gallon Cans of Choice New York Apples for 25c.



Last spring we introduced into the market our T pot T and we are pleased to say that it proved to be a big success. We have had a steady sale for it. Only last Saturday a man living near Auburn bought two pounds of it, and he says that he buys a good deal of tea, but that without a doubt this is by far the best tea that he is able to get for the money. That's what they all say. Now therefore what we want to say is this: having supplied nearly all of our customers with a teapot, we have concluded to get a little better grade of tea and change the name of it to Stew Pan T. We have contracted with J. H. Conrad for a quantity of two quart stew pans with iron handles and a good cover, all to be well made out of heavy tin. We purpose to put a pound of this choice Japan tea into one of these stew pans and sell it to you for 50 cents. The tea alone is actually worth that, but as times are a little close, we make this offer in order to increase our trade; preferring to sell good at a less profit and thereby sell more of them. Call and see our Stew Pan T. It is a splendid good thing for the money, and the stew pan is just the handiest article that you could have around the kitchen. Remember the price: only 50 cents for a pound of choice T and a stew pan.

J. D. Leighty was at Indianapolis this week.

Cal Walters went to Cornua last Monday.

Next Wednesday is the appointed time for getting football.

Vick Conrad has got to be quite an expert on roller skates.

The assessors will soon be making their annual calls.

The St. Joe grist mill is now one of the things that used to be.

There will be a concert at Spencerville on Saturday evening, April 4th.

Preaching at half past two o'clock next Sunday by Rev. E. K. Baker.

Mell Bishop is building an office and lime house on his lumber yard.

John Hull is going to Auburn Junction to work at his trade.

Jake Dermott hobbles around on a crutch, all because he fooled with the boys too much.

The next Methodist social will be entertained by Mrs. Sol Barney, on Wednesday evening April 1st.

The other day we heard Jud Gee singing "Do they ever think of me at home." Well Jud, they would certainly be a heartless set if they didn't think of you.

C. H. Gee of Triumph, Ohio, who has been visiting his parents at Cohnrntown for a few weeks, returned home this week. Before leaving he came in and paid the postage on the NEWS. A very sensible thing to do.

As it was't convenient for Mr. Bishop to handle lime in small quantities, he has given that trade to us. We shall keep on hand at all times a supply of White Lime, suitable for white-washing. Please remember it.

APRIL



California Table Plums only 15 cents per Can.

# ST. JOE NEWS.

VOL. 2.

SATURDAY, APRIL 11, 1885.

No. 26.

Wheat sold in town this week for 80 cents.

Mike Long of Auburn was in town last Thursday.

John Leighty returned to Orchard Lake last Monday.

Russ Kopp will put up a new building for a blacksmith shop.

Try our Dried Corn: it is a number one article and cheap.

After you have read this paper please hand it to your neighbor to read.

Miss Bartlett received her spring stock of millinery goods this week.

We offer this week an Extra Quality of White Bed Spreads for \$1.25.

Belts are being worn again this spring. We have some nobby new ones.

Those needing Kalsomine will find a full supply at the St. Joe drugstore.

When you clean house buy your Wall Paper and Window Blinds of us.

We got in this week a handsome piece of white cloaking suitable for baby's cloaks. Price low.

We are getting in some handsome new dress prints this week. Also new dress goods. Don't forget us.

For fear you may forget it we wish to call your attention to Stew Pan T. It is one of the biggest bargains out.

A Sociable Social will be held at the residence of Ben Leighty on Friday evening, April 24th, 1885. All are cordially invited to be present.

Charlie Grubb has bought Eck Fales' property and will make St. Joe his future home.

Mrs. E. S. Filley and children, of Fort Wayne spent last Sabbath with her sister Mrs. J. D. Leighty.

It is quite a tedious task to trim wall paper, consequently it is to your interest to buy it of us, as we trim all paper free of charge.

We have something beautiful in Ladies' Shawls. White Cashmere and Silk Embroidered; very handsome. Call and see them. New Chambrays, Gingham &c.

Remember that we carry a new clean stock of Men's, Youth's and Boys' Ready Made Clothing. No old shop worn goods but all new. Call and examine. Our prices are right.

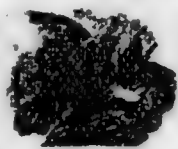
A special bargain in canned goods for the next ten days: 2 cans of Peas, 1 can of Lima Beans and 1 can of Sweet Corn for 25 cents. An average of only 6 1/2 cts per can. Think of it.

We will promise not to say anything more about Stew Pan T if you'll come in and buy a pound of it. Besides that we will give you a good two quart stew pan for nothing. Aint that enuf?

Eck Fales has purchased the blacksmith shop and the residence attached to it. It is reported that he intends to convert the shop into a business room and put in a stock of groceries.

## Don't fail to examine our stock of Wall Paper.

St. Joe



News.

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Free to all who will call at our store and get a copy, or it will be sent free to any post office address where the postage is pre-paid. Our mail box is on the front door.

ST. JOE, IND., SATURDAY, APRIL 11, 1885.

The National Yeast fetches good bread ever time.

H. K. Reynolds was called to Ohio again last week.

We trim all wall paper bought of us free of charge.

The most of the school commenced again last week.

Plenty of lime in small quantities at the Nimble Nick store.

Pickles already prepared in vinegar for sale at the Nimble Nick store.

Mrs. O. H. Widney entertained a number of St. Joe ladies on Thursday of last week.

Wineland talks of putting in a tile mill in connection with his fork handle and shingle factory.

The democratic administration seems to be running smoothly and that's just the way the Burch Plow runs. If you buy a plow this spring try the Burch.

Landlord Leighty got nicely fooled on the first day of April. It is the custom at the hotel that when the men folk's are all absent and some one comes, that they ring the bell in order to notify them that they are wanted. Well it happened on that morning that the men folk's were all up town some where, and some one began to ring the bell at a furious rate. The landlord heard it and struck out for home in a hurry, supposing from the vigorous manner in which the bell was being rung, that he had a customer, or that some of the family were sick, or the house was on fire or something unusual had happened. When he arrived home he hurried into the house and asked his wife what was the matter? She replied: "Oh nothing, this is the first day of April." Then William felt funny.

Why don't some good harness maker locate in St. Joe?

Means & Walters have a branch agricultural store at Coruna.

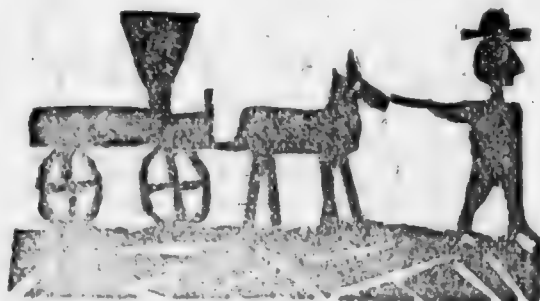
Use Stew Pan T and you'll be prosperous and happy. Dot ish a fact.

August Kinsey talks of putting up a furniture room on the lot where Brook's shoe shop stands.

Some of us folk's who have children to send to school turned out last week and built a saw-dust side walk from town to the school house.

We have said so much about our 5 cent handkerchiefs that we feel rather modest about mentioning them, and yet we do feel as though in this day and age of the world people ought to keep their noses clean when they can get a good handkerchief for a nickle.

## Don't fail to examine our stock of Wall Paper.



A couple of Sundays ago in the afternoon, toward evening, when the sun was just about 5 feet high, we strolled out for a short walk. We went to the west end of Main street and then turned north. As we came to the railroad near the residence of Mr. Long, we saw on the opposite side of the crossing a man with only a few shavers, leading the man and leading a horse that wouldn't go only by stabs and spurs, harnessed to a springing wagon. A short distance behind was the man carrying the baby, and still further back was Vicki, they were all walking aloof. Now the question is why did this man hire a rig to take his family some where with, and then have them walk. Another question is what business has a man out in the mud with only one over shoe on? And still another question is, who spilt the milk? Call on J. H. Connel for all kinds of Tinware, Stuffed Owls &c.

Stew Pan T.

National Yeast.

Nimble Nick Soap.

Tansil's Peach Cigar.

Please try our Stew Pan T.

Big assortment of ladies' hosiery.

We are headquarters for canned goods.

Our line of window curtains is really handsome and prices are low too.

Bohemian outs men are more plenty than one dollar bills.

Ladies will find that our Stew Pan T improves the complexion.

We want 200 families to try our Stew Pan T. Its real healthy.

Joe Wilson this week is feeling very languid, and will engage in his old business, that of selling books.

St. Joe is jam full of new goods this price. We perhaps haven't got as large a stock as the other stores, but what we lack in quantity we make up in variety and style. Drop in and look us over.

We noticed a person the other day blow his nose between his thumb and finger and then wipe it on his coat sleeve. Poor fellow; he probably was not aware that he could get a good handkerchief for 5 cents at the Nimble Nick store.

Oh my! we've just got some of the sweetest ladies' collars you ever saw in your life. The collars are sweet and so are the ladies, but come in and see them for yourself. A law goes with each collar, so you see ladies, that when you buy a collar you get a treat.

A million dollars is a large amount of money. The most of us would feel very comfortable if we had that much cash in our pants pockets. Just think how much Stew Pan T that amount of money would buy; more than two big families could use up in a year. We don't expect to sell it in quite such large quantities as that, but we do hope to supply a good many people with this popular brand of Japan tea.



## California Table Plums only 15 cents per Can.



### LETTERS FROM THE SOUTH.

No. I.

On the 31th day of March 1885, we got on board a palace frate car at St. Joe bound for the sonny south. As we bid adieu to friends and loved ones we felt sad; the tears fel like barrels of rain water; we realized that we wer going awa on a long journey an that perhaps when we got back we wood bea dead broke. As the trane puled out of the stashun, our druping sperits begin tu revive, and by the tyme we got tu where the over head brige used tu bea, we wer awl over any desire tu bea homesick. We arrived at Conkord on tyme; found the male bag hung up and the postmaster at the depo waiting for the incuming male. Conkord is about the saim size that it used tu bea; it is comfortabla situated on the line of the B. & O. R. R., about 153 miles east of Chicago; it has one advantage over most of the stashuns along this route, and that is the tranes run thru it regularla every day without stopping. But we must hasten, or we will never get much futher south than we ar now.

After leaving Conkord ther was nothing interesting occured until we arrived at the thre kornered rale rode crossing cauled Awburn Juncktion. What happened ther we shal hav tu defer telling until our nex letter.

Yours Trooly,

Barcus Q. Hippenhammer.

How to get your washing out early: use Stew Pan T.

There is one peculiar feature about the Burch Plow and that is you don't have to buy one unless you want to. Call and see it any how.

Milliard Dermott presented us last week with a small pan full of splendid democratic taffy—the pure juice of the tree boiled down. Whew, but it was good. Much obliged.

Byron Widney came into the store one morning last week and in a wild and excited manner said: "Give me a dozen safety pins right away off quick, its a girl, weighs nine pounds, folks all doing well, call me "pap" after this and don't forget to call my father grandpap," and away he went back home to see whether they really had a baby or not.

We wish to call the attention of the farmers of De Kalb County to the fact that R. G. Coburn of Coburntown is selling the celebrated Albion Spring Tooth Sulkey Harrow and Cultivator; admitted by all who have used them, to be the best harrow in the market. He is also handling the Albion Sulkey Hay Rake; the simplest in construction, the most durable and the easiest to manage of any rake ever invented. Any one wanting anything in that line will do well to consult him before buying.

California Table Plums only 15 cents per Can.

# ST. JOE NEWS.

VOL. 3.

SATURDAY, APRIL 25, 1885.

No. 1.

## SPRING POETRY.

TUNE: LONG METRE.

The melancholic days have come,  
The saddest of the year:  
When house cleaning begins to boom,  
And men get on their ear.  
The carpets up, the stove comes down,  
The dirt begins to fly;  
If you don't keep your mouth tight shut,  
You'll get it in your eye.  
Your dinner cold, you'll have to eat,  
Upon a barrel head:  
And if that don't suit perhaps you'll get,  
A piece of old dry bread.

St. Joe is to have another grocery store.  
Examine our stock of Hats before  
you buy.

Don't forget us when you get ready to  
buy a new suit of clothes.

We take money in exchange for goods  
when ever we can get it.

Another arrival of 5 cent nose wipers  
just received. Some new patterns.

Stop in at the Nimble Nick store and  
lay in a supply of Pickles.

We are getting in a new line of Men's  
Neckwear this week. Come and see.

Magic Pocket Knives: something new  
under the sun. Call and see them.

Full line of Ladies' and Children's  
summer Gloves at the Nimble Nickle  
store. Got more Belts this week.

Quarterly meeting at Concord one week  
from next Saturday and Sunday.

Dr. Emanuel's office at Spencerville was  
partly destroyed by fire last Wednesday  
night.

Rev. E. K. Baker will preach in this  
place next Sunday at half past two  
o'clock.

Billy Ourrie's mules got naughty one  
day this week and tumbled him out on  
the ground.

Braided Jerseys are all the rage; we  
have a good quality and offer them as  
low as a man can sell them and live.

Rev. L. L. Carpenter of Wabash, Ind.,  
will preach at the church in this place  
on next Saturday evening, Sunday morn-  
ing and evening.

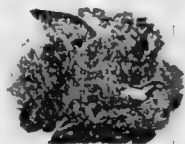
Our stock of shoes is the most com-  
plete this spring that we have ever had,  
and we bought them at prices that will  
enable us to meet the lowest competition.  
Please bear that in mind.

Farmers who think of buying a pair  
of Hay Ladders this spring, should call  
on David Grill, St. Joe. He makes the  
best ladder in the market and sells them  
at reasonable prices. Call and see him.

The following persons have found use  
for safety pins since our last issue: Wm.  
Koch a girl, Wm. Bleeks a boy, Milliard  
Dermott a boy, Jake Sechler a boy.  
They are all doing as well as could be  
expected.

## California Table Plums only 15 cents per Can.

St. Joe



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Free to all who will call at our store and get a copy, or it will be sent free to any post office address where the postage is pre-paid. Our mail box is on the front door.

ST. JOE, IND., SATURDAY, APRIL 25, 1885.

Stew Pan T is giving the very best of satisfaction.

If you want the best buy the Burch Plow every time.

Mell Bishop keeps a supply of land plaster on hand.

We have in our spring selection of hats. Call and see them.

If you hanker after something sour, try our prepared pickles.

Simon Wineland lost a valuable horse through sickness last week.

Means & Walters got in car load of farm implements last week.

Murray Bros. of Spencerville shipped a car load of broom handles to Chicago last week.

We had an illustrated yarn to publish on Jud Gee this week, but Jud said he would give us a first class thrashing if we did, so we don't. We wouldn't like to be thrashed, and especially by a little fellow like him. Ask Juddy, and perhaps he will tell you all about it.

Peter Shuler is running a restaurant at Anburn Junction. Patronize him when you happen to be in that locality, and feel hungry.

We will promise not to say anything more about Stew Pan T if you'll come in and buy a pound of it. Besides that we will give you a good two quart stew pan for nothing. Aint that enuf?

The social at Dr. Bowman's was largely attended; in fact the house was completely filled, and all seemed to enjoy the occasion splendidly. Charlie Shephard was present and favored the audience with some fine selections of music.

Have you seen those handsome new hanging lamps that we have just got in. They are beauties and they are cheap and you ought to buy one. Also we have some new glass dishes, cake stands and other nice things. Glass dishes for 5, 10 and 15 cents.

Mahlon Baker has resigned his position as weighmaster at this place, and Sell Bowen has been appointed in his stead. Mahlon is looking for an appointment from the government. He wants to be a minister to some foreign country. Mahlon would make a spanking good minister.

Frank Bogar, who lives a couple of miles south of Spencerville, had several chickens stolen from him one night last week, and when he come to look in the hen house the next morning he found a ten dollar gold piece. That was a pretty honest chicken thief, and he paid a good round price for poultry.



## California Table Plums only 15 cents per Can.

When sickness hovers round your home,  
And you feel lame and sore;  
Just send the old man down to town,  
To the Nimble Nickle store.

Tell him while there, to quickly get,  
A pound of Stew Pan T,  
And then to hurry, hurry home,  
As quick as quick can be.

Then take and take this Stew Pan T,  
About three times a day;  
And you will better for it feel,  
And longer on the earth will stay.

Those needing Kalsomine will find a  
full supply at the St. Joe drugstore.

Mr. and Mrs. W. B. McClaran of  
Argus, Ind., visited friends in St. Joe  
last week.

John Means says the Bradley Plow is  
the best. He probably has't heard  
about the Burch.

We have something beautiful in Ladies'  
Shawls. White Cashmere and Silk Em-  
broidered; very handsome. Call and see  
them. New Chambrays, Gingham &c.

Russ Kopp is putting up quite a large  
building one door east of Currie's Meat  
Market; the lower part will be used for  
a shop, and the upper story will be fitted  
up into a dwelling.

There is one peculiar feature about  
the Burch Plow and that is you don't  
have to buy one unless you want to.  
However it will certainly be to your in-  
terest to buy the Burch, as it is warrant-  
ed to work in all kinds of ground, runs  
light and won't kick. Had'nt you better  
buy one.

W. O. Patterson is going to build a  
woodshed this spring.

Ben Leighty has built a summer  
kitchen and woodshed.

Try our Dried Corn: it is a number  
one article and cheap.

Belts are being worn again this spring.  
We have some nobby new ones.

We offer this week an Extra Quality  
of White Bed Spreads for \$1.25.

When you clean house buy your Wall  
Paper and Window Blinds of us.

We got in this week a handsome piece  
of white cloaking suitable for baby's  
cloaks. Price low.

We are getting in some handsome new  
dress prints this week. Also new dress  
goods. Don't forget us.

For fear you may forget it we wish  
to call your attention to Stew Pan T. It  
is one of the biggest bargains out.

Hall's Reversible Hay Carrier is the  
best in the market. We are agents for  
them in this vicinity. Call and take a  
squint at them.

It is quite a tedious task to trim wall  
paper, consequently it is to your interest  
to buy it of us, as we trim all paper free  
of charge.

Remember that we carry a new clean  
stock of Men's, Youth's and Boys' Ready  
Made Clothing. No old shop worn goods  
but all new. Call and examine. Our  
prices are right.

California Table Plums only 15 cents per Can.



# LETTERS FROM THE SOUTH.

No. II.

As we had to wait a couple of hours at Auburn Junction for the south bound train, we improved the time by taking in the sights about town. Auburn Junction is built on stilts mostly: it is chiefly noted for its roller facilities. You can get on the cars there and go any place you want to, that is if you have the stamps. One thing we noticed in particular about this place was that they don't have to dig wells to get water, as they can dip it up right off of the top of the ground. We found out here that several of your citizens who had been south earlier in the season, had stopped over a couple of days at Auburn and taken in the sights of that Anchant city, but as our time was limited, we had to defer the pleasure of a visit to that place until we went over to pay our taxes. We left the Junction at 4 o'clock, and nothing of any interest happened between there and Fort Wane except now and then the train would stop to let on a passenger or to let a cow go across the

track. We arrived at Fort Wane as soon as the train got there, and took the evening train out for Cincinnati. While there we visited the various points of interest, including the Zoological Garden; here we found collected all kinds of wild animals and birds in creeping things. The most amusing thing to me was the cage full of monkeys. I stood before that cage for nearly an hour, watching those monkeys act up; some learned professors tell us that man originated from the monkey, and as I stood there with my whole mouth open, gazing at the man-like actions of those animals, I thought perhaps man did accidentally originate from the monkey. They did act just like the world like some men I've seen. But I fear I am spending too much time at the monkey cage, so as the boys say, I pass. We staid all night in Cincinnati, and what we done the next day will have to be kept over until our next letter.

Kindly Yours,

Barcus Q. Hippenhammer.

Shoemaker Brooks and his family have moved to Hicksville.

We have shoes to fit all kinds of feet. Call and examine our stock.

Dennis Burley talks of building a house in St. Joe this summer.

Bring in your feet and let us fit them with a nobby pair of spring shoes.

If you want to buy a first class hay ladder call on David Grill, St. Joe.

If you want something that will make good pies, try a can of our Pie Peaches.

We have a splendid stock of Shoes this spring and we are going to sell them at bottom prices. Try us on.

MAY



Examine our New Spring Stock of Fine Shoes.

# ST. JOE NEWS.

VOL. 3.

SATURDAY, MAY 9, 1885.

No. 2.



John Bates on his way over to see his girl.

Stew Pan T.  
National Yeast.  
Nimble Nickle Soap.  
Five cent handkerchiefs.  
Gent's Neck Scarfs 5 cents.  
For sale only by Case & Olds.  
We trim wall paper free of charge.  
Dr. Bowman traded horses last week.  
There is talk of having the old settler's meeting here again this year.

Try a box of our Fresh XXX Butter Crackers. They are really good.

Rev. Sanders of Bremen, Ind., preached in this place last Sunday evening.

If you want to buy a mower this season, we have two that must be sold, and will sell them at a big sacrifice.

We received another interesting and spicy letter from John Leighty this week which we shall publish in our next issue.

Stew around and try our Stew Pan T. Only 50 cents for a pound of good Japan Tea and a two quart stew pan free for nothing.

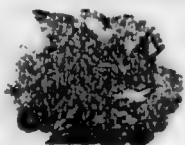
An old fashioned young folk's and old folk's social will be held at the residence of John Leighty, on Friday afternoon May 22, 1885. Supper will be served from 5 to 7 o'clock. Everybody is invited.

The Woman's Christian Temperance Union of this place now has a membership of twenty six; the organization is in a prosperous condition, and will no doubt be the means of accomplishing a good work. Their next meeting will be held at the residence of J. M. Lounsberry, on Saturday afternoon, May 16, 1885, at two o'clock. All are cordially invited.

Bert Patterson spent last Sunday in St. Joe; part of the time visiting his brother, and the rest of the time some where else. Bert started for home Monday morning afoot, and it happened that just as he was leaving, Miss Josie Smith came along on her way to her school, and of course they very agreeably accompanied each other. It was just a happen so. Bert might have gone home on the local but he preferred walking.

## Great Big Bargains in Canned Goods this week.

St. Joe



News.

Published every two weeks, on Saturday morning by Mort E. Olds, in the advertising interest of Case & Olds, retail dealers in Dry Goods, Notions, Groceries, Boots, Shoes, Hats and Caps, Ready Made Clothing, Queensware Glassware &c.

Free to all who will call at our store and get a copy, or it will be sent free to any post office address where the postage is pre-paid. Our mail box is on the front door.

ST. JOE, IND., SATURDAY, MAY 9, 1885.

Report of the higher department of the St. Joe school, for the month ending April 24, 1885. Number enrolled 32; names of those neither absent or tardy during the month, and whose deportment was 100: Elsworth Sanders, Nina Filley, Merritt Barney, Charles Herrick, Prudie Lounsberry, Addie Widney, Cora Dilley, Willie Leighty, Clarence Woodcox, Orlow Hall, Charlie Johnson, Effie Dilley, Aroline Currie, Mira Hart, Effie Hart, Emma Currie, Lulu Widney, Samuel Testison, Leona Testison; names of those neither absent or tardy: Harry White, Hattie Hollobaugh, Bertha Hollobaugh; names of those absent but one day: Belle Filley, Maud Godfrey, George Kinsey; names of those whose deportment was 100: Clara Means, Minnie Ulin, Belle Filley, George Kinsey; number of cases of tardiness 6; time lost by tardiness, 1 hour and 38 minutes.

Eva B. Shutt, Teacher.

Gent's Fancy Neck Scarfs only 5 cts. They are cheap.

Report of the primary department of the St. Joe school for the month ending April 24th, 1885.

Names of those neither tardy or absent: Artie Woodcox, Myrtle Hall, Delbert Meek, Jimmie White, Charlie Hart, Cora Widney, Frankie Bishop, Ray Sheffer, Lizzie Dilley, Mattie Testison, Lena Sheffer, Violet Barney, Earnest Hollobaugh, Minnie Testison, Andrew Reed, Frank Testison, Pearl Sharts, Frank Currie, Harper Leighty, Maude Currie, Roy Kinsey, Johnnie Hart, Johnnie Washler, Bertha Hart, Elma Wineland, Frank Kinsey, Nena Leighty, Rattie Bishop, Harry Ulin and Willie Hanna; those absent but one day: Wallie Depew, Musio Woodcox, Bessie Patterson, Tillie Hanna and Early Shuler. Time lost by tardiness 2 hours and 5 minutes.

Deloa Swineford, Teacher.

Examine our stock of Hats before you buy.

Don't forget us when you get ready to buy a new suit of clothes.

Harry Meek is making quite an improvement on his house.

Try our canned corn, beans, peas, tomatoes, pumpkin, peaches, plums, apples, apricots &c.

We printed one thousand circulars for Dr. Ferrell last week. Jim says he has got a good thing and he is going to let the world know it.

Farmers who think of buying a pair of Hay Ladders this spring, should call on David Grill, St. Joe. He makes the best ladder in the market and sells them at reasonable prices. Call and see him.

## Great Big Bargains in Canned Goods this week

One big pound of choice Japan Tea for 35 cents.

Dr. Sheffer has quite a collection of stuffed birds in his office.

A car load of potatoes was shipped from this place last week.

We have something new in Lace Window Curtains. Cheaper and better.

We have shoes to fit all kinds of feet. Call and examine our stock.

Bring in your feet and let us fit them with a nobby pair of spring shoes.

If you want to buy a first class hay ladder call on David Grill, St. Joe.

If you want something that will make good pies, try a can of our Pie Peaches.

Stop in at the Nimble Nick store and lay in a supply of Pickles.

Another arrival of 5 cent nose wipers just received. Some new patterns.

Full line of Ladies' and Children's summer Gloves at the Nimble Nickle store. Got more Belts this week.

Billy Currie keeps on hands at all times Fresh and Smoked Meats. Give him a call.

Eck Fales found a five dollar gold piece in front of Barney's store a couple of weeks ago.

Braided Jerseys are all the rage; we have a good quality and offer them as low as a man can sell them and live.

This paper is free to all who will call and get it. How much cheaper than that would you want it?

Our stock of shoes is the most complete this spring that we have ever had, and we bought them at prices that will enable us to meet the lowest competition. Please bear that in mind.

### LAND PLASTER

\$1.60

per Barrel:

GOOD!

FRESH!

NEW!

TRY IT.

For sale only by

M. T. BISHOP, ST. JOE.

25,000

Blue Ash Shingles

for sale.

Another Car of Lime  
Just Received.



## Great Big Bargains in Canned Goods this week.

### LETTERS FROM THE SOUTH.

No. III.

Cincinnati is a good deal bigger than St. Jo; the houses are finer and the streets are well paved over with blocks so as to make the buggies run lighter and make more noise. The first night we staid there we didn't sleep a wink; there was such a racket on the street that even the bed couldn't rest well. We staid in Cincinnati a littel over three days and a half, which gave us time to take in most of the interesting sites (we didn't take in any thing else.) As we left here we crossed the Ohio river, on a bridge that has the longest span of any bridge in the world; something near two miles in length, more or less, probably the latter. And wa it was quite long; as we slid off of the opposite end of the big bridge we found ourselves on old Kentucky soil. We found the climate here to be a very salubrious; the air was brimmy and it seemed to smell somewhat of whiskey, perhaps that may have been only a notion of ours or the smell may have originated from an uncorked bottle. However Kentucky does raise good spirits. As our train flew over the country, we could not help but admire the beautiful scenery; thru mountains and rocks, over high bridges, into dark tunnels and out again until at last we arrived at Chattanooga. Here we visited Lookout Mountain, the site of one of the great battles of the late war, which even of your readers no doubt remember from personal experience. As I stood on that memorable place and thought of the great conflict that once raged there, I imagined to myself what a fortunate thing for me it was that I was a small boy when that battle occurred. A great

many prominent men have stood on that historic spot, I among the rest. From there we took the train direct for New Orleans. The editor is getting sort of cranky like, and he says my articles are too long, and that I must bite them down, so I must close for this time.

Your Humble Servant,

Barcus Q. Hippenhammer.

Rev. E. K. Baker will preach in this place next Sunday evening.

Mrs. Joe Metcalf visited friends in Garrett the fore part of this week.

Fremont Nelson and family of Hicksville, visited friends in St. Joe last Sunday.

The lawsuit last Saturday between Dr. Bowman and Ben Wasson was decided in favor of the former.

Now that it is a scarce time to get any thing to eat suppose you try our canned fruits and vegetables.

Billy Curio says that he didn't tremble very much while he was being married. His knees shook some, however.

Go to the Nimble Nickle store for Garden Rakes, Shovels, Spades, Hoes, Forks &c. Prices the lowest.

MARRIED: at the residence of the bride's parents, by Rev. Lineberry, on Sunday afternoon May 3, William Curio to Miss Deloa Swinford.

We extend to Mr. and Mrs. Curio our heartiest congratulations, with the wish that their married life may always be as bright and joyous as the sun on a mid-summer's day.

Men's Fine Saxony Wool Hats only 50 cents.

# ST. JOE NEWS.

VOL. 3.

SATURDAY, MAY 23, 1885.

No. 3.

## Notice!

I have made arrangements with parties in Hicksville whereby I am enabled to keep constantly on hand a supply of fresh Bread, Buns, Cakes &c. I solicit your patronage.

Mart Testison.

The Fourth of July comes on Saturday this year.

Geno Wilson has been on the sick list this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Barney are visiting friends in Ohio.

Pickles at 5 cents per dozen are cheap eating. Call and get some.

We have a good assortment of Ladies and Children's Summer Gloves.

We have a few choice dried apples which we will sell if we get a chance.

Examine our stock of Shoes before you buy. We'll make it pay you big.

What shall we eat? Why go down to the Nimble Nickle Store and buy some canned goods.

On account of Rev. E. K. Baker being absent at Synod, there will be no preaching in town Sunday evening.

We received yesterday a new lot of Plain and Figured Lawns. They are being worn this season and those we have are the latest styles. Call and see them. Prices low.

The school reports for this month came in to late for publication in this issue.

Dr. Ferrell has rented the room formerly occupied by Brooks as a shoe shop, and will use it for an office.

Sam White says that a drove of musketoes wrecked a freight train down near Mark Center one evening this week.

The next meeting of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union will be held at the residence of Mr. A. Evans, on Friday afternoon, May 29th, at 2 o'clock. All are cordially invited.

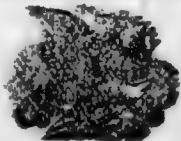
W. C. Patterson has secured the agency in this place for the celebrated Gutta Percha Paint; the most durable of all paints. Call and see him and get his prices.

Devotion Day will be observed this year by the G. A. R. Post of this place. The order of exercises will be about the same as on former years. Rev. O. W. Church of Auburn is expected to deliver the addresses.

Dr. Sheffer was hurriedly called out to Jay Tappan's one day last week, and Jay was immediately rushed off after some safety pins. Before the doctor got home Mart Engle sent for him and low and behold you, Mart had to trot around and hunt up some safety pins; and it wasn't a very good day for safety pins either.

Pickles Prepared in Vinegar only 5c per Dozen.

St. Joe



News.

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Free to all who will call at our store and get a copy, or it will be sent free to any post office address where the postage is pre-paid. Our mail box is on the front door.

ST. JOE, IND., SATURDAY, MAY 23, 1885.

Mankin's show went from here to Spencer-ville.

Don't neglect to examine our stock of shoes before you buy.

We have reduced the price of Pickles to 5 cents per dozen. Try them.

Try a box of our Fresh XXX Butter Crackers. They are really good.

Evans Dermott had no insurance on his house which was destroyed by fire a couple of weeks ago.

If you want to buy a mower this season, we have two that must be sold, and will sell them at a big sacrifice.

O. H. Widney and Hugh Maxwell were at Huntington last week attending the funeral of their brother-in-law.

Stew around and try our Stew Pan T. Only 50 cents for a pound of good Japan Tea and a two quart stew pan free for nothing.

P. Bishop went to Pennsylvania last week as a delegate to the Lutheran Synod. He will also visit a couple of weeks among old friends and acquaintances.

Go to the St. Joe  
Go to the St. Joe  
Go to the St. Joe

Drug Store  
Drug Store  
Drug Store

for Paints, Oils,  
for Paints, Oils,  
for Paints, Oils,

Varnishes, Brushes  
Varnishes, Brushes  
Varnishes, Brushes

Kalsomine &c.  
Kalsomine &c.  
Kalsomine &c.

Prices Low.  
Prices Low.  
Prices Low.



## Examine our New Spring Stock of Fine Shoes.

Letter from John R. Leighty Jr.

Michigan Military Academy,

May 1st, 1885.

Editor News: Don't think me backward in coming forward because I never was. I know it is pretty cheeky to write to you without an invitation, but I know you won't throw this letter in the waste basket until you have at least, tried to read it. Well, I must tell you what I intended for you can fix it up in good shape and print it if the subject is good enough to fix up. Well, the Colonel opened up his kind spot and let considerable kindness run out in the shape of a skirmish drill. Instead of having us pound around the parade grounds and drilling in the manner of arms, marching &c. as usual, he gave us a skirmish drill, and it was the best fun I have had since I came out here. When we started out they gave us ten rounds of blank cartridges and we marched to the parade ground and deployed into a skirmish line; of course it was not a very long one, only 25 men in our company, and they were 5 yards apart. After a little drill and instruction, we raced around over a plowed field and through a swamp, and finally we heard firing on our right, and of course we were all waiting to know what it meant; and so we went through a piece of woods and across a swamp at double time: we soon saw company A and B fighting: both fighting from behind trees, and our captain put us behind the railroad embankment and then the commissioned officers consulted together and made a plan. We followed along behind the railroad for a quarter of a

mile (all the time running,) and then cut off through the woods and came up in the rear of company B, and when they saw us they gave such a yell as would have done credit to a regular battle. Company B was holding its own against A, although B had all of the smaller boys in it. When we came up, company B fell back and gave us the front, and it didn't take long for us to find trees or something else to get behind; but it was the orders and of course we obeyed; but finally we rallied, or rather took our proper places, and charged against company A and they ran like—well faster than we could; all but a few who waited for the command, but the captain got rattled, I guess, and forgot to give it, consequently those who lingered behind were captured, and it was real fun to take a prisoner. There was about six or seven got after company A's Lieutenant, and he drew his sword and showed fight, but they all got hold of him and our captain had the honor to take his sword away from him, after which they took him to the rear and set a guard over him and the rest of them. All this time I was busy, very busy; at first I was running around and didn't know what I was busy about, but I soon found something to do. I saw one fellow of our company have an A company's man on his back (the A company man's back of course,) and he was kicking like everything to get loose, so I set my gun up against a tree and got astride of the fellow's feet, and pulled them so he could not use them; finally there was a couple more of our men came along and I was relieved. But while this was going on, company A had rallied behind a barn and were ready

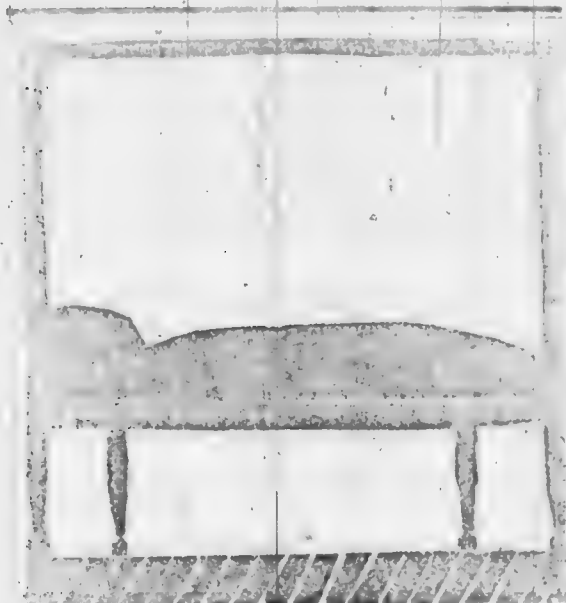
## Try Our Stew Pan T. The Biggest Bargain Out.

for us again, and we soon scattered them and formed in company again, and marched back home the victors. The following is the grand total.

	C. A. Co.	D. Co.	E.
No. prisoners taken	5	0	0
No. wounded	0	0	0
No. clothes torn	10	14	6
No. cartridges wasted	200	200	200

Yours Truly,

John R. Leighty.



### LETTERS FROM THE SOUTH.

#### No. IV.

Just before entering New Orleans we crossed a lake about 30 miles wide; the water was built on trussels, like the center of it. It seemed like riding over the top of the water. As it was late at night when we arrived at New Orleans, we immediately went to a hotel and went to bed. One thing we noticed that struck us as being quite peculiar and that was the way the beds were arranged; the bed posts projected nearly to the ceiling, and stretched across the

top of them is a canopy of some kind. (see picture.) When the musketeers arrived the huge musketeer bar over it and it thus affords a protection from the ravages of this well known bird. Upon enquiry I found that most all well regulated beds in the south were arranged in that way. After performing our customary duties we took the lights and went to bed and enjoyed a good healthy night's rest. We were awakened in the morning by the clatter of the breakfast gong, and after hurriedly dressing we went down to the dining room and partook of a southern breakfast. Everything was cooked in what they called french style and I must confess it was most to frenchy for me; but I managed to make out a meal, and then went out to see some of the attractions of the Crescent City. About the first thing I struck after getting out on the street was a nigger, and the next thing was another nigger; they are very plenty; and of all kinds. Some of them seemed to be nearly 200 years old and still as getting older. There was also some very pretty nigger girls which I take quite a fancy to. New Orleans is a big town, but the streets are awfully dirty. We went down on French Market and there we found a little of everything for sale; fruits and vegetables were being sold right along beside of fancy goods, one old nigger woman would want to sell you some kind of a patent cucumber and probably right next to her another woman would have a new fangled spring stile or hat for sale. All kinds of business was mixed together. There are a number of big grave stones or what some folks call monuments here; they must have cost a pile of money. But I must close.

Barcus Q. Hippenhammer.

JUNE



We offer this week Heavy Jeans Pants for \$1.00.

# ST. JOE NEWS.

VOL. 3.

SATURDAY, JUNE 6, 1885.

No. 4.

Old Grimes is dead, that good old man,  
You'll never see him more;  
He always done his trading  
At the Nimble Nickle Store.  
He lived to be a hundred,  
The reason was, you see;  
He used the purest groceries,  
And the noted Stew Pan Tea.  
He bought a suit of clothes of us,  
And wore them, years a score;  
The pants was brown, the coat was grey,  
All buttoned down before.  
But then at last the old man died,  
As dead as dead can be;  
The last thing that he ever said was  
Use the Stew Pan Tea.

New Lawns.

Handsome Lawns.

Everybody buys Lawns.

Fine line of Ladies' Gloves.

Try a kit of our Family White Fish.

Wool is beginning to come into market.

Cecil Rhodes was in town one day this week.

John Means and Cad Walters have dissolved partnership.

Auburn will have a grand celebration on the Fourth of July.

We are getting in more new shoes this week. Call and see them.

J. H. Conrad had eleven teeth extracted last Wednesday morning.

## Wanted!

All kinds of Poultry, for which we will pay cash. Give us a call if you have any you wish to dispose of.

P. A. Shirts, St. Joe.

Why don't it rain a little and wet the ground?

Well made, extra heavy, lined Jeans Pants for One Dollar.

Miss Hortie Wyatt went to Red Wing Minnesota last Tuesday.

The prospects for a good corn crop are not very flattering.

We will have a new supply of French Prunes the first of next week.

Of all the pretty posies that grow, Jud Gee likes the bleeding Hart the best.

The ladies all say that we have the finest assortment of Lawns in town.

Bert Patterson, formerly of Kansas but now of Hicksville, Ohio, was in town this week.

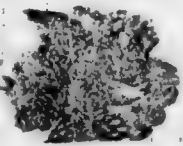
There hasn't been a single demand for safety pins in this neighborhood since our last issue.

We want to sell you your shoes, and will make it an object for you to buy of us. We will, for a fact.

The first Strawberry and Ice Cream Festival of the season will be held in Boots' grove on Saturday evening, June 13th, 1885.

## Fast Colored Dress Lawns only 6 cents per Yard.

St. Joe



Arms.

Published every two weeks, on Saturday morning by Mort E. Olds, in the advertising interest of Case & Olds, retail dealers in Dry Goods, Notions, Groceries, Boots, Shoes, Hats and Caps, Ready Made Clothing, Queensware Glassware &c.

*Free to all who will call at our store and get a copy, or it will be sent free to any post office address where the postage is pre-paid. Our mail box is on the front door.*

ST. JOE, IND., SATURDAY, JUNE 6, 1885.

Frank Scholes of Fort Wayne was in town last week.

Wes Hart sold 35,000 brick to parties in Butler last week.

Billy Curie drives around in a brand new butcher wagon.

The first croquet balls of the season for this place commenced rolling last week.

H. K. Reynolds can laugh the heartiest of any man in town. When he laughs he laughs all over.

Remember us when you need Overalls, Cottonade and Jeans Pants. Prices are guaranteed to fit.

Why is it that when you put your hand on a mosquito he sometimes most always isn't there?

Mr. Johnson of Waterloo is canvassing this township for Mr. Blaine's new book, "Twenty Years of Congress."

St. Joe, May 30th, 1885.

Mine Fricuts: I spose I haf so much rite to say samedings as sum odder mon who bays der daxes un stiks by der consterstushun up, an I tels you what, of you vant nisor Putes un Shues an shtore guds, ven you go ofer py der shtore what is nex tu der Drug Shtore pilding, un yu vill find der blace vere yu gits your guds so quik vat yu git tem any vere els; un so sheap un so it vas the bessor blace yu never vas in. Lots mize dings tu luk at, un ven yu tont got any shtamps much, shust cum any vey, ven your cretit vas so gud as old weat. Case & Olds is der men vot keps dot shtore, an of yu tont luk a liddle out, yu git in mit der rong blace. What I nose I nose, I nose I nose, so gud py.

Yocob Grubeustiner.

Tont yu forgot what I tole yu.

Al Hall is putting a cellar under his house and otherwise improving it.

Now is the time to buy your Fourth of July dresses. We've got them.

If you want to keep your horses from jumping buy one of our improved patent horse pokes.

Dr. Bowman and J. D. Leighty have built fine iron fences in front of their residences.

It is reported that David Murray had one of his horses struck by lightening and killed during one of the heavy storms of last week.

There is no millinery shop at Spencer-ville this spring, consequently her lady citizens have to come to St. Joe after their new hats. Poor old Spencerville!

## Men's Fine Saxony Wool Hats only 50 cents.

Report of the St. Joe primary school for the month ending May 22, 1885: Number of scholars enrolled 54: names of those not absent during the month: Artie Woodcox, Morris Curie, Delbert Meek, Jimmie White, Charlie Hart, Mattie Testison, Frankie Bishop, Violet Barney, Earnest Hollabough, Minnie Testison, Andrew Reed, Frank Testison, Georgia Simanton, Cora Shuler, Frankie Bowman, Harper Leighty, Johnnie Testison, Maud Woodcox, Tillie Hamm, Johnnie Washler, Maud Curie, Willie Hamm, Roy Kinsey, Johnnie Hart, Ray Shaffer, Bertha Hart, Harry Ulm, Frankie Kinsey, Bettie Bishop, Nena Leighty, Frankie Curie, Elma Wineland. Names of those missing but one day: Bessie Patterson, Myrtle Hall, Earl Shuler, Georgia Johnson and Charlie Donaldson. Time lost by tardiness 55 minutes.

Loa Curie, Teacher.

Pickles at 5 cents per dozen are cheap eating. Call and get some.

We have a good assortment of Ladies and Children's Summer Gloves.

Examine our stock of Shoes before you buy. We'll make it pay you big.

Mell Bishop is selling lots of Lime this spring. He got in another car load this week.

What shall we eat? Why go down to the Nimble Nickle Store and buy some canned goods.

The County Sunday School Convention will be held at Garrett this year on the 9th and 10th of June. A good programme has been arranged and all who possibly can should attend.

Stew Pan Tea.  
Stew Pan Tea.  
Stew Pan Tea.  
Stew Pan Tea.  
Stew Pan Tea.  
Stew Pan Tea.  
Stew Pan Tea.

Jud Gee has got a new girl. She lives at Orangeville when she is at home.

Remember that Mart Testison keeps on hand at all times fresh bread, Buns, Cakes &c.

We have had an unusually good trade in wall paper this spring. We still have some handsome patterns.

Our line of shoes is worthy of your examination, and our prices are certainly reasonable. Try us on.

We sold ten lawn dress patterns one day this week. Call and see our assortment of Lawns, Laces &c.

St. Joe is the neatest and cleanest little town along the St. Joe river. At least we think so, don't we?

Which would be the most desirable to die, or to be eaten up alive by the mosquitoes. Please let us know by return mail.

People are still wiping their noses with our 5 cent handkerchiefs. In fact we don't see why they aint good enough to wipe the nicest nose in this neighborhood. Get you one; they are only 5 cts. They won't fade.



## Fast Colored Dress Lawns only 6 cents per Yard.

### LETTERS FROM THE SOUTH.

No. V.

New Orleans has a grate many interesting and attractive fetures, but our limited space wil not admit ov a descriptshun ov them awl. We found that the Exposishun grounds wer quite a distance from the citty, and that ther wer several diferant ways ov getting ther; by streat cars, by the steembote, by private conveyance or you cood walk afoot. We chose the latter, partly becaws it wood bea cheaper, but moor particlar on account ov the opportunity thuss afforded tu sea the country. The first thing we encountered upon arriving at the entrance tu the Exposishun ground was a demand fur 50 cents, the price ov admishun tu the grate show. It seemed like a party big fea but we paid it and went in. We wer expecting tu sea sumthing immenc, but the magnitude ov that grate ara ov home an foren exhibits, as wel as the beanti and grandure ov the grounds with ther mammoth buildings, compelled us tu stand and gaze with awe upon the grate scene spred befour us. We stood and loked fur about 20 minets with our mouth, eers, eyes and nose wide open: it must hav loked green in us tu stand ther and luk so, but we cood'nt very wel help it. Such monstros big buildings; the biggest one wich is cauled the main building is said tu bea the largist in the world; it covars 33 akers. Awl most a smal farm undar roof. As you entar this building and pass thru it, you are then but poorly abel tu comprehend the length, bredth and thickness ov this vast enterprize. Everything imaginabel awlmost, can be scene. One among the first

things tu wich our attenshun was particularis attractked was a large lump ov silvar. It was said tu bea worth nearly \$114,000.00, so yu ma kuo it must hav ben ov a pritty big size; at least I don't beleve ther was ana danger ov ana one picking it up and putting it in ther cote pocket an walking off with it. The various state exhibits were fine: in fact every thing was fine, so mity fine that we are unabel tu give a discription ov them. But we hav awl reddy taken up our alloted space fur this tyme, so we must defer the continuashun ov this letter until our nex issu.

Yours Cordally,

Barcus Q. Hippenhammer.

We have a new assortment of Ladies' Serge and Silk Parasols.

We got in some larger sized belts this week. Call at once if you want one.

Mr. and Mrs. E. Zimmerman of Auburn, visited friends in St. Joe over last Sabbath.

Miss Ollie Overholtzer and Miss Josie Smith visited friends in Garrett last Sabbath.

Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Patterson of Hickville, visited his brother at this place last Wednesday.

Our stock of Ladies' Shoes and Slippers is large and we are enabled to fit all sizes of feet from 2's to 15's.

Mrs. J. D. Leighty, Mrs. A. C. Donaldson, Miss Lizzie Evans, Alex. Filley and J. M. Lounsberry were appointed as delegates to represent the St. Joe school at the County Sunday School Convention, to be held at Garrett next week.

Honey Drips Syrup only 45 cents per Gallon.

# ST. JOE NEWS.

VOL. 3.

SATURDAY, JUNE 20, 1885.

No. 5.

Mell Bishop made a flying trip to Auburn yesterday.

Don't forget to price our Lawns before you buy.

John Leighty Jr. is at home on his summer vacation.

Our line of Boys' Clothing is complete and prices way down.

Chew the "Golden Rule" Plug Tobacco. It is the best plug made.

Rev. E. W. Erick of White Pigeon, Mich., was in town Thursday.

Call in and try one of our new brand of cigars. They are funny.

We can show you the best line of 10c Hosiery ever opened up in St. Joe.

Don't you want a pair of silk gloves? We got in some new shades this week.

Something new in Ladies' Belts with hand bag to match. Call and see them.

Mr. and Mrs. Dr. Bowman attended the funeral of Dr. Cowan at Auburn yesterday.

A genuine meerschaum pipe given away with every pound of our new smoking tobacco. Surely a bargain.

We offer some new novelties in Gent's Neckware. Satin String Ties, Fancy Bows &c. Regular Fourth of July goods. Take no other.

Samuel Davis of Fort Wayne, son of Robert Davis of this place, died last Tuesday and was buried in the Spencerville cemetery on Thursday.

We have just received a new lot of Ladies' Hand Satchels, which we will sell cheap. Remember it.

Jake Dermott raised some strawberries this year that measured 5½ inches in circumference. Who can beat it?

We are getting in this week 25 dozen Ladies' and Misses' Hosiery. Some special bargains for our Fourth of July trade. Don't forget them.

W. K. Sheffer, editor ANGLIA HERALD, B. R. and S. S. Sheffer of Kendallville with their families, spent last Sunday in this place the guest of their brother, B. S. Sheffer M. D.

Our stock of white and figured lawns is worthy your attention. We got in something new in white goods this week. Its just splendid. Call and see it SURE before you buy. Also we have just received a new supply of Hoop Skirts, which we are selling cheap.

The closing exercises of the St. Joe schools occurred in the grove near the school building on Friday afternoon of this week. The programme consisted of singing, speaking, cake, ice cream and a good time generally. Miss Shutt and Mrs. Curie, the teachers, have labored hard to make the present term of school a success, and the way the scholars acquitted themselves in singing and speaking is evidence that their efforts have not been in vain.

If you want a good thing, try our Stew Pan T.

St. Joe News.

Published every two weeks, on Saturday morning by Mort E. Olds, in the advertising interest of Case & Olds, retail dealers in Dry Goods, Notions, Groceries, Boots, Shoes, Hats and Caps, Ready Made Clothing, Queensware Glassware &c.

*Free to all who will call at our store and get a copy, or it will be sent free to any post office address where the postage is pre-paid. Our mail box is on the front door.*

ST. JOE, IND., SATURDAY, JUNE 20, 1885.

Dr. Bowman drives a new trotting horse.

Most all of the schools will close this week.

Eck Fales is having his grocery room fitted up.

Postmaster Weeks of Newville was in town last week.

Buy your Fourth of July shoes of us and you will enjoy yourself better.

Three car loads of wool and one of hogs were shipped from this place last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Culbertson of Auburn were the guests of P. A. Smith and wife over last Sabbath.

The social at Reed's last week was well attended and the ice cream and cake was smacking good.

Mrs. Metzger, Mrs. Bowser and Walter Filley of Fort Wayne spent last Sunday in St. Joe, the guests of Mrs. J. D. Leighty.

Evans Dermott, who's house was destroyed by fire some weeks ago, is getting material on the ground for a new brick house to be built this fall. Last Saturday his neighbors all turned out and donated him a day's work; some cutting logs, hauling logs, brick, sand &c. Such acts of kindness speak well for that neighborhood, and are no doubt gratefully appreciated by Mr. Dermott.

The old settler's meeting was held at Auburn last Thursday.

We sold 5 pounds of Stew Pan Tea last Saturday. Try it yourself.

Several of the young ladies of this place will attend the Normal to be held Newville, commencing sometime next month.

We still have a few pickles left at 5 cents per dozen.

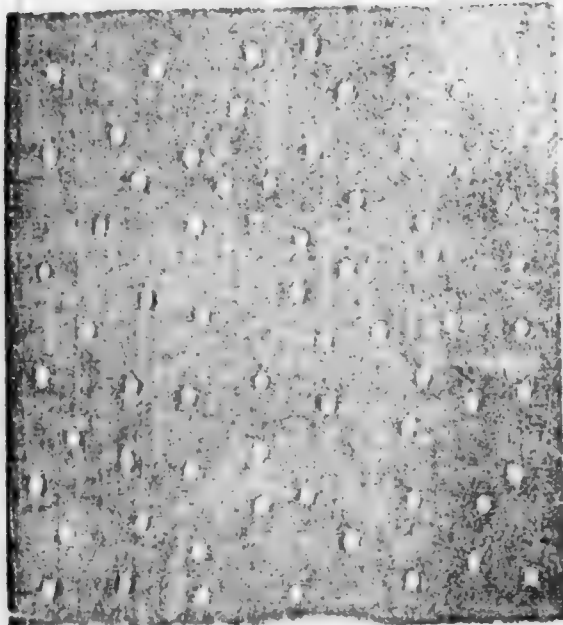
We are selling lots of Fish and would like to supply you with what you need. Quality good and prices right.

James Reed and P. A. Shirts are building a barn for Wm. Simonton.

Over twenty-five persons got on board the west bound train at this place on Tuesday of last week, all going to Garrett to attend the County Sunday School Convention. It was a jolly crowd, and yet not a bit too jolly to make the trip a pleasant one. The convention was a very interesting one, and the people of Garrett certainly have the faculty of entertaining visitors in a first class manner. The next convention will be held at Butler.



## Heavy Jeans Pants for \$1.00.



Charles Coburn has got his corn all planted and he didn't do it all him self either. A tramp came along that way about corn planting time, who was anxious for a job of work, and as Mr. Coburn was somewhat behind with his work, he concluded to let him plant corn. He had a small field containing about five acres already marked out, and giving the tramp a planter and some corn he told him to go to work. While he himself went to another part of the farm to work. In the evening the tramp came in and said that he had finished planting the field, and Mr. Coburn paid him for his work and he went on his way rejoicing. Thus far every thing was lovely and the goose hung high. But behold you, when that corn came up, it was discovered that the tramp instead of planting the corn in the furrows that had been marked out for that purpose, he took a more convenient way, and dropped it where ever he happened to let the planter down. The above cut gives a sort of an idea of how the field looked.

## Wanted!

All kinds of Poultry, for which we will pay cash. Give us a call if you have any you wish to dispose of.

P. A. Shirts, St. Joe.

New Lawns.

Handsome Lawns.

Everybody buys Lawns.

Fine line of Ladies' Gloves.

Try a kit of our Family White Fish.

We are getting in more new shoes this week. Call and see them.

Well made, extra heavy, lined Jeans Pants for One Dollar.

We have a new assortment of Ladies' Serge and Silk Parasols.

We got in some larger sized belts this week. Call at once if you want one.

The ladies all say that we have the finest assortment of Lawns in town.

Mr. and Mrs. Orange Fales of Napanee, visited friends in this place last week.

We want to sell you your shoes, and will make it an object for you to buy of us. We will, for a fact.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Davis left on Friday morning of last week for a visit among friends in Ohio.

Our stock of Ladies' Shoes and Slippers is large and we are enabled to fit all sizes of feet from 2's to 15's. We most urgently request that you examine our stock before buying.

## Extra Family White Fish in Pails only 75 cents.

### LETTERS FROM THE SOUTH.

#### No. VI.

A person in order to get the full benefit of the Expo an see the whole business enclooding aul the side shows, wood want to spend at the least calculashun, a month here. The first day I was out to the ground I but caught a fante glimpse of what was to be scene, and as I only staid 6½ days yu ma kno that I was not abel to fully take it aul in. In the main building was to be scene aulmost everything; the manufactur ov aul kinds ov guds was here represented. The display of fancy artikles was just simply magnificent: yu cood, as the poet says, feast your eyes on fat things. Fur the benefit ov the ladies I wood sa that I saw the most luvly display ov hats that it has ever ben my lot to behold. In this particular the ladies of the south ar alike those ov the north; they are exceptionally fond ov new hats. It don't matter how ugly or unbecuming tha ar, just so tha ar in stile. The display ov woolen goods, dress goods, carpets &c. went ahd ov ana thing I ever seen in St. Joe. A bras band was constantly on the ground discorsing sweet musick, and aul most daly grand koncerts were given in musick hall. We noticed a large kake ov sope about three feat squar; it was bigger than most peple care to handel. We didnt enquir what kind ov sope it was, but supposed ov corse it was the Nimble Nickle, as that is the best sope maid. Tu ana one fond ov machinery Agrecultural Hall presents a scene rarly eyar witnessed; it is a moving mass ov wheels, belts &c. Every imaginabel kind ov machinery can be seen in moshun.

Horticultural and Florral Halls with ther millions ov plants and flowers was to me the grandest site ov aul; one who has nevar had the pleasure ov seeinn such a display can not realize how magnificent this is. Other departments wer equally as grand, and if hundreds ov letters wer ritten discriptiv ov the Nue Orleans Exposishun ther wood still bea moor to tell. With this issa this serie ov letters will close, and we trust that, if they hav not interested yu or afforded yu ana amusement, that tha hav at least done yu kno harm.

Yours Fraternally

Barcus Q. Hippenhammer.

Try our Family White Fish in pails. They are extyt. \*

We got in some new Pie Peaches this week. Also some Canned Apples.

Rev. E. K. Baker will preach at the church in this place next Sunday evening.

We have sold twenty-five dozen (250) five cent handkerchiefs, and yet we get in a new supply this week. Get one and keep your nose clean.

The citizens of St. Joe were aroused from their slumbers last Monday night about 12 o'clock by the ringing of the church bell and the cry of fire. It was found upon getting out that Joe Knisely's house was ablaze, but through the prompt exertions of the men who first arrived upon the scene, the flames were extinguished before they had done any more harm than to burn through one of the side walls and the door. Five minutes more and it could not have been saved. It caught from a pan of coals that had been set out the night before for a musquito smudge.

JULY



Honey Drips Syrup only 45 cents per Gallon.

# ST. JOE NEWS.

VOL. 3.

SATURDAY, JULY 4, 1885.

No. 6.

J. A. Campbell of Butler was in town Wednesday.

Try our canned Apples; they make splendid pies.

Postmaster Frank Barney was in Auburn Monday evening.

Mrs. Anna McDonald visited friends at Newville this week.

Who can't afford a new dress when you can buy lawns for 5 cents.

Don't forget us when you buy your groceries for harvest time.

Please to remember that we also keep an assortment of Children's Gloves.

Pumpkin Pi is good. We'll furnish the pumpkin if you'll furnish the pi.

We only have about one dozen cans of California Plums left. Try them.

Rev. J. P. Kester of La Harpe, Ill., visited friends in this neighborhood this week.

Rev. E. K. Baker has resigned as pastor of the Spencerville charge, and has accepted a call from a church near his old home in Ohio.

Vick Conrad was quite seriously hurt last Saturday evening, by being run onto by a horse. He is better now however, and able to be around again.

Buy Fish in Pails and then you have a good pail when the fish are used out. We are the only house in St. Joe that keeps fish put up in pails. Call and see us before you buy your harvest groceries and we will make it pay you.

Now is the time to eat canned tomatoes. We are selling three cans of standards for 25 cents.

The machine men of St. Joe had a few words with each other this week but nobody got hurt.

We got in a few new pieces of small figured lawns this week. Price reduced to 5 cents.

We sold over 450 Mackerel Fish last week. Reason why: we sold them very cheap. Give us your fish trade.

At last we have succeeded in getting a line of Ladies' Belts. Call at once if you want one, for they are selling out quite rapidly.

A tramp set fire to Chris Curie's barn last Tuesday while they were eating dinner, but they noticed it in time to save it from burning down.

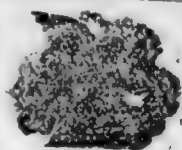
Mrs. Vannatta and Miss Wineland of Delaware, Ohio, sisters of Ranson Wineland, the night telegraph operator at this place, visited here over last Sunday.

Misses Addie Widney, Prudie Lounsberry and Nina Filley will attend the Normal school to be held at Newville, commencing on the thirteenth of this month.

The Women's Christian Temperance Union will meet at the home of Mrs. A. O. Donaldson, on Saturday afternoon, July 11, 1885, at three o'clock. Members as well as others are requested to be present.

Honey Drips Syrup only 45 cents per Gallon.

St. Joe



News.

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Free to all who will call at our store and get a copy, or it will be sent free to any post office address where the postage is pre-paid. Our mail box is on the front door.

ST. JOE, IND., SATURDAY, JULY 4, 1885.

Croquet balls don't get much rest now-a-days.

The strawberry season was short but sweet this year.

Island Park Assembly at Rome City commences next week.

Try our Honey Drips Syrup. It is a fine color and flavor.

David Grill is selling off his Hay Ladders as fast as he makes them.

W. O. Patterson got in some new Jewelry last week. Call and see it.

Over 1,803,600 quarts of strawberries have been shipped from Centralia, Ill., to Chicago this season.

George Hamm was laid up last week with too much cheek. He had a bealing on the inside of it.

If you are wise and want the best Baking Powder to do your baking with, be sure to get the Silver Star.

## Wanted!

All kinds of Poultry, for which we will pay cash. Give us a call if you have any you wish to dispose of.

P. A. Shirts, St. Joe, Ind.

Charles Shephard wasn't in town one day last week.

Some folks think our Pie Peaches makes tip-top sauce, and in fact they don't go bad with plenty of sugar on them. The best way to find out is to try them.

Of course we don't want you to say any thing about it, but we heard that over in the neighborhood of Coburntown they say that the Stew Pan Tea is the best tea for the money in the market. Try it and see.

Jerry Andrews bought a pound of our Stew Pan Tea, and the next week he came back and bought another pound, so you may know it was good or he wouldn't have come back the second time. One pound of good Japan Tea put up in a 25 cent Stew Pan for only 50 cents. That's what we call Stew Pan Tea. Will you or won't you.

A phrenologist was in town last week, and John Widney, Wid Patterson and Alex. Filley got their heads examined. We did not learn just what the result of the examination was, but we are under the impression that he found some cavities under their craniums that wasn't fully developed. The gentlemen would have no doubt received more benefit by having their wife's examine their heads with the big end of a broomstick.

## Honey Drips Syrup only 45 cents per Gallon.

The Fourth of July  
is here again,  
With pop-guns  
And pistols,  
And trinkets  
And toys,  
To make noise  
For the boys.

Henry Maxwell has built him a fine  
new barn.

Don't forget to price our Lawns be-  
fore you buy.

Our line of Boys' Clothing is complete  
and prices way down.

We can show you the best line of 10c  
Hosiery ever opened up in St. Joe.

Chew the "Golden Rule" Plug Tobac-  
co. It is the best plug made.

Call in and try one of our new brand  
of cigars. They are funny.

Plenty of Self Sealing Fruit Cans at  
the Nimble Nickle store.

Don't you want a pair of silk gloves?  
We got in some new shades this week.

Rev. E. K. Baker will preach at the  
church in this place next Sunday at  
three o'clock.

A one horse show gave an exhibition  
in town last week. The rope walking  
was about as good as some of our small  
boys can do.

We offer some new novelties in Gent's  
Neckware. Satin String Ties, Fancy  
Bows &c. Regular Fourth of July  
goods. Take no other.

Frank Zeru was home on a short visit  
last week.

Try our Family White Fish balls.  
They are extyt.

We got in some new Pie Patches this  
week. Also some Canned Apples.

Shutt, Culbertson & White delivered a  
car load of Champion machines to this  
place last week.

Mrs. W. C. Patterson and Mrs. D. M.  
Lounsberry visited friends in Jackson  
last week.

A genuine meerschaum pipe given  
away with every pound of our new  
tobacco. Surely a bargain.

If you want something to make your  
pies out of, try a can of our fresh  
sauce. Gallon cans only 25 cents.

We have just received a new lot of  
Ladies' Hand Satchels, which we will sell  
cheap. Remember it.

Billy Curie now eats grub off his  
own table, he having gone to house keep-  
ing last week in Wm. Bonds' vacant  
residence.

In order to persuade you if possible to  
keep cool this summer, we will sell you  
three good palm leaf fans for 5 cts.

Our stock of white and figured lawns  
is worthy your attention. We got in  
something new in white goods this week.  
Its just splendid. Call and see it SURE  
before you buy. Also we have just re-  
ceived a new supply of Hoop Skirts,  
which we are selling cheap.



## Honey Drips Syrup only 45 cents per Gallon.



Wel, we arived home safe and sound from our suthern trip an hav settled down tu bisness agin a wiser but a mity site pourer man. The glorious old Forth ov Julli has cum around agin, hasnt it? It seems tu git here once a year pretty reglar, and altho it is now on its 109th annual tower, the peopel ov the Unitead Staits make just as much fuss over it as tha did wen it was but an infant in its mother's arms. The Forth is the tyme when men git ful ov patriotism. In earlier days patriotism used tu consist ov a luv fur one's country, but in these mor modern tymes it is put up in pint, half pint and quart bottels. Tu the smal boy the Forth ov Julli has mana charms; tu him it is a day ov noise an racket, and the moor racket he can make the happier he is. But tu the young fellow who is just on the verge ov blushing manhood, who's uppar lip is just begining to down ovar with it's first fuzz; tu him it is the one grate brite spot in the year. As he goes forth with his gurl tu celebrate the Nashun's birthday he thinks he knos moor in a minnet than his "pap" does in a year. Behold them as the prominaid

thru the principal streets, hand in hand, chawing gingarbred and eating peenuts. What a luvly site. I hav endeavored in the pickture tu illustrate about how a young man and his gurl wood juke upon such an occashun. Tha are not eatin gingarbred and peenuts now, becaws the young nian has spent awl ov his munny. But tha are happi. Then tu, the Forth ov Julli has its store ov pleasur fur the oldar pepel; tha luv amusement and can enjoy the fun that one littel fire cracker can santymes make just as wel as yot'g peple. But we must close, hoping that yu ma enjoy the cumming Forth in a profitable mannar, I am

Patriotically Yours,

Barcus Q. Hippenhammer.

Al Bair of Syracuse was in town last week.

Auburn has get a new steam fire engine.

Simon Wineland has built an addition to his house.

Stew Pan Tea is moving right out at a two forty rate.

Mrs. P. A. Shirts visited friends in Auburn last week.

Miss Josie Smith visited among friends in Auburn last week.

Jacob Walborn of Auburn was on our streets on day last week.

The best and cheapest place to buy Fish is at the Nimble Nickle store.

Only two tickets were sold at this place for Cedar Beach last Sunday.

Buy the Crystal Sealing Wax. It is the best and is therefore the cheapest.

Call at the drugstore and see the big fly. It is nearly 8 inches long and measures 6 inches across the wings. Its a whopper.

If you want good bread use the National Yeast.

# ST. JOE NEWS.

VOL. 3.

SATURDAY, JULY 18, 1885.

No. 7.

Miss Mary Flint went to Minnesota last Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Leighty and son John have been up among the Stenben county lakes this week taking in some of the finny tribe.

We offer this week Ladies' Fine Braided Jerseys for \$1.50. Scolloped and Braided Jerseys for \$1.75. These are real bargains.

Charlie Coburn's wife says our Stew Pan Tea is as good as she usually paid 65 cents for. We sell it for 35 cents without the stew pan. Try it.

A couple of Spencerville laddies came up here Thursday to knock the stuffing out our boys on a game of croquet. After our boys had beat them 5 games, they made up their minds that they couldnt play and went home.

The ladies of the Women's Christian Temperance Union, assisted by the young people of St. Joe, will give a concert in the church, on Sunday evening, July 19, 1885. The concert is free, and all are cordially invited to attend.

August Kinsey is building a large addition to Case's corner building and about the first of August he will occupy it with the largest stock of furniture ever shown in St. Joe. He proposes to make this town headquarters for everything in the furniture line. Call and see him.

Mrs. Conrad will entertain the next meeting of the Women's Christian Temperance Union on Saturday afternoon, July 25, 1885, at three o'clock. All are invited to be present.

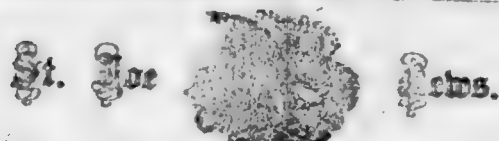
P. A. Shurts is agent in this place for Hall's Patent Chain Pumps. If you think of buying a new pump, don't do so until you have seen this one; it is an improvement over all others.

Persons who think of buying a Wind Pump, should call on A. Zern and see the model of the "Governor," which is made at La Otto, Ind. It has certain valuable improvements that can be found on no other mill. Call and examine it.

Mrs. Dr. Bowman and her sons Frank and Ray, Mrs. Wm. Leighty and her son Willie and daughter May, of this place, and Miss Rebecca Johnson and Mrs. Overholtzer of Spencerville, have been rusticating at Rome City this week.

The Jackson Center Cornet Band will give a Concert and Festival in Boots' Grove, on Saturday evening July 25th, 1885. The concert will consist of band, instrumental and vocal music, comic songs &c. Prof. Hapen and wife, both of whom are accomplished musicians, will be present and will favor the audience with some fine selections of music. Mr. McCurdy will perform some daring acrobatic feats on a slack wire. Don't fail to go if you want to have a good time.

# The Silver Star Baking Powder takes the cake.



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*Free to all who will call at our store and get a copy, or it will be sent free to any post office address where the postage is pre-paid. Our mail box is on the front door.*

ST. JOE, IND., SATURDAY, JULY 18, 1885.

Try our canned Apples; they make splendid pies.

Stew Pan Tea is moving right out at a two forty rate.

We got in a fresh supply of National Yeast this week. It's the best.

August Kinsey has rented Case's corner building and will move his stock of furniture into it.

Don't pay 15 and 20 cents for a Curry Comb, when you can buy one just as good of us for 10 cents.

Wm. Shambaugh will speak at the Hurshtown festival Saturday evening. Wonder if he will tell his potato story.

There will be a harvest festival at Hurshtown on Saturday evening, July 18th, 1885. Three brass bands will be present.

A man said to us last week: "Give us a rest on Stew Pan Tea." Well, my dear sir, we would like too, just to please you, but we can't possibly do it. We've got a good thing and it's our duty to let the world know it.

- 18 Fancy Decorated Plates.
- 12 Handsome Pickle Dishes.
- 3 Cups and Saucers.
- 3 Beautiful Bread Plates.
- 3 Large Water Pitchers.
- 3 Large Fruit Dishes.
- 3 Elegant Milk Pitchers.
- 2 Majolica Tea Pots.
- 1 Covered Molasses Pitcher.
- 1 Handsome Cake Stand.

The above are all new patterns of Majolica ware, handsomely decorated in colors, and are actually given away with the Silver Star Baking Powder, one of the best baking powders in the market. Try it.

The Silver Star Baking Powder bakes the cake.

Mell Bishop got in two more car loads of shingles last week.

Byron Woodcox painted the wood-work of John Engle's house last week.

Russ Kopp has had a coat of paint put on his blacksmith shop.

Mrs. J. D. Leighty spent part of last week in Fort Wayne.

A new iron bridge is being built over the river at Newville.

How much is five times ten? Just exactly enough to buy a pound of our Stew Pan Tea.

Above everything else keep your nose clean. If you can't use your coat sleeve buy one of our 5 cent handkerchiefs.

At last we have succeeded in getting a line of Ladies' Belts. Call at once if you want one, for they are selling out quite rapidly.

MARRIED: at the Lutheran parsonage in Spencerville, by Rev. E. K. Baker on Sunday, July 5, 1885, John Johnson to Miss Minnie Draggoo.



## Honey Drips Syrup only 45 cents per Gallon.

Who can't afford a new dress?  
can buy lace for 5 cents.

Don't forget to when you buy a  
grocery for a time.

Please to remember that we have  
an assortment of the best of goods.

Pumpkin Pie is good. If you like  
the pumpkin if you'll furnish the pie.

We only have out one dozen cases  
of California Raisins left. Try them.

For the best and cheapest place to buy  
fish is at the Norfolk North at 100.

For the best and is there for the cheap.

Now is the time to eat canned tomatoes.  
We are selling three cans of standards  
for 10 cents.

Fifty pieces of the best of goods  
were given away with this Silver Star  
Baking Powder. Call and see them.

Miss Ollie Crim of Gallipoli, Ohio, is  
visiting in St. Joe, the guest of her  
grandmother, Mrs. Robert Davis.

Buy Fish in Pails and then you have a  
good pail when the fish are used out. We  
are the only house in St. Joe that keeps  
fish put up in pails. Call and see us be-  
fore you buy your harvest groceries and  
we will make it pay you.

A young fellow who clerks in the store  
at Concord was seriously injured one day  
last week by the explosion of some powder.  
He was weighing out some powder  
which was kept in a glass can and the  
person who was buying it, carelessly  
dropped some fire out of a pipe which  
he was smoking into the can and away  
it went. The smoker escaped without  
being hurt but the clerk got badly burnt  
and cut about the face.

Where and How some our Citizens  
spent the Fourth of July.

Mr. Baker shaved his head and  
washed his face.

Mr. Baker shaved his head and  
washed his face.

Miss Jessie Smith took in the  
Fourth of July.

Mr. J. H. Reynolds wore his coat that has  
three buttons on.

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three buttons on.

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three buttons on.

## If you want good bread use the National Yeast.

The Editor wanted me to say a word about the Silver Star Baking Powder but I don't know much about it. I know that for he is a very good man and he has a lot of knowledge about baking powder as a matter of fact he is a baker. I don't know much about it but I know that it is a good thing and it is used for the same purpose as the Snowflake and Lilly White is. I don't know much about it but I know that it is a good thing and it is used for the same purpose as the Snowflake and Lilly White is.

Humbly Yours,

Bureau of Baking Powder

Remember the Festival and Come it in Boots' Grove on Saturday evening, July 25th. It will be a grand affair.

If your pump needs new buckets buy the Hall's Patent Expansive and Reversible Buckets. They are the best. For sale only by P. A. Phurts, St. Joe.

## Dentistry!

Dr. C. W. Popple of Butler will be at St. Joe at Dr. Smith's office on the first Monday after the first Monday in each month, to practice dentistry. Gold filling a specialty. All work warranted. Give him a call.

Several persons in this neighborhood have been the victim of an accident lately, and some of them were hurt. One of them was a man who was trying to turn a back spring of a load of hay. He was the turn of the hay, but instead of going down on his feet he came down on the soft part of his back. He was laid up for a couple of days. Next week John Davis thought it was his turn, and he tried tumbling off of a load of hay, but John made the same mistake that the rest of them did, and lit on the wrong end. The next day we heard of was that of William Johnston. He wasn't going to be on the tumbling business, so he tumbled off of a binder. It was reported to us that in falling his feet caught in the neckyoke and threw him under the hind of the tool box which caused the cutter bar to fly up, striking him in the face and breaking it. It was very lucky for him that the horse stopped when they did, for if they had gone ten feet further he might have broke and a rib and bled to death. If P. T. Barnum is in need of any first class tumblers for his circus, he certainly can not do better than engage the services of the above named gentlemen.

**AUGUST**



ISSUE

MISSING

New lot of Scolloped Jerseys Just Received.

# ST. JOE NEWS.

VOL. 3.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 29, 1885.

No. 9.

With a merry, merry tune,  
And a happy, happy heart,  
We greet you all again,  
And good news to you impart.  
Did you ever, ever read,  
With a twinkle in your eye,  
Of the Stew Pan Tea,  
Which is the best to buy.  
Have you never, never heard,  
In your earnest search for right,  
Of the National Dry Hop Yeast,  
Which makes the bread come light.  
Then hear us, hear us sound,  
Through the spacious earth around,  
That the Nimble Nickle Soap,  
Is the best that can be found.

The Normal school at Newville will close next week.

Jake Gilhouser and wife of Garrett, are visiting in town this week.

The corner stone of the new church will be laid one of these days.

Alvy Irwin is the father of a bouncing big boy. We keep safety pins.

Ourt Washler and family will move to California in a couple of weeks.

Mrs. Belle Moody of Oakwood, Ohio, visited friends in St. Joe this week.

Woolen Yarns, good quality and cheap. Full line of Saxony in all colors.

The next Methodist social will be held at the residence of Mrs. Simon Wineland, on Friday evening, Sept. 4th, 1885. All are cordially invited to attend.

The pay car showed up here Monday and made the railroad boys happy.

The excursion to Cedar Beach last Thursday was not very well patronized by this place.

Ladies' Bottled Shoe Dressing is the thing to use on fine shoes. Call and get a bottle and give it a trial.

New lot of braided and scolloped Jerseys just received to-day. Good Braided Jerseys for \$1.25. Call at once.

Rev. D. M. Horner of Brookfield, Ohio, will preach in the church in this place on Sunday evening, Aug. 30th.

Mrs. J. D. Leighty entertained the Women's Foreign Missionary Society of Spencerville last Thursday afternoon.

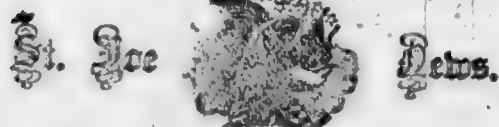
If you want a nice gingham dress to wear to the fair, we can supply you with the material to make it out of. Better get one had'nt you.

Silver Star Baking Powder is selling right out. One handsome piece of majolica ware is given away free with each can. By all means try it.

Its getting cool now and you will need some new Underwear. We have a complete line of both Ladies' and Gent's Underwear at red bottom prices.

The Women's Christian Temperance Union will meet at the home of Mrs. W. O. Patterson, on Saturday afternoon, Sept. 5, 1885, at half past two o'clock. All are cordially invited.

## We have some Handsome New Dress Gingham.



Published every two weeks, on Saturday morning by Mort E. Olds, in the advertising interest of Case & Olds, retail dealers in Dry Goods, Notions, Groceries, Boots, Shoes, Hats and Caps, Ready Made Clothing, Queensware, Glassware &c.

*Free to all who will call at our store and get a copy, or it will be sent free to any post office address where the postage is pre-paid. Our mail box is on the front door.*

ST. JOE, IND., SATURDAY, AUG. 29, 1885.

It will soon be time for the fairs to commence.

Wash Woodcoxs is digging a cellar under his house.

Frank White has moved into part of Mrs. Widney's house.

Examine our new dress prints and gingham. Just received.

Bill Bleeks and Frank Engle went to Fort Wayne last week after a load of lime for the new church.

This weather is unhealthy and in order to keep from getting sick you should use Stew Pan Tea.

Men's Celluloid Collars and Cuffs are always kept in stock at the Nimble Nickle store.

Mrs. Robert Culbertson bought 12 cans of Yellow Peaches of us last week. She thinks they are delicious.

The Silver Star Baking Powder is the best, besides you get a fine majolica dish with each can free. Try it the next time you buy baking powder.

"The old must die, and the young may die." How well the latter clause of that sentence is illustrated in the sudden and awful death of that young man, James Henderson, whose remains passed through this place last week on their way to the silent resting place of the dead. Death at any time is sad, but especially so is it when it comes to the young, just in the morning of young manhood. When life seems full of bright prospects and fond anticipations; when the future holds up to the imagination the glittering pleasures that lay in store for them; in the midst of all these, when life promises most, to be cut down by the ruthless hand of death is sad indeed. So it was with this young man, he was energetic, industrious, and by close application to study had gained a position as a scholar that was the envy of all his schoolmates. He had his plans all made for the future, but alas, to-day his fond desires and cherished hopes lay buried with him in the grave. "Man proposes but God disposes."

Miss Luella Hartman of Auburn visited friends in town last week.

Frank White will build a residence on the same plan as P. A. Shirts', on one of the vacant lots laying west of David Grill's residence.

Miss Ollie Crim who has been visiting her grandmother, Mrs. Robert Davis for the past few weeks, returned to her home in Ohio last week.

Master Andrew Reed claims to have a hen that believes in keeping the fourth commandment. He says that on Saturdays she always lays a double yelked egg and on Sunday she lays none at all.



## Extra Quality of Canned Peaches for 15 cents.

---

Oliver Greenwalt was in town last week Wednesday.

We are selling a splendid Corset for 50 cents. Hoop Skirts 35 cents.

Just received at the Nimble Nickle store—a new lot of Ladies' Hand Bags at reduced prices.

We offer a special bargain in Turkey Red Handkerchiefs for the next thirty days. Enquire about it.

If you want a genuine waterproof Umbrella, we can supply you with one at a very reasonable price.

Men's Seamless Side Fine Shoes are the best. We are the only store in town that keeps them. Buy no other.

Try our Stew Pan Tea, Nimble Nickle Soap, and National Yeast. For sale only at the Nimble Nickle store.

Four new dwelling houses and one new church are to be built in this place this fall. Who says St. Joe is'nt growing?


Good Jeans Pants, well made and lined for One Dollar. Better ones for \$1.25. Good woolen pants for \$2 and \$2.25.

Mrs. M. A. Webb and daughters of Fort Wayne, have been visiting for the past few days with the family of John W. Dills.


Attorneys Dills and Hartman of Auburn was in town last week attending to some legal business before Grandfather Woodcox.

Men's Unlaundried White Shirts, with the very best quality of linen cuffs and bosoms for \$1.00. If you want something that will last, buy these.

In the case before Squire Woodcox last week between Likens and Atkinson, the latter named person won, but Likens filed a schedule, consequently Atkinson will get nothing.



Extra well made Jeans Pants, lined throughout for One Dollar. This is the biggest, broadest, longest and widest bargain ever offered to the pant wearing public.



## Men's Fine Saxony Wool Hats for only 50 cents.

### Dentistry!

Dr. C. W. Beechler of Butler will be at St. Joe at Dr. Shaffer's office on the first Wednesday after the first Monday in each month, to practice dentistry. Gold filling a specialty. All work warranted. Give him a call.

Barber from Edgerton talk of opening a barbershop here.

Large old oats and wheat for sale by Wm. McManville.

Thin nickel plated breast pins for a cent at the drugstore.

Internal Revenue Collector Seaton of Fort Wayne was in town this week.

The National Yacht is the best because it brings the best breed.

You can go from this place to Niagara Falls and return on September 8th for \$5.15.

John Bates has quit working for J. H. Conrad. We hope John will remain in St. Joe.

If you want a new dress, call and see our new prints and ginghams. The latest styles.

The booming of the cannons during the sham battle held at Fort Wayne last Monday was plainly heard at this place.

Mrs. W. C. Patterson and Mrs. Walt Abel visited their sister at Fort Wayne the fore part of this week.

P. A. Shirts presented us with a fine bunch of Concord grapes last Tuesday; some of his own raising, and they were good. Thankee.

Rev. S. P. Fryberger of North Robinson, Ohio, preached a very interesting sermon at the church in this place last Sunday morning.



We invite your attention this week to a short sketch of that long tailed animal commonly known as the mule. The mule was discovered way back in the year 6, or it may have been a few weeks sooner than that, we have no means of knowing the exact month that he was born. He was a mule then and he has been ever since. One of the great peculiarities of a well bred mule is his wonderful kicking qualities; they can kick higher and harder than any other animal in existence. They make a business of kicking; in fact they love it. They would sooner kick than play croquet or any game. It is said that in early days in clearing up this country, when they wanted a tree down, they used to tie a mule to it and let him kick it down, but it takes to me as tho that story was a little stretched. It ain't hardly right to slander even a mule by lying about him. A mule hardly ever dies, but when he does the very last thing he does before breathing his last is to kick.

Milishly Yours,

Barcus Q. Hippenhammer.

The Jackson Cornet Band will have one more festival in Boots' Grove on Saturday evening, September 5th, 1885. All are invited; in fact the band boys won't like it if you don't go.

SEPTEMBER



Pure Honey Drips Syrup only 45 cents per Gallon.

# ST. JOE NEWS.

VOL. 3.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 12, 1885.

No. 10.

We are paying 13 cents for eggs. Chicago and return next week for \$3.15.

W. C. Patterson was in Fort Wayne Thursday.

Boys, keep out of somebody else's melon patch.

The days and nights are now about the same length.

O. H. Widney and Fred Johnson were at Auburn Thursday.

We offer an extra good quality of Canton Flannel for 10 cents.

Don't forget that we are offering red hot bargains in Underwear.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Davis will visit friends in Missouri next week.

We have had a splendid trade on Jerseys this week. Everybody buys them.

We keep a full assortment of Stone Jars, Milk Crocks &c., at prices as low as anybody.

Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Coder and daughter Isa of Auburn, visited friends in town last Sunday.

Medicated Twilled Flannel is the best to buy; it keeps off the rheumatism. Try it and see.

Our fall and winter stock of clothing will arrive in a few days; wait and see them before you buy.

Rev. S. P. Fryberger, the new pastor of the Lutheran church of this place, will preach here Sunday evening, Sept. 13th, 1885. Come out and hear him.

Miss Ella Boyle was married last Wednesday to William Lucas of West Virginia.

These new Indigo Blue Prints we got in this week are the latest designs and they are really handsome.

Considerable wheat has been brought to market this week, and the average price was about 82 cents.

The contract for building the new church has been let to Picker & Baker. They are to receive \$550.00 for doing the work.

Rev. S. J. Jones of Ligonier will preach in the church at this place on Saturday evening, and Rev. McFall of Kendallville on Sunday morning.

Henry Reynolds and wife went west yesterday. Mr. Stouffer, a former agent at this place will have charge of the office during his absence.

We got in several new pieces of handsome new patterns in Indigo Blue Prints this week. New figures entirely. Call and see if it isn't a fact.

The Women's Christian Temperance Union will meet at the home of Mrs. Wm. Hart, on Saturday afternoon Sept. 19, 1885, at half past two o'clock. All are welcome.

Northup & Ooburn having bought the Sorghum Mill formerly owned by B. F. Hoyt, they are now prepared to make a first class quality of molasses at reasonable prices. Give them a call.

## The National Dry Hop Yeast is the Best to buy.



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*Free to all who will call at our store and get a copy, or it will be sent free to any post office address where the postage is pre-paid. Our mail box is on the front door.*

ST. JOE, IND., SATURDAY, SEPT. 12, 1885.

Bert Milliman has quit working on the brick yard.

The big fair at Fort Wayne will commence next Tuesday.

Underwear at reduced prices at the Nimble Nickle store.

Prosecutor Mort Dawson of Fort Wayne was in town last week.

Stew Pan Tea only 35 cents per pound with out the stew pan.

New lot of braided and scalloped Jerseys just received to-day. Good Braided Jerseys for \$1.25. Call at once.

We have secured the exclusive agency in this place for the celebrated Parks & Hazzard Hand Made Boots, manufactured at Jamestown, New York. These boots are warranted to give satisfaction, consequently they are the best boot to buy. The prices on them are down to correspond with the hard times. Call and see them before buying.

We have a good line of Canton Flannels, in brown, bleached and colored. Very cheap this year.

Mrs. John Wright of Hicksville visited in this place last week with her sister Mrs. W. C. Patterson.

Pumpkin Pi Fine Cut Chewing Tobacco is the best in town for the money; we always keep it.

There was one or two heavy frosts last week which done considerable damage to the corn on low ground.

Ladies' Bottled Shoe Dressing is the thing to use on fine shoes. Call and get a bottle and give it a trial.

We sold five suits of clothes last week. Examine our clothing before you buy; it sometimes most always pays.

The correspondent from Waterloo to the AUBURN REPUBLICAN says that some St. Joe boys were up there a week ago last Saturday night acting quite naughty. Tut, tut, boys, you must not do that again.

It is reported away from St. Joe that there are several cases of diptheria in this place. This is a mistake as there has been no cases of that disease in town and none nearer than those west of Spencerville.

We are very forgetful sometimes, and we forgot in our last paper to say anything about our 5 cent handkerchiefs; we keep a supply on hand though, at all times, and trust that in case your nose should be inclined to run, you will know right where to go to get something to relieve it with.

## Examine our stock of Fall Shirting and Denims.

We have a splendid assortment of yarns for winter wear.

Woolen Yarns, good quality and cheap. Full line of Saxony in all colors.

Dr. Bowman's barn at Newville burned down one night last week.

Yes, of course we keep a full line of Yarns: all wool and a yard wide.

Dr. T. J. Dills and family of Fort Wayne were in town last week.

Rich Culbertson is building a house on the lot laying opposite Joe Baker's residence.

If you want a new dress, call and see our new prints and gingham. The latest styles.

No five cent soap offered begins to have the value of the Nimble Nickle Laundry Soap. Try it.

Mrs. A. C. Donaldson and her son Charlie, spent several days last week at Freemont, where Mr. Donaldson is at work.

Mrs. Rudolph Bahr, who lives two miles below Spencerville, came up the other day after a package of National Yeast. Everybody uses it.

There was some talk of having a big picnic here this fall, but on account of the prevalence of diphtheria, as well as the lateness of the season it was thought best not to have it.

John Bates has bought the stock of of groceries formerly owned by Mr. Bowen. We understand that John has been in the grocery business before and know all about it, therefore he will probably make a success of it.

If you want a nice gingham dress to wear to the fair, we can supply you with the material to make it out of. Better get one had at you.

Its getting cool now and you will need some new Underwear. We have a complete line of both Ladies' and Gent's Underwear at real bottom prices.

Silver Star Baking Powder is selling right hot. One handsome piece of majolica ware is given away free with each can. By all means try it.

A great many people do not buy ground spices because they think they are not pure. We guarantee our ground Cinnamon, Cloves, Allspice and Pepper to be absolutely pure. Try them yourself and see.

We do not keep the poorest and cheapest goods, but we especially aim to carry a good quality of goods and sell them as low as such goods can be sold and afford a man enough to eat and a few clothes to wear. Couldnt you give us a share of your trade this fall; we will truly appreciate any favor you may see fit to bestow upon us. Be it ever so small, it will be thankfully received.

There ought to be a new clock made especially for the ladies, from the fact that according to their new way of reckoning, they have knocked the old fashioned time piece clear into the shade. Now days when a woman says I'll be there in a minute, she means fifteen minutes, when she says I'll be ready to go in five minutes, you can safely count on waiting a half hour, if she says ten minutes, she simply means one hour. Its all the same exactly, when you get the hang of it.



## Men's All Wool, Well Made Pants only \$2.25.



A woman's awfool brave,  
And strong, and stoute;  
Butt when she sees a mouse,  
She gits rite out.

Its an old saying "that half the world dont no what the other half's doing," and its a mity gude thing tha dont, tu. Ther ar lots ov funny things that happen in this town every day that ar nevar known tu the genral publick; but, however, we accidently saw sum thing the other day that's tu gude tu keep. A lady was at home, basily engaged in soing, so intently was she onged in her work that she was unconshus ov the dangar that surrounded her. She happened tu cast her eye tu the further corner ov the room, and beahold, in the twiukling of an ey, a change take place. The lady was standin on the chare, with one hand holding the skirt ov her dres and with the other pointing tu the futher korner ov the room, wher stood, on his hind feet, a small sized mous. Oh! horrors, what a pickture; it was hard tu tel wich was scart the worst, the lady or the mous. She finally rased currage enuf tu hollar

for help, and her husband rushed to her rescue, and fritened the awfool, nasty, ugly mous awa. The lady wood hav no dout fanted if help had not arrived just when it did. Giv a woman a bromstiek an she can scare a man cleer out ov site but sick a mous onto her and you can scare her out ov her wits in 5 minets.

Yours Fur Fun,

Barens Q. Rippenhammer.

Mrs. M. T. Bishop is visiting friends in Ohio.

We are selling a good Braided Jersey for \$1.25.

We can sell you a bolt of Muslin at a very low figure.

Ten persons from this place took in the Niagara excursion.

Don't fail to examine our Parks & Hazzard Hand Made Boots.

For the best 50 cent Corset in St. Joe go to the Nimble Nickle store.

George P. Robinson of Lagrange and Hanford Jenison of Ossage, Iowa, visited friends in town this week.

John Leighty will return to Orchard Lake next week, to enter upon the fall term of school.

The indications are that some-body in the neighborhood of St. Joe is going to get married one of these fine days.

The De Kalb County Teachers Institute was in session at Garrett this week. Most of the teachers from this vicinity were present.

Miss Josie Smith and Miss Georgia Van Fleet of Newville spent last Sunday in Rome City. Miss Van Fleet's big brother Don was along, too.

Try our Men's Fort Wayne Kip Boots at \$2.50

# ST. JOE NEWS.

VOL. 3.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 26, 1885.

No. 11.

Miss Josie Smith is teaching school in Garrett.

Try our \$2.50 Daisy Boot. A rattler for the money.

Mrs. M. E. Olds is visiting friends in Norvell, Mich.

Call and see our assortment of 5 cent prints. New patterns.

When you come into town to buy goods drop in and see us.

Our fall stock of Notions will arrive next week. Wait for them.

We sold eight suits of clothes last Tuesday and Wednesday.

The best thing that a person can enjoy in this world is good health.

It will pay you to examine our stock of boys' boots before you buy.

We are getting in some handsome new patterns in 5 cent handkerchiefs.

Handsome Flowered Cake Stands only 25 cents. Fruit Dishes 10 cts.

We have just opened up another fine assortment of Glassware, Lamps &c.

Candee Rubber Boots with an extra ball on the sole are the best to buy; we are agents for them.

Henry Reynolds was at the Hicksville fair Thursday, and took first premium for being the funniest man on the ground.

Rev. Lineberry will preach at the church in this place next Sunday morning at 10½ o'clock, and Rev. Fryberger in the evening.

J. H. Conrad and family are visiting friends in Goshen.

Mrs. J. D. Leighty is visiting among friends and relatives in Ohio.

Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Reasoner celebrated their golding wedding last Thursday.

Mrs. Libbie Meek of Avilla visited in town this week the guest of Mrs. W. C. Patterson.

To those who may need them we would say that we keep a supply of safety pins on hand at all times.

Several members of the G. A. R. post of this place attended the funeral of Mr. Stoffer, at Maysville last Tuesday.

One of our fine haired young men who lives in the neighborhood of the tamarack swamp will be married on or about next Sunday.

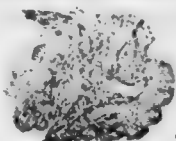
We have a good variety of shoes especially adapted to old ladies. Wide bottoms, low heels, flannel lined; just the thing for old people.

P. A. Shirts has gone west to grow up with the country. That is, he went as far west as his father-in-law's farm, and will try his hand at farming. Will Curie has moved into his house here in town.

The Women's Christian Temperance Union will meet at the home of Mrs. J. D. Leighty, on Saturday afternoon, Oct. 3, 1885, at half past two o'clock. All are cordially invited.

Good Prints reduced to only 5 cents per Yard.

St. Joe



Notes.

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ST. JOE, IND., SATURDAY, SEPT. 26, 1885.

Good Batting only 10 cents.

Stew Pan Tea only 35 cents.

Men's Lined Jeans Pants only \$1.00.

Get ready for the Waterloo fair next week.

St. Joe will now have preaching twice every Sabbath.

Lots of freight is being shipped over the railroad now.

Complete line of Men's Shoes always on hand at our store.

Jake White was married last week to Miss Nettie Murray.

From now on we shall keep lime for sale in small quantities.

Mrs. W. B. McClaren of Argos, visited friends in this place last week.

Knickerbockers only 5 cents per yard. Just the thing for making comforts.

Jerry Andrews has already shipped over 1000 bushels of apples this fall.

William Simanton and wife have been visiting friends in Ohio for the past week. They drove through, the distance being about 200 miles.



"I'm going down to the Ninth Street Clothing Store to get me a suit of clothes. I want a good suit and I know that's the place to get it. I'm afraid they will have trouble to fit me around the waist."

Some one asked us the other day in what year the practice of stealing melons originated. After looking clear back into the misty cob-webs of the past we find that stealing melons is a custom that was established in the same year that the melon originated in; that is, that ever since melons have grown, they have been stolen.

It pays to buy good clothing every time. We keep it.

We ask, as a special favor, that if you are expecting to buy clothing this fall, you will call and see our stock before you buy. We have taken great care in making our selections and have bought our stock low, and we are thereby enabled to sell them low. The quality of our clothing is what we particularly want to call your attention to. It is A number one. We'll set up the best cigar in the store if you don't say so.



## Pure Honey Drips Syrup only 45 cents per Gallon.

# 59

Suits of Men's, Boys' and Children's Fine Clothing just received this week at the Nimble Nickle Clothing Store. We are safe in making the assertion that this is the best made, best fitting and best quality of clothing ever offered to the citizens of St. Joe. Not an ounce of shoddy in the whole lot.

# 32

Men's, Youth's and Boys' Overcoats that we propose to sell, if quality and price will accomplish it. These Overcoats are straight goods, well made and good fits. We have no rents or clerk hire to pay and we can and will sell clothing cheap. It will certainly be to your interest to see us before buying.

• Lawyer Rose of Auburn was in town last week.

Rev. O. Q. Oviatt of Kendallville visited friend in town last week.

Give us a share of your fall trade; we need it, and by so doing you will benefit yourself and us too.

Don't buy this Cheap John clothing, come in and let us show you something good; something that will wear and keep its color.

We got in several new pieces of handsome new patterns in Indigo Blue Prints this week. New figures entirely. Call and see if it isn't a fact.

We are selling a good Braided Jersey for \$1.25.

We can sell you a bolt of Muslin at a very low figure.

Don't fail to examine our Parks & Hazzard Hand Made Boots

We offer an extra good quality of Canton Flannel for 10 cents.

Don't forget that we are offering red hot bargains in Underwear.

Bring your jug in and get it filled with our Honey Drips Syrup.

For the last 50 cent Corset in St. Joe go to the Nimble Nickle store.

We keep a full assortment of Stone Jars, Milk Crock &c., at prices as low as any body.

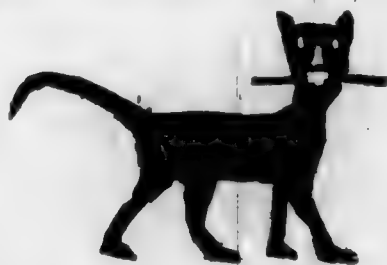
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## Good Prints reduced to only 5 cents per Yard.



We received a letter from an old friend of ours last week, asking us wat was the best kind ov kats tu raise. We ar alwas glad tu anser conundrums wen we can, and we wood jist sa in repli tu this frend that in our experance amongst kats we hav found that ther is grate differance ov opinyon as tu wich breed ov kats is the most profitabel. The cat at the hed ov this articul repersents a genuwine maly kat; the best that grows for mice. Tha ar gude singers but ar moor especshally adaptud tu katching rats an mice.



Our nex picktur represents what is known as the sore eyed yeller kat; one ov the best breed ov kats in the world fur genral purposes. Tha are tiptop on katching mice, and tha cant bea beet fur fine musick; in fact tha can make moor noise in the middel ov the nite than a half a dozen bras bands. Tha awlso sa that the sore eyed yeller kats make by far the best bolona. So mi old frend I wood advise you by awl meens tu get a yeller kat everytyme.

Your Frend and Well-wisher,  
Barcus Q. Hippenhammer.

### Notes taken at the Social last Friday Evening.

The proceeds of the social amounted to \$10.10.

Two brides and grooms ate supper at one of the tables.

There were quite a number present who did not take supper.

Uncle Sam Lawhead had his boots all shined up in the finest kind of style with stove polish.

The ladies served a twenty-five cent supper for ten cents; at least we heard quite a number present express that opinion.

There were nineteen chickens present, but when the social was over, nothing but a pile of bones remained to tell the story of what was once a flock of barnyard fowls.

Bert Patterson came over from Hicksville to attend the social, and he made it his special business to take all the girls home that had'nt any other company. Bert is a great friend to the girls.

For some unknown cause Rev. Trover of Auburn, who was to have made the welcome address, failed to put in an appearance, but Rev. Limeberry kindly consented to take his place, and did so very acceptably to all.

Don Van Fleet of Newville was present and gallantly escorted one of our fair young ladies to the table and planked down enough filthy lucre to pay for her supper. Don is a good fellow but he had better keep away from our girls, or some of the St. Joe boys will put an extra nose on him.

OCTOBER



Buy the Candee Rubber Boot with an Extra Sole.

# ST. JOE NEWS.

VOL. 3.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 10, 1885.

No. 12.

Miss Ettie Widney has been at Auburn this week.

Alex. Culbertson was married on last Thursday.

Dr. Bowman was thirty-six years old last Thursday.

Rev. Lineberry will preach here Sunday evening.

Wes Hart is burning a kiln of 125,000 brick this week.

Dr. Sheffer and family attended the Kendallville fair this week.

Harry Meek is making on an average of about 25 barrels a day.

Mr. and Mrs. Bowen are attending the county fair at Attica this week.

Mrs. Henry Sharp of Fort Wayne visited friends in St. Joe this week.

Did you see the fast train go through Friday? Whew but she flew.

Evans Dermott found use for some safety pins this week. A girl.

Josh Lounsberry and Oliver Widney were at Kendallville last Tuesday.

From present indications this town will soon have a genuine brass brass.

Please call in and see our stock of winter goods, clothing and underwear.

John Bates and Ida Boyle were married at Auburn on Thursday of last week.

Ask for the Candee Rubber Boots with an extra ball on the sole. They don't cost any more and are a great deal better. Take no other.

Mr. and Mrs. Jenison of Durand, Ill., are visiting friends in this place and at Spencerville.

Work on the new church was suspended this week on account of not having enough brick.

We sold one man three pounds of Stew Pan Tea last Wednesday. He has tried it before and knows it is good.

Mrs. Charlie Grubb is spending a few days at the home of her parents near Maysville. Charlie looks as though he didn't care how soon she came home.

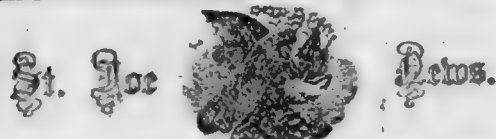
The Women's Christian Temperance Union will meet at the home of Mrs. Alex. Filley, on Saturday afternoon, Oct. 17, 1885, at half past two o'clock. All are invited to attend.

Communion services will be held at the church in this place next Sunday morning at half past ten o'clock, Rev. S. P. Fryberger, the pastor, officiating. All are cordially invited to be present.

Coburntown is a good neighborhood to live in; they believe in helping one another. The friends of Walt Ables turned out this week and donated him a day's work toward a new barn.

Now is the time to make apple-butter, pumpkin-butter and cow-butter, and of course you will need some jars to put it in. We have 1, 2, 3, 4, 5 and 6 gallon jars, and will be glad to supply you with what you need.

Flowered Cake Stands 25 cts. Fruit Dishes 10c.



Published every two weeks, on Saturday morning by Mort E. Olds, in the advertising interest of Case & Olds, retail dealers in Dry Goods, Notions, Groceries, Boots, Shoes, Hats and Caps, Ready Made Clothing, Queensware, Glasware &c.

*Free to all who will call at our store and get a copy, or it will be sent free to any post office address where the postage is pre-paid. Our mail box is on the front door.*

ST. JOE, IND., SATURDAY, OCT. 10, 1885.

Men's Saxony Wool Hats only 50 cts.  
A decided bargain.

Worn on the new church is being pushed rapidly forward.

Rodger Brothers Silver Plated Knives and Forks at a bargain.

Iron stone china Wash Bowls and Pitchers only One Dollar.

Quite a good many from this neighborhood attended the Waterloo fair.

We have a new wrinkle in boys' boots. Examine them before you buy.

Melons are plenty this year and cheap. Mart Testison bought 26 the other day for 60 cents.

We have a nice line of Babies' Knit Shoes; assorted colors. Very pretty and cheap. Only 25 cents.

There is some talk of organizing a brass band in this place. There is certainly enough brass here if we only had the band.

Good Batts only 10 cents for a full pound roll. Prints and Knickbockers reduced to 5 cents per yard. Make comforts and get ready for winter.

We are selling an elegant hanging lamp for \$2.50. Two years ago we got \$4 for the same lamp.

Gent's Kid and Jersey back Kid Gloves. The nobbiest thing out for wedding gloves. Call and see them.

We have some of the nobbiest new styled stiff hats ever placed on sale in St. Joe. You should call and see them before you buy.

Our store room is jam full of new goods. Come in and look them over; you are always welcome whether you want to buy or not.

Stocking Webb only 15 cents a yard this fall; brown, scarlet, black and cardinal. Its much cheaper than to buy the yarn and knit stockings. Try it.

Walt Ables' barn was destroyed by fire on Tuesday of last week, about noon. It originated from a fire which his little boy had made while playing that he was running a steam thrasher. The barn was insured.

The hands at the brick yard got on a strike one day last week, and refused to go work until certain conditions had been complied with. After a day's parley they finally come to a settlement in the matter and went to work again.

Charlie Jackson and Miss Lee Timmerman were married one week ago last Sunday by Esquire Berry of Spencerville. The boys had too much regard for the Sabbath to bell them on that evening, but on Monday evening, while the bride and groom were stopping with father mother Jackson, they give them a good old fashioned ten horse power racket. They just made the old tamarack swamp get up and howl.

## Try our Men's Fort Wayne Kip Boots at \$2.50

Fits in Men's Suits.  
 Fits in Boys' Suits.  
 Fits in Men's Overcoats.  
 Fits in Boys' Overcoats.  
 Fits in Men's Boots and Shoes.  
 Fits in Boys' Boots.  
 Fits in Ladies' Fine Shoes.  
 Fits in Children's Shoes.  
 Fits in Baby Shoes.  
 Fits in Old Ladies Shoes.  
 Fits in Rubber Boots and Shoes.  
 Fits in Hats and Caps.  
 Fits in Gloves and Mittens.  
 Fits in Underwear.  
 Fits in all kinds of goods.

Try our \$2.50 Naisy Boot. A rattler for the money.

Call and see our assortment of 5 cent prints. New patterns.

It will pay you to examine our stock of boys' boots before you buy.

When you come into town to buy goods drop in and see us.

Handsome Flowered Cake Stands only 25 cents. Fruit Dishes 10 cts.

We have just opened up another fine assortment of Glassware, Lamps &c.

Mrs. J. A. Milliman, of Freemont, Mich., visited friends in this vicinity last week.

We have a good variety of shoes especially adapted to old ladies. Wide bottoms, low heels, flannel lined; just the thing for old people.

Thirteen passengers got on board the morning train at this place on Thursday of last week bound for different parts of Ohio. The fair paid by the entire party amounted to about \$75.00

Some people wonder why it is that a railroad agent ever gets out of humor, but they do not stop to think of the thousand and one tom fool questions that he has to answer about ten times a day, and on seven days in the week. For instance a person will be looking straight at the time card and yet they will ask the agent what time the train goes west, or perhaps they will ask what time of day it is when the clock is ticking away right under their nose; or they will inquire if the train is on time, or whether the train has left Hicksville, and if so when will it get here, and when it gets here how long will it stop, and when it stops how long before it will start again, and a whole dictionary full of other ridiculous questions. When that person gets through making inquiries, somebody else steps up and probably asks the same questions, or some equally as absurd. And thus they keep it up. Is it any wonder that an agent once in while gets out of humor and says a naughty word? The agent at this place is an exception to the general rule however, as he hardly ever gets on his ear; the only thing that will make Henry mad is to tell him that he has big feet; but then his feet are not so overly large. It only takes two feet and a half like his to make a yard, while two feet the size of Charlie Grubb's will make a full yard.

If you want some bunkum good syrup try our Honey Drops at 45 cents.

We are getting in some handsome new patterns in 5 cent handkerchiefs.

Candee Rubber Boots with an extra ball on the sole are the best to buy; we are agents for them.



## Buy the Candee Rubber Boot with an Extra Sole.

Hicksville is to have another newspaper.

O. J. Powell of Garrett was in town Monday.

The Grand Jury will begin to grind next week.

The Candee Rubber Goods are the best to buy.

E. J. Boyles and A. Evans are working in Garrett.

Mr. Scholes is visiting his daughter in Michigan this week.

Jud Geo is working at the Swilley House in Hicksville.

Miss Mary Martin spent last Sunday at her home in Leo.

John Provines and John Boots went to Petoskey last Tuesday.

Examine our stock of winter Caps, Gloves and Mittens.

Don't forget that we sell an elegant handkerchief for 5 cents.

Lots of people are using the Stew Pan Tea. You should try it.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Kimes of Denver, Mich., are visiting friends in this neighborhood.

Mrs. William Leighty spent last Sunday with friends and relatives in Williams County, Ohio.

George Wilmot has sold his farm for \$3500.00. We understand that he talks of going west.

Bring your boys in and let us boot them; we'll boot you too, if you need it, at a very low price.

There will be another excursion to Chicago next Tuesday. Fare for the round trip only \$3.15.

Rev. Fryberger preached a very interesting and instructive sermon last Sunday evening, taking for his text the 30th verse of the 16th chapter of Acts.



One ov our bily respektud and onored feller citezens went out intu the country one nite not long ago. We dont no jist eggactly wat he went fur, but we have ben informed frum a reliabel sorce that it was one ov threa things to-wit: tu go koon huntin, or tu viset a wattermelyon pach or attend a wedding. While he was in attendanc at one ov these three places he went out intu a field, probabla for the purpos ov pluggen a green punken tu sea wether it was ripe or not; anawa while he was out ther sum kind ov a wild beast got aftar him, and such running yu nevar did see; when he got intu the hous he was panting like a wind mill. He thot sum kin ov a wild anamal was aftar him sure pop, but it turned out tu bea a common ordinary sized dorg. He is at home now and probabla went go out in the country again fur a while, at least not aftar nite.

Your Own Deer

Barcus Q. Hippenhammer.

P. G. I did knot git a vary gude cut on that dorg, so I thot I wood tell yu wat it was or yu mite think it was sum-thing elce.

Iron Stone China Wash Bowls & Pitchers \$1.00.

# ST. JOE NEWS.

VOL. 3.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 24, 1885.

No. 13.

We give below a partial list of the goods we offer for sale on our 10 cent counter. Read them over; every one of them are bargains.

Buggy Whips,  
Curry Combs, Horse Brushes,  
Hammers, Hatchets, Fire Shovels,  
Large Sized Shears,  
Screw Drivers, Sharpening Straps,  
Butcher Knives, Clothes Brushes,  
Six Table Spoons, Money Purses,  
Dust Pans, Padlocks,

and a great many other articles that we haven't space to mention. Also a line of 10c articles on our 5c counter. Come in and see them. It will pay you.

Hat Racks 10 cents.

Chromo Pictures 10 cents.

Good Halters reduced to 25 cts.

Men's Suspenders for 10 cents; the very best for 25 cts.

Remember that we sell the best 50 cent corset in St. Joe.

The schools of this place will commence on the 9th of November.

On Sunday afternoon, Nov. 1st, at half past two o'clock, Rev. S. P. Fryberger will preach a sermon on "The Reformation." All are invited to be present.

The Women's Christian Temperance Union will meet at the residence of Mrs. Matilda Widney, on Saturday afternoon, Oct. 31, 1885, at half past two o'clock. A full attendance is desired.

MARRIED: at Auburn on Thursday October 15th, 1885, by Rev. Ward, Mr. Sell Bowen to Miss Etta Widney. Although Mr. and Mrs. Bowen were very shy about getting married, and didn't tell us any thing about it, yet we heartily wish them a joyous, happy, and prosperous life. Having had some experience, perhaps it would not be amiss for us to offer to this newly married couple a few words of fatherly advice. To Sell: Obey your wife; don't stay out late at night; always come home at meal time; if your wife scolds you, grin and bear it, but don't talk back: it will make it all the worse if you do. To Etta: Don't let your husband make fires and carry in the wood; such work is very injurious to a man, and it is to this cause that there are so many poor, sickly puny husbands. Use the broomstick lightly; too many fond and loving husbands have been ruined by too much broomstick.

Wheat has been selling for 90 and 91 cents this week.

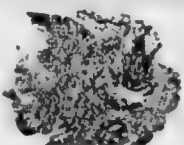
Men's Rubber Coats just received; a good quality at a low price.

Somebody asked us yesterday if we stole the goods we offer on our 10 cent counter. Come in and see them.

Mrs. H. K. Reynolds and Miss Belle Bowen went to Attica, Ohio, last Wednesday, to attend the wedding of their cousin.

## Try our Parks & Hazzard Hand Made Boots.

St. Joe



News.

Published every two weeks, on Saturday morning by Mort E. Olds, in the advertising interest of Case & Olds, retail dealers in Dry Goods, Notions, Groceries, Boots, Shoes, Hats and Caps, Ready Made Clothing, Queensware, Glassware &c.

Free to all who will call at our store and get a copy, or it will be sent free to any post office address where the postage is pre-paid. Our mail box is on the front door.

ST. JOE, IND., SATURDAY, OCT. 24, 1885.

Dr. Murphy of Leo was in town last week.

John Wright of Hicksville was in town last week.

We are selling a good straw ticking for 12 cents.

Splint Corn Baskets reduced to 20 and 25 cents.

The hickory nut crop is unusually large this year.

Immense bargains on our 5 and 10 cent counters.

The iron bridge over the river at Newville is completed.

The farmers are hard at it husking the golden ears of corn.

You can save money by buying goods from our 5c counter.

Articles usually sold at 20 and 25 cts. we now offer at 5 and 10 cents.

Mrs. B. F. Blair and daughter Belle of Newville were in town one day last week.

You must be sure to come in and see our 5 and 10 cent bargains.

Joe Harrod and family of Mansfield Ohio, are visiting friends in this neighborhood.

Miss Ollie Stevenson of Ohio, is visiting in this place, the guest of her sister Mrs. Frank Barney.

"Have you heard from Ohio?" is a question that was frequently asked last week. Yes, we heard.

Try our Parks and Hazzard All Hand Made Boots. They are fully warranted. Call and examine them.

We are having a good trade in glassware and the reason why is, we have nice goods and sell it cheap. Elegant Cake Stands for 25 cents.

If you want to make some friend a nice substantial and useful present buy one of our handsome hanging lamps. They make an elegant present and don't cost much. Call and see them.

Try Wright's Family Yeast; it is manufactured at Hicksville and is therefore always new and fresh. It is warranted to give entire satisfaction or the money will be refunded. Price only 5 cents. Give it a trial.

There were several amusing mistakes in spelling in our last paper and probably will be in this issue. We endeavor to correct them all, and think we have until the papers are out, and the first thing we know some six year old boy comes in and yells out "Say you made a mistake." We hope our readers will look over our errors hereafter, and lay it to our ignorance, and not because we know any better. As long as we print a paper there will be more or less mistakes in it.



## Buy the Candee Rubber Boot with an Extra Sole.

Try Our  
Parks & Hazzard  
Hand Made

**Boots**

Every Pair  
Warranted to Give  
Satisfaction.

The Candee Rubber Goods are the best to buy.

The Candee Rubber Goods are selling ahead of all others.

Examine our stock of winter Caps, Gloves and Mittens.

Good Worsted Coats only \$2.50. Single Vests only \$1.00.

Don't forget to examine the bargains on our 10 cent counter.

Ask for the Candee Rubber Boots with an extra ball on the sole. They don't cost any more and are a great deal better. Take no other.

Don't forget that we sell an elegant handkerchief for 5 cents.

Lots of people are using the Stew Pan Tea. You should try it.

Examine our \$3.50 Overcoats. They are a good thing for the money.

Mell Bishop is supplying the pine lumber for the new church.

Gene Wilson and Clide Woodcox are buying and shipping poultry.

Please call in and see our stock of winter goods, clothing and underwear.

They have more land in Ohio now than they had before the election. Foraker.

People ought not to complain of hard times when they can buy a good Overcoat for \$3.50.

Bring your boys in, and let us boot them; we'll boot you, too, if you need it at a very low price.

Wash Woodcox had charge of the elevator while Sell Bowen was absent on his wedding tour.

Men have but one soul but the Candee Rubber Boots and Overshoes have a double sole with an extra ball. Ask for the Candee and take no other.

A man writing to the editor of a certain newspaper and telling him to stop his paper, wrote as follows: "I think fokes ottent to spend munay fur paper, my daddy diddent and every body sed he wos the intelligentest man in the country and had the smartest familey of bois that dugged taters." A very smart family, indeed.

## Try our Parks & Hazzard Hand Made Boots.



We are pleased to present to our readers this week a portrait of one of Saint Joe's prominent citizens, Dr. George Ham, the celebrated cow doctor. Doctor Ham was born some time before the war and he has been living ever since. He graduated from the Ham family when he was only 21 years old, and ever since that time he has devoted his attention to the treatment of diseases of the cow; that is when he wasn't doing something else. Doctor Ham makes a specialty of certain diseases, and guarantees to kill or cure in from three to six years, providing the cow don't die before that time. Ring bones and spavens removed without the use of an ax or a cross-cut saw. Teeth extracted without pain, (after the cow dies.) Doctor Ham is a sure cure for heaves, epizootic, glanders, curb, influenza, holly-horn, laminitis, worms, fox-in-the-tail, jimjams, kamrigonphrats, pink eye, mezzles, pole evil, staggers, swanee, baldness and every other disease that cows are known to have. No cure no pay. Give him a call, when you need him.

Barcus Q. Hippenhammer.

Good Pocket Knives for 10 cents.

The Bohemian outmen are on the war path.

The time for paying taxes expires next week.

Boys' Red Knit and Furred Mittens only 25 cents.

Rev. Lineberry will preach in this place next Sunday evening.

Three Dollars and Fifty cents buys you a good winter Overcoat.

John Widney and Josh Lonsberry were at Auburn last Wednesday paying their rent.

Mrs. Florence Buchanan and Miss Lizzie Evans are visiting friends in the northern part of Michigan.

Examine our stock of Men's Youth's and Boys' Suits and Overcoats. New clean stock, and prices low.

If you want to see the biggest bargain in town call and see our Overcoats at \$3.50. Worth twice that amount.

We are not running a harness shop, but we can sell you a good halter for 25 cents, or a mighty good buggy whip for the same price. Call and see them.

Our Parks and Hazzard Hand Made Boots are quick sellers. We sold nine pair one day this week. Everybody that needs a pair of boots should examine them before buying.

Mell Bishop and Dr. Bowman went up to Freemont one day last week to fish; that is, they would have fished if they had got there but they didn't get there. They drove to Auburn to take the train and when they got to Auburn the train would have taken them but the train had gone. They got there just in time to see the train pull out.

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**NOVEMBER**

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Good Heavy Plaid Horse Blankets only \$1.00.

# ST. JOE NEWS.

Vol. 3.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 7, 1885.

No. 14.

## "CANDEE"

Rubber  
BOOTS  
WITH  
DOUBLE THICK  
BALL.

Ordinary Rubber Boots  
always wear out first on  
the ball. The CANDEE  
Boots are double thick  
on the ball, and give

DOUBLE WEAR.

Most economical Rubber  
Boot in the market.  
Lasts longer than any  
other boot and the

PRICE NO HIGHER.

Call and ex-  
amine the  
goods.



FOR SALE BY  
CASE & OLDS, ST. JOE, IND.

We don't want to hear from New York.

Irwin Hadsell will teach the Chees-  
town school this winter.

Gather up your school books and get  
ready for school next Monday.

Mrs. Mart Engle visited friends in  
Montpelier, Ohio, this week.

Large Woolen Horse Blankets \$2.00  
and \$3.50. Well worth the money.

If you want to hear some queer sounds  
go up by the band room some evening  
when the boys are practicing.

Call at the Fruit House and ask John  
Bates for a calendar for 1886.

J. R. Gilson, now of Toledo visited  
friends in town this week.

We shall have in a supply of Self  
Raising Buckwheat Flour next week.

Everybody should call and see the bar-  
gains on our 5 and 10 cent counters.

We got in another supply of Parks &  
Hazzard's Hand Made Boots this week.

We will treat to the candy if you don't  
say that we've got the finest assortment  
of Hoods you ever saw.

The Candee Rubber Boot with two  
soles is the best boot to buy; we are  
agents for them.

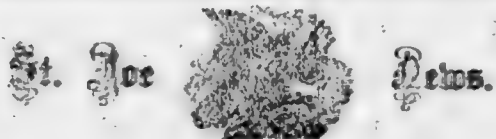
If you want some good ink for school,  
buy Thomas' Black School Ink in paper  
bottles. We keep it.

Please pronounce the following three  
words: Winitawtgeginialaskawlungtanaw-  
nelitisesti, honorificabiltudinity, amatla-  
cuilolitquitealtlaxlahuili.

Rev. S. P. Fryberger will preach a ser-  
mon in the church at this place next  
Sunday morning at half past ten o'clock  
on "Systematic Benevolence." Rev. Line-  
berry will preach in the evening.

We have over twenty eight different  
styles of Ladies' and Children's Hoods,  
comprising some of the handsomest ones  
ever shown in this place. Come in and  
see them. Bring the children in, too.

## Iron Stone China Wash Bowls & Pitchers \$1.00.



Published every two weeks, on Saturday morning by Mort E. Olds, in the advertising interest of Case & Olds, retail dealers in Dry Goods, Notions, Groceries, Boots, Shoes, Hats and Caps, Ready Made Clothing, Queensware, Glassware &c.

*Free to all who will call at our store and get a copy, or it will be sent free to any post office address where the postage is pre-paid. Our mail box is on the front door.*

ST. JOE, IND., SATURDAY, NOV. 7, 1885.

Good Webb Halters only 25 cts. It is a bargain.

The brick work on the new church was completed last week.

Call in and see our stock of Ladies' and Children's Hoods. They are beauties and cheap enough.

Pat Campbell was quite seriously hurt one day last week by being knocked off of the railroad track by a freight train.

If you want the nicest calico dress that you ever wore, come in and get some of our handsome new dress prints. New patterns.

Rev. Jabez Shaffer of Avilla, has accepted a call to the lower half of what was formerly known as the Spencerville charge. He will reside at Maysville.

The Nimble Nickle Laundry Soap is the biggest cake of the best soap that is made for 5 cents. Six cakes for 25 cents. Do just try it.

The following is the names of the members of the St. Joe Brass Band, and the instruments they play:

G. H. Brown, 1st E Flat Cornet,  
G. H. Shutt, 2nd E Flat Cornet,  
Jerome Benjamin, 1st B Flat Cornet,  
Irvin Hadsell, 2nd B Flat Cornet,  
Mervin Widney, Baritone,  
Marshall Hadsell, Solo Alto,  
W. F. Wise, 1st Tenor,  
Wm. Bohls, 2nd Tenor,  
Bert Hull, 1st Alto,  
Ail Simanton, 2nd Alto,  
Dennie Gee, 1st Bass,  
Clare Hull, 2nd Bass,  
Harpster Walters, Snare Drum.

The instruments arrived last week and the boys are blowing away for dear life. They meet to practice twice a week in Bohls' hall.

St. Joe is bound to keep up with the times. She now has a brass band and if she only had a grist mill, a court house and a dozen or two manufacturing institutions, she might be a city yet some of these times. If.

It is rumored that the editor of the GARRETT HERALD will move his office to St. Joe. That would knock the stuffing out of the St. Joe News, for who would want to take this paper for nothing when they could get a patent backside newspaper at \$1.50 a year.

Last week's AUBURN REPUBLICAN said that people way east of Spencerville, clear north of Pleasant Lake, way over on the other side of Garrett and from over about Kendallville were in Auburn trading last Saturday. Oh Lard, what a big lie that is.

## Iron Stone China Wash Bowls & Pitchers \$1.00.

We give below a partial list of the goods we offer for sale on our 10 cent counter. Read them over; every one of them are bargains.

Buggy Whips,  
Curry Combs, Horse Brushes,  
Hammers, Hatchets, Fire Shovels,  
Large Sized Shears,  
Screw Drivers, Shawl Straps,  
Butcher Knives, Clothes Brushes,  
Six Table Spoons, Money Purses,  
Dust Pans, Padlocks,  
Frying Pans, Harmonicas,  
Two Foot Boxwood Rules,

and a great many other articles that we hav'nt space to mention. Also a line of 10c articles on our 5c counter. Come in and see them. It will pay you.

Hat Racks 10 cents.

Chromo Pictures 10 cents.

Good Halters reduced to 25 cts.

Men's Suspenders for 10 cents; the very best for 25 cts.

We sell a great big ten cent doll for five cents.

Miss Arvilla Patterson visited friends in town last week.

Remember that we sell the best 50 cent corset in St. Joe.

J. D. Leighty has bought over 1000 bushels of apples this fall.

Wise & Leighty pay the highest market price for poultry.

Rev. Jewel of Newville was in town one day last week.

Boys' Red Knit and Fulled Mittens only 25 cents.

Three Dollars and Fifty cents buys of us a good winter Overcoat.

Examine our stock of Men's Youth's and Boys' Suits and Overcoats. New clean stock, and prices low.

Men's Rubber Coats just received; a good quality at a low price.

Several of our crack hunters were down to the big woods last week.

What can you buy that's cheaper than our Honey Drips Syrup at 45 cents? Its lots of sweet for little money.

Our 5 and 10 cent counters are attracting lots of attention. People don't get such bargains every day.

If you want to see the biggest bargain in town call and see our Overcoats at \$3.50. Worth twice that amount.

We are not running a harness shop, but we can sell you a good halter for 25 cents, or a mighty good buggy whip for the same price. Call and see them.

The Nimble Nickle Laundry Soap is the biggest cake of the best soap that is made for 5 cents. Six cakes for 25 cents. Do just try it.

Mr. and Mrs. Charlie Meek of Avilla, drove down to St. Joe Sunday before last, and spent the afternoon and evening visiting friends and drove back home by moonlight.

In a town in Pennsylvania they fine women two dollars for kissing each other. That's the most sensible law we have heard of; it always did look awful silly to us to see women, when they meet, run up to each other and put their arms around each other's neck and smack. That's dry kissing. Now if it only was the custom for men and women to greet each other with a kiss, how much more agreeable it would be. There would be some sound sense to that.



## Good Heavy Plaid Horse Blankets only \$1.00.

A. Zerns was at Kendallville last Saturday on business.

We got in another supply of 5 and 10 cent counter goods this week.

Mrs. John P. Widney of Tellville, O., is visiting friends in this place.

The paper at Hicksville calls for a temperance meeting.

Be very sure to buy the rubber boots at extra bad on the sale.

Those new styled satine prints are all the rage now; come to the first colors.

Our 25 cent halters are a bargain for the money. Get them while you can.

You should be sure to see those new colored dress goods that we are selling at a low price. They are cheap.

Mr. Anderson has a fine collection of sheep on his farm. He is wishing to sell them. Their stock should call and see them.

We have a handsome piece of heavy wrapping suitable for ladies' and children's wraps. Also a line of Ladies' Dress Flocks which are being worn so much this fall. Call and see them.

Oto Coburn now of Indiana, Neb., is around shaking hands with his many friends here. Oto likes the west and will return there in a couple of weeks. He says they have as nice girls there as here, and that there is one extra nice one.

At the last meeting of the Women's Christian Temperance Union, Mrs. Wilson Sanders was elected a delegate to attend the district convention to be held at South Whitley, Ind. The next meeting of the Union will be held at the home of Mrs. J. M. Lounsberry, on Saturday evening, Nov. 14, 1885, at half past six o'clock. All are invited.



Should you hear about them? I left till I busted 6.00 in a basket. When I heard that this was how it was the boys was going out to sea to go to the middle of the afternoon. The boys was across the water. Now it was in one of the fields. The boys was kep a sheap, or the mail pur-swashun. When the boys was about in the middle of the field the sheap came site or them and then the fun began. The boys run and so did the sheap. The sheap was to much for the boys. As the loked round to sea wheather he was after them or not, he struck them fare and squar rite wher tira set down onli in front, and sent them head over heels. The boys picked themselves up az sune az tha cum too, and clum over the fence an struck out fur home, and concludod not to go to sea ther girls until sum other tyme.

Bareus Q. Hippenhammer.

Good Heavy Plaid Horse Blankets only \$1.00.

# ST. JOE NEWS.

VOL. 3.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 21, 1885.

No. 15.

The undersigned business houses of St. Joe will be closed on Thanksgiving Day, Thursday Nov. 26, 1885.

J. D. Leighty,  
S. & F. Barney,  
Case & Olds,  
W. C. Patterson,  
Mart Testison,  
John Bates,  
J. H. Conrad,  
M. T. Bishop,  
R. A. Kopp,  
Joe Baker,  
W. M. Currie,  
Leighty & Wise,  
August Kinsey,  
Filley & Lounsberry,  
Simon Wineland.

If your cow gets sick call on Doctor Hamm.

The floor in the new church was laid this week.

Levi Sechler is teaching singing school at Coburntown.

Boys' Red Wool Knit Pontiac Mittens only 25 cents.

J. J. Van Auken of Auburn was in town Wednesday.

Jud Gee now located at Hicksville, was in town Thursday.

The best Tea that can be found is Stew Pan at 35 cents per pound.

For Laundry Soap that stands the test, the Nimble Nickle is the best.

Only a few of these \$3.50 Overcoats left. They are bound to sell.

Try our Self-Raising Buckwheat Flour. Only 25 cents per sack.

Large Woollen Horse Blankets \$2.00 and \$3.50. Well worth the money.

Ear Tabs only 10 cents a pair this year. Everybody ought to have them.

Rev. Lineberry has moved to St. Joe and occupies the house formerly owned by Mad Meek.

Chas. Emanuel was in town Thursday as counsel in the law-suit between Wilmott and Maxwell.

Three new members have been added to the St. Joe band, making in all now a membership of eighteen.

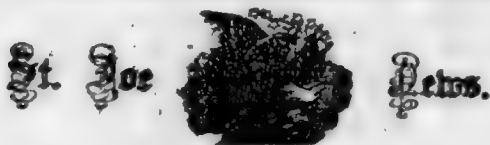
Several car loads of hogs have been shipped from this place lately. The average price paid was about 3 cents.

Rev. S. P. Fryberger will preach here next Sunday morning at half past ten o'clock. Rev. Lineberry will preach in the evening.

Rev. S. P. Fryberger will deliver a Thanksgiving sermon in the Lutheran church at this place on Thursday evening, Nov. 26, 1885. All are earnestly invited to be present.

We shall not issue our next paper until the 12th of December, at which time it will be larger than usual and contain a full description of our holiday stock, besides lots of fun. Don't fail to get a copy of it. It's free as water.

## Good Heavy Plaid Horse Blankets only \$1.00.



Published every two weeks, on Saturday morning by Mort E. Olds, in the advertising interest of Case & Olds, retail dealers in Dry Goods, Notions, Groceries, Boots, Shoes, Hats and Caps, Ready Made Clothing, Queensware Glassware &c.

Free to all who will call at our store and get a copy, or it will be sent free to any post office address where the postage is pre-paid. Our mail box is on the front door.

ST. JOE, IND., SATURDAY, NOV. 21, 1885.

If you want to buy a clock call on W. C. Patterson.

Roast turkey is about ripe and will soon have to be picked.

We got in 5 boxes of Nimble Nickle Laundry Soap this week.

Overcoats at \$3.50 are cheaper than dirt at the Nimble Nimble store.

Large Woolen Horse Blankets \$2.00 and \$2.50. Well worth the money.

Mr. and Mrs. Sell Bowen will occupy part of Charlie Widney's house.

We got in another supply of 5 and 10 cent counter goods this week.

Those new styled satine prints are all the rage now; warranted fast colors.

Our 25 cent halters are a bargain for the money. Get them while you can.

**MARRIED:** At the Lutheran parsonage in Spencerville, by Rev. S. P. Fryberger, on Thursday, Nov. 12, Mr. John Allen to Miss Groff, of Orangeville.

A woman ran out of a house on Main street the other day crying "fire" as loud as she could. A man who happened to be passing by at that time ran into the house and being unable to see any fire or smell any smoke he turned to the gasping and excited woman and asked:

"Where is the fire? I can't see any signs of one."

"I—I didn't mean fire! I—I meant murder!" she replied.

"Is there a man in the house?"

"No sir."

"Who tried to murder you?"

"Oh, I didn't mean murder, I guess; but the awfulest, biggest rat you ever set your eyes on chased our cat across the kitchen and then stood and glared at me like a tiger thirsting for blood! Oh sir, you'd better turn in a fire alarm and let them kick in all the doors and break in all the windows and flood the house. The rat must be killed before he commits some terrible deed!"

Dust Pans only 10 cents. Big boxes of boot blacking only 5 cents per box.

Jake Sechler says he has tried our 10 cent butcher knives and that they are number one.

Forsha, the night operator got the G B last week for stopping the west bound fast train.

The Nimble Nickle Laundry Soap is the biggest cake of the best soap that is made for 5 cents. Six cakes for 25 cents. Do just try it.

We have a handsome piece of heavy oleaking suitable for ladies' and children's wraps. Also a line of Ladies' Dress Flannels which are being worn so mch thisu fall. Call and see them.



Good Heavy Plaid Horse Blankets only \$1.00.

## "CANDEE" ARCTICS

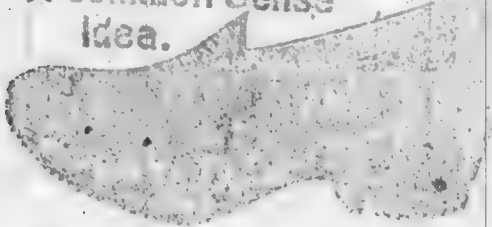
—WITH—  
DOUBLE THICK BALL.

Two Years  
TEST.



The "CANDEE" Rubber Co. have a better Rubber boot than you can find anywhere for the same price. With their great improvement of the "CANDEE" Rubber boot, it is now the best boot ever made. It is the "CANDEE" Rubber boot, and it is the best boot ever made. It is the "CANDEE" Rubber boot, and it is the best boot ever made. It is the "CANDEE" Rubber boot, and it is the best boot ever made.

A Common Sense  
Idea.



## "CANDEE"

Rubber  
BOOTS  
WITH  
DOUBLE THICK  
BALL.

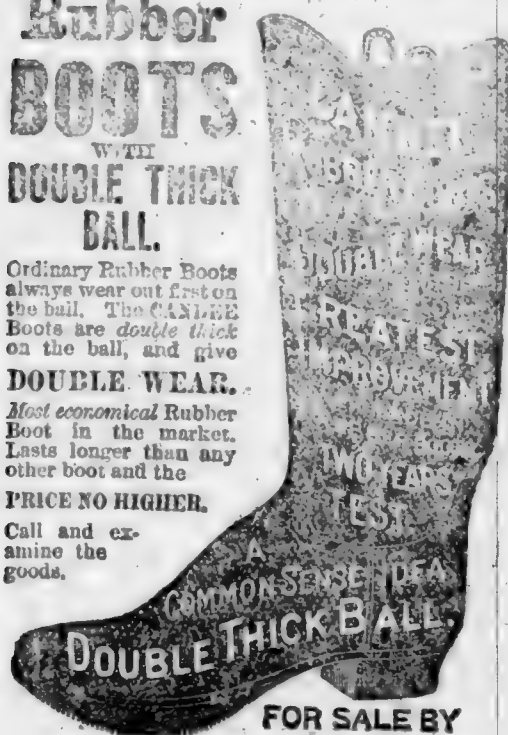
Ordinary Rubber Boots  
always wear out first on  
the ball. The CANDEE  
Boots are double thick  
on the ball, and give

DOUBLE WEAR.

Most economical Rubber  
Boot in the market.  
Lasts longer than any  
other boot and the

PRICE NO HIGHER.

Call and ex-  
amine the  
goods.



FOR SALE BY  
CASE & OLDS, ST. JOE, IND.

Everybody should call and see the bar-  
gains on our 5 and 10 cent counters.

We received last week a supply of Self  
Raising Fackelbush Floor. Try it.

We got in another supply of Parks &  
Hazzler's Hand Made Boots this week.

We will treat to the candy if you don't  
say that we've got the finest assortment  
of Hoods you ever saw.

The Candee Rubber Boot with two  
soles is the best boot to buy; we are  
agents for them.

If you want some good ink for school,  
buy Thomas' Black School Ink in paper  
bottles. We keep it.

If you ever saw a bargain in your  
those overcoats that we are offering  
\$3.50 is one.

H. E. Noble, a typist on the Hicks  
ville News made us a pleasant call one  
day last week.

MARRIED: At Auburn by Rev. M. J. Lee  
on Tuesday Nov. 10, Mr. John C. Baker  
to Miss Samantha Knight.

You should be sure to see those low  
figured dress goods that we are selling  
for 10 cents. They are cheap.

J. H. Conrad is fattening up a big  
turkey. He probably intends to ask us  
all in on Thanksgiving day to help him  
eat it. I guess we can go, can't we?

We have over twenty eight different  
styles of Ladies' and Children's Hoods,  
comprising some of the handsomest ones  
ever shown in this place. Come in and  
see them. Bring the children in, too.

## Good Heavy Plaid Horse Blankets only \$1.00.



As nex weak is thanksgiven we thot it wood bea rite and proper fur us tu prech a short surmon tu our readers an giv them a fue words ov advic. Fur our convenyanc we shal devide the subjack ov our remarks into three (3) genral divishuns or planks: 1st Turkkay, 2nd Crambery Sass, 3rd Mince Pi. In the furst place we wish tu call your atten-shun tu the furst plank in our platform, that ov turkkay. Turkkay's awl was pre-pare tu di about this time ov the year; tha expect it; tha fatten up on purpose fur this oocashun. It is just tu the con-trary with men and weman, tha get leen on purpos tu maik hogs (excuse the ex-presshun, but it's so,) ov themselvs on thanksgiven day. No one purson ot tu eat moor than one turkkay himself at one tyme; if tha du tha ar liabel tu foundar. Secondly: crambery sass is far better than sum othar kinds ov sass, and we advise our readers tu eat awl tha can get ov it. Thirdly and lastly, mince pi iz tu bea considered, but we shud think that after yu had got awa with a gude sized turkkay and a bucket ful ov cram-

bery sass yu wood'nt hav much room fur mince pi? It is'nt helthy anawa; it maiks a purson dreem about ther unkles an ther ants and ther great-great-great-four-fathers; it maiks them sea gosts an gostices. Ov corse if yu only eat 2 or 3 pies it wont hurt yu, but yu jist eat 6 or 8 or 10 and sea if yu don't dreem aw-fool dreems. If the suggesthuns and advic I hav given in this letter ar worth ana thing tu yu pleas forward it tu me by postale not and oblige

Your Friend

Barcus Q. Hippenhammer.

All the business houses of St. Joe will be closed next Thursday.

Ed Gilhouser of Garrett was in town last Sunday on business.

The schools of this place seem to be giving excellent satisfaction.

Have you seen those little lamps that we sell for 10 cts. Tha ar cheep.

Honey Drips Syrup is the boss thing for pancakes. Only 45 cts per gallon.

Miss Josie Smith was at home last Sunday. Don Van Fleet of Newville was there, too.

The Women's Christian Temperance Union will meet at the home of Mrs. Robert Davis, on Saturday evening, Nov. 28, at half past six o'clock. All are invited.

Mrs. Wingard, who lives near Coleman's Corners, says that when the St. Joe boys come up in that neighborhood they have thermometers hanging to their horses so as to tell them when they are driving too fast.

**DECEMBER**



Examine our stock of Stand & Hanging Lamps.

# ST. JOE NEWS.

VOL. 3.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 12, 1885.

No. 16.

Children's Rubber Circle Combs only 5 cents.

We have a supply of those fifty cent Halters for 25 cents.

Rubber Dolls, a good thing for small babies. Only 10 cents.

Beautiful baskets full of artificial flowers for only 10 cents.

Children's A B C Plates 5 cents: toy tin cups only 5 cents.

Flowered Cups and Saucers 10 cents. Plates to match 10 cents.

Come in and see our five and ten cent counters. It will pay big.

Six Quart Tin Pails only 10 cents; only a little over a cent a quart.

Rustic money banks 5 cents, Dominoes 5 cents, big toy books 5 cents.

Buy your krismas kandy at the Nimble Nickle sweet candy store.

We have the finest assortment of hanging lamps ever shown in town.

Just to please the children we are selling a nice little toy book for 1 cent.

Genuine Turkish Towels 5 cts. Ten cent box of boot blacking for 5 cents.

Bird cage springs 5 cents. One Foot Boxwood Folding Rules only 5 cents.

Those little books we are selling for one cent have 12 pages in them full of pictures and stories. Only a penny.

Those big dolls will make the girls hung their eyes out; they are 27 inches high and are old enough to stand alone. Bring the children in to see them.

Spencerville is bound to keep up with St. Joe. She now has a full fledged retail saloon.

Men's Suspenders, put up in fancy glass box; just the thing for a nice and sensible present.

Buy your husband a pair of those handsome embroidered slippers for a christmas present.

Children's Nickle Plated Knife, Fork and Spoon, all put up in a fancy box for only 25 cents.

Ten keyed genuine brass Cornets; can play a tune on them, and they are substantially made. Bound to please the boys every time.

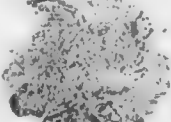
Rev. S. P. Fryberger will preach in this place Sunday morning at half past ten o'clock. Rev. Lineberry will preach in the evening.

Handkerchiefs make nice christmas presents. We sell the same for 5 cents that other stores charge 10 and 15 cents for. Come in and see them.

An elegant oil painting with a heavy walnut and gilt frame, size 28x34 inches, only \$1.00 each. A christmas bargain sure, and one that will make a fine present. Call and see them.

Santa Claus will arrive at our store on Friday morning, Dec. 18th, with a sled load full of holiday attractions. He will remain until after christmas. The old gentlemen is anxious to see every body, and especially the children.

## Christmas Bargains on our 5 & 10 cent Counters.

St. Joe  Delos.

Published every two weeks, on Saturday morning by Mort E. Olds, in the advertising interest of Case & Olds, retail dealers in Dry Goods, Notions, Groceries, Boots, Shoes, Hats and Caps, Ready Made Clothing, Queensware Glassware &c.

Free to all who will call at our store and get a copy, or it will be sent free to any post office address where the postage is pre-paid. Our mail box is on the front door.

ST. JOE, IND., SATURDAY, DEC. 12, 1885.

Child's Knife Fork and Spoon only 10 cents. Cheap as dish.

Everybody should visit our store between now and Christmas.

J. D. Leighty went east last week with a car load of apples.

Mark Bowen of Attica, Ohio, visited friends in town last week.

Ladies who want a Hood should see our stock before buying.

We will sell you four big pounds of Christmas prunes for 25 cents.

You won't find a handsomer line of Dolls any where than we have. Their ages range from six months to ten years old. Prices from 5 cents to \$1.50.

Fancy Chromo Pictures, assorted designs, with a papier mache embossed frame, size 13x15 only 5 cents. They will make an elegant present and just think of it, only a nickel a piece for a large picture with a frame on it.



Ther ar lots ov funny things in this world, but one thing that aint so funny iz the jumping jonny tuth ake. Did yu ever hav it? If yu aint for pitty sake, don't never get it. It iz one ov the most unkonfortibel ailments that a person kan hav. It most awlmost cums at nite just wen a feller wants to sleep the work. Ther ar several kinds ov tuth ake: the grumbing kind, the jumping kind and the dancing kind; that iz the tuth don't dance but wen it gits tuthakeing rite hard it will maik yu dance rite spryly. Ther iz over 100 different remedies fur the sure kure ov the tuth ake but yu cant reli on ana ov them. The most surest releaf iz tu go to the dentest, set down in the chare, and let him get his forceps on the tuth, and if your hed don't cum off the tuth will probabla com out. Fur mi part I druther hav awlmost ana thing elee than the tuth ake.

Kindly Yours,

Barcus Q. Hippenhammer.

We have an elegant line of Silk Handkerchiefs for the holiday trade.

J. P. Widney of Bellville, Ohio, visited friends in this neighborhood this week.

## We have Christmas Presents for Everybody.



This old man is going down to the Nimble Nickle store to buy his children some christmas presents. Times are so close that he thought he couldn't buy them presents this year, but when he found out that he could get handsome and useful presents for 5 and 10 cents, he struck right out for the Nimble Nick. Aint he getting there though?

Pad Locks for 10 cents.

Shoe Brushes for 10 cents.

Two Foot Rules for 10 cents.

Fancy Card Baskets for 10 cents.

Long Handled Frying Pans for 10 cts.

Cuspadors 10 cents, Best of Dust Pans for the small sum of one dime.

Our store is jam full full of great big holiday bargains.

We have an elegant line of Holiday Goods. Call in.

Boys' Red Wool Knit Pontiac Mittens only 25 cents.

China Doll Babies over ten inches long only 10 cents.

Only a few of those \$3.50 Overcoats left. They are bound to sell.

Ear Tabs only 10 cents a pair this year. Everybody ought to have them.

Simon Wineland will put in a Feed Mill in connection with his handle factory.

Try our Self Raising Buckwheat Flour. Only 25 cts per sack.

Have you seen those little lamps that we sell for 10 cts. They are cheap.

Honey Drips Syrup is the boss thing for pancakes. Only 45 cts per gallon.

If you want to get printing of any kind done give us a call; we will do it for you neat, quick and cheap.

You can afford to make the children all a present even if the times are hard, when you can get nice christmas presents for 5 and 10 cents.

You can buy christmas presents this year for 5 and 10 cents at our store, that last year you had to pay 20 and 25 cents for. Its a fact.

If you want to make somebody a real extra nice present buy them a set of Rodger Bros. Silver Knives and Forks or a set of Tea or Table Spoons. We have them and will make you some very low prices on them.

Henry Jenkins had about twenty-five chickens stolen one night last week. Henry would be glad to have the parties come back some night and get the chicken coop.

Say, how is it about clothing? Are you going to need something in that line soon: if so don't forget to call and see our stock; we don't pretend to have the biggest assortment in this country, but what we do have is new clean goods and the prices we guarantee to be as low as the very lowest.



## We expect a Big Holiday Trade this Season.

Boys' Red Wool Knit Pontiac Mittens only 25 cents.

Dr. James Ferrell is practicing medicine again.

Our store is jam full full of great big holiday bargains.

We have an elegant line of Holiday Goods. Call in.

Only a few of those \$3.50 Overcoats left. They are bound to sell.

The best Tea that can be found is Stew Pan at 35 cents per pound.

For Laundry Soap that stands the test, the Nimble Nickle is the best.

Try our Self Raising Buckwheat Flour. Only 25 cents per sack.

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Large Woolen Horse Blankets \$2.00 and \$2.50. Well worth the money.

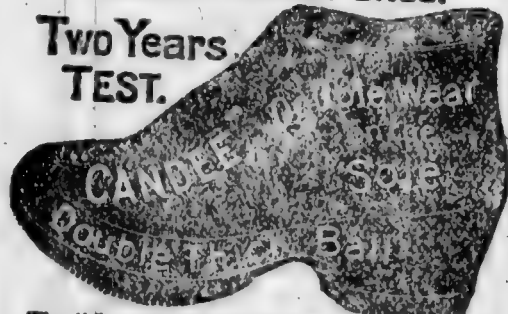
It won't be much trouble for you to come in and see our holiday fixings, and we know it will pay you. Bring all the children, it don't make any difference if you have 18 or 20, bring them all in.

Christmas comes but once a year, and it is then that the children expect some kind of a present. Let it be ever so small it will be appreciated. We have an endless variety of useful and handsome presents at 5 and 10 cents. Just such goods as other stores charge 20 and 25 cents. Come in and see them.

### "CANDEE" ARCTICS

—WITH—  
DOUBLE THICK BALL.

Two Years  
TEST.



The "CANDEE" RUBBER CO. give a better Rubber than can be obtained elsewhere for the same money, with their great improvement of the DOUBLE THICK BALL. The extra thickness of rubber right under the tread, gives DOUBLE WEAR. Ask to see the "CANDEE" Double Thick Ball Rubbers in Boots, Arctics, Overshoes, Alaskan, &c.

A Common Sense  
Idea.



### "CANDEE"

Rubber  
BOOTS  
WITH  
DOUBLE THICK  
BALL.

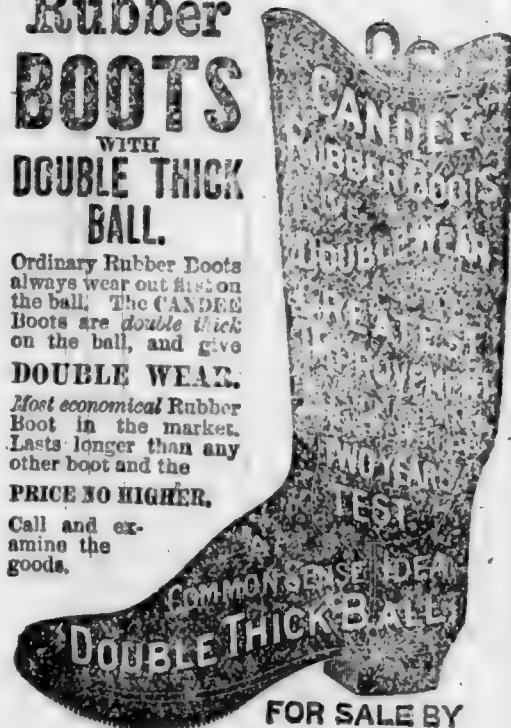
Ordinary Rubber Boots always wear out first on the ball. The CANDEE Boots are double thick on the ball, and give

DOUBLE WEAR.

Most economical Rubber Boot in the market. Lasts longer than any other boot and the

PRICE NO HIGHER.

Call and examine the goods.



FOR SALE BY

CASE & OLDS, ST. JOE, IND.

Good Heavy Plaid Horse Blankets only \$1.00.

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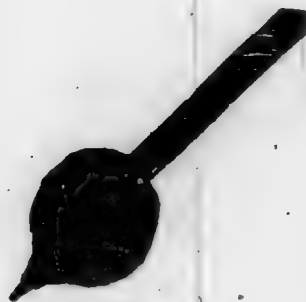
Greenland, Dec. 1, 1885.

To the Boys & Girls of St. Joe.

Dear Little Friends.

I will be at St. Joe  
this year with a line of Holiday  
Goods that will fairly make your  
eyes sparkle with delight. Will  
stop with Mort Olds. Be sure to  
come there and see me. I have  
lots of nice things for you.

Your Old Friend,  
SANTA CLAUS.



## **We have Christmas Presents for Everybody.**

Frank White moved into his new house last week.

Our 5 and 10 cent counters are just jam cram full of christmas present.

Abe Depew returned from Michigan last week, where he has been for a few months.

Remember, we still sell stacks upon stacks of Ladies' Hemmed Fancy Flowered Handkerchiefs at only 5 cents.

Jeans Pants well made and lined only \$1.00. Good Overalls 50 cents. Boys' Knit Jackets 75 cents; Men's \$1.00.

The reason why we expect a big holiday trade this year is because we are offering such bargains that people can't help but buy.

St. Joe has had on an average of about two lawsuits a week lately. Better move the court house over here and be done with it.

After you have read this paper, hand it to your neighbor and let him read it. We want everybody to read about our christmas doings.

Gentlemen are requested not to read this item, as it is intended only for the ladies: Say, girls, have you got a beaux, that is we don't mean a bow to wear on your hair, but a live beaux, one that you like? Of course its none of our business if you have, only we thought perhaps you would want to make him a christmas present, and we was going to suggest that you buy him a pair of those handsome embroidered slippers that we are selling. They will make an elegant and useful christmas present. Come in and see them.

Suspenders.

Dolls.

A B C Blocks.

Hammers.

Tool Boxes.

Shears & Scissors,

Bread Knives.

Buggy Whips.

Horse Brushes.

Cake Stands.

Tea Sets.

Shawl Straps.



## Gent's Black Satin Bows reduced to 10 cents.

On account of the cold and disagreeable weather that prevailed last Saturday evening the supper given by the band boys was not as well attended as it no doubt would have been had it been a pleasant evening. However a goodly number of the citizens of St. Joe and vicinity turned out and sat down to as good a supper as was ever spread before the people of this place. The Juvenile Band of Hicksville was present and discoursed some fine music. The St. Joe Band played several pieces in an excellent manner, considering the short time they have been practicing. St. Joe has reason to be proud of her band, and ought to do every thing possible to encourage it.

Last Sunday was a stormy day for a starter.

Toy Book for children made out of linen cloth; they can't tear them; only 5 and 10 cents.

We are agents for the celebrated Park & Hazzard Hand Made Boots. Every pair fully warranted. Try them.

The Sunday school at this place has decided to have a christmas bell on christmas eve. Something new for a change.

Howard McClaren of North Baltimore Ohio, brother of W. B. McClaren, formerly agent at this place, is night operator at this station.

We understand that several of our citizens contemplate going west in the spring to grow up with the country. They won't find many better places than St. Joe.

The Fruit House is now a thing of the past.

Eck Fales opened his grocery to the public last week.

John Bates is selling cigars for an Auburn cigar factory.

Buy the Ball Stocking Yarn. It is better, besides it saves winding. We have a full line of colors.

Fancy Hand Painted Cream Pitchers only 10 cents. Sold the same thing last year 25 cents.

Our christmas presents are all articles of usefulness. Something that will do the children good.

Boys' Violin and Bow; a genuine good sized article only 50 cents. It will tickle the boys all over.

We have in another big supply of those fancy wire card baskets. A beautiful thing for 10 cents only. They are fast sellers. You want one sure.

We have had a big trade on goods this winter and the secret of it all is we have had a good variety to select from. We still have some handsome styles.

We print enough papers this week to put one copy into ever family in Concord township, and if they all buy their christmas presents of us we'll be satisfied. Aint we modest?

Joe Baker has sold his dwelling and barber shop in this place to Win Darling. Joe will stay here until spring, at which time he expects to go west. Joe has many friends here who will be sorry to see him leave.

## We have an elegant line of Ladies' White Hoods.

Children's China Tea Sets of 13 pieces only 10 cents.

Al Brooks was married last week to Miss Dot Reasoner.

We are headquarters for cheap holiday goods this year.

Boys' Tool Boxes containing 9 different tools only 10 cents.

Colored A B C Blocks reduced this year to ten one cent pieces.

John Leighty Jr. is expected home in a few days to spend the holiday vacation.

You can buy 100 different kinds of useful presents at our store for 5 and 10 cents each.

As a special christmas bargain we offer Ladies' Quilted Skirts at the very low price of 75 cents.

We have already sold this year over 80 white hoods. Come in and see our stock before you buy.

We bought 15 dozen handkerchiefs for the holiday trade, all to be sold at 5 cents apiece. New patterns.

For pity sake don't freeze yourselves these cold nights when you can buy a pair of all wool blankets as cheap as we are offering them.

We hope that you will enjoy reading this paper so much that you will feel like buying your holiday goods of us. We will truly appreciate such kindness, and can promise to sell you christmas presents cheaper than you ever bought them before.

Our assortment of hanging lamps is larger than usual this year and prices are remarkably low. Nothing makes a more serviceable and lasting present than a hanging lamp and at the present low prices they are within the reach of everybody. Call and see our line.



John Widney and Alex. Filley traded horses last week. We give our readers an illustration of each horse, so that they can see which got cheated.

We have over twenty styles of 5 cent handkerchiefs.

We sold a set of dishes last week that amounted to \$15.00.

We can sell you a real nice hanging lamp for \$2.00. Think of it.

Mart Testison keeps constantly on hand a full supply of Standard Tub and Can Oysters. Give him a call.

Mahlon Baker has bought the lot upon which John Davis' house formerly stood, fitted up the summer kitchen and moved into it. Mahlon expects to build in the spring.

We have printed a lot of cards with the words "Merry Christmas" on them and a blank space for writing the name, for labeling presents. They are very convenient. Furnished free to all our customers.

JANUARY



5 Best of Georgia Dried Peaches only 5c. per Pound.

# ST. JOE NEWS.

VOL. 3.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 30, 1886.

No. 17.

Here's a few special winter bargains, just to wake people up. Read them over will you please.

Best Dried Peaches 5 cents per pound.

Clean Broken Rice 5 cents.

Turkish Prunes 6 cents.

Genuine Grand Bank Codfish 5 cts.

California Apricots 15 cts.

Three Cans Best Corn 25 cts.

Good Japan Tea 35 cts.

Best Pie Peaches 10 cts.

Three Cans Best Pumpkin 25 cts.

Standard Tomatoes 10 cts.

Three Cans Lima Beans 25 cts.

Good Padlocks 10 cts.

Take these in while you can as they wont last long, and when they are all gone we can't duplicate these prices.

Large wood handled spoons 5 cents;  
Hash Knives 5 cts.

One dozen good Slate Pencils put up in a box for 5 cents.

Wils Sanders will move to Garrett and work on the B. & O.

New lot of Pontiac Red Mittens just received this week.

J. J. Van Auken, County Surveyor, was in town last Monday.

We have plenty of Saxony Yarn, all colors. Bargains in Linen Crashes.

Alex. Donaldson will move to Edgerton and engage in the lumber business.

Don't talk about hard times when you can buy 6 pounds of Rice for 25 cts.

The teachers of this township have organized a reading circle.

Nearly 400 logs have been hauled into the mill yard at this place in the past two weeks.

Henry Hamm was twenty-one years old last Wednesday. Another republican vote.

Dr. Mitchell of Mansfield, Ohio, spent last Sabbath in this place the guest of Dr. Sheffer.

Smoking Tobacco 20 cts per pound. Ten cent chunk of good plug tobacco for 5 cents. Come and see them.

Mrs. Thayer, who has been visiting friends in this place for the past few weeks returned to her home in Minnesota last Thursday.

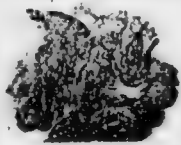
Spencerville now has a paper about the same size of the News. It is published by P. Bishop, and is a bright newsy little sheet.

Quite a large crowd attended the social at the residence of Dr. Bowman last Wednesday evening, and they all enjoyed themselves highly. The net proceeds were \$6.00.

MARRIED: at the residence of the bride's mother in Spencerville, by Rev. S. P. Fryberger, on Sunday evening, Jan. 24, 1886, Mr Ed. M. Gilhansen of Garrett to Miss Olive Oberholtzer of this place. Ollie fooled us all this time, however we wish them a happy, joyous and prosperous married life.

## Three Pound Can Choice Pie Peaches 10 cents.

St. Joe



News.

Published every two weeks, on Saturday morning by Mort E. Olds, in the advertising interest of Case & Olds, retail dealers in Dry Goods, Notions, Groceries, Boots, Shoes, Hats and Caps, Ready Made Clothing, Queensware, Glassware &c.

*Free to all who will call at our store and get a copy, or it will be sent free to any post office address where the postage is pre-paid. Our mail box is on the front door.*

ST. JOE, IND., SATURDAY, JAN. 30, 1886.

Trade with us during 1886.

We can sell you a good padlock for 10 cents.

Best Georgia Dried Peaches only 5 cts. per pound.

The B. & O railroad boys got their pay last week.

Spelling school at Cheesetown last Thursday night.

Ed Leighty talks of going on the road as news agent.

The Best Japan Tea in town at the Nimble Nickle store.

Over 100 loads of ice was put up in this place last week.

One advantage we have over other papers is that we don't have to keep dunning our subscribers to pay up.

The net profits of this paper last year was something less than \$2,265,132.00. In a few years at that rate, we'll be worth more than Vanderbilt was.

Call at our store and we will show you how to live cheap.

We're on deck as usual, with a big stock of canned goods.

Buy your husband a pair of these handsome embroidered slippers for a birthday present.

Mrs. E. Zimmerman and daughter Bessie of Auburn, visited friends in town last week.

We got in a supply of garden seeds this week. Its an excellent good time to set them out.

We print this paper for business and fun, we want the business and you may have the fun.

Insure your property with S. S. Widney. He represents several of the best companies.

Men's Suspenders, put up in fancy glass box; just the thing for a nice and sensible present.

James Ables has bought the house and lot laying just south of Nels Thomas's. He will enlarge and improve it and make it his future home.

The merchants of Hicksville are on the war path, and they seem to be hitting each other some pretty hard blows. Tut, tut, gentlemen, that's naughty.

Mell Bishop has received several car loads of lumber and shingles lately. Mell bought his building material early in the season, which enabled him to buy it at a low figure, consequently he is prepared to offer low prices to any one needing any thing in his line.

## Three Pound Can Standard Tomatoes 10 cents.

James Draggoo of Auburn was in town one day last week.

Mell Bishop is building a large addition to his lumber sheds.

We will sell you three thousand parlor matches for 25 cents.

Six Quart Tin Pails only 10 cents; only a little over a cent a quart.

Come in and see our five and ten cent counters. It will pay big.

We have the finest assortment of hanging lamps ever shown in town.

Genuine Turkish Towels 5 cts. Ten cent box of boot blacking for 5 cents.

Bird cage springs 5 cents. One Foot Boxwood Folding Rules only 5 cents.

The Nimble Nickle Soap is by far the biggest and best cake of soap in the market. Only 5 cents.

We will sell you any thing in the clothing line at cost for the next thirty days. Improve the chance.

The next pair of boots you buy try our Parks & Hazzard Celebrated Hand Made Boots. They are clinchers.

We have been loading up our 5 and 10 counters this week with another arrival of bouncing big bargains.

Stew Pan Tea only 50 cents per pound including a good stew pan that usually retails for half that amount.

Frank Walker is fitting up a room next to Testison's grocery for a harness shop. Just what St. Joe has long been in need of.

During the year 1885 the following amount of grain was taken in at the B. & O. elevator at this place:

Wheat	37,053 Bushels.
Oats	10,945

Wonder how that will compare with the amount taken in at the village three miles south of here?

Children's A B C Plates 5 cents; toy tin cups only 5 cents.

Flowered Cups and Saucers 10 cents. Plates to match 10 cents.

Mr. and Mrs. Charlie Grubb celebrated the first anniversary of their wedding day last week. Their mothers came over and brought them something to eat. I tell you, it's a good thing to have a mother; if it wasn't for our relations we would have probably have gone hungry a good many times.

Whooping good Horse Brushes for 10 cents. Best Curry Combs same.

Bear in mind that we will sell you clothing at actual cost.

Byron Widney went down into Egypt last week after a load of corn.

As the clown in the circus says, "here we are again." Through the holidays we were too busy to print our paper and since that time we have been invoicing stock, and endeavoring to find out how much we have made out of pocket in the past year. Now that we are all straightened up again, we shall issue the News as often as the weather will permit. The subscription price will remain the same. In clubs of ten or more a liberal reduction will be made.



Best of Georgia Dried Peaches only 5c. per Pound.

### Fire Insurance.

Having obtained the agency of several of the leading Fire Insurance Companies, I am now prepared to insure your property against loss by fire or damage in any of the leading companies, at the lowest possible rates. Your future patronage is earnestly solicited, to which strict attention and good satisfaction will be given.

Yours Truly,  
S. S. Widney, St. Joe, Ind.

Try our California Sun Dried Apricots; they make a delicious sauce.

Mr. McBurney went to Pennsylvania last Wednesday to look after a fortune that he has lately fallen heir to.

Use the National Dry Hop Yeast and you will never fail to have the best of bread. Try it the next time you bake.

Peter Shuler went to Ohio last Wednesday morning. He expects to move his family there shortly and make it his future home.

Last Monday evening about 8 o'clock a large number of the citizens of St. Joe and vicinity, headed by the St. Joe Brass Band, marched to the residence of Alex. Donaldson, and presented that gentleman and his family with an old fashioned surprise party. They didn't knock at the door but they went right in and helped themselves, took full possession of the house and had a good time generally. The large number present was evidence of the high esteem in which Mr. and Mrs. Donaldson and family are held by the people of this community.



Jo Bakar, the barber has lately become the proprietor and owner of one of the finest imported fore legged dogs ever owned in this part of the country. He is a genuine thurbread, slitley crossed between a rat terrier and a polan china. He is said to be a cracken gude burd dog and an excelent gude pointer, but he alwus wants to point his nose at a plate of gude vittels. He cant bea best as a setter; he druther set than any thing elce. Far futher particulars enquire at the barbar shop.

Once Moor Yours,  
Barcus Q. Hippenhammer.

O. H. Widney will move to town next week.

Frank Meek of Avilla was in town last Tuesday.

Best of Grand Bank Cod Fish only 5 cents a pound.

New lot of Ear Muffs received this week at only 10 cents per pair.

Rice only 5 cents a pound or 6 pound for 25 cents. Cheap enuf, aint it?

If you expect to have any sale bills printed this spring give us a call.

---

FEBRUARY

If you want good bread use the National Yeast.

# ST. JOE NEWS.

VOL. 3.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 13, 1886.

No. 18.

**B. A. WOODCOX,**

PRACTICAL

**HOUSE PAINTING,**

PAPER HANGING,  
KALSOMINING &C.

All work guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction. Your patronage is solicited. Leave orders at the Drugstore, St. Joe.

Good Muslin for 5 cts.

Turkish Towels only 5 cts.

Lots of wheat marketed this week.

California Plums two cans for 25 cts.

The fourteenth of this month is Valentine's day.

Geo. Hamm is building a smoke house for John Widney.

Vester Widney now bobs around in a pair of bob-sleds,

W. O. Patterson rusticated at Hicksville one day this week.

John Baker will leave for Washington Territory next Monday.

Lawyer Rose of Auburn was in town Thursday on legal business.

Is your property insured? If not insure it at once with S. B. Widney.

If you want a new Indigo Blue Print Dress we have some new styles to select from. Call and see them.

Those who have never used National Yeast should try it.

Preaching at this place next Sunday morning and evening.

We sold quite a number of boxes of National Yeast this week.

J. W. Dills and family visited friends at Fort Wayne this week.

Best of Canned Sweet Corn only 10 cents or three for a quarter.

Mell Bishop sold over \$200 worth of lumber and shingles last Wednesday.

The trial of the murderer Kessler will commence at Auburn next Tuesday.

Ben Leighty wears a big brass pin on vest that must have cost over 2 cents.

We heard a man talking the other day about laughing in dutch. That would be funny, sure.

Another conductor was arrested and fined for holding the crossing at this place last week. Costs \$5.

Dr. George Hamm the celebrated cow doctor of this place, attended a course of lectures in Buffalo last month.

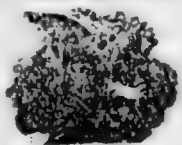
We are selling lots of Rice these days, and the reason why is very plain; we're only asking 5 cents a pound for it, or 6 pounds for 25 cents.

Those who are fond of Codfish should not fail to call and get a supply. We never were able to sell it as cheap as at the present time. Only 5 cents per pound. Cheap eating.



If you want good bread use the National Yeast.

St. Joe



News.

Published every two weeks, on Saturday morning by Mort E. Olds, in the advertising interest of Chase & Olds, retail dealers in Dry Goods, Notions, Groceries, Boots, Shoes, Hats and Caps, Ready Made Clothing, Queensware, Glassware &c.

Free to all who will call at our store and get a copy, or it will be sent free to any post office address where the postage is pre-paid. Our mail box is on the front door.

ST. JOE, IND., SATURDAY, FEB. 13, 1886.

Best of Grand Bank Cod Fish only 5 cents a pound.

Candidates for township offices are beginning to loom up.

B. S. Pettit of Hicksville, was in town last week selling coal oil.

The Nimble Nickle Soap makes washing an easy task. Try it.

Everybody uses the National Yeast; even the children cry for it.

If you expect to have any sale bills printed this spring give us a call.

The many friends of Effie Hart gave her a surprise party one evening last week.

Samuel Keyes' youngest child died last week Thursday and was buried on Friday.

The Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle of this place now has a membership of thirteen.

Last week was a pretty snug week, considering the fact that the mercury in the thermometer kept bobbing around down below zero all the time.

## Fire Insurance.

Having obtained the agency of several of the leading Fire Insurance Companies, I am now prepared to insure your property against loss by fire or damage in any of the leading companies, at the lowest possible rates. Your future patronage is earnestly solicited, to which strict attention and good satisfaction will be given.

Yours Truly,

S. S. Widney, St. Joe, Ind.

Rice only 5 cents a pound or 6 pound or 25 cents. Cheap enuf, ain't it?

The ground hog saw his shadow last week, so you may as well prepare for six weeks more of winter.

Several prominent B. & O. officials were along the road last week looking into the whys and wherefores of so many wrecks.

Barney Woodcox staid over to the saw mill two hours one day last week to avoid the constable who was looking after a jury to serve in the lawsuit between Erick and Keifer of Spencerville, and then got over here just in time to be taken in.

A certain notary public in this place lost his overcoat last week. He searched the house over, but it was all in vain, it couldnt be found. The next day the coat was returned, and now the notary public wonders whether some fellow had been visiting at his house and wore the coat off; and his wife wonders whether he hadnt been visiting at some body else's house and forgot to wear his coat home.

## Best of Georgia Dried Peaches only 5c. per Pound.

### Nuts to Crack.

Here's a few special winter bargains, just to wake people up. Read them over will you please.

Best Dried Peaches 5 cents per pound.

Clean Broken Rice 5 cents.

Turkish Prunes 6 cents.

Genuine Grand Bank Codfish 5 cts.

California Apricots 15 cts.

Three Cans Best Corn 25 cts.

Good Japan Tea 35 cts.

Best Pie Peaches 10 cts.

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Standard Tomatoes 10 cts.

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Good Padlocks 10 cts.

Take these in while you can as they wont last long, and when they are all gone we can't duplicate these prices.

Large wood handled spoons 5 cents;  
Hash Knives 5 cts.

One dozen good Slate Pencils put up in a box for 5 cents.

Try our California Sun Dried Apricots; they make a delicious sauce.

New lot of Ear Muffs received this week at only 10 cents per pair.

We have plenty of Saxony Yarn, all colors. Bargains in Linen Crashes.

Don't talk about hard times when you can buy 6 pounds of Rice for 25 cts.

Dave Howey and a friend of his from Montpelier, Ohio, were in town last week one day. Dave looks hearty.

Smoking Tobacco 20 cts per pound. Ten cent chunk of good plug tobacco for 8 cents. Come and see them.

Use the National Dry Hop Yeast and you will never fail to have the best of bread. Try it the next time you bake.

### "CANDEE" ARCTICS

—WITH—  
DOUBLE THICK BALL.

Two Years  
TEST.



The "CANDEE" RUBBER CO. give a better Rubber than can be obtained elsewhere for the same money, with their great improvement of the DOUBLE THICK BALL. The extra thickness of rubber right under the tread, gives DOUBLE WEAR. Ask to see the "CANDEE" Double Thick Ball Rubbers in Boots, Arctics, Overshoes, Alaskan, &c.

A Common Sense  
Idea.



Art Woodcox handed us the following poetry the other day. He says its about his girl, but he wouldnt tell us what her name is.

I know a little girl,

But I won't tell you who;

Her hair is of the gold,

And her eyes is of the blue,

Her smile is of the sweet,

And her heart is of the true.

Such a pretty little girl,

But I won't tell you who.

I'll marry her some day,

But I won't tell when;

The very smallest boys,

Often make the biggest men.

When I'm as tall as father,

You may ask about it then;

Such a pretty little girl!

But I won't tell you when.

## If you want good bread use the National Yeast.

Alex. Donaldson was in town last Tuesday.

Simon Wineland's feed chopper is kept busy all the time.

If you need any thing in the harness line, either new work or repairing, call on Frank Walker.

Harry Meek will take care of the church during this series of meetings. Harry knows how to do it.

If you want to assist a worthy person insure your property with S. S. Widney. He guarantees satisfaction.

Gene Wilson is getting ready to go west; he having bought a cow, pigs &c. Gene will soon be a full fledged western farmer.

O. H. Widney, our good natured commissioner, is particularly noted at Auburn for his peculiar laughing qualities. Haw! Haw! Haw! It is said that when he gets to laughing real hearty, they can hear him for miles.

Dr. Beechler, the dentist, of Butler, will be at Dr. Sheffer's office in this place, on the first Wednesday after the first Monday in each month. Any one having work to do in his line should bear that in mind. He guarantees all work to give satisfaction.

Perhaps you had'nt thought of it, but there are quite a number of officials living in St. Joe at the present time, as follows: one county commissioner, one deputy sheriff, one justice of the peace, one notary public and two constables. Beat that if you can, Mr. Spencerville?



Our friend Willum H. Simonton of Orangevill is a very stylish man, and when he gets awl togged up in his Sunday-getu-meeting-clothes he is snintymes taken fur President Cleavland. Willum is fond o v fine clothes, but moor capeshally des he luv tu ware hi priced jewelry. He has lately purchaised him a very costly set ring, and thinking our readers wood hav a curiosity tu see it we present the abov life sized photograph ov it. The ring wus maid tu ordar out ov an old harness buckle; it is plated over with jenuwino numbar four brass, inlaid with the best cv cast iron. The set is the most expencive part ov it; it is real stone, actually cut from an old worn out grind-stone. Willum is dreadful proud ov it, and wood'nt part with it fur love or munny.

Yours Real Trooly,  
Barcus Q. Hippenhammer.

Use Stew Pan T.

Rice 5 cts per pound.

Good Halters only 25 cts.

Best Syrup 45 cts per gallon.

Five hundred parlor matches 5 cts.

There are only 28 days in this month.

There has been a large attendance at church this week.

Several new building will be erected in St. Joe this summer.



Don't fail to take in some of the following Special Bargains that we are offering: Good Gingham 5 cts. New assortment of Prints only 5 cts. All sizes of Pearl Buttons 5 cts. Pound rolls of Good Batts only 10 cts. Good Blue Denim Overalls 50 cents. Dried Peaches 5 cts. Rice 5 cts. Prunes 5 cts. Canned Pumpkin 8 cts. All other articles way down. Call and see us.

Fresh Butter Crackers Three pounds for 25 cents.

# ST. JOE NEWS.

VOL. 3.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 27, 1886.

No. 19.

James. Adams is now a resident of St. Joe.

Dr. Beechler will be in St. Joe next Wednesday.

Chew Horn Shoe Plug. Call and get a sample plug free.

They talk of building a new church at Spencerville this year.

Mrs. H. K. Reynolds has been quite sick but is improving.

Another lot of new prints received this week at 5 cents a yard.

Remember that our 5 cent Gingham is all new goods; no old stock.

The scholars of the St. Joe schools observed Longfellow's day yesterday.

Men's Denim Overalls, well made and warranted not to rip, only 50 cents.

Jake Dermott says he had some soft soap stole from his smoke house last week. It must have been a dirty fellow that would steal soap.

They had a wood chopping for George Wyatt last Wednesday. They got him up over 30 cords of wood besides other articles that was presented to him.

H. K. Reynolds says he would like to be a farmer, and get up at 3 o'clock in the morning and milk 17 cows before breakfast. Henry wouldnt know where to take hold of a cow to milk her.

Several new pieces of Dress Prints received this week; entirely new patterns and very handsome.

Tomatoes are going up; we still sell them at 10 cents a can, but can't do it after this lot is gone.

We offer as a special drive this week all sizes of Pearl Buttons at 5 cents a dozen. A genuine bargain.

Men's Indigo Blue Muslin Shirts, made in good fitting, with collar cheaper than you can get them made.

Mr. Bowen drove back to his farm near Attica, Ohio, this week, the distance being about 120 miles.

We have the best line of Men's Overalls and Cottonade Pants ever shown in in this place. Call and see them.

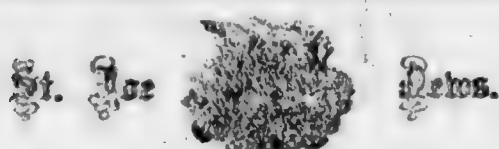
Don't fail to call and get some of our 5 cent Gingham; they are the biggest bargain you'll run against this year.

We gas a good deal but weain't gaing when we say that the Gingham that we offer at 5 cents are remarkably cheap.

The name of the street running down past John Widney's has been changed from Pumpkin Street to Widney's Avenue.

We are getting in a line of New Gingham in desirable patterns which we offer at 5 cents a yard. These are good goods and very cheap indeed.

## Fresh Butter Crackers Three pounds for 25 cents.



Published every two weeks, on Saturday morning by Mort E. Olds, in the advertising interest of Case & Olds, retail dealers in Dry Goods, Notions, Groceries, Boots, Shoes, Hats and Caps, Ready Made Clothing, Queensware Glassware &c.

*Free to all who will call at our store and get a copy, or it will be sent free to any post office address where the postage is pre-paid. Our mail box is on the front door.*

ST. JOE, IND., SATURDAY, FEB. 27, 1886.

Good Muslin for 5 cts.

Turkish Towels only 5 cts.

We want your trade this spring.

California Plums two cans for 25 cts.

Try our Dried Peaches; they are good and dreadful cheap.

Good Butcher Knives only 10 cents. Bread Knives same price.

Last week Friday was the stormiest day of the season.

Come in and see our new bargains in sugars. Splendid sugar for 6 cts.

James Ables returned from Baltimore last week, where he has been visiting for some time past.

Mr. and Mrs. Phillip Grube of Auburn visited in town last week the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Reed.

William Saylor will erect a fine residence this summer on his lot at the west end of Main street.

Mart Jenkins of Iowa, is visiting among his old time friends and acquaintances in this neighborhood.

If you prefer dried peaches with worms in them, we're just out. Ours are clean, bright new fruit, but narry worm.

Three cans of the best Pumpkin only 25 cents. Who don't love a piece of good pumpkin pie? All that don't hold up your hands.

The engine on the passenger train going east gave out at this place last Saturday, and they had to send to Garrett and get another engine.

Dr. Beechler, the dentist, of Butler, will be at Dr. Shaffer's office in this place, on the first Wednesday after the first Monday in each month. Any one having work to do in his line should bear that in mind. He guarantees all work to give satisfaction.

"Laugh and grow fat." That will do to talk about, but when it comes to depending entirely on laughing for a living it gets thin. The best way we know of to grow fat and be happy too, is to trade with us. We always give such big bargains and treat folks so well that they they can't help but be happy.

There is some talk of moving the station away from this place, but just exactly where they will move it to they hav'nt as yet decided. Concord wants it, and we understand that Spencerville would take it if they only had a railroad to put it on. However for the present it will no doubt remain at St. Joe, and when they move it, we'll let you know.

Fresh Butter Crackers Three pounds for 25 cents.

B. A. WOODCOX,

PRACTICAL

HOUSE PAINTING,

PAPER HANGING.

KALSOMINING &C.

—All work guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction. Your patronage is solicited. Leave orders at the Drugstore, St. Joe.

Use Stew Pan T.

Rice 5 cts per pound.

Good Halters only 25 cts.

Best Syrup 45 cts per gallon.

Five hundred parlor matches 5 cts.

Those who have never used National Yeast should try it.

The GARRETT CLIPPER sometimes calls it's self the RIPPER.

Fred Johnson is preparing to build a new house this summer.

Best of Canned Sweet Corn only 10 cents or three for a quarter.

Is your property insured? If not insure it at once with S. S. Widney.

Several of our citizens attended the murder trial at Auburn last week.

We are selling lots of Rice these days, and the reason why is very plain; we're only asking 5 cents a pound for it, or 6 pounds for 25 cents.

Those who are fond of Codfish should not fail to call and get a supply. We never were able to sell it as cheap as at the present time. Only 5 cents per pound. Cheap eating.

Mrs. Mad Meek is now prepared to weave carpet on short notice. Satisfaction guaranteed.

If you want a new Indigo Blue Print Dress we have some new styles to select from. Call and see them.

We done a lot of painting for William H. Tressell of Hicksville one day last week. They all come to St. Joe to get their work done.

We humbly desire to make an apology to our friend Ben Leighty for having said in our last issue that the breech pin that he wears cost 2 cents. We made a mistake; it only cost a cent.

Sometime ago we got in a big supply of Best Halves Dried Peaches; we offered them at the astonishingly low price of 1 cent per pound and sold them right out, and had calls for more. We have been out of them for a few days but have just received another lot this week. Quality better than ever and only 5 cents for a whole pound.

The last issue of the SPENCERVILLE NEWS says: "If it costs \$17.50 to try to kiss a girl in Cedarville, how much will it cost to kiss an old maid in some other town?" If the editor of the NEWS or any other insurance agent should undertake to kiss one of our old maids, they would find out that it would cost them a good deal more than that, besides they would most likely go home with a bald head.



## Fresh Butter Crackers Three pounds for 25 cents.

Men's Fancy Plaid Cottonade Pants  
only \$1.25.

Look out for a wedding in town  
of these boys.

We got in some new Raisins this  
week; great big fat fellows.

The pay car deposited its usual month-  
ly installment here last Tuesday.

We got in some Brown and Drab  
Vailing this week. You want some.

James Heatley, another old settler of  
this county, died at home near Newville  
last Tuesday.

Dried Peaches are cheap and you  
ought to have some by all means. Only  
5 cents per pound.

They say that you can get splendid  
Dried Peaches at the Nimble Nickle  
store. Strange aint it.

We have a good line of Embroideries  
which we offer at a low price. If you  
need any get them now.

Last year we got 10 cents a pound for  
Dried Peaches; this year we are selling  
them for 5 cents. We've cut the price  
right into in the middle.

The funeral procession of old Father  
Blue of Newville, passed through here  
last week Friday, on their way to Leo  
where the remains were buried.

N.N.S.



This woman she was late,

In getting washing on the rope;  
Awl becaws she diddent use

The Nimbel Nickel Sape.

How dos that verse ov poetry strike  
yu; is'nt it butiful; the sentiment is so  
fine. Just think ov that poor woman  
scrubbing awl ther awl not getting her  
washing out until after everybody else  
awl becaws she diddent use the rite kind  
ov sape. Women, as a gernal thing ar  
awfool particuler and fussy; each one  
tries tu beat the other. If one woman  
has a fether on her hat two feet li;  
some other woman will tri tu git one a  
foot hier. So it is about washing tha  
awl want tu git ther washing out first.  
The onli sucesfule wa tu ackomlish  
that is tu use the Nimbel Nickel Sape;  
It gits pepet up early in the mornning  
and marks washing an easy task. It gits  
ther furst everytyme.

Yours fur Nimble Nick,

Barcus Q. Hippenhammer.

There is some talk of having the old  
settler's meeting at St. Joe this year.  
We're in for it.

MARCH

Don't Fail to get some of our 5 cent Gummies.

# ST. JOE NEWS.

VOL. 3.

SATURDAY, MARCH 13, 1886.

No. 20.

Another lot of Fresh  
Prunes received this week  
at 5 cts per pound.

Frank Walker sold two sets of harness  
this week.

Thursday was Joe Shutt's birthday.  
Sixty-four.

Will Bishop of Convey, Ohio, was in  
town Thursday.

John Means moved back on to his  
farm this week.

From now on we shall keep lime for  
sale in small quantities.

We have all sizes of Ladies' Overshoes  
on hand. Best Candee Rubber.

If you want to sleep well use the Stew  
Paw Tea. Only 35 cts per pound.

We want to sell you a Burch Plow  
this spring. The question is can we?

Ed White's team ran away last Mon-  
day and riddled the wagon up pretty  
badly.

John Davis took a load of young folks  
to Spencerville to church last Tuesday  
evening.

We are the only place in St. Joe where  
they keep the Nimble Nickle Laundry  
Soap. Its the boss soap.

Dr. Hamlin is a candidate for super-  
visor. George will make a bang up  
good one.

We always have on hand a supply of  
good strong bearhound candy; nothing  
better for colds.

All kinds of harness repaired neatly  
and quickly by calling on Frank Walker.  
New work a speciality.

You'll be wanting a pair of rubber  
boots one of these wet muddy days, and  
don't forget to buy the Candee boot.

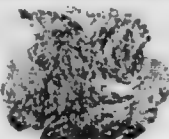
Call in and we'll give you enough J.  
T. Plug Tobacco to last you a whole day  
(providing you don't make a dog of your-  
self.) We do this in order to have you  
give it a trial; and after you've tried it,  
we are almost sure you will use it.

The correspondent from Coburntown  
to the AUBURN DESPATCH this week says:  
"There are seven large brick houses in  
our place now; most of them nearly  
new." Wonder how large Coburntown  
is any how? Does it take in St. Joe?



## Don't Fail to get some of our 5 cent Ginghamms.

St. Joe



Chas.

Published every two weeks, on Saturday morning by Mort E. Olds, in the advertising interest of Case & Olds, retail dealers in Dry Goods, Notions, Groceries, Boots, Shoes, Hats and Caps, Ready Made Clothing, Queensware, Glassware &c.

*Free to all who will call at our store and get a copy, or it will be sent free to any post office address where the postage is pre-paid. Our mail box is on the front floor.*

ST. JOE, IND., SATURDAY, MAR. 13, 1886.

Chas. Emanuel of Auburn was in town last week.

Men's Fancy Plaid Cottonade Pants only \$1.25.

Dr. Taunahill of Hicksville was in town last week.

J. T. Plug is a splendid Plug Tobacco, and very cheap.

When it rains it poors; St. Joe has two good harness shops now.

Mrs. Dan Herrick had thirty-two teeth extracted one day last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Josh Lounsberry visited friends in Hicksville last week.

Be sure to buy the Candee Rubber Boot with an extra ball on the sole.

We got in some Brown and Drab Vailing last week. You want some.

If you want the best carpet warp in the market, call at the Nimble Nick.

The best carpet warp to buy is that that is fine and even and of a good quality. Some warps are coarse and will not weave near as much to the pound as others. Even if they are cheaper, in the long run they are the most expensive, as it takes more of them. The warp that we are selling this spring is fine, even and of the very best quality. We want you to come and see it, and be convinced that what we say is true.

We got in some new Raisins this week; great big fat fellows.

Why is it that so many people use the National Yeast? Because it always brings good bread.

Dried Peaches are cheap and you ought to have some by all means. Only 5 cents per pound.

They say that you can get splendid Dried Peaches at the Nimble Nickle store. Strange aint it.

We have a good line of Embroideries which we offer at a low price. If you need any get them now.

Joe Shutt says that whenever he feels sleepy and stretchy its always a sure sign of a storm of some kind.

Examine our brand of Carpet Warp before you buy; we think it will pay you, in fact we know it will.

Don't waste these papers; when you have read them, do us the favor to pass them along to your neighbors.

Last year we got 10 cents a pound for Dried Peaches; this year we are selling them for 5 cents. We've cut the price right into in the middle.

# NO MORE GRAY HAIRS OR BALD HEADS.

Prevent the appearance of faded and gray hair by using

## Hall's Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer.

This preparation will restore the original color to gray hair and promote a vigorous growth, thus preserving the bloom and beauty of youth.

We do not ask you to rely upon our statements, but refer you to the testimony of thousands of worthy people in various quarters of the globe, including many eminent physicians, who have used the Renewer with entire satisfaction. Hall's Hair Renewer will not only restore the youthful color, freshness, and beauty of the hair, but will stop its falling or turning gray, cure baldness, eradicate dandruff, remove all impurities from the scalp, and thereby prevent disease. We append extracts from a few of the many certificates which have been received recently:

Dr. EMIL SEIP, *Detroit, Mich.*, certifies that "HALL'S HAIR RENEWER is excellent for hair growing, and restores the natural color to faded and gray hair."

The late GEO. GRAY, M. D., *Nashua, N. H.*; WALTER BURNHAM, M. D., and R. H. ADAMS, M. D., *Lowell, Mass.*; A. A. HAYES, M. D., *Boston*; and S. DANA

HAYES, Chemist and State Assayer of Massachusetts, all testify to the merits of HALL'S HAIR RENEWER, and add: "It cleanses the head of dandruff, leaves the hair soft and beautiful, and is not injurious to the scalp."

Mrs. HUNSBERRY, 344 Franklin Ave., *Brooklyn, N. Y.*, after a severe attack of erysipelas in the head, lost her hair—already gray—so rapidly that she soon became quite bald. One bottle of HALL'S VEGETABLE SICILIAN HAIR RENEWER produced a new growth of hair, as soft, brown, and thick as when she was a girl.

Mrs. SUSAN H. SCOTT, *Stoddard, N. H.*, writes: "The RENEWER will certainly restore gray hair to its original color. I have used this preparation ten years, and with perfect satisfaction."

RANDOLPH W. FARLEY, *Nashua, N. H.*, quite a young man, whose hair had become prematurely gray, applied our RENEWER with perfect success. His hair is now a beautiful brown, and he reports the effects from the use of this preparation as truly marvellous.

F. X. LAVELLE, another young man of Nashua, also used the RENEWER with equally satisfactory results.

Mrs. A. T. WALL, of Concord, *N. H.*, writes: "I have derived the greatest benefit from the use of HALL'S HAIR RENEWER. It stimulated my scalp when the hair was falling and produced a new and vigorous growth."

Mr. J. KESLING, an aged farmer, near *Warren, N. H.*, had scarcely any hair what little remained being nearly white. One bottle of HALL'S HAIR RENEWER produced a thick

and luxuriant growth of hair, as brown and fresh as he had in youth. This case is well known and has attracted much attention.

Mrs. S. E. ELLIOTT, *Glenville, West Virginia*, says: "One bottle of HALL'S HAIR RENEWER restored my hair to its natural color."



## Buckingham's Dye for the Whiskers



Is, in four respects, superior to any similar preparation.

1st. It will uniformly color the whiskers and mustache a rich and natural brown or black, as may be desired.

2d. The color so produced cannot be rubbed or washed off,—it is permanent,—and when the whiskers are dry they will not soil anything with which they come in contact.

3d. It is a single preparation, more convenient to apply, and much cleaner, than any other whisker dye.

4th. It contains no deleterious ingredients, and is absolutely safe and harmless.



Prepared by R. P. HALL & CO., Nashua, N. H., U. S. A.

SOLD BY

W. C. PATTERSON, St. Joe, Blair P. O., Ind.

to get some of our 5 cent Gingham.

**CANDEE**



FOR SALE BY

St. Joe, Ind.

looks, Watches &

undled to her home

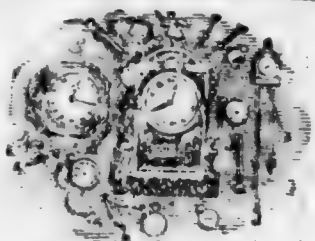
lsonine received at

sixty dozen "Dia-

ries a good variety  
in cheap.

trip to Washing-  
over three thou-

ekage Condition  
g of the kind out.  
in the last two



Call on Patterson for Clocks,  
Watches, and Jewelry.

Sheriff Boyle was in town last Thurs-  
day.

Politics are beginning to wax warm  
and get hot.

We want your trade and will sell you  
goods as cheap as they can be sold.

Mrs. Ollie Gilhaugen of Garrett visited  
friends in town a couple of days this  
week.

Preaching in this place Sunday morn-  
ing at half past ten o'clock by Rev. S.  
P. Fryberger.

The republicans of Concord township  
will hold a caucus at Leighty's Hall, St.  
Joe, on Saturday afternoon, March 20th,  
1886, at two o'clock.

We are the only house in St. Joe that  
sells the Candee Boot with an extra ball  
on the sole and fusion lined. They are  
the best boot in every way.

Last Wednesday was Oma Filley's  
birthday and in the evening quite a num-  
ber of her young friends gathered at her  
home and enjoyed a party. They had a  
jolly time.

Thursday morning as the section men  
were going out over the west end of this  
section, just after they had turned the  
curve they were run into by the fast line  
going west. The section men had barely  
time to jump before the engine struck  
the hand-car, and smashed it into small  
pieces. It was a narrow escape.

Fresh Butter Crackers Three po



Chris Curie has got a new span of mules, which  
doubt that we keep the best and cheapest  
town. Mules can't rip them! Men can't buy  
a pair warranted to last till they wear out.  
Buy no other, and you'll always get a good pair.

Chew Horse Shoe Plug: Call and get  
a sample plug free.

Men's Denim Overalls, well made and  
warranted not to rip, only 50 cents.

Tomatoes are going up; we still sell  
them at 10 cents a can, but can't do it  
after this lot is gone.

We offer as a special drive this week  
all sizes of Pearl Buttons at 5 cents a  
dozen. A genuine bargain.

Several new pieces of Dress Prints re-  
ceived this week; entirely new patterns  
and very handsome.

County Superintendent Merica visited  
the schools in this place last week. He  
reports them as being in an excellent  
condition.

John Baker returned from Washington  
Territory last week. John don't like the  
west; there probably wasn't any girls out  
there.

Men's Initi  
in good fitting  
you can get t

We have th  
alls and Cott  
in this place.

Don't fail t  
5 cent Gingham  
bargain you'l

We gas a g  
when we say  
offer at 5 cent

Montgomer  
candidate for  
day last week.

Dr. Beechle  
will be at Dr  
place, on the  
first Monday  
having work to  
that in mind.  
to give satisfac



Don't Fail to get some of our 5 cent Gingham

B. A. WOODCOX,

PRINCIPAL

HOUSE PAINTING.

PAPER HANGING.

KALSO MINING & CO.

All work guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction. Your patronage is solicited. Leave orders at the Drugstore, St. Joe.

Thirty years ago salt sold for ten dollars a barrel.

Thad Meese went to Nebraska this week to visit his brother.

Mrs. Bowen and Belle returned to their old Ohio home this week.

The Township Teacher's Reading Circle meet for review of studies once a week.

Quite a number of Spencerville people attended church at this place last Sunday.

The price of eggs is on the decline. The hens will have to club together and get on a strike.

There is no other boot that will give you the satisfaction that the Candee Rubber Boot will. Try it on.

If you want good carpet, get good warp; if you want good warp buy it of us. We keep none but the best.

We bought a lot of onion sets of Henry Ables last week; they are of a choice variety, and you had better call and get some right away off quick, as it will soon be time to set them out.



One day the four part of this week a prominent citizen of this township, who lives in the first house north of the Co-burntown church (we don't like to mention his name right out,) but he has just built a new brick house; well as we was going to say, this man started to Saint Joe one day the four part of this week on horse back with a bucket full of eggs. While he was trotting along, thinking perhaps of what he would do when he got to his trustee, his horse and of a sudden became terribly frightened and began to run. The sudden and unexpected jumping of the horse threw the pale of eggs high in the air, and for a minute it rained down eggs faster than a dozen hens could lay them. It was impossible to pick them up, so he left the pale in a fence corner and went on to town without them. He was sad because he was eggless.

Yours Most Eggactly

Barcus Q. Hippenhammer.

Farmers are getting ready to make sugar.

Everybody says we have got the finest Marrowfat Beans in the market.

Best of Turkey Prunes only 5 cents per Pound.

# ST. JOE NEWS.

VOL. 3.

SATURDAY, MARCH 27, 1886.

No. 31.

## The Spring Politician.

BY HIPPENHAMMER.

To run, or not to run,  
That's the question;  
Whether it would be better  
To run, and be beat,  
Than not to run at all.  
To rant, and rave and tare,  
And sometimes almost swear;  
To take each other by the ear,  
And electioneer; and coax  
And hug, and urge and pay  
Men by the day; to treat them all,  
Both great and small;  
To trot the children on your knee,  
And try to make their mammy see  
How much you love them.  
And in the end, get skunked.

Joe Metcalf has a bran new barn painted red.

Dr. Murphy was in town the fore part of this week.

The band boys talk of giving a concert in the near future. Alright boys we will all come.

The republicans didn't nominate any one for supervisor at the caucus last Saturday. No sand.

Jake Sechler says our 5 cent Rice is the boss. Try it and then you will know all about it yourself.

Buy your Garden Seeds of us, because our seeds are not any more likely to grow than any body else's.

They had a jimmy-race over near Auburn last Saturday evening, which destroyed considerable property.

If you appreciate these papers and enjoy reading them, why not occasionally drop in and spend a few dimes with us. Why not?

There was a big crowd of people in town last Saturday and we noticed that about four thirds of them were republicans.

If you want a new plow this spring buy the Burch; they are warranted to give perfect satisfaction and we will give you a low price on them.

We got in some new spring styles of Men's Stiff Hats this week. If you want the latest and nobbiest call on the Nimble Nickle Hatters.

Its going to be fashionable this season to use pocket handkerchiefs. We keep them in all sizes and styles at the small sum of 5 cents.

Vester Widney has been up to his uncle Henry Hull's this week stuffing himself with maple sugar, taffy on a stick &c. Ves no doubt came home a very sweet boy.

Best of Turkey Prunes only 5 cents per Pound.

B. A. WOODCOX,

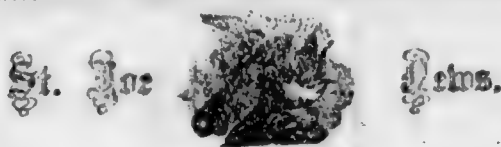
PRACTICAL

HOUSE PAINTING.

PAPER HANGING.

KALSOMINING &C.

All work guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction. Your patronage is solicited. Leave orders at the Drugstore, St. Joe.



Published every two weeks, on Saturday morning by Mort E. Olds, in the advertising interest of Case & Olds, retail dealers in Dry Goods, Notions, Groceries, Boots, Shoes, Hats and Caps, Ready Made Clothing, Queensware Glassware &c.

Free to all who will call at our store and get a copy, or it will be sent free to any post office address where the postage is pre-paid. Our mail box is on the front door.

ST. JOE, IND., SATURDAY, MAR. 27, 1886.

Spring.

Rice 5 cts.

Pay your taxes.

Succors will bite.

New Prunes 5 cents.

Election day draweth nigh.

Horse shoe pitching has begun.

The days and nights are now about the same length.

Geo. B. Zimmerman of Auburn was in town last week.

Alex. Donaldson was in town on Saturday of last week.

Call and get a sample plug of J. T. Tobacco. No charge.

Jake and Frank Sechler were appointed administrators for their father's estate.

Elegant Fancy Bordered Handkerchiefs only 5 cents. New and desirable patterns.

Our stock of window shades is larger than ever before, handsomer gilt bands, and lower prices.

Al Bishop passed through this place one day last week on his way to the Kankakee duck swamps.

We got in a line of Ladies' and Misses Jerseys this week. They will be worn by everybody this season.

Wid Patterson bought a buck-saw the other day. We'll bet an old hat that it will never get hot as long as he has it.

They talk of a gravel road between here and Spencerville. Talk is cheap, but it will never build a gravel road.

Henry Reynolds is the only man in this part of the country that can laugh out loud and whistle both at the same time.

They say that it is going to be fashionable for men to wear bangs this year. In that case what will our friend Charley Grubb do?

Some people think that our 5 cent Rice is better than that that other stores charge 8 and 10 cents for. We got in a new supply this week.



## Best of Turkey Prunes, only 5 cents per Pound.

### Card of Thanks.

Notwithstanding the many acts of kindness and aid that we have received at the hands of our neighbors, they have recently presented us with a beautiful carpet, and not knowing the names of all the donors, we can not give them, but thank them heartily for their present. They all have our best wishes.

J. E. Dermott,  
Mary Dermott.

J. D. Leighty was at Indianapolis this week.

All sizes of Pearl Dress Buttons only 5 cents per dozen.

Plenty of Rack Rack Braid and Red Floss on hand.

The W. O. F. U. will meet at Mrs. Leighty's Saturday afternoon.

Mrs. Charlie Grabb is quite sick and unable to be out.

Nobody carries a better line of 5 cent calicoes than we do.

Window Curtain Rollers 10 cents.  
Spring Rollers 25 cents.

Lots of bargains on our 5 and 10 cent counters. Horse Brushes 10 cts.

The Teacher's Reading Circle met at Wes Hart's last Thursday night.

Next Wednesday is the day you'll get fooled, if you don't before that time.

We will sell you clothing for the next 30 days at cost. Good Pants for \$1.

Our stock of wall paper will please you, and the prices will make you smile. All paper trimmed free.

Kal Somine; do you know him? Its an article that will make your walls look bright, clean and new. All popular shades for sale at the Drugstore.

Big stock of White Wash Brushes at the Drugstore.

Save White Wash for your next cleaning. There be no fooling with him.

Ladies' white silk Handkerchiefs are very fashionable; we have them.

For White Wash and Paint Brushes call at the Drugstore. Prices low.

We have some extra good Onion Sets; they are selling off though, pretty fast.

Of course you will use some Kalsomine this spring. New stock of it just received at the Drugstore.

Before you buy your wall paper and window curtains this spring call and see us. We'll be right here.

The father of the GARRETT RINGER was in town last Saturday, attending the republican caucus, we suppose.

Alex. Kelley has been suffering very severely the past week with a catarrh in his hand. He is better now.

Miss Prudie Lonsberry came home from Bristol last Thursday. Her many friends were glad to see her.

Don't neglect to lay in a supply of Handkerchiefs while you have twenty styles to select from. Price only 5 cts.

If you want to see a great big bargain call and see our 10 cent assortment of Colored Glasware. Dishes that you formerly paid 20 and 25 cents for, we now offer at 10 cents.

Will Curle went around last Sunday with a smile on his face as big as a wash tub, all on account of a handsome boy baby that came there to stay. Well, its enough to make any body step high.



## IN EVERY CITY AND HAMLET,

Through just such influences as we have represented in this picture, thousands of people are being made to realize the fact that Ayer's Sarsaparilla is the most popular and efficacious blood purifier in use. Persons who have suffered from Languor, Debility, Eruptions, and the numberless other ills which are caused by the existence of Scrofula in the blood, and who have experienced the health-giving properties of this wonderful medicine, invariably recommend it to their friends.

"For years my blood was in an unhealthy condition. After having tried other medicines without success, I have lately taken Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and with the best results. I think this medicine is the only blood purifier that can be absolutely relied upon for permanent relief in cases of Debility, and as such I always cheerfully recommend it."—Mrs. Oliver Valentine, 144 Quincy st., Brooklyn, N. Y.

"For expelling Scrofulous humors from the blood, Ayer's Sarsaparilla cannot be equaled. I have used it myself and recommend it to others with entire confidence. Considering its great strength, and the smallness of the doses required, it is a most economical medicine to use. It is pleasant to take, and its good effects are permanent."—E. Haines, North Lindale, Ohio.

## Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

PROMPT AND EFFECTUAL RELIEF for persons suffering from Constipation, Headache, Sideache, Backache, Neuralgia, and Rheumatism, can be found in Ayer's Pills.

"I was troubled with Constipation and Headache for years. A few boxes of Ayer's Cathartic Pills restored me to perfect health. I have always found Ayer's Pills prompt and effective in their action."—William H. Strout, Meadville, Pa.

"I suffered, for months, with Headache, Neuralgia, and Rheumatism, and never found any medicine to benefit me until I commenced taking Ayer's Pills, two boxes of which completely cured me."—Gideon Raynor, 159 Austin st., Charlestown, Mass.

## Ayer's Pills,

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Practical and Analytical Chemists, Lowell, Mass.

FOR SALE BY

W. C. PATTERSON, St. Joe, Ind.

## Don't Fail to get some of our 5 cent Gingham.

### Spring Poetry.

People will talk, and people will say,  
But of all the truths they utter;  
The National Yeast brings the best bread,  
And we all like good bread and butter.

This Yeast is better, and light as a fritter,  
And runs over the pan every time;  
You get 12 big cakes, and it all only costs,  
The very small sum of a dime.

Remember then, in your search after yeast  
That the National stands at the head;  
And if you'll but use it, you will always find  
That you never will lack for good bread.

Frank Walker has a new sign in front  
of his shop.

Spring stock of Kalsomine received at  
the Drugstore.

J. W. Dills was at Lima, Ohio, one  
day last week.

New supply of Clocks, Watches &c.  
at the Drugstore.

From now on we shall keep line for  
sale in small quantities.

W. C. Patterson carries a good variety  
of Clocks and sells them cheap.

We got in 20 dozen Handkerchiefs  
this week. Only a nick apiece.

We want your trade and will sell you  
goods as cheap as they can be sold.

Henry Ables had the misfortune to  
fall down his cellar stairs one day last  
week, and bruised himself up quite severe-  
ly. Henry is old enough to know better  
than to try to fall down a pair of stairs,  
and not expect to hurt himself.

If you want to sleep well use the Stew  
Pau Tea. Only 35 cts per pound.

We have all sizes of Ladies' Overshoes  
on hand. Best Candee Rubber.

We always have on hand a supply of  
good strong hoarhound candy; nothing  
better for colds.

All kinds of harness repaired neatly  
and quickly by calling on Frank Walker.  
New work a speciality.

We have another supply of Fresh Cod  
Fish; that is it would be fresh if it  
wasn't so salty.

There is no other boot that will give  
you the satisfaction that the Candee Rub-  
ber Boot will. Try it on.

You'll be wanting a pair of rubber  
boots one of these wet muddy days, and  
don't forget to buy the Candee boot.

If you want good carpet, get good  
warp; if you want good warp buy it of  
us. We keep none but the best.

Patterson's big package Condition  
Powder is the best thing of the kind out.  
Over twenty dozen sold in the last two  
years. Try it.

We noticed an advertisement in a  
paper last week offering for sale an  
Honest Lie. Wonder what kind of a lie  
that is? It must be where a man gets  
something and promises to pay for it  
next week, and don't do it; he probably  
didn't mean to pay for the goods when he  
got them, and although it was a lie, it is  
what some folks consider to be an hon-  
est truthful lie.



Best of Turkey Prunes only 5 cents per Pound.



I want tu bea Trustee,  
And rake in awl the fees;  
I want tu bea Trustee,  
The citizens tu squeeze.



I want tu bea a constabel,  
And jirk the boys around;  
I want tu bea a constabel,  
For mi mussel weighs 10 pounds.



I want tu bea a Justice,  
On pi each day tu dine;  
I want tu bea a Justice,  
And hav a jolley tyme.



I want tu bea a Supervizor,  
And I'll fix the rodes up rite;  
I want tu bea a Supervizor,  
I du, with awl mi mite.

Yours Trooly,  
Bareus Q. Hippenhammer.



I want tu bea Asesor,  
And find out wat you've got;  
I want tu bea Asesor,  
Wether yu want me tu, or not.

W. H. Dills of Auburn, was in town last Saturday.

Mervin Widney cut his foot one day last week. Too much ax.

Come in and see our new spring patterns of fancy window shades.

If you want to dye this spring use the Diamond Dyes, for sale at the Drugstore. Its the cheapest way to dye, and besides it saves a doctor bill.

APRIL

---

Best of Turkey Prunes only 5 cents per Pound.

# ST. JOE NEWS.

VOL. 3.

SATURDAY, APRIL 10, 1886.

No. 22.



"Didn't I tell you so?"

Frank Wise has moved back to Spencerville.

The time for paying taxes will be up next week.

Mrs. James Able is visiting her daughter at Hicksville.

Cheese Cloth Bunting 5 cents. Lonsdale Cambric 15 cts.

Ladies' Congress Gaiters only \$1.00 per pair. A good quality.

Several of our customers have been enquiring for orange calico. We got in a piece this.

See our nobly line of Men's Shoes before you buy. The Gondola Shoe is the latest thing out.

We got in several pieces of new spring Dress Goods this week, in the new and latest shades, with buttons to match.

Red Money Purses 10 cts. Scales weighing 24 pounds 10 cents.

Two-Foot Boxwood Folding Rules only 10 cents. Frying Pans 10 cents.

Will Curio moved into his new property this week. Billy is now fixed as being as a bug.

F. A. Zeigler will move his harness shop into the grocery room owned by Mrs. Fales.

See our wall paper; we trim all paper free of charge. Our line of wall paper borders are extra fine.

We are getting in lots of new goods this week. Don't fail to see them before you buy.

We got in a new line of Men's and Ladies' Candee Rubber Overshoes this week. Now's the time to use them.

We are headquarters again this year for Ladies' Belts and we've got a new thing entirely. Price only 25 cents.

We have been a little behind in getting in our spring stock of Wall Paper and Border, but at last it is here.

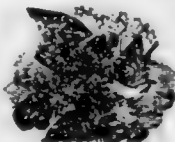
Charlie Coburn is the father of another republican youngster. When Charley's boys are grown up this will be a republican township sure pop.

If you want to see some of the handsomest Dress Prints that you ever laid your eyes on just call in and see our arrival. They are nobby for a fact.



# Best of Turkey Prunes only 5 cents per Pound.

St. Joe



News.

Published every two weeks, on Saturday morning by Mort E. Olds, in the advertising interest of Case & Olds, retail dealers in Dry Goods, Notions, Groceries, Boots, Shoes, Hats and Caps, Ready Made Clothing, Queensware Glassware &c.

Free to all who will call at our store and get a copy, or it will be sent free to any post office address where the postage is pre-paid. Our mail box is on the front door.

ST. JOE, IND., SATURDAY, APRIL 10, 1886.

Frank Zera was home on a visit last week.

Covered Glass Butter Dishes 10 cts.

Last week was a good time to sell Rubber Boots.

Colored Glass Fruit Dishes 10 cts.

Ladies' Hosiery, a splendid good quality for 10 cents.

Fancy Fish Pickle Dishes 10 cents.

Six good Table Spoons 10 cents. Six Tea Spoons 5 cents.

Colored Glass Sugar Bowls 10 cts.

Examine our new window curtains; new styles and low prices.

Glass Bread Plates only 10 cents.

Mrs. Henry Reynolds visited her parents at Attica, Ohio, last week.

Wash. Woodcox has made quite an improvement in front of his residence.

Hugh Maxwell is keeping bachelor's hall.

We sold a Burch Plow last week. It pays to buy the Burch.

Nobody got fooled very badly last week that we heard of except Jim White. Ask Jim how it was.

This month came in like a lion which according to the old saying will cause it to go out like a lamb.

There was a sly wedding at the Methodist parsonage in this place a week ago Sunday evening, at which time Moses Ashleman and Mrs. Mary Simpkins were made man and wife.

If you want to see a great big bargain call and see our 10 cent assortment of Colored Glassware. Dishes that you formerly paid 20 and 25 cents for, we now offer at 10 cents.

Pileher Micker Brinson Franklin Lee Jackson Beauregard Swain Addonius Van Fleet of Newville, was in town one day last week. He didn't come down to see his girl; he other business.

The last issue of this paper went off like hot cookies. We always keep back a few copies though, for those who are not in when the paper is printed. If you don't find them in our mail box, ask for them. They are free as water.

Everybody has a right to their own opinion, and every one who has seen our 10 cent assortment of colored glassware, is of the decided opinion that it is the biggest bargain in glass ever offered in this part of the country.

Best of Turkey Prunes only 5 cents per Pound.

CHEW  
JT  
PLUG.

Plenty of Rick Rack Braids and Red Floss on hand.

All sizes of Pearl Dress Buttons only 5 cents per dozen.

Nobody carries a better line of 5 cent calico than we do.

Window Curtain Rollers 10 cents.  
Spring Rollers 25 cents.

Lots of bargains on our 5 and 10 cent counters. Horse Brushes 10 cts.

We will sell you clothing for the next 30 days at cost. Good Pants for \$1.

Good Sized Bread Plates only 10 cents.  
Glass Sugar Bowls 10 cents.

Charlie Meek of Avilla was in town last week. Charlie is jam full of business.

Don't neglect to lay in a supply of Handkerchiefs while you have twenty styles to select from. Price only 5 cts.

Kal Somme; do you know him? It's an article that will make your walls look bright, clean, and new. All popular shades for sale at the Drugstore.

Big stock of White Wash Brushes at the Drugstore.

Ladies' white silk Handkerchiefs are very fashionable; we have them.

For White Wash and Paint Brushes call at the Drugstore. Prices low.

We have some extra good Onion Sets; they are selling off though, pretty fast.

Of course you will use some Kalsomine this spring. New stock of it just received at the Drugstore.

Our stock of wall paper will please you, and the prices will make you smile. All paper trimmed free.

John Sechler says our 5 cent Rice is the boss. Try it and then you will know all about it yourself.

Buy your Garden Seeds of us, because our seeds are not any more likely to grow than any body else's.

If you appreciate these papers and enjoy reading them, why not occasionally drop in and spend a few dimes with us. Why not?

We got in some new spring styles of Men's Stiff Hats this week. If you want the latest and nobbiest call on the Nimble Nickle Hatters.

It's going to be fashionable this season to use pocket handkerchiefs. We keep them in all sizes and styles at the small sum of 5 cents.

If you want a new plow this spring buy the Burch; they are warranted to give perfect satisfaction and we will give you a low price on them.

## Best of Turkey Prunes only 5 cents per Pound.

W. B. Cheeseman was elected trustee of Newville township.

Bird Cages for 50 cents. Larger ones for 65, 75 and 85 cents.

There are several mistakes in this paper. Please don't notice them.

Election day passed off very quietly here; some little excitement, but no blood shed.

Boys' Heavy Striped Overalls only 50 cents. Men's Blue Denims Overalls only a half a dollar.

Bill Hannon will move on to Jake Shutt's farm. We are sorry to have him leave town.

The candidates who was'nt beat on Monday night have got snowed in on Tuesday if they had been out in that storm.

Rev. Lowman, of Newville, the revivalist, who has had such wonderful success in his meetings this winter, was in town last Monday.

Don't say any thing about it, but we understand from good authority that Jud Gee is going to be—oh pshaw, we aint going to tell. Jud's old enough to get married if he wants to.

It was amusing last Monday to watch the maneuvering of some of the politicians trying to get votes for their respective candidates. They pretty near froze one man to death running him around over the country. Sometimes they would almost have a man persuaded to vote their way, and then he would be like the Dutchman's flea, when they put their finger on him he was'nt there.



There is a tyme 'n half and a tyme tu weep, a tyme tu so and a tyme tu reep; and he is awlso a tyme tu clean hous, and it is reali ome by the most unpleasant tymes in the year fur a man. The stoves hav tu be take down and cleaned out, the carpets hav tu bea take up an dusted and put down agin, the windows hav tu bea washed and a dozen othar things hav tu bea attended tu; an ov coorse the men hav tu du most ov the hard work. It goes awfool hard fur men tu du such work as ther constistushins ar week. Ther ought tu bea a law passed by the Legislatur ov the state prohibiting a man over 21 years ov age from cleaning or helping tu clean hous. If we had such a law ther woud bea less pore broken down men in the world.

Yours Fur Reform,

Barcus Q. Hippenhammer.

Geo. Headley of Newville died last Monday.

Dr. George Hamm M. O. D. got there. George set them up to the boys in a first class cow doctor style.



Best of Turkey Prunes only 5 cents per Pound.

# ST. JOE NEWS.

VOL. 3.

SATURDAY, APRIL 24, 1886.

No. 23.

We sold over five dozen straw hats last Monday.

Mahlon Baker is acting as assistant assessor.

Handsome Figured White Dress Goods only 10 cents.

Come in and see something new in white dress goods.

Don't forget that we sell Men's White Shirts for 50 cents.

Ladies before you buy a summer shawl or Jersey call and see us.

The pay car unloaded a small share of its burden here this week.

Uncle Sam Lawhead went fishing last Thursday. Fish caught 000.

We keep the best 50 cent Corset in the market. It gives splendid satisfaction.

Ferguson & Kepp will go to Garrett next week and build a dwelling house for George Metcalf.

Mrs. Dr. Bowman and children and her mother, Mrs. John Leighty, visited friends in Garrett last week.

Examine our new line of Ladies' Misses and Children's Hosiery; we have the cutest little baby stockings out.

White Cashmere Shawls will be worn this summer, and we really have a nice line of them and at low prices.

This paper is printed back-side-aforemost; that is the back side is printed where the front one ought to be.

Children's Jerseys only \$1.00; Ladies' Braided Jerseys \$1.25.

We have an endless variety of Gloves at all prices and styles.

Miss Bartlett has on hand a splendid assortment of spring and summer millinery goods.

When you get ready for your Wall Paper and Window Curtains call at the Nimble Nickle wall paper store.

St. Joe is jam full of new goods and if you can't suit yourself at one place, you certainly can at another.

You'll have to get up pretty early in the morning to see a better line of white dress goods, lawns and laces than we now can show you.

John Hull has moved his barber shop back to St. Joe. That gives us two barber shops, which perhaps may cause the price of shaving to come down.

John Leighty instead of coming home on his easter vacation, went to Washington along with a number of his school-mates, under the escort of some of the officers of the Michigan Military Academy. They were to visit all the prominent places in Washington and to be reviewed by the President of the United States. John will probably not be home now until June, at which time the summer vacation occurs.

## Best of Turkey Prunes only 5 cents per Pound.

Straw Hats for 5 cents.

Straw Hats for 10 cents.

Straw Hats for 15 cents.

Straw Hats for 20 cents.

Straw Hats for 25 cents.

Straw Hats for 35 cents.

St. Joe



Delos.

Published every two weeks, on Saturday morning by Mort E. Olds, in the advertising interest of Case & Olds, retail dealers in Dry Goods, Notions, Groceries, Boots, Shoes, Hats and Caps, Ready Made Clothing, Queensware Glassware &c.

Free to all who will call at our store and get a copy, or it will be sent free to any post office address where the postage is pre-paid. Our mail box is on the front door.

ST. JOE, IND., SATURDAY, APRIL 24, 1886.

Frank Johnson will work for Will Ouerie this summer.

Wash Woodcox is building a barn for O. H. Widney.

Buy some of our 5 cent handkerchiefs and keep you nose clean.

Straw Hats for everybody in Concord Township. From 5 cents to \$2.00.

We got in several pieces of new spring Dress Goods this week, in the new and latest shades, with buttons to match.

"Say my frent, where did you git dot fine suit of clothes what you got on; day fit so nice and look so elegant; I like to haf a suit like dot-my schiff?"

"I bought dot whole suit, cote, bants un vest at the Nimble Nickle store and I gif six dollar and a halluf for the whole business mit susbenders throwed in."

"So helup me gracious I'm going right away off down dera and git me a suit off der same kind."

Examine our \$5 suits of Clothing for good looking men.

If you want any painting or kalsomining done this summer call on Barney Woodcox.

Our stock of summer hats has arrived and we trust that you will examine them before you lay in.

We got in a new line of Men's and Ladies' Candee Rubber Overshoes this week. Nows the time to use them.

We are headquarters again this year for Ladies' Belts and we've got a new thing entirely. Price only 25 cents.

Justice Abels talks of putting up a building on the corner of his lot to be used as an office. It will be a sort of a court house.

The Burch Plow is the easiest running plow. It runs itself when there is a team of horses hitched to the other end of it. Call and see it.

Frank Sechler found use for some safety pins again last week. Another big boy. Grandpa John Widney was so tickled that he run a peddling wagon all over country.

Best of Turkey Prints only 5 cents per Pound.

H. A. WOODCOX,

PAINTER

## HOUSE PAINTING

PAINTING

PAINTING

All work guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction. Your patronage is solicited. Leave orders at the Drugstore, St. Joe.

We keep a full line of repairs for the Burch plow.

The new church at Spencerville is to be completed this fall.

Cheese Cloth Bunting 5 cents. Longdale Cambric 15 cts.

Ladies' Congress Gaiters only \$1.00 per pair. A good quality.

Kid Money Purses 10 cts. Scales weighing 24 pounds 10 cents.

Two Foot Boxwood Folding Rules only 10 cents. Frying Pans 10 cents.

Robert Davis was at Fort Wayne one day last week paying his taxes.

Several of our customers have been enquiring for orange calico. We got in a piece this.

See our nobby line of Men's Shoes before you buy. The Gondola Shoe is the latest thing out.

If you want to see some of the handsomest Dress Prints that you ever laid your eyes on just call in and see our new arrival. They are nobby for a fact.

Al Hall went to Kendallville last week on business.

Men's Suits for five, six, seven and eight dollars.

Bird Cages for 50 cents. Larger ones for 65, 75 and 85 cents.

Mr. and Mrs. Harvey Ackley of Hicksville, visited friends in this place last week.

Boys' Heavy Striped Overalls only 50 cents. Men's Blue Denims Overalls only a half a dollar.

For the best assortment of Wall Paper and Window Curtains call at the Nimble Nickle store.

Lawyer Emanuel of Spencerville spent several days in town last week looking up a case in law.

See our wall paper; we trim all paper free of charge. Our line of wall paper borders are extra fine.

We are getting in lots of new goods this week. Don't fail to see them before you buy.

Mrs. Hartman of Corunna, visited in this place last week the guest of her mother Mrs. Robert Davis.

We have been a little behind in getting in our spring stock of Wall Paper and Border, but at last it is here.

Everybody has a right to their own opinion, and every one who has seen our 10 cent assortment of colored glassware, is of the decided opinion that it is the biggest bargain in glass ever offered in this part of the country.



## Best of Turkey Prunes only 5 cents per Pound.

Now is the time to plant jimson-weed and mullun stalks.

Rev. S. P. Fryberger will preach, here Sunday morning.

Examine our stock of Clothing before you buy. Good suits for \$7.00.

Sell Bowen and Fred Jenkins went to Attica, Ohio, last week.

Notice the big pieces of glassware in our front show window for 10 cts.

Rich Culbertson keeps his display of Deering Harvesting machinery in the Vollmar building.

The scholars of the St. Joe schools observed Arbor day by setting out a nice lot of trees in the school yard.

If four cats kill four rats in four minutes, how many cats will it take to kill one hundred rats in one hundred minutes? Send in your answer.

Dr. Hamon is now the regular ordained supervisor of district No. 4, Concord township. Office on Hamon Avenue No. 232775, up stairs. Highest market price paid for old iron.

Men's Unlaundried White Shirts with Linen Bosoms only 50 cents. You can't buy the material that they are made out of for that money. Well, let's figure a little on it: it takes three yards of muslin at 10 cents a yard which would be 30 cents; one linen shirt bosom at 20 cents; buttons and thread 10 cents, which amounts to 60 cents not allowing any thing for getting it made. Now we offer the shirt already made in a good substantial manner, with genuine linen bosom or 50 cents. Call and see them.



The champion dog-slinger in this part of the country lives at Nuville. He cums down hear every twice in a while to sea one of our gude looken gurls. Last week one nite he went to church at Nuville; and az is his usual custom, he sat on the front seat. Bi and bi, in about the middle of the sermon, a grate big yellow moon-eyed dog cum in the dore and went to take a back seat, but our friend, the dog-slinger, tried to shu him out but he woodn't shu; then he take hold of him by the back of the neck, and tried to drag him out, but he stuck his feet in the matting and woodn't drag; then he lifted him up and carried him to the dore and slung him out. Tha sa that Vann Fleet Donned a coler on his face about like the paint on John Widney's smoak house, the congregashun smiled out loud, and then the services went on.

Very Tendarly Yours,

Barcus Q. Hippenhammer.

We have a joke as big as a box car on Bill Simanton but he paid us a big price not to tell it. Hush money.

MAY

Best of Turkey Prunes only 5 cents per Pound.

# ST. JOE NEWS.

VOL. 3.

SATURDAY, MAY 8, 1886.

No. 24.

All Wool White Cashmere Shawls only \$1.50.

We have reduced the most of our prints to 5 cents.

Examine our line of Men's and Boys' Fancy Straw Hats.

We got in some more of those white dress suits this week.

Frank Walker sold John Province a set of harness this week.

Wouldn't it be funny to clean house every day in the year?

They say that 200 people will be baptized at Newville to-morrow.

Don't forget about those white shirts that we sell at 50 cents.

Do you know what Scrim Cloth is? Call in and we will show you.

Ladies' Congress Shoes only \$1. Call and see our shoe stock.

Cheese Cloth Bunting on 5 cents per yard. For summer dresses.

August Kinsey wants you to call and see his stock of Furniture.

Notice the big pieces of glassware in our front show window for 10 cts.

Some new patterns in wall paper arrived at the Nimble Nickle store to-day.

They organized a Sunday school at Orangeville last Sunday.

Charlie Shephard was in town Thursday. Charles wears a plug hat.

Coop Ralston of Auburn was in town last Wednesday. Coop wants to be sheriff.

Just received at Kinsey's Furniture Store, a lot of Bed Mattresses, to be sold at low prices.

You will soon be shearing your sheep and we want to sell you your wool twine. If you please.

Seersucker Coats and Vests are the thing for comfort in hot weather. We are selling them cheap.

The strickers at Chicago have been killing and wounding quite a number of people this week.

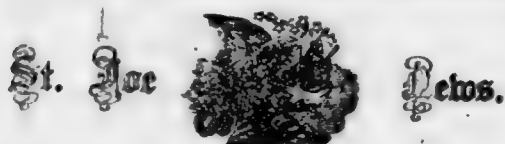
They are trimming dresses this spring with an ordinary sized button and then a large one to match. We have them.

August Kinsey has his room jam full of Furniture which he offers at very low prices. He invites the public to call and inspect his stock.

Miss Belle Bowen has been visiting here for the past week, but her father came for her on Tuesday and on Thursday they returned to their Ohio home. Belle's health is quite poor.



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*Free to all who will call at our store and get a copy, or it will be sent free to any post office address where the postage is pre-paid. Our mail box is on the front door.*

ST. JOE, IND., SATURDAY, MAY 8, 1886.

Frank Sechler planted the first corn of the season on April 29th.

Best Steel Hoes only 35 cents. Best Hay Forks 50 cents.

New lot of bright new Dried Peaches received this week at 5 cents.

Mell Bishop shipped a car load of lumber to Garrett last week.

James Campbell, the Butler insurance man, was in St. Joe last week.

Notice the big pieces of glassware in our front show window for 10 cts.

Mrs. W. B. McClaren of Argos visited in this place last week the guest of Mrs. M. E. Olds.

The Auburn folks sat right square down on the idea of having the old settler's meetins at St. Joe this year.

Frank Sembower of Garrett, one of the two dozen democratic candidates for sheriff, was in town one day last week shaking hands with the boys.

Examine our stock of Clothing before you buy. Good suits for \$7.00.

If you want to dye easy call at the Dye-store and get some of the Diamond Dyes.

We have had a splendid wall paper trade this spring and still there's more to follow.

Cal Brown moved to Auburn last week. We do not know what business he intends to engage in.

When you get ready for your Wall Paper and Window Curtains call at the Nimble Nickle wall paper store.

Don't you like pumpkin pie? If you don't, why don't you? Only 5 cents for a three pound can of Choice Canned Pumpkin.

You'll have to get up pretty early in the morning to see a better line of white dress goods, lawns and laces than we now can show you.

The style of ladies hats this year beats the Jews; they put a person in mind of a smoke stack on top of a saw mill. What next.

Men's Unlaundered White Shirts with Linen Bosoms only 50 cents. You can't buy the material that they are made out of for that money. Well, let's figure a little on it: it takes three yards of muslin at 10 cents a yard which would be 30 cents; one linen shirt bosom at 20 cents; buttons and thread 10 cents, which amounts to 60 cents not allowing any thing for getting it made. Now we offer the shirt already made in a good substantial manner, with genuine linen bosom or 50 cents. Call and see it.

Best of Turkey Prunes only 5 cents per Pound.

**B. A. WOODCOX,**

PRACTICAL

**HOUSE PAINTING,**

PAPER HANGING,

KALSOMINING &C.

All work guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction. Your patronage is solicited. Leave orders at the Drugstore, St. Joe.

Dr. Bowman was at Toledo one day last week.

Handsome Figured White Dress Goods only 10 cents.

Come in and see something new in white dress goods.

Don't forget that we sell Men's White Shirts for 50 cents.

Children's Jerseys only \$1.00; Ladies' Braided Jerseys \$1.25.

We have an endless variety of Gloves at all prices and styles.

Ladies before you buy a summer shawl or Jersey call and see us.

We keep the best 50 cent Corset in the market. It gives splendid satisfaction.

Examine our new line of Ladies' Misses and Children's Hosiery; we have the cutest little baby stockings out.

White Cashmere Shawls will be worn this summer, and we really have a nice line of them and at low prices.

Ladies' Button Walking Shoes only \$1.00 A rattling good shoe for the money. Drop in and examine them.

## A Pumpkin Story.

About this time of the year it is a difficult matter to find anything to make pies out of, and in order to help do away with this trouble we have just got in a supply of Choice Three Pound Canned Pumpkin which we are going to sell at the remarkable low price of 5 cents a can. You couldn't buy the empty cans for that. One can will make a dozen pies; every can warranted good, and only 5 cents a can. This is the biggest pie bargain of the season.

## Best of Turkey Prunes only 5 cents per Pound.

We will sell you a splendid good bird cage for 50 cents.

Children's Lisle Thread (Lace); the best in the market to wear.

If you want any screen doors made call on August Kinsey.

Please don't forget the bargains on our 5 and 10 cent counter.

Examine our stock of Ladies' Shoes & Slippers before you buy.

We want 100 ladies to buy white dresses of us this summer.

California Dried Cherries only 10 cts a pound. Boss thing for pies.

New lot of canned goods received this week. Apricots, Peaches, Plums &c.

Have you noticed our Figured Lawns, fine goods and fast colors.

Try some of our California Dried Cherries. They are almost as big as a prune, and they make an excellent sauce.

We sold five white dresses last week, and it was really most to cold for white dresses, too.

Charlie Meek was in town about two minutes last week. Come again some time Charlie, when you can't stay quite so long.

For the first time in the history of the St. Joe schools, there will be two graduates this spring, Miss Nina Filley and Miss Addie Widney. It is expected that the graduating exercises will be held in the Lutheran church, on Friday evening, May 28th, at which time an interesting programme is promised.



At last Saint Joe has got a kourt here. It was erected last week and it is located on the corner of Widney's Avenue and Kourt street. It is built out of the best of pine lumber with the cornice to match. The belfry is not completed yet, but no doubt will be before the next reglar term of kourt opens. This picture represents Justis Abels setting in front of the temple of justis under a spreading cherry tree, smooking his pipe. He is redy fur business. If you want any kourting don, caul on "Jeema."

And oblige your frend  
Barcus Q. Hippenhammer.

Lawns.

More Lawns.

Big lot of Lawns.

Lawns for 8 cts per yard.

Fine figured Lawns for everybody.

One Dollar buys of us 10 yards of White Dress Goods.

The St. Joe Band went to Newville last Saturday evening. The boys make a good appearance, and play well.



Try our Thirty-five cent Extra Choice Japan Tea.

# ST. JOE NEWS.

VOL. 3.

SATURDAY, MAY 29, 1886.

No. 25.

## Decoration Day.

When summer, in all her bright verdure,  
Gives to us her emblems of love;  
The beautiful, fragrant flowers,  
Sent to us by the Maker above:

We gather from them the choicest,  
And wreath them in garlands so fair;  
And deck the graves of the brave ones,  
Who are free, now, from toil and care.

They fought and died for their country,  
And severed, forever in twain,  
The head of sin cursed slavery,  
Which never can rise again.

To them we owe our freedom,  
To them we owe many a prayer,  
Let us give, then with hearts full of love,  
Our offering of garlands so fair.

When the curtain of the misty future,  
Shall be lifted from before our sight,  
And we stand on the beautiful Zion,  
In the glorious noonday light.

May our comrades and fallen heroes,  
All be gathered to-gether there;  
And be crowned with a crown of glory,  
Which the brave deserve to wear.

We are having a splendid trade on  
White Dress Goods and Lawns. We are  
getting in some new styles again next  
week. Call and see them.

Try our 15 cent Table Peaches; they  
are splendid.

Only One Dollar for a quarter of a  
barrel of White Fish.

White Cashmere Shawls, all wool, for  
\$1.50. Full line of Jerseys.

Shall we have a Fourth of July cele-  
bration at St. Joe this year?

C. O. Merica was in town yesterday  
shaking hands with his many friends.

Charles Widney has been quite sick  
this week, and unable to be out of the  
house.

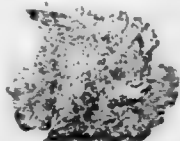
There are several applicants for the  
position of principal of the St. Joe  
schools.

Christian Smith was in town Thurs-  
day. He wants office bad, and he seems  
to think that he will get there.

There was a large number present at  
the commencement exercises last evening,  
and the entertainment was a success in  
every particular. The church was very  
tastefully decorated and the music, reci-  
tations and essays were rendered in an  
excellent manner. Mr. Merica, County  
Superintendent was present, and made a  
few appropriate remarks, after which  
he presented the graduates with their  
diplomas.

## Try our Thirty-five cent Extra Choice Japan Tea.

St. Joe



News.

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*Free to all who will call at our store and get a copy, or it will be sent free to any post office address where the postage is pre-paid. Our mail box is on the front door.*

ST. JOE, IND., SATURDAY, MAY 29, 1886.

Ten pound pails of Family White Fish only 50 cents.

Big fat dried Peaches we are still selling at 5 cents a pound.

Good Silk Handkerchiefs 50 cents; white silk 85 cts.

Our stock of bird cages is worth looking over and prices are low.

Have you heard the story about the Lowry pups? Ask Ed White for full particulars.

There has been lots of wool sold this week. The price has ranged from 12 to 25 cents a pound.

There is no use boring for gas in this town; there's plenty of it walking around on top of the ground.

Don Van Fleet was in town last Sunday and Miss Josie Smith was in Newville. How do you suppose it all happened that way.

Florence Buchanan lost a sleeve button last week; if you find it please return it to him.

The pleasant hum of the festive mosquito is again heard in the land. Buy your mosquito bar of us.

Rev. J. S. Hughes of Richmond, Ind., will deliver a temperance lecture in this place on Friday evening, June 4th.

They say that the fishing at Hamilton Lake is splendid now. Several persons from this place have been up there this week.

Ladies' White Dress Suits, including 10 yards of material,  $4\frac{1}{2}$  yards wide embroidery and  $4\frac{1}{2}$  yards of narrow, for only \$2.50. A Bargain.

We found one hundred dollars in greenbacks laying on our show-case last Monday. We found the owner for it too, a short time afterward.

Some persons broke into the butcher shop and saloon one night last week, and helped themselves. They only got forty cents in money and the balance they took in trade.

The De Kalb County Sunday School Convention will be held at Butler, on Tuesday and Wednesday, June 8th and 9th. All who can should go, as they will no doubt have an interesting time.

Our schools closed this week after a seven month's term of unusual interest and profit. Miss Eva Shutt as principal, and Miss May Topping as teacher of the primary department, are to be congratulated on the successful manner in which the schools have been managed.

## Try our Thirty-five cent Extra Choice Japan Tea.

We done six jobs of printing last week.

Frank Barny was at Angola last Sunday.

Ben Leighty is giving his house a coat of paint.

We have reduced the most of our prints to 5 cents.

Examine our line of Men's and Boy's Fancy Straw Hats.

Don't forget about those white shirts that we sell at 50 cents.

Ladies' Congress Shoes only \$1. Call and see our shoe stock.

Cheese Cloth Bunting only 5 cents per yard. For summer dresses.

Quarter Barrels (25 pounds) of New Catch Family White Fish only \$1.00.

Fred Jenkins was at Attica, Ohio last week. Fred seems to have a liking for that neighborhood.

Examine our Men's Six Dollar Suits of clothes; They are warranted not to be all wool. Men's Pants only \$1.00.

If the price of butter and eggs keeps on going down how many eggs will it take to make a gallon of ice cream?

We suggest the name of Henry K. Reynolds as a candidate for congressman for this district. Hank can knock the stuffing out of Lowry.

August Kinsey has his room jam full of Furniture which he offers at very low prices. He invites the public to call and inspect his stock.

We will sell you a splendid good bird cage for 50 cents.

Children's Lisle Thread Hose; the best in the market to wear.

One Dollar buys of us 10 yards of White Dicks Goods.

Examine our stock of Ladies' Shoes & Slippers before you buy.

If you want any screen doors, make call on August Kinsey.

Have you noticed our Figured Lawns, fine goods and fast colors.

We want 100 ladies to buy white dresses of us this summer.

Please don't forget the bargains on our 5 and 10 cent counter.

Supervisor Hamm is fixing the roads up in a prime condition.

August Kinsey wants you to call and see his stock of Furniture.

Notice the big pieces of glassware in our front show window for 10 cts.

Do you know what Serim Cloth is? Call in and we will show you.

Seersucker Coats and Vests are the thing for comfort in hot weather. We are selling them cheap.

They are trimming dresses this spring with an ordinary sized button and then a large one to match. We have them.

We offer this week a chest of Extra Choice Japan Tea at 35 cents a pound. This is a splendid quality, and we guarantee it to be as good as other stores ask 50 cents for. Try it.



## Try our Thirty-five cent Extra Choice Japan Tea.

We have a few good cooking potatoes for sale.

Mrs. Jones of Garrett was in town Wednesday.

Buy Fish of us; we will warrant them to be of a good quality.

Preaching at the church Sunday evening by Rev. Fryberger.

Ask to see our two dollar Men's Fine Shoes. They are the boss.

Pucker up your mouth for strawberries. They are coming.

Bottled Shoe Dressing is the best for ladies' and children's shoes. Price only 10 cents.

Robert Davis was called to Cherebusco this week Tuesday to attend the funeral of his brother.

Candidates for county offices are a great deal more plenty than greenbacks in this neighborhood.

The little folks acquitted themselves very nicely on the last day of school. The speaking was excellent.

Mrs. Lineberry returned Tuesday from a two week's visit at the home of her parents near Plymouth, Ind.

J. H. Conrad went to Garrett and done a job of spouting last Thursday. Coney will go any where in the state, just so he can drive there.

Several persons from this place attended the game of ball at Garrett last Tuesday, between the Chicago and Garrett clubs. The score stood 28 to 0 in favor of Chicago. That was't bad.



Sum fokes have a peculer wa ov duing a thing and tha seam tu kno just how to du it in ordar tu git it dun. Sum fokes ar moor giftud than others; it seams tu bea born in them. Now fur instance, there's Henri Rennols, the B. & O. agent at this place; in most particlers he is a man ov extraordinary jenvyes. He knos awl about rale rodes; he can tell wether a trane is on the side track or the mane track; he knos wher the water tank is and what it is used fur; in fact he's a well postud man on rale rode affares, but he got out ov his line ov busnes this spring and undartake tu rase a garden, and if you want tu laff reel harty you'd jist ot tu go and sea it; it's really moor fun than that panarammy show that was around here a cappel ov weeks ago. Henri was bragging especshally about his big tomato vines, and cum to find out they ar wot other fokes caul rag weed. The abov pickture reprecent's Henri out in his garden boing; he is wurking very moderate; he will not hurt himself; the lumps on his arms is his museel. He will git ther.

Yours Trooly,

Barcus Q. Hippenhammer.

JUNE

Best of Canned Pumpkin only 5 cents a Can.

# ST. JOE NEWS.

VOL. 3.

SATURDAY, JUNE 13, 1886.

No. 26.

Parasols for 20 cents.  
Parasols for 25 cents.  
Parasols for 35 cents.  
Parasols for 50 cents.  
Parasols for 75 cents.  
Parasols for 85 cents.  
Parasols for \$1.00.  
Parasols for \$1.25.  
Parasols for \$2.00.  
Parasols for \$2.50.  
Parasols for \$2.75.  
Parasols for \$3.00.  
Parasols for \$3.25.

Shoot the candidates.

The show had a good little band.

Try our prepared pickles; only 7 cents a dozen.

Examine our stock of Jerseys before you make a selection.

John Leighty will be home next week on his summer vacation.

Folding Japanese Fans 5 cts. Palm Leaf Fans 3 for 5 cents.

Don't forget the band boys' festival on Saturday evening, June 26th.

Those Black Figured Lawns that we offer are beautiful patterns and the colors are warranted fast.

We got in a piece of Yokeing this week for sleeves and yokes in white dresses. Exactly what you want.

Rev. Thomas is holding a series of meetings at Coharstown.

Dr. Sheffer and family visited friends at Kendallville this week.

Men's White Unlaundried Shirts for 50 cents. Linen cuffs and bosom.

Everybody ought to patronize the band boys' festival on Saturday evening June 26, 1886. Lots of music.

We can supply you with almost any kind of a summer dress and all the trimmings necessary for a complete outfit. It don't cost much either.

The District Conference of the Protestant Methodist church will meet in the Lutheran church at this place on Tuesday, June 14, and continue in session three days. Quite a number of able speakers will be present.

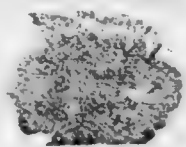
The St. Joe Band will give a grand band concert and ice cream festival at this place on Saturday evening, June 26, 1886. Four bands will be present and there will be lots of music and a good time. Turn out and give the boys a boost.

A lady the other day thought our black and brown lawns would fade, so we gave her a sample to take home and try; she washed it thoroughly with soft soap, and then came back and bought a dress. The proof of the pudding is in chewing the strings. Aint that so?



## Examine our stock Ladies' Jerseys before you buy.

St. Joe



News.

Published every two weeks, on Saturday morning by Mort E. Olds, in the advertising interest of Case & Olds, retail dealers in Dry Goods, Notions, Groceries, Boots, Shoes, Hats and Caps, Ready Made Clothing, Queensware, Glassware &c.

Free to all who will call at our store and get a copy, or it will be sent free to any post office address where the postage is pre-paid. Our mail box is on the front door.

ST. JOE, IND., SATURDAY, JUNE 12, 1886.

Twenty pounds of Fresh Turkey Prunes for \$1.00.

The old settler's will meet at Auburn next Thursday.

Silk and Lisle Thread Gloves in all the fashionable shades.

All Wool Black Cashmere Shawls at a very low price.

Parasols for everybody at the Nimble Nickle store.

There are good prospects for a big crop of fruit this fall.

President Cleveland was married last week. He was old enough.

Ball Pearl Buttons are the nicest and newest button for white dresses.

Andrew Jackson is getting material on the ground to build a new house.

Don't think because we don't say any thing about it that we hav'nt got any 5 cent handkerchiefs. We have lots of them in new patterns.

### A CARD.

To the people of St. Joe, who so kindly assisted us during our bereavement in the death of our darling babe, we would tender our most sincere and heartfelt thanks.

Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Gilhausen.

Ladies' Handkerchiefs, with fancy flower embroidered on the corner. A new thing.

Wm. Saylor's new house in the west end of town is being rapidly completed. Doll Kester is doing the work.

We have a good assortment of Fine Silk Parasols, at prices within the reach of all. Don't you need one.

County Superintendent Merica said that the decorations at the church on the evening of the commencement exercises was the finest of any he had seen in the county. Quite a compliment to St. Joe, and especially to those who done the decorating.

Of course you will want a new dress for the Fourth of July, and you wont find a better stock any where to select it from than ours. We have more than a dozen different styles of white dress goods and lawns. All we ask is that you come in and see our stock before you buy. Will you do that?

Don't buy goods of pack pedlars; their prices are high and their goods are generally of an inferior quality. Besides they don't help to build up the town, but take what money they get out of the neighborhood. Patronize your own town and thus help to sustain it, and let the pedlars go to grass.

## Try our Thirty-five cent Extra Choice Japan Tea.

We have a few good cooking potatoes for sale.

Gallon Cans of New York Apples for 25 cents.

Marshall Hadsell is attending school at Angola.

There are now six Sunday schools in this township.

Try our 15 cent Table Peaches; they are splendid.

Men's Extra well made Cottonade Pants for \$1.00.

Try our Young America Cream Cheese; Just newly made.

Only One Dollar for a quarter of a barrel of White Fish.

Pickles, already prepared in vinegar, only 7 cents a dozen.

Best of Turkey Prunes only 5 cents a pound. Fresh Goods.

Buy Fish of us; we will warrant them to be of a good quality.

Ask to see our two dollar Men's Fine Shoes. They are the boss.

White Cashmere Shawls, all wool, for \$1.50. Full line of Jerseys.

Three cans Standard Sweet Corn for 25 cts. Pumpkin 5 cts a can.

Some folk's like fun when its on some one else, but when it happens to hit them, oh! how they squeal.

Nothing cheaper than Prunes at 5 cts a pound; we just got in a barrel of new crop, and they are very nice.

Come in and pick you out a Parasol, and keep the sun off of you.

Another big lot of Pearl Buttons received this week at 5 cents a dozen.

Bottled Shoe Dressing is the best for ladies' and children's shoes. Price only 10 cents.

Have you seen those elegant cream Lace Suits for ladies? The latest thing out, and they are beauties.

May be you think it aint so but we got in 12 dozen Canned Fruits again this week. Corn, Plums, Tomatoes &c.

The morning train going east changed time last week; it now leaves here at 3:10. Nearly two hours earlier than before.

We got in over twenty pieces of new white goods and lawns this week. Call and see them. Also some wide embroideries, oriental cream laces &c.

We are bound that folks will have to keep cool this summer and so we bought a great stack of Palm Leaf Fans, which we will sell at 2 cents each, or 3 for 5 cents. Cheap coolers.

You may think there is a good deal of blow in this paper, but if you'll come in and examine our stock and then say that we have not got everything we advertise, we'll make you a present of a new lawn dress.

Those who want Plain and Figured Black Lawns, Black Plaid Gingham and Prints should call and see our stock; we have a good assortment and they are all new styles. Old ladies will find just what they want in our stock.

## Best of Canned Pumpkin only 5 cents a Can.

Rice 5 cts.

Prunes 5 cts.

Pumpkin 5 cts.

Dried Peaches 5 cts.

Pickles 7 cents a dozen.

White Fish 50 cents a pail.

Choice Japan Tea 35 cts a pound.

Three Pound Can of Choice Pumpkin for 5 cents.

The St. Joe Band attended a concert at Marsh's last Saturday evening.

Dennie Geo. was married last Sunday. The band boys gave him and his bride a serenade on Tuesday evening.

Mrs. E. S. Filley and children of Fort Wayne visited in town last week, the guest of Mrs. J. D. Leighty.

Those who attended the prohibition speech at the hall last Friday evening heard something drop. My! but didn't he give it to the democrats?

Vester Widney was up to Rome City last week, fishing and taking in the sights. Yes and his dog were both out on the lake in a steamboat.

Everybody wears Jerseys; we have just got in a new line of them; Military Jerseys, Vest Front and Scolloped Jerseys; newest styles and lowest prices.

We now have a fine assortment of Black and Brown-Figured Lawns. They have been very scarce, but we have at last succeeded in getting a supply. The price is low.

We got in a lot of Canned Pumpkin a couple of weeks ago and sold it right out; we got in another lot this week and it is walking right out. Price only 5 cents a can. Don't put off getting a can until its all gone. Come now.



Go tord the east, go tord the wes, go tord the north, go tord the south, in any direction that you met and you will run against a candidate for such county offis. There's on every cross roads, in every fire corner, in fact tha ar thicker than flies at the bug house, ev a slender barrel. We thot the other day that there was a funeral procession going thru town, but cum to find that it was a lot of rascals. And then its realy amusing to see how pleasant and agreeable this candidate is; at another time tha wouldnt have noticed most people, but now tha cant be too close; tha want to shake hands with everybody tha meet; tha enquire about your wif and children, tha want to know how the crops ar going to be; this seson, tha brag about your stock, and your farms, and tha put ya on the back and make ya think that tha ar a mighty fine set of fellows. Oul how tha du luv the dear good people of this county. Verily, verily I say to ya, that out of the 37 candidates for offis in this county, 32 wil git left.

Most Sincerely Yours,

Barcus Q. Hippenhammer.



Best of Canned Pumpkin only 5 cents a Can.

# ST. JOE NEWS.

VOL. 4.

SATURDAY, JUNE 26, 1886.

No. 1.

Poor hay weather.

Patronize the land boys.

Lots of 5 cent straw hats for boys.

Ed Leighty is working in a store at Defiance.

Don't you want a Jersey for the Fourth of July?

Patterson has a big trade on machine oil this season.

Any thing we have in the clothing line we will sell at cost.

We want to sell you what fruit cans you need. Price 5 cents.

Cherries are plenty this year and are selling for 5 and 6 cents a quart.

Houlton's Family Show will exhibit in this place next Monday evening.

A letter received from Belle Bowen this week says that she is some better.

When you come into town to trade visit our store before you make your purchases. It often pays.

Call in and lay in a supply of goods for harvest; we've got the stuff and you can have it at a low price.

Don't you want a pair of shoes or slippers for the Fourth of July? We've got some good styles and cheap.

Examine our white goods for children's dresses; children's parasols only 20 cents. Folding Fans 5 cents.

Harry Mack is now prepared to saw all kinds of brackets.

Quite a number of men have been at work in the gravel pit this week loading gravel.

The pay car left over twenty-four hundred dollars at this place last Wednesday.

If you want the best machine oil for the least money go to the St. Joe Drugstore everytime.

Poor Indian got egged out of town again last Tuesday night. He will be likely to give this town the go-by after this.

Try our Canned Apples; only 25 cts for a gallon can. They make the boss pies. Table Peaches 15 cents.

Mrs. Z. T. Kagey and children of Ashland, Ohio, visited in this place this week the guest of her brother M. T. Bishop.

July and August are the two hottest months in the year, therefore you must get ready for them by calling on us and getting a good cool lawn dress.

When Hank Reynolds wants to flag a train he goes out and stands on the track and flops his ears. Henry ought to take out a patent for a new railroad signal.

## Best of Canned Pumpkin only 5 cents a Can.

St. Joe  Ind.

Published every two weeks, on Saturday morning by Mort E. Olds, in the advertising interest of Case & Olds, retail dealers in Dry Goods, Notions, Groceries, Boots, Shoes, Hats and Caps, Ready Made Clothing, Queensware, Glassware &c.

Free to all who will call at our store and get a copy, or it will be sent free to any post office address where the postage is pre-paid. Our mail box is on the front door.

ST. JOE, IND., SATURDAY, JUNE 26, 1886.

Three Pound Can of Choice Pumpkin for 5 cents.

Those Japanese Folding Fans are a bargain for 5 cents.

We have some beautiful new patterns in Oriental Cream Laces.

We have plenty of 5 and 10 cent straw hats; got in a new lot of them.

Simon Wineland shipped a car load of fork handle material last week.

We have some white and cream ribbon; also some fancy white ribbon.

Very few persons from this way attended the old settler's meeting at Auburn last week.

Last week was a bad week for the chickens of this neighborhood. Too many preachers in town.

Everybody wears Jerseys; we have just got in a new line of them; Military Jerseys, Vest Front and Scolloped Jerseys; newest styles and lowest prices.

Miss Lizzie Evans was at home during the convention last week.

And now the defeated candidate can crawl into his hole and pull his hole in after him.

Your machine will run a mighty sight slicker if you buy your machine oil at the Drugstore.

Fennie Gee has gone to housekeeping; at least we saw him taking home a stove and a lot of traps to cook with.

We have some extra can lids for both self sealing and wax fruit jars. Those needing any should bear it in mind.

Standard Quart Fruit Jars 60 cents a dozen. Two sticks best scaling wax for 5 cents. Mason's Self Sealing Jars 10 cents each.

Buy your machine oil at the St. Joe Drugstore. It won't effect your pocket book near so bad, besides its the best grade of oil.

Why is it that everybody buys their machine oil at the Drugstore? Because they get the best oil for the least money. That's correct.

We now have a fine assortment of Black and Brown Figured Lawns. They have been very scarce, but we have at last succeeded in getting a supply. The price is low.

We got in a lot of Canned Pumpkin a couple of weeks ago and sold it right out; we got in another lot this week and it is walking right out. Price only 5 cents a can. Don't put off getting a can until its all gone. Come now.

## Best of Canned Pumpkin only 5 cents a Can.

Parasols for 20 cents.  
Parasols for 25 cents.  
Parasols for 35 cents.  
Parasols for 50 cents.  
Parasols for 75 cents.  
Parasols for 85 cents.  
Parasols for \$1.00.  
Parasols for \$1.25.  
Parasols for \$2.00.  
Parasols for \$2.50.  
Parasols for \$2.75.  
Parasols for \$3.00.  
Parasols for \$3.25.

Dr. Bowman is building a veranda on the north end of his residence.

Mrs. Donaldson and Charlie visited friends in this place last week.

The G. A. R. Post of this place talk of running an excursion to Rome City some time next month.

We got in a piece of Yokeing this week for sleeves and yokes in white dresses. Exactly what you want.

Mr. Irwin's house caught fire one day last week, but the fire was discovered and put out before much harm was done.

We can supply you with almost any kind of a summer dress and all the trimmings necessary for a complet outfit. It don't cost much either.

We received the following letter last week from a former resident of this place, and thinking it might be of interest to some of our readers, we publish it:

Bridgeton, Mich.,

June 6th, 1886.

You will undoubtedly be surprised to hear from a wolverine, but no difference. We live up here in Michigan and would like to take the little paper you print; we take a Grand Rapids paper and get all the home news, but we want to take your paper so as to hear from our native land. The weather here is very nice, although the nights are rather cold; crops are splendid; plenty of strawberries and all kinds of vegetables. Michigan is a splendid state, and I would not move back to Indiana for any thing.

I remain Respectfully,

Siddie Leighty.

Pickles 7 cents a dozen.

White Fish 50 cents a pail.

Choice Japan Tea 35 cts. a pound.

We sold fourteen lawn dresses one day last week.

Try our prepared pickles; only 7 cents a dozen.

Examine our stock of Jerseys before you make a selection.

Folding Japanese Fans 5 cts. Palm Leaf Fans 3 for 5 cents.

Men's White Unlaundered Shirts for 50 cents. Linen cuffs and bosom.

Those Black Figured Lawns that we offer are beautiful patterns and the colors are warranted fast.





JULY

Try the Jersey Roasted Coffee! It is the best.

# ST. JOE NEWS.

VOL. 4.

SATURDAY, JULY 17, 1886.

No. 2.

New wheat is selling for 74 cts.

Watermelons are in the market.

We offer a good Cottonade Pant for One Dollar.

Cucumbers are ripe which makes the doctors smile.

Frank Walker and wife went to Finley, Ohio, Friday.

Will Curie offers a good round price for spring chickens.

Examine our 50 cent Fancy Shirts; full sizes and well made.

John Hull has bought Win Darling's barber shop and fixtures.

We will mark and number grain sacks bought of us free of charge.

Homer Henning was in town Friday. He is selling sewing machines.

Get a supply of our 5 cent handkerchiefs before you go to Rome City.

We will sell you grain sacks at a very low price. See us before you buy.

We have a good assortment of Men's Fine Shoes. Four different styles.

Alex. Donaldson was in town last Saturday. Alex. now drives a trotter of his own.

We have a few Plain Vest Front Jerseys that we formerly sold at \$1.50, but in order to close them out we now offer them at \$1.00. Certainly a bargain.

Just about now a good fat spring chicken fried in butter slips down pretty easy.

Miss Sue Kinsey entertained all of the children in town last Thursday afternoon.

We have all sizes in Celluloid Collars, both in standing and lay-downs. Also a line of Cuffs.

We have the best working shirt in town for 50 cents. Also a good Plaid Blouse for the same money.

Mrs. Mary Bowman, of Freemont, Michigan, visited in town this week the guest of Dr. Bowman and family.

The St. Joe Normal school will commence next Monday. We hope that there will be a good attendance.

Mr. and Mrs. John Derek, of Butler, visited in town last Sunday, the guests of Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Patterson.

Everybody is going to Rome City on the 27th of July. Fare for the round trip only \$1.00 including admission to the ground.

Of course if you are going to Rome City you will want some new Laces, Ribbons, Gloves Collars, Corsets, Fans, Handkerchiefs &c. We've got them.

Don't fail to go on the excursion to Rome City on the 27th. It will be a grand time, and if you go you will never regret it. Round trip only \$1.



## Try the Jersey Roasted Coffee! It is the best.

St. Joe  News.

Published every two weeks, on Saturday morning by Mort E. Olds, in the advertising interest of Case & Olds, retail dealers in Dry Goods, Notions, Groceries, Boots, Shoes, Hats and Caps, Ready Made Clothing, Queensware, Glassware &c.

*Free to all who will call at our store and get a copy, or it will be sent free to any post office address where the postage is pre-paid. Our mail box is on the front door.*

ST. JOE, IND, SATURDAY, JULY 17, 1886.

The green grass don't grow all around so much as it did.

Those who have tried it brag the Jersey Coffee way up.

The new church at Spencerville don't seem to go up very fast.

Try the Jersey Coffee! Handsome picture in each package.

Nels Thomas has quit playing 'croquet for this season; so he says.

We have a good assortment of Ladies' Fancy Handkerchiefs at 5 cents.

Mrs. Dr. Mitchell and children of Ligonier, visited friends in this place last week.

A son of Dave Millers was very badly kicked in the face by a horse last Monday.

Wheat is turning out well this year, some averaging as high as 30 bushels to the acre.

Patterson has a big trade on machine oil this season.

Any thing we have in the clothing line we will sell at cost.

If you want the best machine oil for the least money go to the St. Joe Drugstore everytime.

Lon Lockwood left an estate valued at a half million dollars. We hav'nt got quite that much yet.

Quite a number from this neighborhood will attend Robinson's show at Auburn next Tuesday.

When you come into town to trade visit our store before you make your purchases. It often pays.

Examine our white goods for children's dresses; children's parasols only 20 cents. Folding Fans 5 cents.

Try our Canned Apples; only 25 cts for a gallon can. They make the boss pies. Table Peaches 15 cents.

July and August are the two hottest months in the year, therefore you must get ready for them by calling on us and getting a good cool lawn dress.

Florence Buchanan shot a horse valued at \$175.00 last week. It had been sick for three weeks with no prospects of its ever getting any better, and it was thought best to kill it.

A prominent prohibitionist of this neighborhood came to town on the evening of the temperance lecture last week, with his vest buttoned up crooked. P. A. said he was in a hurry and hadnt noticed it.

Best of Canned Pumpkin only 5 cents a Can.

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## **WE'RE IN A PICKLE**

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We are in a pickle and we need your assistance; will you help us out?  
This is the trouble: last spring we bought a barrel of pickles and we hav'nt  
sold them all out yet and its getting so near the time for new pickles  
that we want to dispose of them, and in order to do so, we offer them  
at the low price of 5 cents per dozen. Already prepared in vin-  
egar and warranted good. This is much cheaper than you  
you can put them up, and as you have to eat some-  
thing, why not eat pickles? Ain't that sour?

## Try the Jersey Roasted Coffee! It is the best.

Mell Bishop got in a car load of 12th this week.

Men's Stitch-down Flaw Shoes at reduced prices.

Men's White Unlaundered Shirts for 50 cents. Lined cuffs and bosom.

Charlie Grubb was in town Thursday. He wants to sell his property in this place.

Lots of socials this year. It would keep a man dirt poor to attend all of them.

ash Woodcox has been suffering this week with one of those painful catarrhs on his hand.

Buy your grain sacks of us and we will print your name on them free of charge.

Examine our stock of working shirts and Cottonade Pants. Good working shirt for 50 cents.

What has become of the correspondent to the DISPATCH from this place? Come Ves, hitch up Fan, and give us some more of your newsy items.

Grain sacks ought to be marked with the owners name. Buy your sacks of us and we'll print your name on them in good shape, free for nothing.

Joe Shutt says that in his life time he has known of a great many quarrels between men and their wives, but he always noticed that they were commenced by the women. Good for Joe! We always thought that the men were too good natured to quarrel.



Ther iz a feller not moor than a thousand miles from hear that went tu sea his gurl last Saturday nite, and tha had a reel nice time sitting on the sofa. I nappened tu bea going bi the house and I saw them miself. Ov coarce a feller has a rite tu go tu sea his gurl, and tha hav a perfect rite tu set on the sofa, but then that ot awlways tu remembar tu pule down the blinds, and oblige

Your Friend,  
Barcus Q. Hippenhammer.

Folding Japanese Fans 5 cts. Palm Leaf Fans 3 for 5 cents.

Don Van Fleet will commence working for J. D. Loughty next week.

Those Black Figured Lawns that we offer are beautiful patterns and the colors are warranted fast.

Don't you want a new dress to wear to Rome City? We can sell you something nice and cheap.

Men's Fancy Precale Shirts with two collars for 50 cents. Best shirt in the diggings for that money.



Try the Jersey Roasted Coffee! It is the best.

# ST. JOE NEWS.

VOL. 4.

SATURDAY, JULY 31, 1886.

No. 3.

Dog days.

Jersey Coffee.

Rome City or bust.

Try our 40 cent Tea.

Wheat has dropped a few cts.

It never gets too hot to play croquet.

Miss Lizzie Evans came home Friday morning.

Examine our stock of 50 cent shirts; they are bargains.

The young folks had a party at John Davis' Friday evening.

We have a good stock of Shirts and Denims &c. at low prices.

If you think of buying a Jersey call and see us before you do so.

Miss Etta Reynolds is visiting with her brother H. K. this week.

One of the editors of the AUBURN DISPATCH was in town Tuesday.

Quite a number are expecting to go to Rome City again next Wednesday.

Mrs. Sheffer is teaching a select primary school at this place. There are about 25 scholars in attendance.

If you don't want to read the advertisements in this paper, why skip them, but we're afraid if you don't read them there won't be much else to read. However, we ain't careing just so we get your patronage, or a part of it.

Buy a Willow Clothes Basket of us. They are by far the best and cheapest in the long run.

From the appearance of the streets last Tuesday morning a person might have supposed that Barnum's show had come to town.

Remember the excursion to Rome City next Wednesday to hear Sam Jones. Fare for the round trip including admission to the ground, only \$1.00.

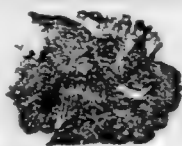
Mrs. Nichols, State President of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, will address the people of this place on Sunday afternoon, Aug. 1st, at three o'clock. Don't forget it.

There must be a wonderful crop of blackberries up near Rome City, as we heard a gentleman who was up there Tuesday say that on a twig of a hush not much longer than his finger there was 25 blackberries each as big as his thumb. Next!

Henry Shaffer, who lives three miles below Spencerville had fifty dollars stolen from his house one day last week. Mrs. Shaffer was away from home and he was out in the field at work, when the fellow stepped in, helped himself, and went on his way rejoicing. The safest way now days is not to have any money.

## Try the Jersey Roasted Coffee! It is the best.

St. Joe



News.

Published every two weeks, on Saturday morning by Mort E. Olds, in the advertising interest of Case & Olds, retail dealers in Dry Goods, Notions, Groceries, Boots, Shoes, Hats and Caps, Ready Made Clothing, Queensware, Glassware &c.

Free to all who will call at our store and get a copy, or it will be sent free to any post office address where the postage is pre-paid. Our mail box is on the front door.

ST. JOE, IND., SATURDAY, JULY 31, 1886.

Three wrecks on the B & O last week.

Dr. George Hamm is traveling with Wineland's traction engine.

Have you seen those handsome dolls that we are giving away.

We have a few self sealing cans left yet. If you want them, say so.

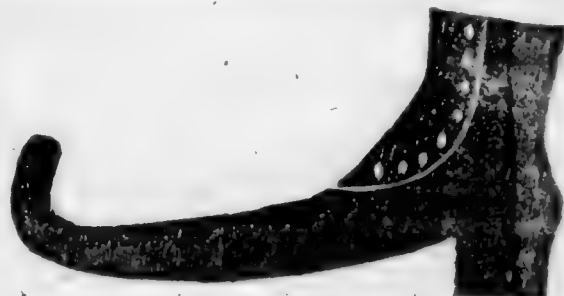
There are about 25 scholars attending the Normal school at this place.

While Frank Draggoo was breaking a bolt last week it fell over dead.

Get a supply of our 5 cent handkerchiefs and keep your nose clean.

Those Black Figured Lawns that we offer are beautiful patterns and the colors are warranted fast.

We noticed Charley Coburn taking home a bottle of quinine the other day. He probably don't intend to have the "shakes" this summer.



The above cut represents the latest style of Men's shoes. We hav'nt got any of them, but howsomever we can show you a good line of shoes. Have you ever seen our two dollar Men's Fine Shoes? They would be cheap at three dollars.

The pay car dished up the cash here again last week. A railroad man is always sure of his money.

Men's Fancy Precoale Shirts with two collars for 50 cents. Best shirt in the diggings for that money.

We hav'nt got the blues, but we had to print this paper with blue ink because we are out of black.

Buy a can of Silver King Baking Powder and get a handsome doll nearly two feet high free. The baking powder is warranted good.

The Nimble Nickle Laundry Soap is still one of the best brands of soap in the market. It does the washing itself, when a good stout woman gets a hold of it and rubs it on. Try hit.

We want 25 little girls to come in and see those big dolls that we give away, and then go home and tease their mothers to let them come back and buy a can of the Silver King Baking Powder, and get a doll for nothing.

# REALS

Come down a very tall tree  
 King. Come over and buy  
 King. King. King. King.  
 A girl with every part  
 They are all the same  
 The same as the other  
 The same as the other



## Try the Jersey Roasted Coffee! It is the best.

We are sending out all summer goods at cost.

Prof. Bowersox instructs a class in German in the evening.

Mrs. Wm. Vanable and children of Garretts are visiting friends in town.

The excursionists to Rome City all report having a jolly time.

William Leighty and Don Van Fleet spent last Sunday at Rome City.

The berry crop was cut short this year on account of the dry weather.

There were 315 tickets sold on the excursion to Rome City last Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. John Leighty are visiting their son Alex. and family near Fremont, Mich.

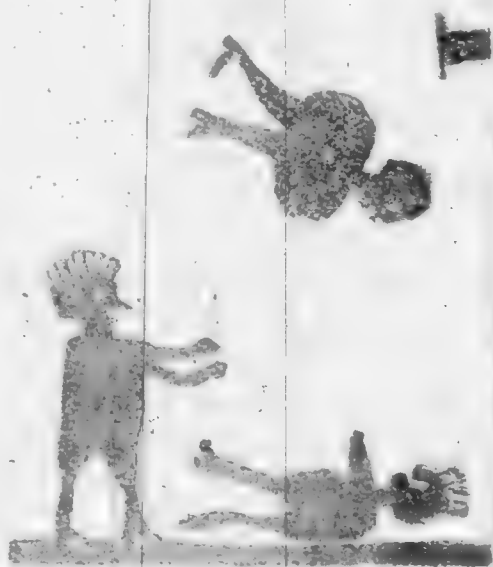
A traveling photographer was in town Tuesday taking tin-types of some of our prominent buildings.

You won't find a better line of Cottonade Pants and working shirts in town than we can show you.

Miss Ida Scholes will leave next Monday for Valparaiso, to attend the Normal school at that place.

The demand for fans last Tuesday morning was exceedingly large; everybody wanted to keep cool.

Vos Widney had expected to go to Rome last Tuesday but when the train came he found there was no baggage car attached to it, so he had to give up going.



They have a lot of new rules and regulations down in the depo at that place now. They used to allow a person to smoke and chew tobacco and spit tobacco juice over the seats and the stove; but this don't do it any more. The first fellow who gets into broad clothes and goes down and says he had got a rap for spitting. The law says it is a fore-conviction for how to use people. They knock them head over heels, then go up, just which ever way the fellow goes. So after this be a sure and throw your end of tobacco out before you enter the depo unless you want to come home with a bloody nose.

Yours Very Kindly,

Barcus Q. Hippenhammer.

We have three new South Bend Plows that we will sell for \$3.00 apiece. Call and see them.

Mell Bishop went to Rome City, to catch a whale, but all the fish there he got, wouldn't fill the smallest kind of a small tin pail.

SEPTEMBER

Five Hundred Parlor Matches for Five Cents.

# ST. JOE NEWS.

Vol. 4.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 4, 1886.

No. 4.

Come let us have a little fun  
About the ladies' shoes;  
The girl who thinks her size is 1  
Is cramped in number 2s.

She who believes her size is 2,  
As sure as sure can be,  
When rightly fitted with a shoe,  
Will wear a number 3.

The girl who seems to think a 3,  
Will fit, and vainly strives  
To get it on, at last will see  
That what she wants are 5s.

Sweet ladies, why equivocate,  
For fun thus furnish food,  
A girl who wears a number 8  
Has understanding good.

Tom Sprout, of Auburn was in town  
Tuesday.

We have some nobby new neckwear  
for gentlemen.

John Bates is working in a hardware  
store at Butler.

Bear in mind that we have a new line  
of Men's Stiff Hats.

Our bargains in 5 and 10 cent Goods  
ware are immense.

Now, really we have got a nice assort-  
ment of Dress Prints.

Large Retinned wood handled spoons  
only 5 cts. Waiters 5 cts. Two Quart  
Pails 5 cents.

There was a slight frost on Tuesday  
morning.

Stanly Van Fleet is trying to grow a  
monstache.

We have a good line of Saxony Yarns  
at low prices.

Fine kid money purses with nickel  
trimming only 10 cents.

Those Fancy Striped Velvets are beau-  
tiful goods. Look at them.

New and desirable patterns in Silk  
Handkerchiefs just received.

Ask Mervin Widney how it is about  
that mowing machine.

Mrs. J. M. Lounsbury expects to go to  
Minnesota next week to visit her son.

There will be a grove meeting in Cal-  
bertson's grove near this place on Sun-  
day, Sept. 12th.

Extra Good Curry Combs 10 cts. A  
rattling good horse brush for the same  
price. Cheap as dirt.

Miss Georgia Van Fleet and Miss Jessie  
Thomas will teach in Garrett this winter  
commencing next Monday.

Baking Powder is something you have  
to use, and you might as well get the  
Silver King and get a handsome big toll  
free. Is dot not so.

If you think of getting a new dress  
call and examine our new Prints, Ging-  
hams, Dress Goods and Velvets. We  
can please you in style and price.



## **Fresh supply of Lion Coffee just received to-day.**

The mother has a lap.  
The boy is in the lap.  
He is looking at the carpet.  
What has the mother in her hand?  
She has a shingle in her hand.  
What will she do with the shingle?  
She will put it where it will do the most good.

We are closing out all summer goods at cost.

Fred Johnson has commenced his new house.

Get your new dresses made; the Fairs will soon begin.

Examine our stock of 50 cent shirts; they are bargains.

We have a good stock of Shirts and Denims &c. at low prices.

Look on our 5 cent counter and see that pile of Ivory Soap.

If you think of buying a Jersey call and see us before you do so.

Our 50 cent white shirts have genuine linen bosoms and are extra well made.

Remember that we sell 500 parlor matches for 5 cents. Keep your eye peeled.

Buy a Willow Clothes Basket of us. They are by far the best and cheapest in the long run.

Friends! Romans! Countrymen! Lend me your ears. Not for any great length of time, but long enough to impress upon your mind the fact that we have a good clean assortment of goods this fall, at prices that are right. Examine these goods before you buy.

We have sold over 500 pounds of prunes in the last few weeks.

Reliable goods and popular prices are our two great inducements.

Miss Georgia Van Fleet has been spending a couple of weeks with friends at Rome City.

Why is it that so many buy their corsets of us? Because we sell the best 50 cent corset in town.

We will sell you a tip-top good pair of suspenders for \$1.25 and throw you in a pair of heavy Jeans Pants.

We want your trade and if you want our goods there is nothing in the world to prevent our doing business together. Aint that so?

We want all our trade to know that this fall we are especially prepared to give all our friends a good variety of goods to select from at low prices.

The AUBURN DISPATCH thinks that Concord township can beat them all when it comes to raising excitement. You bet! Concord township is wide awake on all matters of interest.

When a man comes home at night and tries to bolt the door with a sweet potato, pokes the fire with the spout of a coffee-pot, attempts to wind up the clock with a boot-jack, tries to cut kindling wood with a stove hook, takes a cold potato in his hand to light him to bed, and prefers sleeping in his hat and boots you can mark it right down in your mind that he is jam full of poor whiskey.

Five Hundred Fifty Dollars for the same.

I have been thinking of you a great deal lately and wondering how you are getting on. I hope you are well and happy. I have been doing quite well myself, but I am a bit tired from work. I will be home soon and I will let you know how everything goes. I love you very much and I hope to see you soon.

Flats, Cattle

## Five Hundred Parlor Matches for Five Cents.

We have plenty of Pearl Buttons now for 5 cents a dozen.

Our stock of Suspenders is worthy of your attention.

Cake stands only 10 cents. Big Fruit Dishes only 10 cents.

Fillet & Lounsberry have got the best piece of corn in this neighborhood.

It is said that the reunion at Fort Wayne last week was a grand fizzle.

You will really be surprised when you see the new bargains on our 5 and 10 cent counters.

Ruff McDonald is peddling silverware. Ruff would make a pretty good hand at the business if he was not so afraid of dogs.

Buy a pound of Silver King Baking Powder and make your little girl a present of a handsome doll baby nearly two feet high.

The children all want the Silver King Baking Powder. Why? Because when every pound can they get a handsome doll free.

We will sell you the biggest plug of tobacco in the market for 10 cents. You needn't believe it unless you want to, but it's a fact never-the-less.

A young man went into the drugstore one day last week and wanted to know of Mr Patterson whether he had any mucillaninous. He wanted mucilage.

We have just got in a fine line of striped and brocaded velvets in several different shades. They are handsome patterns and will be worn a great deal this fall for trimming and basques.

Examine our new Dress Goods, Velvets, Gingham, Prints, Muslin, Shirts &c. We shall be glad to have you call and see them whether you buy or not. No trouble to show goods.



## Five Hundred Parlor Matches for Five Cents.

St. Joe  Ads.

Published every two weeks, on Saturday morning by Mort E. Olds, in the advertising interest of Case & Olds, retail dealers in Dry Goods, Notions, Groceries, Boots, Shoes, Hats and Caps, Ready Made Clothing, Queensware, Glassware &c.

Free to all who will call at our store and get a copy, or it will be sent free to any post office address where the postage is pre-paid. Our mail box is on the front door.

ST. JOE, IND., SATURDAY, SEPT. 1, 1886.

Our fifty cent white shirts have risen bottoms.

The Ivory Soap is the best soap and no mistake.

Geo. Depow of Mason, Mich., was in town last week.

Freemont Nelson of Hicksville was in town one day last week.

Some folk's think there is no corset equal to the Duplex; we keep them in all sizes.

Don't you want some new window curtains? Come in and see the new styles we got in this week.

Simon Wineland has already done over one thousand dollars worth of thrashing this season.

Ona Woodcox has been working for Commissioner Probet near Garrett this summer. Ona has stuck to it like a little man.

### IVORY SOAP.

Some people think 'tis only new  
For cleansing goods of heavy grain,  
For washing down the walls or stairs,  
The bureau, tables, and the chairs,  
Or keeping hands and faces free  
From chaps and pimples sad to see.  
But folks do well to change their mind:  
'Tis not to things like these confined,  
And not alone to kitchen maid  
And laundress prize its friendly aid:  
I find it just the nicest thing  
For toilet use and barbering.  
The slightest touches will suffice  
To make a foamy lather rise,  
That holds the beard till smoothly laid,  
However dull may be the blade.  
In short, the tale is ever new  
That tells what IVORY SOAP will do.

Don't go without a shirt when you can buy a good one for 50 cents.

We got in a new lot of Men's Stiff Hats this week, in the new fall styles. Call and see them.

See those Jeans Pants of ours at One Dollar. Extra heavy goods and made in good shape.

We got in another big lot of those Men's White Unlaundried Shirts at 50 cents this week. They are a spanking good shirt for the money, and this lot are better than usual.

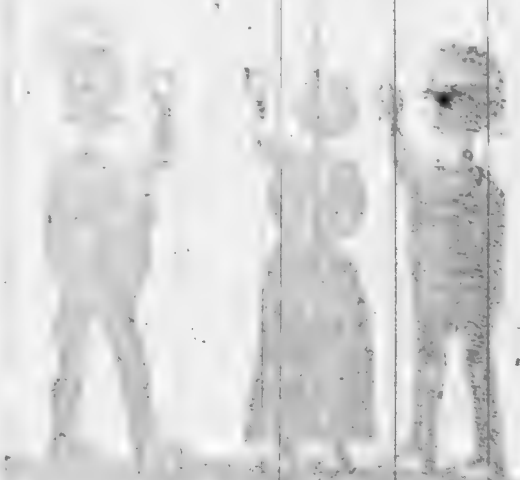
Mell Bishop got in a car load of Tennessee poplar lumber a short time ago. The difference between Tennessee poplar and Indiana poplar is that the one is Tennessee poplar and the other is Indiana poplar.

Five Hundred Parlor Matches for Five Cents.

1. The first step is to identify the problem or question that needs to be answered. This involves understanding the context and the specific requirements of the task.

1. The first group of people who are likely to be affected by the proposed project are the local residents who live in the vicinity of the project site. These residents may be affected by the project in a number of ways, including increased traffic, noise, and air pollution. It is important to identify these potential impacts and develop measures to mitigate them.

I have just come from the  
 store and I have the new  
 the new dress for you and I  
 to get a new dress and here it is  
 that time, the time you  
 We have just come from the  
 Gingham, Vaseline, and a little  
 able for all your needs.



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1. The first part of the document is a list of names and titles, including "The Hon. Mr. Justice" and "The Hon. Mr. Justice".

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Yoga Tm. 1901,

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Baron Q. Jupp P.I. 1906

OCTOBER

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See the new bargains on our 5 & 10 cent counter.

# ST. JOE NEWS.

VOL. 4.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 23, 1886.

No. 5.



Mell Bishop was out fishing yesterday, but as usual he didn't catch any.

Flannel Skirting for ladies. The best thing in the market.

We have a good assortment of Men's and Boys' winter caps.

Men's Saxony Wool Hats only 50 cts. Full line of winter caps.

Light Yellow Sugar 5 cts, White Extra C 6 cts, Coffee A 7 cts.

The Jersey Coffee is taking the lead of all other brands. Try it.

Try our Parks & Hazzard Hand Made Boots. None better in the market.

This is the time of year for Rubber Coats. We have some good ones at a low price. Warranted waterproof.

We have been getting in new goods all week, and now we want to get in a lot of new customers. Don't all come at once.

We hav'nt room to tell you about all our new goods, but wont you please call in and see them. You need'nt buy any unless you want to.

Call in on election day and get a copy of this paper. Free to all.

Examine our new patterns of floor oil cloths. All new goods.

Call on W. C. Patterson for school books, slates, writing paper &c.

Our next paper will be issued on election day. Don't fail to get a copy as it will have lots of fun in it.

Don't forget the fact that the Candee Rubber Boot is the best in the market, and the only boot that has an extra ball on the sole. We are agents for them. Be sure to get the Candee.

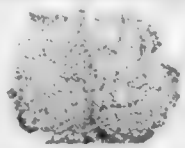
Will Curio has got some fresh home made bologna; at least we saw Frank Boyle hauling a big dog up from the depot the other morning, which we supposed was for that purpose.

W. C. Patterson having bought J. D. Leighty's entire stock of school books and added a complete new line thereto, is now prepared to supply all the school children in this and adjoining townships with school books. Give him a call.

Since last Monday we have got in a large winter stock of Dry Goods, Notions Hat, Caps, Gloves, Mittens, Boots, Shoes Rubbers &c. We've got the goods and are ready to make you some low prices. Any way, just come in and look us over.

## Five Hundred Parlor Matches for Five Cents.

St. Joe



Notes.

Published every two weeks, on Saturday morning by Mort E. Olds, in the advertising interest of Case & Olds, retail dealers in Dry Goods, Notions, Groceries, Boots, Shoes, Hats and Caps, Ready Made Clothing, Queensware Glassware &c.

Free to all who will call at our store and get a copy, or it will be sent free to any post office address where the postage is pre-paid. Our mail box is on the front door.

ST. JOE, IND, SATURDAY, OCT. 23, 1886.

August Kinsey is building a new house.

Bill Curle is buying and shipping lots of poultry.

Apples are only bringing about 75 cents a barrel.

Jud Geo has at last taken our advice and got married.

See those handsome Silk Plushes and Velvets on our counters.

Examine our new novelties in Dress Goods, Trimmings &c.

We have a special big bargain in Black Cashmere to offer this week.

Have you seen our splendid two dollar Kid Shoe? They are as good as some stores ask more money for.

St. Joe now has two good millinery shops. Certainly the ladies ought to be able to suit themselves.

We are agents for the Fort-Wayne factory yarn. The best in the market, and all pure wool.

We have a big stock of wool flannels, shaker flannels, and cotton flannels, and we think we can make you some prices on them that are remarkable cheap.

We're right on hand again this winter with an elegant line of Ladies' Misses and Children's Hoods. Our variety is not only large but our prices are low.

Now that the thrashing season is about over, Geo. Hamlin will probably go back to his old business again, that of a doctor. George ought to attend another course of lectures.

W. C. Patterson has enlarged his drug-store, and remodeled the interior part of it, and when completed it will be one of the finest drugstores in the county. St. Joe citizens as a general thing, believe in spending the money they make in improving the town.

We noticed a man with a package from a millinery shop going by the store on a run the other day. We stopped him and asked him what was his hurry. He said he had just bought his wife a new hat and he wanted to hurry home with it before it went out of style.

Garrison of Butler, the republican candidate for sheriff gave us a call one day last week. If size has anything to do with a man's success, he surely ought to get there. And they say that Sullivan the candidate for auditor, is nearly a hundred pounds heavier than Garrison. In case either one of them gets there, there will have to be some new chairs at the court house.

## Five Hundred Parlor Matches for Five Cents.

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Examine our tap-soled boots for two dollars and fifty cents.

The hotel at this place now rings a new dinner bell.

Good yard wide Bleached Muslin only 6 cents per yard.

Nearly all the school children in the county attended the Waterloo fair.

Three weeks more of politics and then somebody will be elected to stay at home.

Nobody ought to do without glassware when they can buy it as cheap as we are selling it.

A handsome doll baby in a tin can of the Silver King Baking Powder. Warranted the best.

Henry Baker has purchased the corner store. If managed right a store there will no doubt pay, and we wish Henry abundant success.

Hereafter we shall print this paper regularly and we hope you will call and get a copy every time. We shall endeavor to make it the funniest paper in the county.

We're a little late in getting in our fall stock, but it is now here, and while perhaps it is not as large as some other stocks, we feel confident that in variety and style it will compare with the most of them. One thing sure, our stock being bought later, we have the newest and latest novelties in the market. We kindly ask you to call and examine it before you buy.

We invite your attention to our new stock of Fall & Winter Goods. Don't fail to see them before you make your fall purchases. We can show you some entirely new novelties.



## See the new bargains on our 5 & 10 cent counter.

Cash Coats of Butler was in town Monday.

We now keep lime for sale in small quantities.

Get your school books at the St. Joe Drugstore.

We always have everything we advertise in this paper.

Metallic Table Spoons only 10 cents a set. Tea spoons 5 cts.

Horse, Clothes, Shoe, and Hair Brushes only 10 cents each.

Hank Reynolds and Shorty Coburn scrubbed out the depot one day this week. Bully boys.

See our elegant Black Cashmere with Black Silk Plush to trim it with. Also handsome line of buttons.

Many Dermott has built an addition to his house, which is quite an improvement over what it formerly was.

Frank Boyle has got a moustache about an eighth of an inch long. You have to use a spy glass to get a full view of it.

Jim Hamilton is fixing up his house in fine style. It looks a little as though James was going to take unto himself a partner.

Our five and ten cent counters are loaded down with new bargains. Some of the biggest ones we have ever offered. Drop in and see them.

If you want something that will make a nobby every day suit, buy some plain blue indigo prints and trim it with a stripe. We have the goods and they will make up fine.



Sum thing funny hapened the othar day and it becums our paneful duty tu inform the publick in regard tu it. A man an his wife went awa from ther home on a visit tu sum frends; while tha wer gon a grato big dog found its wa intu the house and crawled undar the bed and went tu sleep. In the evening the fokes came home, and at ther usual tyme fur retiring, went tu bed. Just as tha had both got intu a gude sound snouring sleep, the dog had got thru with his nap, and began tu make a racket which waked the fokes up. The woman jumped out ov bed tu see wat the trubel was and the man he was the bravest so he stood on the bed; then the dog came out. Ther tha was; the dog loked at the woman, and the woman loked at the man, an it was hard tu tel which was the worst scart. Finaly the man mustard up currage enuf tu open the dore and the dog was mity glad tu git out without askin ana questshuns, an the fokes went tu bed agin.

Barcus Q. Hippenhammer.

NOVEMBER

See the new bargains on our 5 & 10 cent counter.

# ST. JOE NEWS.

VOL. 4.

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 2, 1886.

No. 6.

## "CANDEE"

**Rubber  
BOOTS  
WITH  
DOUBLE THICK  
BALL.**

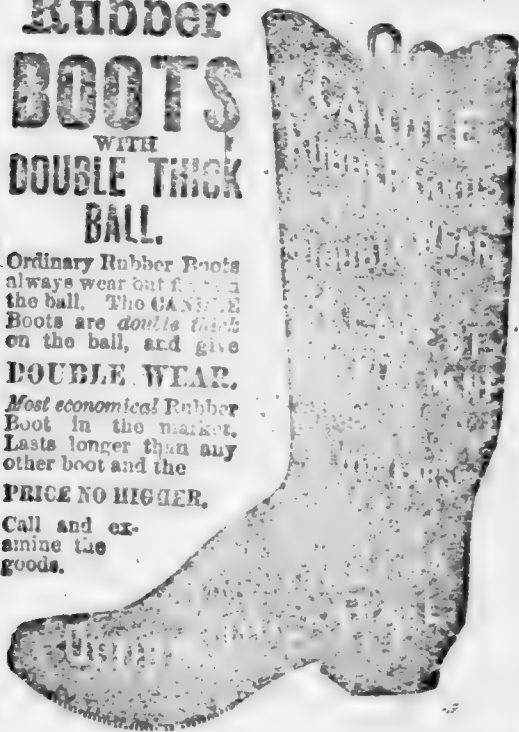
Ordinary Rubber Boots  
always wear out the  
ball. The CANDEE  
Boots are double thick  
on the ball, and give

**DOUBLE WEAR.**

Most economical Rubber  
Boot in the market.  
Lasts longer than any  
other boot and the

**PRICE NO HIGHER.**

Call and ex-  
amine the  
goods.



Tin Pails only 5 cents.  
Good Shoe Brushes 10 cents.  
Color glass tumblers only 5 cents.  
Our rooster begins to feel sick already.  
Beautiful colored pepper boxes with  
silver plated tops only 10 cents.

Try our Parks & Hazzard Hand Made  
Boots. None better in the market.

The attendance at school is so large  
that they talk of hiring another teacher.

Of course somebody will be elected  
but we shall continue to sell goods just  
as cheap as ever.

If you think of buying a flannel dress  
give us a call.

Ladies' Knit Underwear, both in cot-  
ton and wool, at low prices.

Children's High Top School Shoes are  
just the thing for cold weather.

W. C. Patterson will go to Chicago  
next week to buy new goods.

Defiance Ball Yarns in all the leading  
colors. Pure wool, not poor wool.

Don't forget us when you get ready to  
buy an Overcoat. We've got the stuff.

The boys who visited Jimmie Ryan's  
turnip patch wont be apt to do so right  
away again.

Mart Testison got in a barrel of cren-  
berries last week. They are nice and  
only 10 cents a quart.

Dr. Bowman has traded his Newville  
property for a farm near Cherebusco.  
Wouldnt Doc make a hearty farmer.

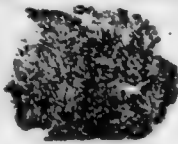
We are getting in a new and desirable  
line of Men's and Boys' clothing this  
week. See us before buying if you want  
to save money and get good serviceable  
goods.

John Hull says that after Tuesday he  
wont shave a democrat for less than 15  
cents. Somebody asked him why? He  
said because their faces would be so  
long. We're afraid its the other fellows  
that will have long faces.



## See the new bargains on our 5 & 10 cent counter.

St. Joe



News.

Published every two weeks, on Saturday morning by Mort E. Olds, in the advertising interest of Case & Olds, retail dealers in Dry Goods, Notions, Groceries, Boots, Shoes, Hats and Caps, Ready Made Clothing, Queensware, Glassware &c.

Free to all who will call at our store and get a copy, or it will be sent free to any post office address where the postage is pre-paid. Our mail box is on the front door.

ST. JOE, IND. TUESDAY, NOV. 2, 1886.

Metallic Table Spoons only 10 cents per set.

Ladies' Silver Grey Gossimers reduced to one dollar.

Window Curtains, with cord fixtures, only 50 cents.

Flannel Lined Shoes; just the thing for old ladies.

Good Wool Cassimere Pants reduced to \$2.00.

Stockenette in all colors; call and get your winter's supply.

When you buy the Candee Rubber Boot you get the best.

Horse, Clothes, Shoe, and Hair Brushes only 10 cents each.

St. Joe is growing bigger every day. It is bound to be the next best town in the county. Perhaps.

Don't forget the fact that the Candee Rubber Boot is the best in the market, and the only boot that has an extra ball on the sole. We are agents for them. Be sure to get the Candee.

The Candee Rubber Boot is the only boot that has a double sole.

A man never knows just how mean he is until he runs for office.

Excursion to Chicago Nov. 8. Fare for the round trip only \$3.15.

Examine our new patterns of floor oil cloths. All new goods.

Call on W. C. Patterson for school books, slates, writing paper &c.

New line of Gent's Neckwear and Neck Mufflers received this week.

We have a better line of shoes this year than ever before. Full line of Children's high top shoes.

Vote which ever ticket you have a mind to, but buy your winter boots, shoes and rubbers of us.

The children all like to buy Baking Powder of us because we give them a handsome doll baby free.

This is the time of year for Rubber Coats. We have some good ones at a low price. Warranted waterproof.

Our five and ten cent counters are loaded down with new bargains. Some of the biggest ones we have ever offered. Drop in and see them.

If you want something that will make a nobby every day suit, buy some plain blue indigo prints and trim it with a stripe. We have the goods and they will make up fine.

A good many people wonder where we get the goods on our 5 and 10 cent counters; we don't steal them, that's sure, but there are some bargains that make people open their eyes.

## See the new bargains on our 5 & 10 cent counter.

---

We have a good assortment of Men's and Boys' winter caps.

Flannel Skirting for ladies. The best thing in the market.

Men's Saxony Wool Hats only 50 cts. Full line of winter caps.

Light Yellow Sugar 5 cts, White Extra C 6 cts, Coffee A 7 cts.

The Jersey Coffee is taking the lead of all other brands. Try it.

Try our Parks & Hazzard Hand Made Boots. None better in the market.

Two car loads of apples were shipped from this place to Iowa last week.

Hank Reynolds had lost his pig, but he found it again. It had crawled into a rat hole.

Have you seen our splendid two dollar Kid Shoe? They are as good as some stores ask more money for.

---



This boy took a notion that he would have a smoke. So he got hold of an old pipe and went at it.



He smoked away and had a splendid time, unconscious of the fact that any one saw him.



When all at once his father appeared upon the scene, and at once proceeded to wear out the butt end of a shingle on the back side of the boy's pants. It is likely that he won't be able to sit down for several weeks.

## See the new bargains on our 5 & 10 cent counter.

A good fair quality of Men's Overcoats for \$3.00.

Ladies' wool hose 25 cents; children's wool hose 15 cents.

Mad Meek is putting a coat of paint on the new church.

New line of Ladies' Collars and Cuffs. The newest styles.

Rolled Oats is good eating and it is healthy food. Try it.

Chew Merry War Plug Tobacco. The biggest plug of the best tobacco for the least money.

Perhaps we forgot to mention it, but the Candee Rubber Boot is the best in the market.

When you don't buy the Candee Rubber Boot you don't get the best; that's the long and short of it.

We want your trade, and will appreciate any favors you will bestow upon us, let them be great or small.

Just while your talking about it, we may as well mention the fact that we are getting in a new line of clothing.

We always have something new to show our customers. This week we have some entirely new things in glassware. Real new beauties.

We are the only firm in St. Joe that keeps a full line of the Candee Rubber Goods. Ask for the Candee every time and take no other.

Oleveland is a great lover of hunting and fishing, and he probably always wears the Candee rubber boot because he knows they are the best.



To fellers can't go tu sea one gurl at the saim tyme. It wont work; it has ben tried a gudo many tymes; but has alwas resulted in a gaural smashup. Not long ago to young fellers both got struck on the saim gurl and tha both made an appointment tu go tu sea her on the saim nite, but tha didn't kno it. Jim got the start of Charla a few hours, and bi the tyme Charla got on his Sunday cloze and got to the house, he loked thru the crack ov the dore which hapened tu bee standing partly open, an ther he saw Jim an the gurl setting on the sofa. Finding he was left he went home, and resolved that the next tyme he wood git ahead ov Jim if he had to go the nite be'our.

Barnes Q. Hippenhammer.

Large sized Towels, warranted all linen only 10 cents.

That Shirting Flannel is selling right out. Most people know a good thing when they see it.

See the new bargains on our 5 & 10 cent counter.

# ST. JOE NEWS.

VOL. 4.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 20, 1886.

No. 7.



This iz Vio Conrad. He iz writing a lettur tu his gurl.

Last Thursday was a cold stormy day for a change.

We have a rattling good heavy Jeans Pauts for \$1.25.

We have a full line of Overshoes for Men, Women and Children.

Mrs. Robert Davis returned from an extended visit among friends in the west this week.

Joe Shutt walked to Auburn one day last week. Uncle Joe has more snap now than lots of young fellows.

People who waked up last Thursday morning found quite a change in the weather; those who didn't wake up of course didn't know any thing about it.

We don't want you to say any thing about it, because its a secret, but Bill Simanton bought some safety pins of us last Thursday.

There are 119 scholars attending school at this place.

Men's all wool Blue Flannel Shirts at low prices. Examine them.

Six Handsome Colored Glass Sauce Dishes with handles for 25 cents.

Men's Genuine Whole Stock Fine Calf Boots for \$5.50. A bang up good boot for the money.

Buy a can of Silver King Baking Bowder and giye the doll baby to your little girl for a christmas present.

The ladies of the Methodist church will have an Oyster Supper in the room two doors east of the hotel, on Thanksgiving evening, Nov. 25, 1886.

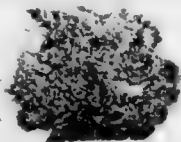
Union thanksgiving services will be held in the Lutheran church in this place on Thursday evening, Nov. 25th. Rev. Langley will deliver the sermon, and the members of the different congregations are expected to join together in the services. All are invited.

Our next paper will be issued on Saturday, December 11th, at which time it will be twice as large as its usual size, and contain lots of comic pictures and holiday fun, besides a partial list of our christmas goods. Don't fail to get a copy. Free to all, if you'll just take the trouble to call and get it.



## See the new bargains on our 5 & 10 cent counter.

St. Joe



Notes.

Published every two weeks, on Saturday morning by Mort E. Olds, in the advertising interest of Case & Olds, retail dealers in Dry Goods, Notions, Groceries, Boots, Shoes, Hats and Caps, Ready Made Clothing, Queensware, Glassware &c.

*Free to all who will call at our store, and get a copy, or it will be sent free to any post office address where the postage is pre-paid. Our mail box is on the front door.*

ST. JOE, IND., SATURDAY, NOV. 20, 1886.

Another lot of Hoods arrived at our store this week.

Beautiful colored pepper boxes with silver plated tops only 10 cents.

Defiance Ball Yarns in all the leading colors. Pure wool, not poor wool.

Don't freeze your ears when you can buy a pair of ear muffs for 10 cts.

Try our Parks & Hazzard Hand Made Boots. None better in the market.

Have you ever noticed what a splendid clothes brush we offer for 10 cts.

Christmas will soon be here, and we are preparing to have a high old time. Old Santa Claus will stop at our store again this year.

Fancy Knit Caps for children and babies are all the rage this winter. We have an unusual handsome line of them. Elegant line of Hoods, too. Bring the children in to see them.

The oyster is again in our midst. The oyster is a good thing to have in our midst. It creates a feeling of comfort and content in us that nothing else can. There may be better things than an oyster but their names are not known. The oyster is mankind's dearest friend. It is as modest as it is useful. It don't have to have a new hat six or eight time a year. It don't go visiting or gad about or go on excursions. It sticks closer to a friend than a politician to a slippery voter. People get tired of most every thing else but they never think of going back on the oyster.

If you think of buying a flannel dress give us a call.

Ladies' Knit Underwear, both in cotton and wool, at low prices.

Children's High Top School Shoes are just the thing for cold weather.

Don't forgot us when you get ready to buy an Overcoat. We've got the stuff.

Make it your business to call and see the bargains on our 5 and 10 cent counters. It will pay you.

Mr. Babcox, the fruit tree man says that he wont buy any thing but the Candee rubber goods. They always give satisfaction.

We have had a good clothing trade lately. Our stock is not as large as some but our goods and prices are all right. Examine us.

Mart Testison bought a new oil stove last week and now he is prepared to serve up a dish of oysters in about three jerks of a dead lamb's tail. Give him a call.

See the new bargains on our 5 & 10 cent counter.



Peddlars bark up the wrong tree some times. There was one the other day that called at a house not a thousand miles from here and the lady drove him off without even giving him a chance to show his samples, while her husband stood by and enjoyed the fun.

Large sized Towels, warranted all linen only 10 cents.

When you buy the Candee Rubber Boot you get the best.

Horse, Clothes, Shoe, and Hair Brushes only 10 cents each.

Mr. and Mrs. Bowen have been visiting in this place for the last two or three weeks.

That Skirting Flannel is selling right out. Most people know a good thing when they see it.

Men's Felt Boots with leather protection on the back to prevent wearing out are the best to buy.

A good fair quality of Men's Overcoats for \$3.50.

Ladies' wool hose 25 cents; children's wool hose 15 cents.

New line of Ladies' Collars and Cuffs. The newest styles.

Roller Oats is good eating and it is healthy food. Try it.

Chew Merry War Plug Tobacco. The biggest plug of the best tobacco for the least money.

Perhaps we forgot to mention it, but the Candee Rubber Boot is the best in the market.

When you don't buy the Candee Rubber Boot you don't get the best; that's the long and short of it.

We want your trade, and will appreciate any favors you will bestow upon us, let them be great or small.

We are the only firm in St. Joe that keeps a full line of the Candee Rubber Goods. Ask for the Candee every time and take no other.

Miss Bartlett is finishing the upper room in Dr. Bowman's new building and will occupy it for a milliner shop. When completed it will make a splendid room for that purpose.

Don't forget the fact that the Candee Rubber Boot is the best in the market, and the only boot that has an extra ball on the sole. We are agents for them. Be sure to get the Candee, and then you will have the best.

See the new bargains on our 5 & 10 cent counter.



Nex Thursday is the da set apart bi the president tu giv thanks. It is then that everybody wants tu ben invitad out tu eat ded chicken and turkey. Most fokes care a mity site moor about wat kind ov grub tha hav than the kind of thanks tha give. In ther anxiety tu supply the wants ov the inner man, tha lose site of the reel object fur which the da is intended. It is about this tyme ov the year that the chickens an turkeys hold a big meeting and prepare tu dy. So far as we ar concerned we like chicken an we don't care who knos it, an if yu want us tu eat with yu, don't bea tu modest tu sa so.

Veri Thaukfooly Yours, Barcus Q. Hippenhammer.

Don't fail to get a copy of our funny Christmas paper.

Handsome glass soap dishes with large cake of toilet soap only 10 cents.

We've got plenty of stocking webbing now. Nothing better made for children's winter wear.

There was quite a number turned out last Tuesday evening to hear the immortal J N lift the vale, but the old fellow thought the pressure was too heavy and wouldn't speak.

Dr. Bowman offers the half of his farm down near Cherubusco to any one who will move the other half up here. Here's a chance for somebody to get rich right away off.

Somebody has been stealing "taters" over in the Coburntown neighborhood. They wore a number 8 boot.

Have you got one of our ten cent Frying Pans? If you hav'nt for pitty sake get one right away. They often prevent a spell of sickness.

In case White or Lowry do not take their seat in congress it is suggested that Lige Saylor be appointed to fill the position.

Last Monday evening we heard the noise of drums and the tramp of many feet and upon looking out found that the scholars of the St. Joe schools were out on a dress parade. They all kept step to the music except about ninety-nine of them.

DECEMBER

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We wish you all a Merry, Merry Christmas.

# ST. JOE NEWS.

VOL. 4.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 11, 1886.

No. 8.



These are the children's happiest days,  
Of all the long, long year,  
For while the others bring them joys,  
They hold these doubly dear.

Their smiling faces greet this time,  
And joyous voices say;  
I wonder what Old Santa Claus,  
Will bring me Christmas Day?

And well they may, for Santa Claus  
No'er brought at prices lower,  
Nor carried in his mammoth pack.  
So many things before.

Games and dolls and books and balls,  
A hundred kinds of toys,  
He has this year to gratify  
His little girls and boys.

Bert Donaldson was in town last Monday.

We have the boss assortment of skates,  
at the lowest prices.

Big line of Children's Toy Handkerchiefs at 5 cents.

Beautiful Oil Paintings with heavy gilt frame only 99 cents.

Ladies' Linen Collars and Cuffs both in white and figured.

Ladies' Large Shopping Bags with nickel fasteners only 50 cents.

Don't buy a single thing for Christmas until you see our stock.

You just ought to see our big beauty dolls. Bring the children in.

Colored Glass Wall Boats; something nobby for a Christmas present.

Our stock of 5 cent Glassware is worth looking over. Genuine bargains.

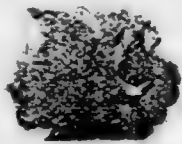
We have all shades of Vailing at 25 cents per yard. Drab, Mistle Green, Brown, Black &c.

We want your holiday trade and we want it bad. We are working hard for it by giving you a good stock to select from, at remarkable low prices.

There will be a Concert and Oyster Supper at Leighty's Hall, on Friday evening, Dec. 24th, 1886, immediately after the exercises at the church. They expect to have glorious good time. Don't forget it.

## A Genuine Steel Hand-saw for only 25 cents.

St. Joe



News.

Published every two weeks, on Saturday morning by Mort E. Olds, in the advertising interest of Case & Olds, retail dealers in Dry Goods, Notions, Groceries, Boots, Shoes, Hats and Caps, Ready Made Clothing, Queensware, Glassware &c.

Free to all who will call at our store and get a copy, or it will be sent free to any post office address where the postage is pre-paid. Our mail box is on the front door.

ST. JOE, IND., SATURDAY, DEC. 11, 1886.

Frank Scholes was in town last Monday.

Henry and Walter Abel went to Buffalo last week.

Watches that will run all over town for 5 cents.

Clarinets that you can really play a tune on for 10 cents.

Large Musical Tops 10 cents. Big Toy Books 5 cents.

Call in and see our christmas goods and hear our music box play.

Large sized Noah's Arks, containing 18 assorted animals only 10 cents.

Surprise Boxes, when you open them something jumps out only 10 cents.

Our doll family this year is a big one, comprising dolls from 4 inches to nearly 3 feet high. You ought to see them.

Magic Lanterns, with a series of nicely bound pictures will make a lasting and instructive present for a boy. We have not the space to tell you all about them but come and see them.



Whoa! there January! Steady now, me and the old lady is going down to that store where they sell everything for 5 and 10 cents.

Dominoes 5 cents per set. Colored Glass pepper boxes 5 cents.

Rubber Dolls only 10 cents. Can't break them. Just the thing for babies.

We will sell you a good hand saw for 25 cents. A good regular sized square only 25 cents.

Dr. Hamm believes in having a good understanding. He had us order him a pair of overshoes the other day number thirteens. They had to ship them on an open car, because they couldn't get them both into a box car.

Dan Baker came into the store the other day to buy a pair of pants. We asked him what size he wore around the waist, and he said ordinarily he wore 34, but his full capacity at a church oyster supper was 38.

If you want to make your daughter, or somebody else's daughter a present of a nice large doll baby on christmas, buy a can of Silver King Baking Powder and get the doll baby for nothing. The Baking Powder is warranted good, and so is the baby.

## Handsome Large Glass Dishes only 5 cents.

Children's Woolen Mittens only 10 cents a pair.

Drop in and see our handsome Stand Lamp for 99 cents.

Don't set around in the dark when you can buy a two dollar lamp for 99 cents.

Always Cool Bronze Stove Hooks only 5 cents. Ten cent double match safes for 5 cents.

We can sell you some things in the hardware line at about half what you pay for them at a hardware store.

Bill Simanton says that those safety pins he got a couple of weeks ago wasn't for him; they were for John.

If you don't know just what to buy for christmas presents, ask us; we can help you to make a selection.

A ten cent cake of good toilet soap and a ten cent glass soap dish both for ten cents. Just half price.

Wire Card or Fruit Baskets only 10 cents. Nothing more appropriate for a handsome christmas present at such a low price. They are lively sellers.

We always aim not to say anything about any one that will in any way give offence, but, if we don't say something about some body why we wont say any thing about any body. That's all.

Thanksgiving day passed off very quietly in this place. A goodly number attended church in the evening. The oyster supper too, was also well patronized. The fact of the matter was, it was most to cold a day for much flying around.



This young man has just asked the old gentleman for his daughter's hand in marriage. The old gentleman has consented but proceeded to give him the following sensible advice: he told him that when he got ready to go to house keeping he should call at our store, where he could buy lots of useful articles at about one half less than he would have to pay at a hardware store.

One Large Handled Fruit Dish with six Sauce Dishes to match only 40 cts.

If you want to make a gentleman a nice and appropriate present buy him a Neck Muffler.

We have over 20 styles of, 5 cent Handkerchiefs. All new and desirable christmas patterns.

A good shoe brush and an extra large box of good shoe blacking both for 15 cents. A solid fact.

Look over our Overcoats before you buy. Just like enough you can save money and be better suited.

## Handsome Brass Stand Lamps only 99 cents.

Best hand picked Beans 4 cents per pound.

Prunes are higher; we still sell them at 5 cents.

Fancy Colored Glass Goblets only 30 cents for a set of six.

Hoods for 25, 35 and 50 cents. Better ones for a better price.

Never before have we had as good a selection of 5 cent Handkerchiefs.

Have you ever noticed what a splendid clothes brush we offer for 10 cts.

We have Boys' Suits, sizes from 5 to 8 years of age, for \$2.00. A bargain and no mistake.

We are now agents for Dr. Schilling's Health Preserving Corset. The best Corset now in use.

Rustic Baskets fill with artificial flowers only 10 cents. They will make the prettiest little christmas present out.

Any one living in the neighborhood of Concord who wants to get their butchering done in short metre style should call on Florence Buchanan and John Fetters. They were a whole day not long ago killing one little hog. They done a good job though.

One of our special christmas bargains this year is a stand lamp; it is a large lamp, with polished brass base and white dome shade all complete with wick for only 99 cents. If you don't say its the finest lamp you ever saw for that money we'll give you one for nothing.



This little fellow is feeling real badly because his folks wouldnt buy him a christmas present. They said times was to hard, but they didnt know that they could buy nice useful presents at our store for 5 and 10 cents.

We are able to sell you a hanging lamp at a very low figure.

Buy Dr. Schilling's Health Preserving Corset if you want the best.

Defiance Ball Yarns in all the leading colors. Pure wool, not poor wool.

Handsome glass soap dishes with large cake of toilet soap only 10 cents.

Linen Towels make a good and useful christmas present. We have some new patterns and they are just as good as they are pretty.

Supposing you have got six, eight or ten children in your family, you can buy them all nice christmas presents of us for a nickle apiece. It will please the children wonderfully and make you feel better yourself.



## See the new bargains on our 5 & 10 cent counter.

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Men's all wool Blue Flannel Shirts at low prices. Examine them.

We have a full line of Overshoes for Men, Women and Children.

Six Handsome Colored Glass Sauce Dishes with handles for 25 cents.

You can buy a whole arm full of nice christmas presents of us for 25 cents.

Men's Genuine Whole Stock Fine Calf Boots for \$1.50. A bang up good boot for the money.

Buy a can of Silver King Baking Powder and give the doll baby to your little girl for a christmas present.

You can see stacks of nice christmas goods by calling at our store. We're just loaded down with nice things.

Have you got one of our ten cent Frying Pans? If you hav'nt for pitty sake get one right away. They often prevent a spell of sickness.

Christmas will soon be here, and we are preparing to have a high old time. Old Santa Claus will stop at our store again this year.

Fancy Knit Caps for children and babies are all the rage this winter. We have an unusual handsome line of them. Elegant line of Hoods, too. Bring the children in to see them.

It is always better when you are making holiday presents to give something useful. We have taken care in our selections this year to not only get ornamental but useful articles.

We are actually offering some of the biggest longest widest bargains in Glassware that has ever been heard of. Regular Large Sized Bread Plates only 10 cents; former price 25 cts. Large covered Fruit Dish only 10 cents; former price 20 cts. Other Glassware reduced accordingly.

Don't fail to call.

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Another lot of Hoods arrived at our store this week.

We have a rattling good heavy Jeans Pants for \$1.25.

Beautiful colored pepper boxes with silver plated tops only 10 cents.

Don't freeze your ears when you can buy a pair of ear muffs for 10 cts.

Try our Parks & Hazzard Hand Made Boots. None better in the market.

We've got plenty of stocking webbing now. Nothing better made for children's winter wear.

We have got the biggest line of 5 cent Handkerchiefs that we have ever had. All new patterns, and they are much the prettiest of any we have had. Only 5 cents for your choice. They will make nice christmas presents.

## Examine our stock of Stand & Hanging Lamps.

Dan Herrick had a sale Thursday and will move to St. Joe in the spring.

Frank Meek was in town one day last week. Frank is as fat as a match.

We have a good assortment of christmas handkerchiefs; both in silk, linen and cotton.

Twenty-five dozen fine hemmed fancy flowered fast colored handkerchiefs for only 5 cents each.

After you have read this paper please pass it along to your neighbor and oblige we, us and company.

Do you want to buy the most goods for the least money? Then patronize our 5 and 10 cent counters.

Go to the supper at Leighty's Hall on christmas evening, and have the best time you ever had in your life.

Mr. and Mrs. Freeman Bishop, formerly residents of this county, but now of Sterling, Kansas, visited friends in this place last week.

If you want to make somebody a present of a good Black Cashmere Dress on christmas, we will sell it to you at a very low price. Get our figures.

We can sell you a set of Wm. Rodger's Genuine Silver Plated Knives and Forks very cheap this year. They will make an elegant christmas present.

Young folks ought not to spark in the dark when they can buy the finest kind of a stand lamp for 99 cents. Just like enough though, if they had one it would be turned down very low or else not lit at all.



"I Golly! Dars am no use talking, dey hab got de biggest lot ob holiday goods ober at dat Nimble Nickle store dat Ieber did see, and it jist does beat all de dickens how low dey are selling dem."

The very best of Fire Shovels only 10 cents.

Children's Knife Fork and Spoon only 10 cents.

The biggest bargain in town is our 99 cent Stand Lamp.

We've got something new to show you in the way of an oil can.

If we can't give you a bargain in lamps this year, nobody else can.

## We have Christmas Presents for Everybody.

New line of Men's Fine Shoes received this week.

Always buy the Candee rubber goods if you want the best.

We have a big line of Suspenders at all prices from 10 to 25 cents.

We can sell you a nice Flannel Dress that will make your mother, your sister or your wife a warm present.

Dr. Ferrell, now known as the great Indian doctor, was in town last week. The doctor says he has a large practice.

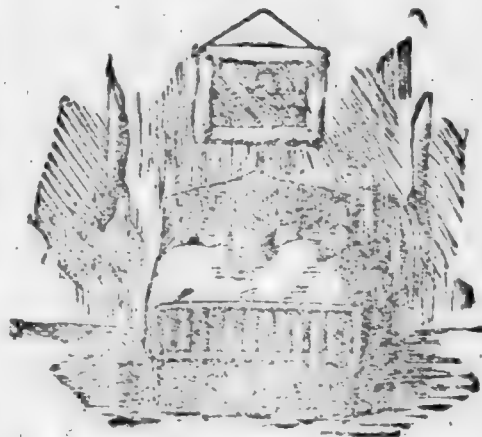
Old Mr. Santa Claus will be at the church Friday evening Dec. 24th, at the Christmas exercises. The children will have a high old time.

Why don't you buy your husband a pair of our handsome embroidered slippers? He will appreciate such a present very much no doubt.

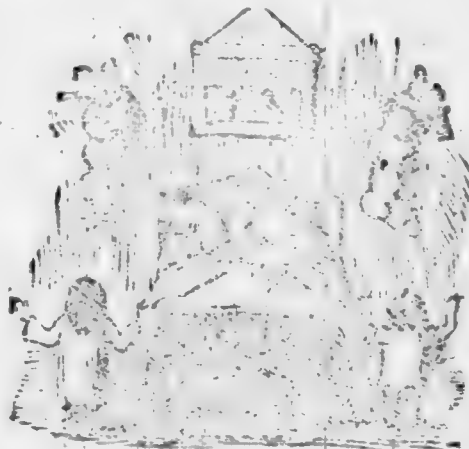
We want everybody to have one of these papers, so if you ain't got one already why call at the back side of our front door and get one.

It pays to buy the best, don't it? So we say when you buy rubber goods of any kind get the Candee, and you get the best, every time. We have a cheaper grade if you want it.

As is our usual custom, we have again printed this year a supply of cards with the words "Merry Christmas" on them and blank space for writing the name for labeling presents. They are very convenient and save time and trouble. Furnished free to our customers or any one else who will call and get them.



Before these children went to bed on Christmas evening they borrowed their mother's big long stockings and hung them up one on each side of the bed. After they had gone to sleep their father came down to our store and bought them enough toys and presents to fill them big stockings jam full and running over.



The next morning the children awoke bright and early and scrambled out of bed to see whether there was any thing in their stockings or not. They stood at the foot of bed and held their hands up in astonishment, and their little eyes fairly sparkled with delight to see how full Old Santa Claus had filled their stockings.

## Boys' Skates, with heel plates, only 25 cents.

We can sell you a fine Hanging Lamp for \$2.00.

Car Money Banks on wheels 10 cts.  
Big Trumpets 5 cents.

Tin Trays, decorated with red and gilt flowers only 5 cents.

Bags containing 25 different kinds of Marbles only 5 cents. They will tickle a boy all over.

Good two bladed Pocket Knives only 10 cents. Good Butcher Knives down to 10 cents.

The best of Padlocks, with two keys for 10 cents. Six inch Strap Hinges only 10 cents.

Milo Stafford and wife have gone to housekeeping in the house formerly occupied by Nels Thomas.

The friends and neighbors of Mr. and Mrs. Keller presented them with a handsome hanging lamp last week.

We have a good article of Boys' Skates with heel plates, screws and straps for 25 cents. Bound to please the boys.

Mell Bishop has been up in the northern part of Michigan this week laying in a supply of lumber and shingles for spring trade.

Guns for 10 cents. Donkeys that will shake their heads for 10 cents. Most any donkey will shake his head for that price. Metalophones only 10 cents.

Eph Boyles had the misfortune last Monday, while helping Chris Currie butcher, to catch a hog hook in one side of his face, tearing quite an ugly gash clear into his mouth. Eph can still talk though, however.



Sa, did you ever tri, tu take cair ov three or fore young ones while your wife went out calling. Of corse we did'nt but we kno a feller in this town whos better half went out calling one evening last weak and left him to take cair ov the children. Aftar she had gone awhile the children got to howling and yelling and bawling fur deer life. The poor man did'nt kno wat tu du; he thot the children was sick, so he got the camfor bottel and the paragoric and some ipsecack and begin tu dops them with medicene. The moor he doped them the wors tha hollered. Fortunately his wife arrived jist in tyme tu save the poor littel sufferin things frum dyeing.

Yours Fur Krismas,  
Barcus Q. Hippenhammer.

We now have a supply of Children's Buckle Artic Overshoes.

Money Purses that other stores charge 25 cents for, we sell for a dime.

Buy your hubby a pair of those handsome slippers for christmas.

Ladies' Fancy Embroidered Slippers; nothing nicer for a christmas present.



ISSUES

MISSING

MARCH

# THE ST. JOE NEWS.

VOL. I.

ST. JOE, IND., FRIDAY, MARCH 4, 1887.

NO. 6.

## THE NEWS.

Intelligence by Wire from All the World

### FOREIGN.

—The death sentence passed upon Duval, the Paris anarchist, has been commuted to eight years' imprisonment.

—The German elections have resulted in Bismarck's overwhelming triumph. The Conservatives, Ministerialists, Imperialists, and National Liberals, who constitute together the Government party, to have a clear majority in the Reichstag without even calling on the Catholic Centerists for help. Full seventy per cent. of the popular vote was polled, indicating the great strength of Bismarck with the German people. The only setback to the complete triumph of the Chancellor is the defeat of all his candidates in Alsace-Lorraine, showing that the people of those provinces are still unreconciled to their dismemberment from France. All the European bourses are very strong, as Bismarck's victory is considered an assurance of peace. Socialist gains in Berlin were offset by losses in the provinces. The party is especially chagrined at the Imperialist successes in Saxony, which has always been considered a Socialist stronghold, but where seven seats are lost to the Imperialists.

—The Panama Canal Company has purchased thirty locomotives in Belgium.

—The lava from Mauna Loa, on the island of Hawaii, recently traveled twenty miles down the mountain in two days. Subsequently a vein of fire burst forth and followed the line of the flow to the seaside.

—The loss of life in the Genoese Riviera alone by the recent earthquakes is estimated at fifteen hundred.

—The Spanish Government is endeavoring to induce expatriated Republicans to return and accept amnesty, but the military party is firm in opposition to the plan.

—Henry M. Stanley sends word from Zanzibar that the expedition for the relief of Emin Bey has started across the country for the interior.

—An alternative scheme for gradually abolishing the importation of iron into Russia, which has been submitted to the Imperial Council, proposes either to gradually prohibit imports of iron, or to gradually increase the duties until they become prohibitory.

—The jury in the case of Dillon, O'Brien, and Redmond, on trial in connection with the plan of campaign, came into court at Dublin and reported that they were unable to agree.

### PERSONAL.

—The death of Mrs. General Hunter, in Washington, is announced by telegraph. She was the second daughter of John Kinzie, a pioneer Indian trader, and was born on the site of Chicago in 1807. She was married to Lieutenant Hunter, at Fort Dearborn, in 1828.

—The wife of General Joseph E. Johnston died at Washington last week.

—A Cleveland dispatch announces the death of Benj. F. Taylor, the poet, journalist, and lecturer. He was 65 years old.

—James C. Branch, a wealthy young citizen of St. Louis, has married a German girl formerly employed by his family. Both he and his bride are barred out of the paternal household.

—A woman at Rochester wrote to the postmaster at Chicago to select a husband for her and send his address.

—Jesse W. Fell died last week at Bloomington, Ill. He was an old resident of Illinois and the personal friend of President Lincoln and David Davis. The death of Commodore William H. Truxtun is also recorded.

—General Thomas W. Egan died in New York, last week, of epilepsy. His horse was once shot under him on the field at Gettysburg.

—After the war President Johnson made Egan Revenue Collector, and he in the Custom House under Col. Schur. He was lavish in his expenditure while in the Custom House kept a room at the St. Nicholas that was sumptuously furnished. He spent a fortune of \$100,000. Lately he lived on his pension. General Egan's mother lives in

La Crosse, Wis., with his sister and brother. She is past 90.

—Dr. Edmund Rogers, a wealthy bachelor of Chicago, who died recently, left a large fortune to be given to any six women whose husbands are drunkards.

—Mrs. Logan has made known to the Chicago Monument Committee her desire that the remains of the Senator be placed in the center of the circular plat in Jackson Park, comprising forty acres, and that her body be ultimately laid to rest there.

### POLITICAL.

—In the Lieutenant Governorship case the Supreme Court of Indiana rendered a decision, on the 23d of February, refusing an injunction against Robertson for want of jurisdiction, and declaring that the General Assembly has control of the matter. The opinion of the court, in which all the judges concur, was written by Chief Justice Elliott, and it holds that the Circuit Court had no jurisdiction of the person of Robertson, and no jurisdiction to issue the order of injunction. Separate opinions were filed by each of the Judges. Judge Niblack holds that exclusive authority over the contest is vested in the General Assembly, and that the courts have no jurisdiction. Chief Justice Elliott fully concurs in this opinion, but pursues a somewhat different line of argument. Judge Mitchell, in a very long opinion, holds that the courts have jurisdiction over the subject-matter of the controversy, and that there was no vacancy in the office of Lieutenant Governor. Judge Hawk agrees with Judge Mitchell. Judge Zollars, in a very elaborate opinion, holds that the courts have no jurisdiction of the action, but does not entirely concur in the reasoning of Judges Niblack and Elliott. The news of the decision, says an Indianapolis dispatch, spread rapidly, and caused no little excitement in the city.

Speaker Sayre announced to the House of Representatives the court's ruling. Senator Demotte, in the Senate, quietly informed President Smith that the decision had been rendered, exhibiting to him a certificate from the Clerk of the Supreme Court stating the facts. He notified Smith that a demand would forthwith be made by the Republicans for possession of the office. A motion to adjourn the Senate was made and declared carried. Soon after adjournment had been declared Senator Houston arose excitedly, exclaiming that President Smith was a usurper, a scoundrel, and a pretender. Demotte, whose seat is in the rear, rushed forward denouncing Smith as "a liar and a coward." Senator Kennedy followed the example of the others. Smith laughed at them, and held his temper. The House passed a resolution practically stopping all legislation. In effect it says that the House will not recognize the Senate any longer unless it acknowledges the validity of Robertson's election and allows him quietly to reside over the Senate. The Democratic Senators met in caucus. Gov. Gray, United States Senator-elect Turpie, and other prominent Democrats were in consultation with them. The decision was to hold the fort on the following grounds: That the decision of the Supreme Court to-day left the question just where it was at the beginning of the session; that Justice Niblack, in his decision, gives the opinion that the Constitution does not positively make the Lieutenant Governor the presiding officer of the Senate, and that that body may select any Senator for that office. The Democrats, therefore, propose to stand by Senator Smith. They also claim that two of the judges have declared that no vacancy existed in the office of Lieutenant Governor, and that the others made no deliverance on that point. Also that the joint convention which declared Robertson Lieutenant Governor was illegal because the Senate at the time having adjourned, was not officially present, although the Republican Senators participated. The Republicans at a secret conference resolved to stand by Robertson and seat him at all hazards.

—R. S. Robertson, recently elected Lieutenant Governor of Indiana, made an attempt to take the chair in the senate on Thursday, but was kept back by a doorkeeper. Senator Green Smith sustained the point of order that none but members could take up the time of the body, and caused the doorkeepers to remove Robertson from the chamber. The crowd saw Robertson come out and there was great excitement. He mounted the steps and made a speech, reciting what had transpired in the chamber and cautioned the people to do nothing that would infringe the peace or dignity of the State, or that they would regret in cooler moments. During the excitement about the Senate doors three of the Senators attempted to enter and had difficulty. Senator Johnson, of Wayne, denounced the doorkeepers, and during the melee a number of persons from the inside approached the

door, among them Senator McDonald, who put up his hands. Johnson interpreted it as an attempt to thrust him back, and struck the Senator in the face. Senator Demotte was ordered into his seat, and when the Sergeant-at-arms put him down threw him to the floor. The Republican Senators started to follow Robertson out of the chamber, but were not permitted to leave. The House refused to receive a message from the Senate, and the doorkeepers were instructed not to admit the Secretary of the Senate until Robertson was installed as presiding officer of that body. The Michigan Prohibition State Convention met at Lansing, with 450 delegates, and made these nominations: For Supreme Court Justices, Lemuel Chute of Ionia and Noah W. Cheever of Washtenaw; for University Regents, David Preston of Detroit and Amherst B. Cheney of Kent. The platform calls upon all to rally to support the amendment to the Constitution prohibiting the liquor traffic.

—The bill changing the name of St. John County to Logan County passed the Kansas Legislature and received the Governor's signature. The county was first named for the Prohibitionist leader.

—The Illinois Senate passed a resolution declaring it to be the duty of the General Assembly to see that the terms of the convict-labor amendment be carried out by proper legislation.

—The Wisconsin Senate adopted a resolution to submit a constitutional amendment prohibiting contracts for convict labor.

—The Judiciary Committee of the Pennsylvania House of Representatives has favorably reported a bill proposing an important change in the jury laws of that State by legalizing a two-thirds verdict. In other words, a verdict can be found whenever eight of the twelve men in the box agree upon conviction or acquittal. Under such a law as this hung juries would soon become unknown, and the schemes of shysters to run in a crooked man on a jury would be thwarted.

—Col. Robertson was refused admittance to the Indiana Senate Chamber, when he presented himself at the door on the 25th ult. Counsel for Green Smith filed a petition for the rehearing of the injunction case. A resolution was adopted to investigate the conduct of Senator Johnson, charged with striking Senator McDonald during the melee of the previous day. Senator McDonald made a speech, in which, referring to the trouble between him and Senator Johnson, he said that nobody would have made such an assault except "a coward and a crazy fool." He declared that he was personally responsible for what he said, either inside or outside the Senate. The Republican members of the Senate were present during the session, but refused to vote on any question presented by Smith as presiding officer. A resolution was introduced by a Democratic member proposing to submit the lieutenant governorship contest to the Supreme Court judges as a board of arbitrators, and to abide by their opinion as citizens, instead of as judges, as to who should preside over the Senate. The resolution was adopted by the Democrats, the Republicans refusing to vote on the proposition.

—Ex-President Andrew D. White, of Cornell University, telegraphed President Cleveland declining to allow the use of his name in connection with the formation of the commission under the interstate commerce act.

—A favorable report on a bill establishing a railway commission has been made to the Nebraska House.

### FINANCIAL AND INDUSTRIAL.

—The acting Secretary of the Treasury has issued a call for \$10,000,000 3 per cent. bonds issued under the act of Congress approved July 13, 1882, and numbered as follows: \$30—Original No. 24 to 50, both inclusive; \$100—Original No. 352 to 374, both inclusive; \$500—Original No. 149 to 152, both inclusive, and Original No. 4,235 to 4,239, both inclusive; \$10,000—Original No. 1,222 to 1,320 both inclusive; \$10,000—Original No. 2,886 to 3,96 both inclusive. Total, \$10,007,750. Part of the bonds called by the circular can have immediate payment, with interest to of presentation, by requesting the same in

letter forwarding bonds for redemption, call matures April 1.

—A company has been organized by George M. Irwin and other Chicagoans to bore for gas, oil, and coal in Illinois.

—The Director of the Mint reports the production of gold in the United States for 1886 at \$35,000,000, and the yield of silver at \$4,845,430.

—Wages of St. Louis molders will be increased 15 per cent.

—Coal has been found at Jacksonville, Ill., at a depth of 161 feet, causing much rejoicing in that city.

—Montreal dispatches announce the failure of J. E. Woodley & Co., shoe manufacturers of Quebec, who owe \$80,000, and J. A. Gagnon & Co., wholesale grocers at Three Rivers.

—The first bushel of coal from the mine just developed at Jacksonville, Illinois, sold for \$60.

—R. Croft, a Toronto (Ont.) builder, has made an assignment, owing \$120,000.

—Companies have been organized at Adrian, Michigan, and Elkhart, Indiana, to bore for oil and gas.

### RAILROAD INTELLIGENCE.

—The Northwestern Road has declared a dividend of 1 1/2 per cent. on preferred stock.

—A meeting held in Chicago by the general managers of the Western railways resulted in the passage of a resolution that the tariffs be corrected and the methods of doing business be revised to conform to the requirements of the interstate commerce law.

### GENERAL.

—Judge Conrad decided at Des Moines that the manufacture of intoxicating liquors, to be sold in other States, is a violation of the Iowa prohibitory law. The case will be carried to the highest court.

—Steve Brodie, who jumped from the Brooklyn bridge, was arrested last week at Pittsburg. It was his intention to jump from the cupola of the Fifth Avenue Museum into a net seventy-five feet below.

—The lands ceded by the Chippewa Indians in Minnesota, by agreement with the northwest commission, are expected to realize nearly \$15,000,000.

—There is heavy betting at New York on the ocean race between the yachts Dauntless and Coronet. It is stated that \$500,000 is already wagered.

—General B. F. Butler has exchanged 27,000 acres of land in Polk County, Minnesota, for real estate in Chicago worth \$121,300.

—Jacob Schaefer, the champion billiardist, has challenged any man in the world to play a game of cushion-carrons, 500 points, for \$2,500 a side, the person accepting to have the privilege of naming the place of meeting.

### CASUALTIES.

—The American House at Sun Prairie, Wis. was burned, the guests escaping in their night-clothes. Postmaster General Vilas has a mortgage for \$2,000 on the property. The Ring Block at Haverhill, Mass., was also destroyed, entailing a loss of \$100,000, mostly covered by insurance.

—The explosion of natural gas in the Black Diamond Steel Works at Pittsburg fatally burned one man and seriously injured five others.

—While a gang of brick-layers employed by the firm of Wintering & Dixon, of Pittsburg, were engaged in lining the stacks at Valentine's furnaces at Bellefonte, Pa., the scaffolding on which they stood gave way, precipitating twelve men to the bottom of the stack, a distance of sixty-five feet. Five men were killed and two others fatally injured. The scaffolding had been weighted down with some 8,000 bricks.

—A fire at Nebraska City, Neb., destroyed property valued at \$100,000 or more.

—Darby & Co.'s extensive candy manufactory at Baltimore was destroyed by fire, creating a loss of \$200,000, nearly covered by insurance.

—The penitentiary at Sioux Falls, D. T., was partly destroyed by fire. The convicts were all saved.

—EUROPE is always governed by the behind the throne.



# The St. Joe News.

ST. JOE, INDIANA.

MORT & WILL OLDS, PUBLISHERS.

## WHAT SHE SAID.

He sat beside her near the stove,  
A prey to bashfulness;  
To her he spoke no words of love,  
Nor sought her hand to press.

No maiden ever had been wooed  
By him; the fact was plain,  
For silently he sat and chewed  
The knob upon his cane.

Sometimes he at the ceiling gazed,  
Sometimes his glance would stray  
To her, but when her eyes she raised  
He looked another way.

And thus they silent sat till she  
Said: "John, I ought to state  
That you and I are out to tea,  
And won't return till late.

"Now, while they're absent, do not tease,  
But pray remember this:  
My hand you must not try to squeeze,  
Nor steal from me a kiss."

At once the knob that graced his cane  
John from his mouth withdrew,  
And said: "I won't, don't think, Miss Jane,  
That I'd do that to you!"

A deeper silence then ensued  
Than had prevailed before;  
John vigorously his cane's knob chewed,  
A frown Jane's visage wore.

And thus they sat till half past ten,  
And when John rose to go,  
And asked if he might call again,  
Jane curtly answered: "No!"  
*Boston Courier.*

## A MEXICAN LEGEND.

With well-filled bags after a five day's sport, we turned our faces toward the rough-and-ready little hostelry where we were staying for a few days, up in Dakota. They could cook a prairie chicken there, and there was good cider to be had, not to mention the good beer. We decided to go back by a new route, and to follow, as far as possible, the winding of the stream. After a very short time, however, the stream took a turn and disappeared into the wood. It would have taken us too far out of our way to follow it, so we struck out upon a path which we afterward found was the chord of an arc formed by the stream. All of a sudden, and in no great time, we came upon the water again. The sun was still powerful, and a very pretty spectacle was now before us, as the stream wound, widening amid rushes and flags, out of forest and round the side of a peninsula. The dragon flies swarmed, and the sunshine came beautifully through the shade of the over-bending trees. On a punt that had just shot the corner of the peninsula a smart, buxom girl, probably the hotel-keeper's daughter, I thought, lay loitering at full length, half on her side, but with her head supported by her arms, and her face turned toward my companion and myself. She had heard the rustle we had made in the brake, and was looking curiously in our direction. Hal was the first to catch sight of this sudden apparition, and he paid so much attention to it that he took a false step, and actually put at least one leg down into the water among the rushes. The girl called out, laughingly; he caught hold of my hand, and no harm was done.

When we got to our little hotel the first thing we did, after a toilet, was to make a meal bag, sending some of the contents of our bag into the kitchen for supper. As we sat smoking in the twilight Hal said, laughingly:

"Thought is quick."

"I dare say," said I.

"What do you think of Ximienia?"

"Who the dickens is Ximienia?"

"The girl on the punt."

"I thought she was a brisk, plump Norwegian girl; a little lazy; untidy in some respects perhaps, but inclined to be dressy, and—"

"Not a Norwegian, old fellow; a Mexican. Her name is Ximienia."

"That last drink out of the flask must have gone to your head, Hal."

"Not a bit. Listen to the story of Ximienia, the Mexican maiden. I think I can repeat it all. There was, you must know, three hundred years ago a young Mexican chief named—well I can't remember those outlandish Mexican-Atzec names, so I will call him Popo. Well, this Popo built an elevated balcony on the slope of a hill, well, we'll call it Kiki. He had contracted a great friendship for a young man whom we will call Zozo; they were both fond of music. Popo played on a horn, and Zozo on the pipe; and they used to go up into the balcony and play on their instruments in the night; and in calm evenings the sound of their music was wafted by the gentle breeze across the lake to the village of Ohho, where dwelt the beautiful young Ximienia, the sister of Wahu.

Ximienia could hear the sweet-sounding music of the instrument of Popo and his dear friend, Zozo, which gladdened her heart within her. Every night her friends played on their instruments in that manner, and Ximienia then herself, "Ah! that is the sound I hear."

For although Ximienia was so prized by her family that they would not betroth her to any chief, nevertheless, she and Popo had met each other on those occasions when all the people came together.

In those great assemblies of the people, Ximienia had seen Popo, and as they often glanced at each other, to the heart of each of them the other appeared pleasing, and worthy of love, so that in the breast of each there grew up a secret passion for the other. Nevertheless, Popo could not tell whether he might venture to approach Ximienia to take her hand, to see would she press his in return, because, said he, "Perhaps I may be by no means agreeable to her;" on the other hand, Ximienia's heart said to her, "If you send one of your female friends to tell him of your love, perchance he will not be pleased with you."

However, after they had thus met for many, many days, and had long fondly glanced each at the other, Popo sent a messenger to Ximienia, to tell her of his love, and when Ximienia had seen the messenger, she said, "Ah! then have we each loved alike?"

Sometime after this, and when they had often met, Popo and his family returned to their own village; and being together one evening, in the large warm house of general assembly, the elder brothers of Popo said: "Which of us has by signs or by pressure of the hand received proofs of the love of Ximienia?" And one said, "It is I who have;" and another said, "No, but it is I." Then they all questioned Popo, and he said, "I have pressed the hand of Ximienia, and she pressed mine in return;" but his elder brothers said, "No such thing; do you think she would take any notice of such a low-born fellow as you are?" He then told his reputed father to remember what he would then say to him, because he really had received proofs of Ximienia's love; they had even actually arranged a good while before, the time at which Ximienia should run away to him; and when the maiden asked, "What shall be the sign by which I shall know that I should then run to you?" he said to her: "A trumpet will be heard sounding every night; it will be I who sound it, beloved—paddle then your canoe to this place." So the father kept in his mind this confession which Popo had made to him.

Now always about the middle of the night Popo and his friend Zozo, went up into the balcony and played, the one upon his trumpet, the other upon his pipe, and Ximienia heard them, and desired vastly to paddle her canoe to Popo; but her friends, suspecting something, had been careful with the canoes to leave none afloat, but had hauled them all up upon the shore of the lake; and thus her friends had always done for many days and for many nights.

At last, she reflected in her heart, saying, "How can I then contrive to cross the lake to the island to Popo; it can be plainly seen that my friends suspect what I am going to do." So she sat down upon the ground to rest; and then soft measures reached her from the home of Popo, and the young and beautiful chieftainess felt as if an earthquake shook her to make her go to the beloved of her heart. But then arose the recollection that there was no canoe. At last she thought, "perhaps I might be able to swim across." So she took six large empty dry gourds as floats, lest she should sink in the water—three of them for each side; and she went out upon the rock, and from thence to the edge of the water, and she reached the stump of a sunken tree which used to stand in the lake, and she clung to it with her hands, and rested to take breath; and when she had a little eased the weariness of her shoulders, she swam on again, and whenever she was exhausted, she floated with the current of the lake, supported by the gourds; and after recovering strength, she swam on again; but she could not distinguish in which direction she should proceed, from the darkness of the night; her only guide was, however, the soft measure from the instruments of Popo and Zozo; that was the mark by which she swam, for just above the hot spring was the home of Popo, and swimming at last she reached the home of Popo. At the place where she landed on the island, there is a hot spring separated from the lake only by a narrow ledge of rocks. Ximienia got into this to warm herself, for she was trembling all over, partly from the cold after swimming in the night across the wide lake, and partly also, perhaps, from modesty, at the thoughts of meeting Popo.

Whilst the maiden was thus warming herself in the hot spring, Popo happened to feel thirsty, and said to his servant: "Bring me a little water;" so his servant went to fetch water for him, and drew it from the lake in a gourd, close to the spot where Ximienia was sitting; the maiden, who was frightened, called out to him in a gruff voice like that of a man: "Whom is that water for?"

He replied: "It's for Popo."

"Give it here, then," said Ximienia.

And he gave her the water, and she drank, and having finished drinking, purposely threw down the gourd and broke it. Then the servant asked her:

"What business had you to break the gourd of Popo?"

But Ximienia did not say a word in an-

swer. The servant then went back to Popo, and he said to him: "Where is the water I told you to bring me?"

He answered: "Your gourd was

broken," and his master asked him: "Who broke it?" and he answered: "The man who is in the bath." And Popo said to him: "Go back again, then, and fetch me some water."

He therefore took another gourd and went back and drew water in the gourd from the lake, and Ximienia again said to him: "Whom is the water for?" So the slave answered as before: "For Popo." And the maiden again said: "Give it to me, for I am thirsty," and the slave gave it to her, and she drank, and purposely threw down the gourd and broke it; and these occurrences took place repeatedly between these two persons.

At last the slave went again to Popo, who said to him: "Where is the water for me?" and his servant answered: "It's all gone, your gourds have been broken." "By whom?" said Popo. "Didn't I tell you that there is a man in the bath?" "Who is the fellow?" said Popo. "How can I tell?" replied the slave; "why, he's a stranger!" "Didn't he know the water was for me?" said Popo; "how did the rascal dare to break my gourds? Why, I shall die of rage!"

Then Popo threw on some clothes and caught hold of his club, and away he went, and came to the bath and called out: "Where is the fellow who broke my gourds?" Ximienia knew the voice—that the sound of it was that of the beloved of her heart; and she hid herself under the overhanging rocks of the hot spring; but her hiding was hardly a real hiding, but rather a bashful concealing of herself from Popo, that he might not find her at once, but only after trouble and careful searching after her. So he went feeling about along the banks of the hot spring, searching everywhere, while she lay coily hid under the ledges of the rock, peeping out, wondering when she would be found. At last he caught hold of a hand and cried out: "Hollo, who's this?" And Ximienia answered: "It's I, Popo!" And he said: "But who are you?—who's I?" Then she spoke louder and said: "It's I—'tis Ximienia!" And he said: "Ho! ho! ho! can such, in very truth, be the case! Let us two go, then, to my house." And she answered: "Yes;" and she rose up in the water as beautifully as the wild white swan, and stepped upon the edge of the bath as gracefully as the shy white crane; and he threw a garment over her and took her, and they proceeded to his house, and reposed there; and thenceforth, according to the ancient Atzec laws, they were man and wife.

When the morning dawned all the people of the village went forth from their houses to cook their morning meal, and they all ate; but Popo tarried in his house. So his father said: "This is the first morning that Popo has tarried in-doors. Perhaps the boy is ill; bring him here, rouse him up." Then the man who was to fetch him went, and listening at the wooden window of the house, heard two voices. Oh! he was greatly amazed, and said to himself: "Who can this companion of his be?" However, he had heard enough, and turning about, hurried back as fast as he could to Popo's father, and said to him: "Why, there are two speaking; I heard them myself in the house." The father answered: "Who's his companion, then? Hasten back and see." So back he went to the house and peeped in at them, and then, for the first time, he saw that it was Ximienia. Then he shouted out in his amazement: "Oh! here's Ximienia! here's Ximienia, in the house of Popo," and all the village heard him, and there arose cries on every side: "Oh, here's Ximienia! here's Ximienia with Popo!" And his elder brothers heard the shouting, and they said: "It is not true!" for they were very jealous indeed. Popo then appeared coming from his house, and Ximienia following him, and his elder brothers saw that it was indeed Ximienia, and they said: "It is true; it is a fact!"

After these things Zozo thought within himself: "Popo has married Ximienia, she whom he loved; but as for me, alas! I have no wife," and he became sorrowful, and returned to his own village. And Popo grieved for Zozo; and he said to his father: "I am quite ill from grief for my friend Zozo;" and his father said, "what do you mean?" And Popo replied, "I refer to my young sister, Xizi, let her be given as a wife to my beloved friend, Zozo." And his father consented to this; so his young sister Xizi was given to Zozo, and she became his wife.

The descendants of Ximienia and Popo are at this very moment dwelling away off in New Mexico, they are now called Zunis, and never yet have the lips of their young been neglected in learning the story of their renowned ancestress, Ximienia.

"There," said Hal, "that is the very pretty story of the loves of Ximienia and Popo."

"Now I see what you meant by saying, 'thought is quick.' That girl on the punt put you in mind at once of Ximienia hiding by the hot springs, and so you stepped into the water, looking at her and not minding your way, but then this was only a fair looking Norwegian girl," said I. Hal answered, "No, 'twas Ximienia!"

It was a well-meant but novel compliment from a lady, who declared to her parson she did not know which most to admire—his sermon or his wife's new dress.

## PITH AND POINT.

LANDLADY—Can you tell me what the most important thing is in a boarding-house? Boarder—Yes, the chopping-knife.

WHEN a Scandinavian falls in love no doubt the soft words he murmurs in his native tongue are Swedes to the Sweet. —*Lynn Union.*

MANY a young man who has been too bashful to propose to a girl has had her father come into the parlor at 11 o'clock and help him out.

"WELL, Algernon, she greeted you with a smile, did she?" "Yes," said Algernon. "A benign one?" "O, a seven-by-nine one."

PATIENT—What do you, think of a warmer climate for me, doctor? Doctor—Great Scott! man, isn't that what I am trying to save you from?

"WHAT is afoot now?" asked at acquaintance of a reporter who was rushing for the office. "Twelve inches still," said the scribe as he shot out of sight.

PHYSICIAN—You are to take this mixture after meals. Poor patient! But, it's very seldom, doctor, that I get a meal. Physician—In that case, take it before meals.

If women consent to give up their altitudinous headgear at the theater at night, men, in turn, should endeavor to give up wearing big heads in the morning. —*Philadelphia North American.*

A NEEDLE was recently found in an egg laid by a Philadelphia hen. Hens should never try to attend to their sewing and cackling at the same time. The weakness is confined to women alone.

POLICE COURT Justice to tramp arrested for vagrancy. "What is your income, sir?" "I have no income, sir; it's all outcome." "What do you mean by outcome?" "The outcome of my fellow-beings' generosity." —*Man and Express.*

THE Bushnell III. Record, we are pained to observe, discourages the outpourings of native genius by inserting in its table of advertising rates the following: "Obituary poetry, selected, 20 cents per line; original, \$2.75 per line, cash in advance." —*Chicago Tribune.*

"Oh, yes," wrote a Bostonian, who believes that his own home is the coolest spot on earth in midsummer, "it is all very well for you to ask me to come down to your famous hotel for rest and change. I tried it once; the porter got the most of the change, and the landlord took the rest."

AFTER the opera: Twelve-year-old miss—The opera was very long, wasn't it mamma? Mamma—Yes, daughter, and very stylish. Miss The ballet girls don't sing, do they mamma? Mamma—No, daughter. Miss—Why do they have the ballet, then, mamma? Papa—To make the opera as broad as it is long, daughter. Don't ask any more questions. —*Washington Critic.*

HE—The movement against the high-hat nuisance is getting quite a boom, isn't it? She—They are making a lot of talk about it in the newspapers, but they will never make me take off my hat in a public hall—never. He—I think I might bring it about, my dear, if I were to cut off your allowance. If you didn't have a new hat every six weeks you might not object so much to its removal. —*Lowell Citizen.*

A 5-YEAR-OLD friend of ours, starting out for a children's party the other afternoon, remarks to the maid who is taking him to the place of entertainment: "Well, I've made up my mind to be a perfect gentleman to-day; I don't mean to kick a single girl." Upon his return home he was questioned as to his behavior by his mamma. "Well," he said, "the only thing I did was to yell 'Cheer up!' when they played the 'Mikado' on the piano." —*Harper's Bazar.*

A LADY called recently at the house of a friend, and there met a gentleman who was introduced to her as a "new lodger." After he had left the room she said to her friend, "Why do you keep that odious creature in your house? He doesn't correspond with the rest of your furniture." Imagine his surprise when informed that he was her friend's new husband.

THE first step in debt is like the step in falsehood, almost involving the necessity of proceeding in the course, debt following debt as lies lie. Hayden, the painter, his decline from the day on which he first borrowed money. —*Samuel.*



### The Greatest Gift He Ever Made.

It has been stated in some of our exchanges that Mr. H. H. Warner, of Rochester, N. Y., in the last eight years, has, through his devotion to science, built an astronomical observatory at an estimated value of \$100,000, and given between \$4,000 and \$5,000 in prizes for astronomical discovery.

This is all very well, if Mr. Warner seeks to divert his energies in this channel. But from all we can hear among the people, if he never gave anything to the world except his great remedy, Warner's safe cure, formerly known as Warner's safe kidney and liver cure, he would be conferring the most practical and far-reaching benefit that it is in the power of any one man to give the public.

It is now conceded that he has the only specific for kidney disease and uric acid in the blood, and medical authorities of candor agree that if the blood is freed from uric acid by that great remedy, and the kidneys are kept in health, over ninety per cent of human diseases disappear.

The manufacturers evidently know, and if they do not, we would like to tell them, of the unanimity of public sentiment in favor of their great remedy; indeed, they seem to realize this, when they say: "If you do not believe the statements we make, ask your friends and neighbors, what they think of Warner's safe cure." Such evidence of confidence in the established character and worth of their preparation is unprecedented. Unless they know it has merit, and will do precisely what they state, they would not dare give such advice to the public.

Such confidence ought to be infectious.

### Believed Everything He Said.

I strolled into the emporium of Hans Von Orinifacabellitudenitanabaski, my Teutonic corner grocer, to purchase a cent's worth of smoked herring and a soda cracker, when the worthy tradesman hailed me with:

"Hello! Meester Shones, vere you peen coin' some days vot I missed you; eh?"

"I've been out of town, to Trenton," I said.

"Vell, vat you hev saw mit Trenton?" said Hans, ready for gossip.

"Oh, not much," I said; "I saw a man tried for murder."

"Vell, vat moech murder?" said Hans, eagerly.

I determined to gratify my German friend, and so gave it to him:

"Well, they tried the man, found him guilty and the Judge said: 'That will do; take him out and hang him to the lamp-post in front of the door!' They were just doing it when a man came up to the Judge and said: 'Judge, did you know that it was only a Dutchman killed?' The Judge said, 'No! No-body told me that; fetch the gent back.' They brought the man back, and the Judge addressed him: 'My friend, I didn't know it was only a Dutchman you killed; I beg your pardon. You're free.' And then he turned to the lawyers and the people in the court-room and said: 'Gentlemen, did you know it was a Dutchman our friend here killed? I think you ought to raise a subscription for him.' So they handed the hat round and got \$181.50, and the man went away with three cheers from the crowd.

"Meester Shones," said Hans, gravely, "I believes every tings you say, put I tinks dot ees von lie, Meester Shones!"

There was no further argument.—*The Imp.*

### Where Girls Have Their Freedom.

Prof. Kate Sanborn, of Smith College, near Boston, has written an interesting article on the social life of Smith College, from which it appears that in many respects it is a phenomenal institution. The women, for instance, are treated rationally as men. It is neither a nursery nor a nunnery, and the majority of the students live in pretty little cottages, where they keep house as though at home. The girls are not hampered with rules, which are conspicuous by their absence, but are placed on their honor. They are expected to appear at recitation with reasonable regularity; but beyond that they walk, row, ride, drive, attend musical or dramatic entertainments, or accept invitations from friends in town as they please. All this gives a vision of untrammelled freedom rarely accorded to young women even in unconventional America; but Prof. Sanborn assures us that it has led to no unpleasant results; she adds: "People who are well aware of the existence, success and grand achievements of Vassar and Wellesley do seem wonderfully ignorant about the only and original Woman's College, that, in its high standard of scholarship and its requirements for entering, stands fully and clearly on a par with Harvard, Yale, Dartmouth and our other first-class male colleges."

A MAN who had his attention drawn said it wasn't half as painful as drawing a tooth.—*Texas Siftings.*

### Men of 240,000 Years Ago.

If the claims of old descent were a justifiable source of pride the human race would feel elated this morning on being assured by the wise men of the British Association that authentic proof has been discovered in some Welsh caves that men, sufficiently developed from the ape to manufacture flint implements, existed on this planet 240,000 years ago. To us it is a melancholy reflection that we should have taken so prodigious a time to attain so small a result. Even when the duration of the race is limited to the 6,000 years of history, the outcome can hardly be considered as satisfactory, and there something profoundly depressing in the sudden addition of a series of ancestors who spent 234,000 years in marking time, indeed, but in making no other mark in the world. The London Times gives the following report of the proceedings of the association: Dr. H. Hicks, F. R. S., read a paper on "Evidence of Pre-glacial Man in North Wales." He described the conditions under which some flint implements had been discovered during researches carried on by Mr. E. B. Luxmore and himself in the Liffynnon Benko and Cae Gwyn Caves in the Vale of Clwyd, in the years 1884-6. The caverns were explored by himself and friends for the first time in 1884, and some of the results were given by him in a paper at the last meeting of the British Association. The facts then obtained had led him to the conclusion that pleistocene animals and man must have occupied the caverns before the glacial beds which occur in the arena had been deposited; as it had been found that, although the caverns are now 400 feet above the level of the sea, the materials within them had been disturbed by marine action since the pleistocene animals and man had occupied them. Moreover, deposits with foreign pebbles similar to those in the glacial beds were found in caverns overlying the bones. Last year a grant was made by the British Association for the purpose of carrying on the exploration, chiefly with the object of getting further evidence as to the age of the deposits in the caverns. The results obtained this year were highly confirmatory of his views, and had an important bearing on the antiquity of man in Britain. Stet Cave had been blocked up by a considerable thickness of glacial beds which must have been deposited subsequently to the occupation of the cave by the pleistocene mammals. A shaft was dug through these beds in front of the entrance to a depth of over twenty feet, and in the bone-earth, which extended outward under the glacial beds, on the south side of the entrance, a small well-worked flint flake was discovered, its position being about eighteen inches beneath the lowest bed of sand. It seemed clear that the contents of the cavern must have been washed out by marine action during the great submergence in mid-glacial times, and then covered by marine sand and an upper boulder clay. He believes that the flint implements, lance heads, and scrapers found in the caverns were also of the same age as the flint flake, hence that they must all have been the work of pre-glacial man.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

### The English Pug.

Just see the dog which that Ladie is leading With a silver-plaited chain. He is an English pug. What a Cynical expression his countenance wears, does it not? But I don't suppose he can Help that. If I saw as Much of fashion-able life as he does I suppose I should become cyn-ic-al too. But I hope I should Not look like him. Is he leading The lady, or is the lady Leading him? I give it up. Does the lady Love him? No, she does Not love him. She keeps him Because it is the Proper caper. When he ceases To be fashion-able she will hit him on the head with a Club. Do you re-mem-ber when it was the Correct Thing to keep a Poodle? I do, distinctly. Ev-e-ry Swell fam-i-ly kept its pet Poodle. Sud-den-ly Poodles went out of style, and they All dis-ap-pear-ed. Whence did they go? I cannot say, but I re-mem-ber that their Dis-ap-pear-ance was Co-in-ci-dent with a fall in The price of Sau-sa-ges. When pet dogs are fashion-able sau-sa-ges are not, and vice versa. This is cu-ri-ous, Is it not?—*Tid-Bits.*

WHAT nation is the most warlike at present? Vaccination, because it's always rising up in arms.



## March April May

Are the months in which to purify your blood, and for this purpose there is no medicine equal to Hood's Sarsaparilla. It purifies, vitalizes, and enriches the blood, removing all trace of scrofula or other disease. It creates an appetite, and imparts new strength and vigor to the whole body. It is the ideal spring medicine. Try it.

"I have been troubled with poor appetite, and also had rheumatism. I took Hood's Sarsaparilla, and now my appetite is the best, and rheumatism has left me." C. ABBOTT, 374 Emerald Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

### Hood's Sarsaparilla

"I have been in poor health several years, suffering from indigestion, restlessness at night, and in the morning I would get up with a very tired feeling. After taking only a part of the first bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla, I could rest well all night and feel refreshed when I woke up. I must say that Hood's Sarsaparilla is all it is recommended to be." Mrs. H. D. WILKINS, 210 East Mason Street, Jackson, Mich.

"Hood's Sarsaparilla has been our leading blood medicine. It gives good satisfaction, and we feel safe to recommend it to our customers." BAUM & CURTIS, 25 S. Division Street, Grand Rapids, Mich.

Hood's Sarsaparilla is prepared from Sarsaparilla, Mandarilla, Mandrake, Dock, Pipsissewa, and other well-known and valuable vegetable remedies. The combination, proportion, and preparation are peculiar to Hood's Sarsaparilla, giving it curative power not possessed by other medicines. It effects remarkable cures where others fail.

"Last spring I was troubled with it, caused by my blood being out of order. Two bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla cured me, and I recommend it to others." J. SCHROCK, Peoria, Ill.

### Best Spring Medicine

"During the spring and summer I was troubled with biliousness and loss of appetite. I was advised to try Hood's Sarsaparilla, and did so with the best results. I have recommended it to a great many of my customers, to whom it has given entire satisfaction." E. R. NEWLAND, Druggist, Indianapolis, Ind.

"My daughter had been ailing some time with general debility, and Hood's Sarsaparilla was recommended to us. After she had taken three bottles she was completely cured and built up. It is with great pleasure that I recommend Hood's Sarsaparilla." BEN M. MURKIN, Supt. Cincinnati & Louisville Mail Line Co., Cincinnati.

## Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. \$1; six for \$5. Prepared by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

100 Doses One Dollar

Don't Buy

SEEDS, ROSES, PLANTS

FRUIT OR ORNAMENTAL TREES, GRAPE VINES

OR ANYTHING IN THE NURSERY LINE, without first writing for our valuable FREE Catalogue, the 21 LARGE GREENHOUSES BEST we ever issued, containing the Rarest New and 33d YEAR. 700 ACRES. Cheapest Old. THE STORRS & HARRISON CO., FAIRBURY, ILL.

PISO'S CURE FOR TUBERCULOSIS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.

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ROBBINS' ANTISEPTIC COMPOUND. Unparalleled success in Diphtheria, Scarlet Fever, Croup, Inflamed Throat, Ulcerated Sore Mouths, Quinsy, Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, Etc. Manufactured only by G. W. ROBBINS, Richmond, Ind. By druggists.

WE WANT YOU! A freezerette man or woman needing profitable employment to represent us in every county. Salary \$50 per month and expenses, or a large commission on sales if preferred. Goods shipped. Every one buys. Send and particulars free. STANDARD SILVERWARE CO., BOSTON, MASS.

## Why did the Women

of this country use over thirteen million cakes of Procter & Gamble's Lenox Soap in 1886?

Buy a cake of Lenox and you will soon understand why.



MORT & WILL OLDS, PUBLISHERS.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:  
One Year, in advance ..... \$0.75  
Six Months ..... 50  
Three Months ..... 25

Entered at the Post Office at St. Joe as second-class matter.

FRIDAY MARCH 4, 1887.

ST. JOE MARKETS.  
CORRECTED EVERY FRIDAY.

Wheat	76 cts.
Oats	29 cts.
Corn	40 cts.
Butter	15 cts.
Eggs	10 cts.
Tallow	34 cts.
Lard	8 cts.

Baltimore & Ohio R. R.

WEST BOUND.

No. 9 Mail and Express 11:10 A. M.  
3 Chicago Express 10:43 P. M.  
35 Local Freight 3:53 P. M.

EAST BOUND.

No. 10 Express and Mail 2:08 P. M.  
4 Morning Express 2:57 A. M.  
34 Local Freight 8:00 A. M.

H. K. REYNOLDS, AGENT.

Harry Meek is agent for a patent farm gate.

A good horse died for Ella Wilcott last week.

William Vanzile, of Garrett, was in town Saturday.

Raven's Poultry Food cures and prevents chicken cholera.

Uncle John Baker had a barrel of fresh fish on sale this week.

Use Raven's Poultry Food and your chickens will lay more eggs.

It is said that there are 34,000 newspapers published in the world.

The St. Joe Band talks of giving an entertainment in the near future.

It is reported that Charlie Meek is traveling with a theatrical company.

Wanted—Some one to come to St. Joe and put up a good steam grist mill at once.

Auburn is suffering from an attack of gas (tricy) fever. It seems to be catching.

Raven's Food prevents hogs from having the cholera. For sale at the Drugstore, St. Joe.

A millwright from Hicksville, was here Monday, making some needed repairs on the saw-mill.

Get your sale bills printed at this office, and we will give you a notice in the paper free of charge.

August Kinsey has put a street lamp on the corner, in front of his residence. That's business; now let others do likewise.

Its really provoking to go to the trouble of raising your own meat, and then just about the time you get the hams smoked up in good eatable shape, have some other fellow come along between the hours of sundown and morning and gobble it up. J. H. Conrad had just got his mouth all puckered up for ham last week, but when he went out to the smoke house to get it, he found the place where the ham ought to have been, but it wasn't there. There was a vacant pin in that smoke house. One of its members had gone to that bourne from whence no ham ever comes back. Conrad's loss was the other fellow's gain.

OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

AUBURN.

Commissioners court next week. This is the last week of court for this term.

Auburn has caught the gas and oil fever. \$2500.00 has been subscribed, but they want to double that amount to commence with.

The divorce suit of Kelly vs Kelly ended last Thursday. Mrs. Kelly was granted a divorce and \$6000.00 alimony; he paying all cost and her attorney fees of \$1000.00.

Misses Mabel Hartman, Nellie Barns, Isa Coder, and Chas. Casebeer went to Butler Saturday, to assist Mrs. Oliver in a literary entertainment, given at the above place, that evening.

We knew that the month of February had 29 days every fourth year but never before did we hear of it having 30, until announced in the Dispatch last week, that there would be a social at Mrs. Eldridge's on Feb. 30th. Perhaps the Dispatch man has got a new kind of an almanac.

ORANGEVILLE.

This is bad weather on wheat. The roads are very rough in this section.

The winter term of school at this place will close this week.

John Bair, of Spencerville, visited with Ad Chubb one day this week.

Frank and Charley said they came down to visit the school, but we think there were other attractions.

Ad Chubb can play checkers with a boy, but let a man get hold of him and he gets "skunked" every time.

Rev. Lowman is holding a protracted meeting at Newville, in the U. B. church, but owing to the bad roads the attendance has not been very large.

We would advise those wishing to call on any one in this vicinity, to do so in the early part of the week, as nearly all of the northeast part of the township has been summoned to attend court the latter part of the week.

COBURNSTOWN.

Henry Milliman and family arrived home from Tenn. this week.

Dave Andrews says, the next time he trades horses he wants one that don't need to wear a night-cap.

Bert Milliman was at home last Tuesday. He has been promoted at the shop in Garrett, to a better position at an increased salary.

Trom's "explanation" in last week's News is a little lame, but "in the interest of peace and good will," I except it and drop the subject.

The Messrs Wood and Babeox's delivered their semi-monthly lecture on how to grow squashes on grapevines; at the north schoolhouse last Saturday evening.

Uncle Mose feels a little hurt at the exhibition made of him in the News a few weeks ago. He says that he was misrepresented, and also that you took him at a disadvantage. He claims that he was not posing for his picture at all, but was merely testing the strength of the ice, before venturing on with his skates, and just as he got nicely balanced, you turned the focus on him. He says if he had known there was an artist near by, he would have assumed a more graceful position.

Of course he feels,  
As if his heels,  
Had played him a scaly trick;  
But considering the ice,  
He did it nice.  
At least he did it quick.

SPENCERVILLE.

J. A. Provines is at Indianapolis. Miss Louie Rummel was at Auburn last Saturday.

Mrs. Tindall is slowly recovering from her late illness.

Ed Bishop and wife, of Convooy, are visiting in town this week.

The protracted meeting at the Lutheran church still continues.

Cassius Silberg has moved into the house vacated by Henry Carnes.

Miss Liddie Spidler expects to go to Michigan soon, to spend the summer.

Geo. Smith who is teaching school west of town, is having a week's vacation.

"In the midst of life we are in death." How truly this saying was verified in the death of Peter Springer of this place, last Tuesday morning. He went to bed as well as usual on Monday night, and arose early Tuesday morning, and made a fire and then went back to bed again. As he did not get up at his usual time, his son went to call him, and found him dead in bed. It is supposed that heart disease was the cause of his death. Mr. Springer has been a resident of this place for a number of years, and has many friends who will be sorry to hear of his sudden and unexpected death. His funeral occurred Wednesday afternoon in the Lutheran church.

CONCORD.

After a long absence, Sadie Hilderbrant returned home and remained over Sunday, visiting her parents.

Last Friday Harry Buchanan went to Garrett, and remained over Sunday. He went to visit his cousin John Dawson, who is in the machine shops at that place.

Who indited us? This is the question that agitates the mind of the boys at present. Sometimes they think they have about solved the mystery.

Last Tuesday we noticed F. Buchanan driving some very fine cattle over to Auburn. They were for Rainier & Headley, the popular butchers of that city.

We are glad to learn that Richard Ervin is slowly improving, we hope his recovery is permanent and that he may again enjoy that greatest of blessings, good health.

Last Tuesday James Smith and family moved in their new home, and Mr. Darling the owner of the farm they have vacated, moved on the same, last Thursday.

We think a young man of this neighborhood must be very absent minded or something else. One day this week, his father sent him to the Spencerville mill with a grist of wheat to be made into flour and told him to get a little graham flour made, and would you believe it, he got the whole grist made into graham flour, and now, we suppose the family will have to eat graham bread all summer.

The people of the Concord church always seem wide awake to the interests of that church, and let come what will, they are always on hand, ready for duty. Last Sunday one would have thought the inclemency of the weather would have kept every body indoors; but in the face of a raging storm, a goodly number attended Sunday school, and discussed the various topics of a very interesting lesson, and we presume went home feeling better for having discharged their duty.

Read A. M. Richard's insurance advertisement in this issue.

Ladies who are looking for a Magazine to meet all their requirements should see DEMOREST'S MONTHLY for March. It has just arrived, and, as usual, is full of information and amusement. Nothing seems to be left undone to make DEMOREST'S the most popular Family Magazine in the world. Published by W. Jennings Demorest, 17, East 14th St., New York, at \$2.00 per year.

M. TUSTISON,

DEALER IN

GROCERIES,

ROLLER FLOUR,

PROVISIONS, OYSTERS, LEMONS,

ORANGES, CANDIES, CIGARS &c.

MAIN ST. — — — ST. JOE, IND.

WILLIAM CURIE,

PROPRIETOR OF

MEAT MARKET

ST. JOE, IND.

Highest market price paid for Hides, Tallow &c. Give me a call.

J. F. WALKER,

MAKER AND DEALER IN

Harness, Collars,

WHIPS, HARNESS OIL &c.

ST. JOE, IND.

Repairing done promptly. Prices as low as the lowest. Call and see.

A. KINSEY,

DEALER IN

FURNITURE

BUREAUS, TABLES,

LOUNGES, BEDS, CHAIRS, &c.

MAIN STREET, ST. JOE, IND.

All styles of Parlor Goods furnished at low prices. Thanking you for past favors I solicit your future patronage.

F. A. ZEIGLER,

MAKER AND DEALER IN

HARNESS, —

— COLLARS,

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FLY NETS,

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OILS &c.

St. Joe, Ind.

Prices the Lowest. All work guaranteed. Call and see me.



—A. KINSEY—

Undertaker and Embalmer. Keeps on hand constantly, a stock of Undertaking Supplies, Coffins, Caskets, Burial Robes &c. I can supply as fine goods as can be furnished. Will attend to making all arrangements for funerals. Calls responded to at all hours of the night. Office on corner of Main and Second Streets; residence on corner of Main and Fourth Streets, St. Joe, Ind.



# BILL NYE

Gives Edwin Booth Points on Acting A Play Better to See Than to Read.

I went to hear Mr. Edwin Booth in "Hamlet." I had read the play before, but it was better as he gave it, I think.

The play of "Hamlet" is not catchy and there is a noticeable lack of local gags in it. A gentleman who stood up behind me and leaned against his breath all the evening said he thought Ophelia's singing was too disconnected. He is a keen observer and has seen a great many plays. He went out frequently between the acts, and always came back in better spirits. He noticed that I wept a little in one or two places, and said that if I thought that was affecting I ought to see "Only a Farmer's Daughter." He drives a bus for the Hollenden Hotel here, and has seen a great deal of life. Still, he talked freely with me through the evening, and told me what was coming next. He is a great admirer of the drama, and night after night he may be seen in the foyer, accompanied only by his breath.

There is considerable discussion among critics as to whether Hamlet was really insane or not, but I think he assumed it in order to throw the prosecution off the track, for he was a very smart man, and when his uncle tried to work off some of his Danish prevarications on him I fully expected him to pull a card out of his pocket and present it to his royal tallness on which might be seen the legend:

I AM SOMETHING OF A LIAR MYSELF! But I am glad he did not, for it would have seemed out of character in a play like that.

Mr. Booth wore a dark waterproof cloak all the evening, and a sword with which he frequently killed people. He was dressed in black throughout, with hair of the same shade. He is using the same hair "Hamlet" that he did twenty years ago, though he uses less. He wears black knickerbockers and long, black crackless stockings.

Mr. Booth is doing well in the acting business, frequently getting as high as \$2 a piece for tickets to his performances. He was encored by the audience several times last night, but refrained from repeating the play, fearing that it would make it too late for those who had to go back to Belladonna, O., after the close of the entertainment.

Toward the end of the play a little rough on rats gets into the elderberry wine and the royal family drink it, after which there is considerable excitement, and a man with a good, reliable stomach-pump would have all he could do. Several of the royal family curl up and perish.

They do not die in the house.

During an interview between Hamlet and his mother, an old gentleman, who has the honor to be Ophelia's father, hides behind a picket fence, so as to overhear the conversation. He gets excited, and says something in a low, guttural tone of voice, whereupon Hamlet runs his sword through the picket fence in such a way as to bore a large hole into the old man, who then dies. I have heard a great many people break the piece, beginning:

To be or not to be.

Mr. Booth does it better than any I have ever heard. I once heard a politician—kind of a smart Allickist, as my friend the Hoosier Post says—recite "To be or not to be" in a manner which, he thought, brought tears to his eyes.

bosom up to the second joint. He seems to have the idea that Hamlet spoke these lines mostly because he felt like saying something, instead of doing it to introduce a set of health-lift gestures and a hoarse, barytone snort.

A head of dark hair, a low, mellow, union depot tone of voice, and a dark blue, three-sheet poster will not make a successful Hamlet, and blessed be the man who knows this without experimenting on the people till he has bunions on his immortal soul.

I have sent a note to Mr. Booth this morning asking him to call at my room, No. 68, and saying that I would give him my idea about the drama from a purely unpartisan standpoint, but it is raining so fast now that I fear he will not be able to come. BILL NYE.

## Some Superstitions.

At Smithill's Hall, near Bolton-le-Moors, there is still to be seen—an object of interest and curiosity to a large number of visitors—the print of a man's foot in the flagstone. It is said to have been produced by George Marsh, who suffered martyrdom during the persecutions of Queen Mary in 1555. When on one occasion the truth of his words was called in question by his enemies he stamped his foot upon the stone on which he stood, which ever after bore the ineffaceable impression as a miraculous testimony to his veracity. This story must have been an afterthought to account for what we may suppose to have been a prehistoric Tanist stone. In connection with this modern legend another of a somewhat different character may be related. A good many years ago, at the lack of the British Museum, there was a piece of waste ground called Southampton Fields, noted as a resort for low characters. There was a tradition connected with it that two brothers in the Monmouth rebellion took opposite sides and engaged each other in fight. Both were killed, and forty impressions of their feet were traceable in the field for years afterward. The field has long been built over, and the precise locality cannot now be pointed out. But Southey went to see the curious sight, and has given a graphic description of it in the second series of his "Commonplace Book." The impressions were about three inches deep in the hard soil; no grass ever grew in the terrible hollows, and no cultivation of the soil could obliterate them, for when the ground was plowed they persisted in reappearing. Southey mentions that he saw no reason to doubt the truth of the story, since it has been confirmed by these tokens for more than a hundred years successively. It is probably a fact with a circumstance—the circumstance, to say the least, extremely doubtful. Upon the legend, which was known far and wide, Jane and Anna Maria Porter based one of their popular romances, called "The Field of the Forty Foot Steps," and the Messrs. Mayhew took the same subject for a melodrama.—Blackwood's Magazine.

## Lack of Confidence.

Col. Yerger was dancing his little son on his knee, when the boy, looking up into his father's face, said: "Pa, do you know what I want next Christmas?" "No, my son, I don't know what you want next Christmas?" "Well, I'll tell you, pa, but you mustn't let it go any further; I want another mamma." "Why, Tommy, why do you want another mamma?" "Why, you see, this one never leaves the key in the pantry door, and if I have a new one perhaps she would have confidence in me."—Texas Sift.

## Neighborly Advice.

le—What do you suppose ter with Mrs. Winkler's

How should I know?

er said it had a ach come from the ave

who ted

mes- fe into

ly. I k

J. D. LEIGHTY,

—DEALER IN—

Dry Goods, Notions

GROCERIES, BOOTS, SHOES, RUBBER GOODS, HATS, CAPS, ETC.

A FULL LINE OF

Plug, Smoking and Fine Cut Tobaccos Canned Fruits, Prunes, Raisins Currants, Etc., Etc.

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M. T. BISHOP.

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LUMBER.

LATH. SHINGLES, PINE AND POPULAR LUMBER, LIME, PLASTER, MOULDINGS, ETC., ETC.

I HAVE AN IMMENSE STOCK AND SOLICIT YOUR PATRONAGE

Satisfaction Guaranteed.

YARD NEAR DEPOT, - ST. JOE, IND.

S. & F. BARNEY,

—DEALERS IN—

Dry Goods, Notions,

CLOTHING, GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS, BOOTS, SHOES, HATS, CAPS, GROCERIES. GENERAL STOCK OF HARDWARE, STOVES AND TRIMMINGS,

ST. JOE, INDIANA.

HIGHEST MARKET PRICE PAID FOR

Produce, Grain, Seeds, and Wool.

CASE & OLDS,

—DEALERS IN—

Dry Goods, Notions

GROCERIES, CLOTHING, BOOTS, SHOES, HATS, CAPS, QUEL WARE, CLASSWARE, ET

ST. JOE, INDIANA

EXAMINE THE BARGAINS ON C

5 and 10c Cou



**Important.**  
When you visit or leave New York City, save baggage, expressage, and \$3 carriage hire, and stop at the **Grand Union Hotel**, opposite Grand Central Depot.

613 rooms, fitted up at a cost of one million dollars, \$1 and upwards per day. European plan. Elevator. Restaurant supplied with the best horse cars, stages, and elevated railroad to all depots. Families can live better for less money at the Grand Union Hotel than at any other first-class hotel in the city.

#### Evidence Enough.

A New York broker, who left the street three or four years ago, one day received a call from a man up the river, who announced that old Blank was dead.

"Old Blank. Yes, I remember; so he is dead?"

"Yes, and his heirs are trying to break the will."

"They are?"

"Yes, and they are going to prove he was crazy. They want you as a witness."

"Want me? Why, I know nothing of the old man, except that I once invested \$10,000 for him."

"Well, that's all they expect to prove by you."

"What, eh?"

"Why, if you'll come into court and swear that the old man let you have \$10,000 to invest for him the case is made out. When can you come?"

He never went.—*Wall Street News.*

The Toronto *Globe* estimates that the Province of Ontario has lost 100,000 of its population by emigration during the last four years, and that 70,000 of the number went to the United States.

#### Wretched.

Are those whom a confirmed tendency to biliousness, subject to the various and changeable symptoms indicative of liver complaint: nausea, sick headache, constipation, furred tongue, an unpleasant breath, a dull or sharp pain in the neighborhood of the affected organ, impurity of the blood and loss of appetite, signalize it as one of the most distressing, as it is one of the most common, of maladies. There is, however, a benign specific for the disease and all its unpleasant manifestations. It is the concurrent testimony of the public and the medical profession that Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is a medicine which achieves results speedily felt, thorough, and benign. Besides rectifying liver disorder, it invigorates the feeble, conquers kidney and bladder complaints, and hastens the convalescence of those recovering from enfeebling diseases. Moreover, it is the grand specific for fever and ague.

#### The National Carpet House.

I went to the carpet room where all the carpets for the offices connected with the Treasury all over the country are made. When a customs office in Cleveland, for instance, wants a carpet its official sends on to the treasury of the United States a diagram of the room. The United States in this room makes the carpet, cuts it, sews it and sends it to them. It used to be that the various officials bought their own stationery, carpets—everything—and charged the Government ad libitum. This is all changed now. The Government buys all these things by contract and furnishes them itself. The carpet room is like a large city council room, walled with rolls of Brussels carpet piled upon each other.—*Washington Cor. Cleveland Leader.*

Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription" perfectly and permanently cures those diseases peculiar to female. It is tonic and nerve, effectually allaying and curing those sickening sensations that affect the stomach and heart through reflex action. The backache and "dragging-down" sensations all disappear under the strengthening effects of this great restorative. By druggists.

The proper time for the flour of the family to rise is seven o'clock.

**MEN'S** Peptonized Beef Tonic, the only preparation of beef containing its entire nutritious properties. It contains blood-making, force-generating, and life-sustaining properties; invaluable for indigestion, dyspepsia, nervous prostration, and all forms of general debility; also, in all enfeebled conditions, the work of exhaustion, nervous prostration or over-work, or acute disease, particularly if resulting from pulmonary complaint. Hazard & Co., proprietors, by druggists.

is found in newspapers and boarding-houses.

by Her Sex, every lady with a bright, glowing complexion follows the Iron Tonic.

aster, Porosed, 10c. Best. Quick cure, 20c. Cures all, worst cases, 50c. Quick cure, 50c. Druggists.

for the toilet, bath or unless. Nice for wash-baths. For Miners, whose employment has made them as a disinfect-

**BOARDS** of Health endorse Red Star Cough Cure as a speedy and sure remedy for coughs and colds. Scientists pronounce it entirely vegetable and free from opiates. Price, twenty-five cents a bottle.

It is said that a green turtle can live six weeks without food. The turtle seems to be the editor of the brute creation.

**BODILY** pains are instantly relieved by the use of St. Jacobs Oil. Dr. R. Butler, Master of Arts, Cambridge University, England, says, "It acts like magic."

#### Fortunately.

I was chatting with a bright young girl the other evening at a small German, when our attention was directed to a tall and handsome woman who had just entered the room. "Who is she?" asked my companion, and I, wishing to be poetical, answered: "A daughter of the gods." "I don't know her," my partner replied, critically examining the new-comer through her lorgnette, "the gods are not in our set."—*New York World.*

The leprous distillment, whose effect holds such an enmity with blood of man. That, swift as quicksilver, it courses through the natural gates and alleys of the body, and causes the skin to become "barked about, most lazar-like, with vile and loathsome crust." Such are the effects of diseased and morbid bile, the only antidote for which is to cleanse and regulate the liver—an office admirably performed by Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery."

APPLY the slipper to your child and you will have a game of base ball.

**The Combination of Ingredients** used in making Brown's Bronchial Troches is such as to give the best possible effect with safety. They are the best remedy in use for Coughs, Colds, and Throat Diseases.

"THOSE who use our goods are very much attached to them," is what a porous-plaster company advertises.

"Rough on Rats" clears out Rats. Mice. 15c.  
"Rough on Corns" hard or soft corns. 15c.  
"Rough on Toothache." Instant relief. 15c.  
"Rough on Coughs," Troches, 10c. Liquid, 25c.

"Rough on Dirt" is unequalled for Dish-washing, House and Paint Cleaning, Cleaning Windows, Pails, Pans, Knives, Forks, Jewelry, Wash Basins, Bath Tubs, Sinks, Water Closets, &c. Cuts the dirt without injury or discoloration. Keep it on the wash and toilet stands.

#### Important to All

Who are willing to work for the reward of success. Hallett & Co., Portland, Maine, will mail you, free, full particulars about work that either sex, young or old, can do, at a profit of from \$5 to \$25 per day and upwards, and live at home, wherever they are located. All can do the work. Capital not required. Hallett & Co. will start you. Grand success absolutely sure. Write at once and see.

## TIRED OUT!

At this season nearly every one needs to use some sort of tonic. IRON enters into almost every physician's prescription for those who need building up.

**BROWN'S**  
**IRON**  
**BITTERS**  
—THE BEST TONIC—  
For Weakness, Lassitude, Lack of Energy, etc., it HAS NO EQUAL, and is the only iron medicine that is not injurious. It enriches the blood, invigorates the system, restores appetite, aids digestion. It does not blacken or injure the teeth, cause headache or produce constipation—other iron medicines do. Mrs. S. O. JACKSON, Jeffersonville, Ind., says: "It seemed if my whole system was out of order, and I was feeling badly. Two bottles of Brown's Iron Bitters toned up my system, and gave me renewed strength and vigor. I cheerfully recommend it."

JAY VAN VECHTEN, M. D., New London, Ohio, says: "I have prescribed Brown's Iron Bitters with most satisfactory results in cases of Debility where a tonic is needed, and I know of no preparation of iron that does better."

Genuine has above Trade Mark and crossed red lines on wrapper. Take no other. Made only by **BROWN CHEMICAL CO., BALTIMORE, MD.**

**BENSON'S**  
**CAPCINE**  
**POROUS PLASTER**

Highest Awards of Medals in Europe and America.

The nearest, quickest, safest and most powerful remedy known for Rheumatism, Pleurisy, Neuralgia, Lumbago, Backache, W. aches, colds in the chest, and all aches and pains. Indorsed by 5,000 Physicians and Druggists of the highest repute. Benson's Plasters promptly relieve and cure where other plasters and gray aches, liniments and lotions, are absolutely useless. Beware of imitations under similar sounding names, such as "Capicum," "Capucin," "Capicine," as they are utterly worthless and intended to deceive. Ask for BENSON'S and TAKE NO OTHERS. All druggists. SEABURY & JOHNSON, Proprietors, New York.

**PAINT YOUR P**  
By using COIT'S ONE-COAT BUGGY PAINT. Paint Friday. No varnishing necessary. Dries hard with enough to paint your Buggy upon receipt of One Dollar.

Young men or middle-aged ones suffering from nervous debility and kindred weaknesses should send 10 cents in stamps for illustrated book suggesting sure means of cure. Address, World's Dispensary Medical Association, 663 Main street, Buffalo, N. Y.

A BROTH of a boy ought to be a superior individual.—*Pittsburgh Chronicle.*

SAFE, permanent, and complete are the cures of bilious and intermittent diseases, made by Prickly Ash Bitters. Dyspepsia, general debility, habitual constipation, liver and kidney complaints are speedily eradicated from the system. It disinfects, cleanses, and eliminates all malarial. Health and vigor are obtained more rapidly and permanently by the use of this great natural antidote than by any other remedy heretofore known. As a blood purifier and tonic it brings health, renewed energy, and vitality to a worn and diseased body.

About the only chin awaiting the initiatory labor of the barber is the urchin.—*Hartford Journal.*

"Rough on Bile Pills." Little, but good, 10 & 25c.  
"Rough on Itch" cures humors, eruptions, Tetter.  
"Rough on Worms." Bare Cure. 25c.  
"Rough on Pain" Plaster. Porosed 10c. Best.

Piso's Remedy for Catarrh is agreeable to use. It is not a liquid or a snuff. 50c.

The best and surest Remedy for Cure of all diseases caused by any derangement of the Liver, Kidneys, Stomach and Bowels. Dyspepsia, Sick Headache, Constipation, Bilious Complaints and Malaria of all kinds yield readily to the beneficent influence of

## PRICKLY ASH BITTERS

It is pleasant to the taste, tones up the system, restores and preserves health. It is purely Vegetable, and cannot fail to prove beneficial, both to old and young. As a Blood Purifier it is superior to all others. Sold everywhere at \$1.00 a bottle.

**FREE**  
Prettiest BOOK ever Printed. Thousands of Engravings. Best SEED & cheapest ever grown. Pkts 3c Cheap as dirt by oz. & lb. 100,000 pkts. new sorts divided FREE to Customers. I give away more than some firms sell. Send for my Catalogue. R. H. SHUMWAY, Rockford, Ill.

One Agent (Merchant only) wanted in every town for

**TANSILL'S PUNCH**

The "Tansill's Punch" 3c cigars are booming. Never sold so many in so short a time. Will try and give you another order this month.

P. & A. L. MILLARD, Elmhurst, N. Y.  
Your "Tansill's Punch" 3c cigars in a good seller.  
W. D. CRAIG, Druggist, Algonia, Ill.

Address R. W. TANSILL & CO., Chicago.

**SOUTH DAKOTA FARMS** Send 6 cents for Dakota, new illustrated pamphlet and descriptive price lists of farms near the city of Mitchell, in the corn belt of Dakota and famous James River Valley. Land \$3 to \$10 per acre. L. C. LEE & CO., Mitchell, Dak.

**THREE HUNDRED** Men and Women wanted to sell a common sense, practical article that every one wants and will pay well. Send for particulars to CARPET STRETCHER AND TACKER CO., 10 Third Street, Milwaukee, Wis.

**GOGEBIC IRON MINING STOCKS** bought & sold. Reliable information furnished. The Milwaukee Mining Exchange, Milwaukee, Wis. Telephone 1334.

**KIDDER'S PASTILLES** Sure relief for ASTHMA. Price 25c. by mail. Stowell & Co., Charlestown, Mass.

**MEN** WEAK from Nervous Debility, Wasting, &c., send stamp for Remedies, and cure at home. Dr. J. KENNEDY

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**OPIUM HABIT** or self-denial. Pay when cure free. DR. C. J. WEATHER

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SAW MILL T.M. CO.  
Stationary & Portable  
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RACINE WISCONSIN  
SEND FOR ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE.

**PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION**  
CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.  
Best Cough Syrup. Tastes good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.

HAIRVILLE, N. J.,  
October 13, 1880.  
R. T. HAZELBINE,  
Warren, Pa.

Dear Sir:  
I was taken v. a very severe cold last Spring, and tried every cure we had in the store, and could get no help.

I had our village doctor prescribe for me, but kept getting worse. I saw another physician from Port Jervis, N. Y., and he told me he used Piso's Cure for Consumption in his practice.

I bought a bottle, and before I had taken all of it there was a change for the better. Then I got my employer to order a quantity of the medicine and keep it in stock. I took one more bottle, and my Cough was cured.

Respectfully,  
FRANK MCKELVY.

**PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION**  
CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.  
Best Cough Syrup. Tastes good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.

**TER'S**



## LYING AS A HABIT.

The Career of Ananias, and How It Is Regarded.  
(London Saturday Review.)

In Europe lying is considered on the whole objectionable, and not to be practiced by any except politicians, travelers, and the newspaper people. Skilled witnesses, of course, do not belong to any continent or climate. In the United States, on the contrary, lying is considered a great set-off to conversation; without it no one can aspire to be considered better than a mere fossil; it is the hunting-ground of the humorist, and the journalist occasionally makes a great hit by telling a plain, unvarnished tale. In Asia none but a rude, uneducated boor would ever think of telling the truth. Lying is a sign of culture and polite breeding. In Africa the natives are not yet sufficiently civilized to have any definite notions on the subject. They are on the lowest possible level. They lie or not, accordingly as they think it is to their advantage or the reverse. Rum and religion, Bibles and bayonets, have yet to do a great work before the poor African can rise to the dignity of forming a definite policy on the matter. The Australians lean to the American side. In Europe Ananias is branded as a bad man; in America he is a funny man; in Asia, where he is known, he would be canonized as the polished man; while in Africa he is no better nor worse than any man—he is the mere average mortal; he drifts with the tide of events, and is not worth making an occasional fetish of. On the whole, the career of Ananias must be considered a failure. Where he is known he is not respected, and where he might be respected he is not known. In Sunday-schools and in the pages of tracts he points a moral, but the position is inadequate to the desires of a true ambition, or the requirements of a discriminating philosophy. To sporting journals and to the entire American press he is invaluable, but this is unfeeling, thankless ground. He merely represents a record which no one is desirous to break. Not a man of those who cite him regards him with gratitude, not to speak of honest esteem. If Ananias had his rights he would occupy an important place among the Hindoo's 1,000,000 gods. In China he would figure prominently among Confucian worthies. He ought, certainly, to be considered the particular deceased ancestor of the Chinese and Indo-Chinese races. In cold countries lying is charitably supposed to be the result of superabundance of imagination, of a misdirected energy of exaggeration, or of a careful and judicious spirit of economy, as in the case of the gentleman who had far too much regard for the truth to be using it on every paltry occasion.

In the East, however, whatever other exuberance there may be it is not that of imagination, and economy is far from being a leading characteristic. The profusion is, nevertheless, certainly not the truth. That commodity is economized down to the vanishing point. The Eastern statesman or diplomatist considers it beneath him, whether from a professional or an æsthetic point of view. Any man can tell the truth. As an assertion of his superiority to the supposed average man it is therefore imperative that he should tell lies. It is only when an oriental leader has reached the level of absolute genius that ventures to state things as they really are. It is then extremely good policy, one believes him, and he attains it much more easily and rapidly possibly could by an elaborate misstatement. This measure

opening for loud demonstrations of woe which are likely to be effectual, and at any rate would not be justified by any other plea for leave of absence. But it is far more often the desire to please that leads to lying among the lower classes in the East, more especially in India. The anxiety of the native to avoid in any way annoying any one often leads him to the most reckless statements. You are fagged after a long day's shooting. You ask him how far it is to the nearest railway station or to the village where your tents are. He will answer with the utmost alacrity and sympathy that it is bahul nazdik, quite close, and indicates the shortest way. When you have walked four or five miles, and have not arrived, you begin to realize the beauty of exactitude. You rail at the mild Hindoo, and think that missionary labor is not so successful as it ought to be. The fictions of the dak bungalow butler are too familiar to need more than an illusion. The "everything have got" which fills your appetite after a long stage fades away through visions of beef and mutton to the inevitable murghee. Still, the butler rejoices in the fact that he has pleased you with anticipations and kept up your hopes to the last moment. He is as invariable with his "everything have got" as the household servant is with the death of his mother.

### Accidental Playthings.

The very word toy implies something that is intended to amuse. Very many of the most elaborate and costly toys only do this for a short time, as long as they are new, while some article that by accident the child has become possessed of is a daily source of pleasure.

As I write my little girl of 2 sits on the floor with a button-hook in her hand trying to button and unbutton her little boots. She is not playing, rather she is working; but she is interested in what she is doing, her attention is concentrated upon it and she is happy. We do not give her the hammer and looking-glass, but some equally queer articles. We let her have a Dover egg-beater.

"Suppose she should break it?" What if she does? It costs much less than ordinary toys, and serves her vastly better. When she had learned to put the end of it in a little dish and turn the wheel—"just as mamma does" she was happy, and her pleasure in her new plaything lasted for weeks. She would not hurt herself seriously with it, and finding that there was one way in which it acted and made a noise she did not throw it about and use it as a hammer, but used it properly, came to have a high regard, and I have no doubt a deep respect, for it. Another plaything is a clean lamp burner with a long piece of wick knotted at the end so that it cannot fall out, or with the ends sewed together; the child can turn the thumbscrew and make the wick move, and thus find much pleasure.

### Babyhood.

#### Benedict Arnold.

Benedict Arnold was a native of Connecticut, where he was born in Norwich, January 3, 1840. He joined the patriots soon after the Revolution broke out and was commissioned a Colonel in the service of Massachusetts. In 1775 he led a force of about 1,000 men through the northern forest with the intention of capturing Quebec. Gen. Montgomery's forces were joined by Arnold at the St. Lawrence, and the attack made but it failed. Montgomery met his death there and Arnold was seriously wounded. Arnold became a Brigadier-General. He commanded in Philadelphia in 1878, and, living extravagantly there, contracted debts. In 1779 he married the daughter of Shippen, afterward Chief Justice of the

charges were made against him was sentenced by court martial. Washington was very mild.

In August, 1780, he received this important fortress and this important fortress was ordered to Sir Henry. Andre discovered and presented to a war once on and com- Virginia. he went with no died in pressed.

and return

### Washington's Birthplace.

There is scarce a sign now of the house in which Washington was born, on the lower Rappahannock; nor any more of the other house where he passed his boyhood, over against Fredericksburg, and in landscape which must have been known to our soldiers who fought at Chancellorsville. Both these houses were of the old Virginia stamp—big, roomy piles of lumber, with long, sloping pent roof in the rear, and two huge chimneys slapped against the exterior walls at either end. It was at the home in Stafford County must have occurred—if it ever occurred—that episode of the cherry tree; and it was there, too, happened (after his father's death) that other better authenticated incident of the boy's subjugation of a young thoroughbred colt which nobody could master; and yet this intrepid lad, known as George Washington, and known for many athletic feats even as a boy, did master the brute, and so enraged him by the mastery that the poor animal in a frenzy of protesting plunges, died under the very seat of the boy master. This martyr to young Washington's iron resolve was a great pet of his mother's, under whose special guidance the fatherless lad had now come; and there may have been a bone to pick between them regarding the colt; but never, then or thereafter, any real breach in their mutual regard or love.

From his mother, who was a model country-woman and house-wife for that day—and for all days—Washington derived, doubtless in a large degree, his strong rural tastes, his system, his aptitude for order, and that inexorable method, which, if he had been a lesser man, would have made a terrible martinet of him. The mother was full of it; and I cannot but think that Sharples, in his charming picture (the only authentic painting we have of her), has refined away somewhat of her august severities and serenities of character. She was always queen there, in that Staffordshire home—with son, with bailiff, with dependents all. If things went wrong, she came to quick knowledge of the why. Throughout her long widowhood she clung to all the simplicities, severities, homeliness, and out-of-door avocations of country life as if they had been royal inheritances. And are they not? When, in her later days, Lafayette came to see her and pay obedience to the mother of his great friend, he found her in sun-bonnet working in her garden; and she was not caught at disadvantage by this chance, but wore, with an unshrinking and royal modesty, these tokens of her out-of-door reign.

When Washington, in a spirit of adventure, would have gone seafaring in the British navy—wiled thereto by the preference of an elder half brother—the mother put her quick veto upon it; but she never vetoed his huntings, his dare-devil rides, his wrestling, his fencing, his leaping bouts; so he grew up sinewy, firm, and daring, and with elements of manly leadership marked all over him.—Donald G. Mitchell, in *American Agriculturist*.

### Animals Love Lavender.

A short cut to the heart of any of the large felidae is to be found in lavender water, a fact which I discovered by accident. The late Mrs. Lee, whose leopard "Sal" was an interesting inmate of her household, trained the animal almost wholly by taking advantage of its love for this perfume. So, wanting to be on good terms with the leopard "Old Man," I took some lavender water with me. Before giving it to the leopard, I thought that I would try the effect on "Bessy," a fine tigress, who has for some time been very gracious in her conduct toward me. I poured a few drops of the perfume on a small piece of brown paper, and held it to her. She first gave a prolonged sniff, and then scraped the paper out of my hand, and laid it on the floor of the cage. First, she sniffed at it repeatedly, raising her nose high in the air after every sniff. Then she tore it into little pieces, which she strewed over the floor. Then she rolled over and over on the perfumed fragments, giving a series of muffled yelps of delight, and then began leaping all over the cage, springing up until her head struck against the roof, turning over in the air, and coming down on the boarded floor with a mighty thump, as might be expected from an animal weighing more than three hundred pounds.

Next, I tried the effect on the leopard "Old Man" who occupied the next cage,

and found that he was even more powerfully affected than the tigress, sloshing over the perfume until the floor of the cage was quite wet, and rolling over and over, exactly as his neighbor had done. Meantime "Empress," who occupied a cage on the opposite of the building, had scented the lavender water from a distance, and was loudly expressing her opinion that she had been shamefully neglected. So I gave her a liberal dose of the perfume, and she, being only a young thing, and unaccustomed to self-control, straightway proceeded to go mad over it.—The Rev. J. G. Wood, in "Little Snow Flakes."

### Some Uses of Gloves.

The reign of Elizabeth may fairly be considered the turning point in the history of gloves. Through long years, and keeping line with the growth of refinement and courtesy, the glove had been invested first with one association and then another, given part and lot in this custom and that, until it had come to hold a very prominent place in the economy of life. Both at weddings and funerals gloves were offered as gifts so commonly as to be made a recognized feature of the social ceremonial proper to those occasions. Either for peace and in favor, or defiant and in deadly anger, it has come to be as binding upon ordinary transactions as a written deed, and as evident of purpose as if the presence of its owner had enforced its evident intent. Particularly as a token of love, as though it gave in pledge the hand and regard of a fair lady, or as a cartel of war, threatening so much of the vengeful punishment as the hand it had covered could inflict, did the glove play its part in times when both these sentiments were especially cherished and avowed. It was made the regis of trade, insuring to chapmen and chaffering purchasers of the wares they offered peace and protection; and in agreements of greater moment the glove was made witness of a promise given and the pledge of its fulfillment. The donation of land to a church, and sometimes even the offer of bodily service, was made good by the placing of a glove upon the altar; and in the transfer of land—or, in occasional instances, of kingdoms—a glove was made a veritable lease by virtue of which possession was taken and held. As securing safe passage, like a passport; as an offer of amity, like as though a friendly shake of the hand was proffered, even as a bribe when it was often "lined" with good gold pieces, to tempt men from their allegiance, or induce them to view a suit favorably, the glove had many a momentous messages to convey, many an important negotiation to open or to bind.—*Magazine of Art*.

### Lincoln as Postmaster.

In the spring of this year, 1833, he was appointed Postmaster of New Salem, and held the office for three years. Its emoluments were slender and its duties light, but there was in all probability no citizen of the village who could have made so much of it as he. The mails were so scanty that he was said to carry them in his hat, and he is also reported to have read every newspaper that arrived; it is altogether likely that this formed the leading inducement to his taking the office. His incumbency lasted until New Salem ceased to be populous enough for a post-station and the mail went by to Petersburg. Dr. Holland relates a sequel to this official experience which illustrates the quaint honesty of the man. Several years later, when he was a practicing lawyer, an agent of the Postoffice Department called upon him, and asked for a balance due from the New Salem office, some \$17. Lincoln arose, and opening a little trunk which lay in a corner of the room, took from it a cotton rag in which was tied up the exact sum that was required. "I never use any man's money but my own," he quietly remarked. When we consider the pinching poverty in which these years had been passed, we may appreciate the self-denial which kept him from making even a temporary use of this little sum of Government money.—*Nicolay and Hay, Century*.

There is much talk of the jealousy of the dramatic profession, but ever a real trouble overtakes at there are always plenty ready to his part.

DURING the eleventh century notes were invented, windmills first used, and clocks with wheels introduced.



## Business Notices.

**H. W. BOWMAN, M. D., Physician and Surgeon, St. Joe, Ind.** Office opposite the Drugstore.

**ST. JOE HOTEL, Wm. Leighty, proprietor.** Special attention given to furnishing teams for commercial men.

**B. S. SHEFFER, M. D., Physician and Surgeon, St. Joe, Ind.** Prompt and careful attention to all business entrusted to his care.

**ST. JOE BARBER SHOP, one door west of hotel, Will Gee, proprietor.** Satisfaction guaranteed. Your patronage is solicited.

**FILLEY, LOUNSBERRY AND SHULER, proprietors of the St. Joe Saw and Planing Mill.** All work promptly done. Cash paid for Oak Logs.

**CITY BARBER SHOP, St. Joe, Ind., John Hull, proprietor.** Shaving, Hair Cutting &c. done in the best of style. Come and see me. Two doors west of Kinsey's Furniture Store.

**SIMON WINELAND, proprietor St. Joe Handle, Shingle and Feed Mills.** Feed grinding a speciality. Highest prices paid for second growth White Ash. Enquire at the mill for full particulars.

**STAR WIND PUMP, E. A. Wanemaker, agent, Newville, Ind.** Farmers who think of buying a mill should give me a call before doing so. The Star Mill is the best and prices the lowest.

## LOCALS.

Neils Thomas is working on the B. & O.

O. H. Widney is going into the "chennery" business.

Miss Callie Ettinger of Waterloo, is visiting friends in town.

Miss Prudie Lounsberry returned home from Bristol, last Tuesday.

Get your horse bills printed at this office. Best of work at the lowest price.

Mrs. W. C. Patterson and daughter Bessie, visited friends at Butler, this week.

Ed Bishop of Conroy, Ohio, called to see us Tuesday. Of course he takes the News.

Sell Bowen was around shaking hands with his many friends in this place this week. Sell is as fat as ever.

Henry Coburn, one of the substantial men of Newville, made us a friendly call Wednesday.

The meetings at the Methodist church this week have been well attended, and several have united with the church.

The Women's Christian Temperance Union will meet at the home of Mrs. M. E. Olds, on Thursday afternoon, March 10, 1887, at three o'clock. All are welcome.

The passenger train due here at 1:10 met with an accident near Idin, Ohio, last Wednesday. The fire rod on the engine broke and jerked off the top of the cab. Engineer Bramble was killed, and the man was badly scalded, but none of the passengers were hurt.

A. E. Wanemaker, agent for the Star Wind Pump, was in town Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Jake Gelhausen of Garrett, were in town over last Sunday.

A blind man and a deaf and dumb man were canvassing the town for aid this week.

We understand that Henry Baker is doing a good business at Concord. We're glad to hear it.

Mr. and Mrs. Patterson of Hicksville, visited in town the fore part of this week, the guests of their son, W. C.

Sherwood, a town on the B. & O. a few miles east of here, is to have another railroad, running north and south.

The latest popular song is entitled "The Tom-cat Must not Yowl Tonight." They do yowl, all the same, though.

"How can I get rid of fleas on my cat?" asks a subscriber. Soak the cat in four feet of water until the fleas rise to the surface. Then bury the cat.

There is a bill before the present legislature to prohibit the sale of tobacco to persons over 21 years of age. Let her pass.

Misses Mattie White, Addie Widney, Emma Curie and Nina Filley of this place, attended the examination at Auburn last Saturday.

It will be a pretty good idea for you to sleep with your smoked meat under your pillow these nights, if you don't want to have it stolen.

Frank Herrick has engaged with the Fleming Co. of Fort Wayne, to sell their road scrapers the coming season. Frank makes a good agent.

The subject of gravel roads is being agitated again. When the roads are bad, it is impossible to gravel them, and when they are good, they don't need it. And thus the matter stands.

Dan Culler, a prosperous farmer of Newville township, called to see us Saturday, and subscribed for the News. He said he was taking all the papers he could afford to, but he couldn't get along without the St. Joe News.

Some one asked us the other day when a chicken became of age. The surest way to find out is to go to a butcher shop and inquire for a spring chicken, and you generally will get one that is old enough to vote.

While at Auburn, one day last week we met J. C. Henry, and he invited us to go over and take a look through the Ureka Opera House. J. C. is one of Auburn's most enterprising men, and the opera house is one among the leading advantages of the city called the hub.

The fourth annual convention of the 24th district Indiana Sunday School Union, will be held in the Baptist church, Auburn, Ind., Wednesday and Thursday, March 9th and 10th, 1887. An interesting programme has been prepared, and a cordial invitation is extended for all to attend.

The Garrett Clipper says that a saloon is a benefit to the trade of every community, and that shrew business men never petition against it. It may be that business men, who's only aim in life is the accumulation of wealth, think that the success of a town as a trading point, depends upon the number and quality of it's saloons; but, the great majority of people, who are interested in the good of society, believe that they could be dispensed with entirely. Of course we cannot all see alike, and yet, when you come to pin people right to the point, they almost all admit that a saloon is detrimental to the best interests of any town or community.

For All work and goods guaranteed to give satisfaction. Give me a call.

MAIN STREET, ST. JOE, IND.

Cutlery, Nails, Paints, Woodenware &c.

GUTTERING, HOUSE FURNISHING GOODS.

# ROOFING AND SPOUTING

DEALER IN

J. H. CONRAD,

# RAVEN'S Horse, Cattle, Hog AND POULTRY FOOD

The object of this Food is to put Live Stock and Poultry of all kinds in a thriving, healthy condition, and to prevent and cure all Diseases of the Blood, and the Digestive Organs.

For breeding sows and raising young pigs it has no rival, hogs will fatten in half the usual time. It surely prevents Hog Cholera and cures it when taken in good time.

It will keep Poultry free from disease, and in a healthy thriving condition, also increases the production of eggs from 15 to 20 per cent. It also cures Chicken Cholera, Raup &c.

For Sale at Drugstore ST. JOE, IND.

INSURE WITH THE AGENT OF THE Agricultural Fire Insurance Co.



# Drugs, Medicines, Paints, Brushes,

OILS, SCHOOL BOOKS, STATIONERY &c.

ST. JOE, IND.

DEALER IN

W. C. PATTERSON,

The editor wanted me to rite a short artikel th coraspondents, an giv them a littel informashun in re gard tu the propr wa tu rite tu nnes papars. Furstley: Ben shure tu rite on both sides ov the papar, and it yu kant git it awl on, rite cros-ways ov the papar; if the editor kant recit it the devil kan; the devil kan du ana thing. Sekondley: Awl ways beg your coraspondence with an ite regard tu the stait ov the wh an the condidshun ov the rool the tyme yu rite. Dont furgit It iz a mattar ov nnes that iz ov va impotence tu evera reader ov a coun tri nnespapar. An, in order tu hav it appear nice in a papar, and if pos abel tu maik it moor emphatick, send it sumthing like this:

Mud.

Moore mud.

Still moor mud.

In kase ther iz koo mud, an it iz raneing, why use the wurd rane in the saim wa; or if it bea snoing or windy, use it in the saim manna; we afour menshuned. Now dont jist du this one or too weeks an then stop, but keap it up the year round. Its jist wat most pueple like tu feed besides it keaps them posted on the wheather ov the differant lokalities, even if it iz a weak or ten days old. Thirdley: Dont pa much attenshun tu sending in your coraspondence ti the papar has gone tu pres; or publishars ar jist tu glad ov the cl tu unlock ther forms an maik fur countri coraspondence, az them the veri latest nnes. Fo rules clesly on yu wil bea a su Bareus Q. Hippen



# THE ST. JOE NEWS.

VOL. I.

ST. JOE, IND., FRIDAY, MARCH 11, 1887.

NO. 7.

## THE NEWS.

Intelligence by Wire from All the World

### FOREIGN.

—Bookmaking will hereafter be prohibited on the Paris race-courses.

—France is entering upon an extensive colonization scheme in the New Hebrides.

—The British Parliament has been asked to grant another quarter of a million pounds for naval expenses.

—A small-sized rebellion against the Bulgarian Regency is reported. The Pope is said to favor the Regency.

—Afghanistan's Ameer is raising a forced loan to the amount of 10 per cent. of the value of his subjects' property.

—By the aid of electric lights, a steamer passed through the Suez Canal in fifteen hours.

—All the Afghan boys between 10 and 18 years are receiving a military training. The Ameer has told his subjects to prepare for a holy war.

—The revolt of the Bulgarian troops at Silistria has been suppressed and a mutinous Colonel killed. There have been other outbreaks, however. Rustchuk is said to be the center of the revolutionary movement.

—The new German Reichstag was opened on the 3d inst. The Emperor, in his speech from the throne, declared that the foreign policy of the empire is continually directed to the maintenance of peace with all the powers, and especially with Germany's neighbors.

—Rev. P. M. Donohue, of Arcola, Ill., has been appointed by General Boulanger a Lieutenant in the French army, for services rendered.

—A London court imposed a sentence of five years' penal servitude upon an alleged American Judge named George F. Anderson, who swindled a Pennsylvanian in prosecuting a suit for the recovery of a large estate in England.

—The Austrian war office has been making contracts for hay at twice the price paid by private purchasers.

—Prof. Faib, an Austrian meteorologist, thinks there is no further danger from earthquakes in the Riviera.

### PERSONAL.

—Edward Kuehn, who died recently in Omaha, left a will directing that his body be cremated and the ashes be placed in an urn over the bar of a popular saloon.

—Michael Purcell, aged 60, a street laborer at Louisville, has fallen heir to real estate in New York worth \$115,000.

—J. H. Lester, 117 years of age, called upon the Governor of Georgia the other day, to regain possession of property in Henry County, of which he became dispossessed during Gen. Sherman's march to the sea.

—Married at Buffalo, N. Y., Margaret Mather, the well-known actress, to Emil Haberkorn, an orchestra leader.

—Mrs. Annie B. Faunce, said to have been a distant relation to Queen Victoria, died at Wabash, Ind., aged over 80.

—In the divorce case brought at New York against the son of Commodore Kittson, the jury finds that he was incapable of making a marriage contract, through intoxication, and that the woman was of bad character.

—George M. Pullman, of palace car fame, has been knighted by King Humbert of Italy.

—Mother Angela (Miss Elvia Gillespie), Mother Superior of the Order of the Sisters of the Holy Cross, died suddenly at St. Mary's Academy, South Bend, Ind., which she founded in 1850. She was a cousin of James G. Blaine and of Mrs. General Sherman.

—James A. Seddon has been appointed Judge of the Circuit Court at St. Louis, in place of Judge Thayer, who was made Judge Trent's successor in the United States District Court. Seddon is a son of the late Judge Seddon, of Virginia, and the law partner of James L. Blair, son of Gen. Frank P. Blair.

—Ex-Congressman Breitung, of Michigan, died at Eastman, Ga., of pneumonia.

### POLITICAL.

—An ordinary election in New York City re-

quires an expenditure of \$291,000, and a Presidential campaign takes \$100,000 more.

—The Legislature of New Jersey elected Rufus Blodgett, Democrat, United States Senator. On the final ballot Leon Abbott had 38 votes.

—Senator Sherman will take an extended Southern tour in the interests of his Presidential candidacy.

—A petition from business men and merchants, representing \$40,000,000 capital, was presented to the Rhode Island Legislature, asking for a repeal of the prohibitory law.

—The Minnesota House has passed an iron-clad bill to provide for the enforcement of the \$1,000 high license law. The St. Paul Council had previously adopted an ordinance fixing saloon licenses at \$500 for two and one-half years.

—Gen. J. J. Finley has been appointed by the Governor of Florida United States Senator to succeed the Hon. Charles W. Jones, whose term expired March 4. Gen. Finley is a lawyer, who served with distinction in the Confederate army. He has been a member of the Supreme Court of Florida, and three times a candidate for Congress. He was elected once and defeated twice by Col. Bisbee (Rep.).

—The lower house of the Indiana Legislature adopted a memorial to the United States Senate against the seating of David Turpie as a Senator from Indiana. The memorial reviews the proceedings by which Turpie was elected, charging particularly that three persons voted for him who had no right to do so. The Democrats vigorously protested against the adoption of the memorial, and one member in a bitter speech alluded to the Republicans as "the fifty-six cowards on the other side," to which a Republican Representative responded "You are a liar."

—Judge Fontaine J. Fox, a prominent lawyer of Louisville, was nominated for Governor by the Kentucky Prohibition Convention. A ticket embracing all of the State officers was placed in nomination. Fifty counties were represented at the convention.

### FINANCIAL AND INDUSTRIAL.

—The following is a recapitulation of the debt statement issued on the 1st inst:

INTEREST-BEARING DEBT.	
Bonds at 4 per cent.	250,000,000
Bonds at 4 per cent.	737,780,100
Bonds at 3 per cent.	53,634,200
Refunding certificates at 4 per cent.	184,350
Navy pension fund at 3 per cent.	11,000,000
Pacific railroad bonds at 6 per cent.	64,693,512
Principal	\$1,119,251,162
Interest	10,893,946
Total	\$1,129,943,743
DEBT ON WHICH INTEREST HAS CEASED SINCE MATURITY.	
Principal	\$ 6,340,445
Interest	200,365
Total	\$ 6,540,810
DEBT BEARING NO INTEREST.	
Old demand and legal-tender notes	\$ 346,738,341
Certificates of deposit	8,180,000
Gold certificates	99,958,365
Silver certificates	191,130,755
Fractional currency (less \$9,375,931 estimated as lost or destroyed)	6,950,561
Principal	\$ 582,958,024
Interest	\$1,708,740,011
Total	\$1,129,943,743
Less cash items available for reduction of the debt	\$39,452,976
Less reserve held for redemption of United States notes	100,000,000
Total	\$69,452,976
Total debt, less available cash items	\$1,350,161,011
Net cash in the Treasury	19,148,975
Debt, less cash in Treasury, March 1, 1887	\$1,331,032,036
Debt, less cash in Treasury, Feb. 1, 1887	1,392,468,808
Decrease of debt during the month	\$ 1,436,782
Decrease of debt since June 30, 1886	58,104,357
CASH IN THE TREASURY AVAILABLE FOR REDUCTION OF PUBLIC DEBT.	
Gold held for gold certificates actually outstanding	99,958,365
Silver held for silver certificates actually outstanding	121,130,755
United States notes held for certificates of deposit actually outstanding	8,180,000
Cash held for matured debt and interest unpaid	17,424,792
Cash held for bonds called not matured and balance of interest	22,753,540
Fractional currency	3,515
Total available	\$369,452,976
Reserve fund held for redemption of United States notes, acts Jan. 14, 1875, and July 12, 1882	\$ 100,000,000

Unavailable for reduction of the debt.	
Fractional silver coin	26,423,177
Minor coin	11,034
Total	\$ 26,434,211
Certificates held as cash	29,972,557
Net cash balance on hand	19,148,975

Total cash in the Treasury as shown by Treasurer's general account \$ 445,470,292

—At a very large meeting of the Western Iron Association at Pittsburgh the card rate was reaffirmed.

—The plasterers of Pittsburgh and Allegheny have severed their connection with the Knights of Labor and joined the Protective Plasterers' National Union. This affair has caused excitement in labor circles.

—Bradstreet's, in a review of the strikes of the first two months of the year, says: In January, 1887, there have been reported ninety-two strikes and lockouts, involving over 75,000 employes, as compared with nineteen strikes and 47,300 employes during January, 1886. Of the former, eighty-eight strikes, involving 63,900 employes, were concluded by Feb. 28; while four strikes, including 10,000 men, were still open. Of the 10,000 about 5,000 are New England boot and shoe factory hands, locked out as a protest against Knights of Labor dictation as to shop management. The number of shoe operatives locked out or on strike Feb. 1, 1887, was, approximately, 8,400; on March 1, 1887, 5,300. The number out in various small strikes is about 900, as against 400 Feb. 1. The total number of successful strikes of the January list, including compromises as successes, was 31 (out of 88 ended by March 1), involving 18,175 employes. As January strikes of 63,900 employes are ended, this shows that about 30 per cent. of the employes have thus far been successful. The prospect, however, is for a smaller percentage of successes after the termination of the boot and shoe lockout. The totals of failures are 57 strikes and 45,127 employes—about 70 per cent. In January, 1886, 9 strikes, with 24,900 strikers, were successful—nearly one-half—while 10 strikes, with 23,900 strikers, were failures. In February, 1887, there were 74 strikes and 26,000 strikers, as compared with but 5 strikes and 10,700 strikers in February, 1886. By the close of the month 57 strikes, involving 20,000 strikers, had ended, and 23 strikes, with 4,000 strikers, remained unsettled. Of the 51 strikes with 20,000 strikers ended, 12 strikes and 5,350 strikers had been successful—a little over 20 per cent.; while 39 strikes, with 14,650 strikers—nearly 80 per cent.—had been failures. In February, 1886, all the strikes were failures.

### GENERAL.

—A land company organized at Kansas City has purchased the Arkansas' and Maxwell grants, comprising 79,000,000 acres.

—The brief in the Chicago anarchist case filed in the Illinois Supreme Court at Ottawa, by counsel for the condemned, is a printed volume of 426 pages. Leonard Swett had previously filed a document of ninety-six pages.

—The American Trotting Association was organized at Detroit by representatives from fourteen States. William R. Merriam, of St. Paul, was chosen President.

—The British Government refuses to permit the taking effect of the act recently passed by the Legislature of Newfoundland in relation to the fisheries, owing to the protest by France. A Halifax special represents that the people would vote for annexation to the United States by a three-fourths majority. The dispatch further says:

The publication of the address of the Newfoundland Legislature to the Imperial Government has produced a sensation. If it is not a declaration of independence, it is the next thing to it. The Newfoundlanders tell the Imperial Government that they own their fisheries, and they do not propose to pay the slightest heed to French or American interests, or to brook any interference from the Imperial Government. The situation is so serious that both Premier Thorburn and Sir Alabrose Shea, leader of the opposition, have left the Legislature to take care of itself and gone to London to represent the dangerous character of the prevailing feeling in Newfoundland. Meanwhile the press and the people are universally discussing the benefits of annexation to the United States. Anything would be better than the present state of affairs, and if annexation were submitted to a popular vote it would be carried by a three-fourths majority.

—The river and harbor bill passed by

Congress appropriates \$50,000 for surveys and estimates for a waterway from Lake Michigan to Joliet and thence to La Salle, which, with the improvement of the Illinois River, would permit the passage of large vessels from the lakes to the Mississippi.

—A Mexican Lieutenant and four soldiers crossed the boundary at Nogales, A. T., and at the point of revolvers demanded the release of an alleged Mexican prisoner. The American officers captured the Lieutenant, but reinforcements from the other side effected his release after several shots had been fired. A Mexican is reported to have been fatally wounded. Requests for territorial and national troops have been sent out, and diplomats have taken the affair in hand.

### RAILROAD INTELLIGENCE.

—Out of twenty-five cities reported by telegraph to Bradstreet's, Chicago and Kansas City alone announce special gains in the volume of staples distributed during the week.

—The Directors of the Bee Line road elected James D. Laying President.

—Articles of incorporation are about to be filed in Michigan for a company to build a railway from Alpena to Petoskey, connecting Grand Traverse and Thunder Bays.

—John M. Palmer and others have incorporated at Springfield the Peoria and St. Louis Air-Line Railway Company, with a capital of \$1,000,000.

—The railroad lines west of Pittsburgh leased by the Pennsylvania Company showed a net profit for the past year of \$205,787, as against a loss of \$1,092,973 in 1885.

### CASUALTIES.

—Fire destroyed the wholesale hardware store of William Stom at Alton, Ill., valued at \$40,000; the Keystone Rink at Wilkesbarre, Pa., and fifteen buildings at South Boston, Va., the loss at that place being \$150,000.

—Mobile dispatches give some details of the burning of the steamer Gardner, on the Tombigbee River, by which twenty human lives were sacrificed:

The fire was discovered in a bale of cotton by Capt. Stone. A negro deck hand, in throwing water on the burning bale, set his clothes afire. Panic stricken he ran from place to place setting fire to cotton bales, and in a few moments the boat was in flames. She was in midstream and in motion. The pilots were driven from the wheel and the crew and passengers jumped overboard. It is not thought that more than one or two were burned. Capt. Stone saved himself by swimming ashore. The steamer Tally was behind the Gardner waiting to pass. As soon as the flames broke out the Tally lowered her boats and threw over bales, seed sacks, and planks to help the people who were jumping from the Gardner. The heat was so intense that the Tally did not dare to go near, but her boats picked up a number of people. When the fire broke out the Gardner was ordered to be run ashore. She backed, and bells were rung for going ahead, but the engines were driven from their post by the flames, and the boat drifted into the woods on the opposite side from the place where there was a practicable landing. Pilot W. H. Wilson remained in the pilot house until he found that his signals were not obeyed and that the flames were licking the side of the pilot house, when he fled for his life. He is much praised for his heroism. The cabin-boy of the Tally, named Barber, colored, performed heroic deeds, saving five lives by swimming ashore with those in the water. The screams of those on the boat were heartrending. Mrs. W. T. Rembert threw one child into the water, her husband taking the other two. Then she jumped in. All but her husband were lost.

—Four or five buildings at Cherokee, Iowa, were burned, causing a loss of \$50,000.

—The spacious warehouse of C. A. Pillsbury & Co., at Minneapolis, containing 125,000 barrels of flour, collapsed. The damage is estimated at \$50,000.

—Near Lima, Ohio, two children of B. Dietz, aged 7 and 8, respectively, were burned to death while playing with coal oil.

—An avalanche buried a snow-plow at Selkirk, Quebec, and six men were smothered before they could be recovered.

—Two colored women were burned to death in a frame building on Eighth avenue, New York.

—Four men were fatally scalded by the explosion of a distillery boiler at Owensboro, Ky.

—The steamer Fleetwood burst her steam-pipe near Lawrenceburg, Ind. Three roustabouts were fatally scalded, and the engineer, Frank Good, was seriously injured.

—The fire losses during February aggregated \$7,520,000—an increase over the average for February during the past thirteen years.



# The St. Joe News.

ST. JOE, INDIANA.

MORT & WILL OLDS,

PUBLISHERS.

## THE MOTHER-IN-LAW.

BY ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

She was my dream's fulfillment and my joy.  
This lovely woman whom you call your wife.  
You sported at your play, an idle boy.  
When I first felt the strangeness of her life.  
Within my startled being, I was thrilled  
With such intensity of love, it filled  
The very universe! But words are vain.  
No man can comprehend that wild sweet pain.

You smiled in childhood's slumber while I felt  
The agonies of labor; and the nights  
I weeping, o'er the little sufferer knelt.  
You, wandering on through dreamland's fair  
delights,  
Flung out your lengthening limbs and slept and  
grew.

While I, awake, saved this dear wife for you.

She was my heart's loved idol, and my pride.  
I taught her all those graces which you praise.  
I dreamed of coming years, when at my side  
She should lead luster to my fading days.  
Should cling to me as she to you clings now.  
The young fruit hanging to the withered bough.  
But lo! the blossom was so fair a sight.  
You plucked it from me—for your own delight.

Well, you are worthy of her—oh, thank God!  
And yet I think you do not realize  
How burning were the sands o'er which I trod  
To bear and rear this woman you so prize.  
It was no easy thing to see her go  
Even into the arms of one she worshipped so.

How strong, how vast, how awful seems the  
power  
Of this new love which fills a maiden's heart.  
For one who never bore a single hour  
Of pain for her; which tears her life apart  
Of all its moorings, and controls her more  
Than all the ties the years have held before.  
Which crowns a stranger with a kingly grace.  
And gives the one who bore her—second place.

She loves me still! and yet were death to say:  
"Choose now between them!" you would be her  
choice.

God meant it to be so—it is His way.  
But can you wonder, if while I rejoice  
In her content, this thought hurts—like a knife—  
"No longer necessary to her life?"

My pleasure in her joy is bitter sweet.  
Your very goodness sometimes hurts my heart.  
Because for her life's drama seems complete  
Without the mother's oft repeated part.  
Be patient with me! She was mine so long.  
Who now is yours. One must indeed be strong  
To meet such loss without the least regret.  
And so forgive me if my eyes are wet  
Brooklyn Magazine.

## LUCY'S LOVE AND TRIALS.

BY CHARLES WETHERILL.

"What is the matter, Lucy?"

"Nothing, dear aunt," replied Lucy Free-  
ling, who, from long habit, thus addressed  
Mrs. Lawson, although they were but dis-  
tantly related. "Why do you ask?"

"I thought you had been crying," re-  
turned the other; "your eyes look very  
red."

"My eyes ache rather, as they often do  
now. That is why I have put away my  
work so early."

The scene I would paint was a neatly-  
furnished, comfortable-looking room in  
one of those thousand streets of London,  
which, without having any pretensions to  
consequence or consideration, are, never-  
theless, thought very eligible by a large  
class of people either for some individual  
or general advantages. In one corner, as  
if to be out of the way of the other occu-  
pants of the room, sat a young man of  
about four-and-twenty working diligently  
at his ordinary employment, that of a  
watch-maker. Various implements and  
particles of minute mechanism, whose uses  
are incomprehensible to the ignorant, were  
before him, and the strong light of a par-  
tially-shaded lamp fell precisely on his  
work.

Jasper Lawson was not a common  
character; and perhaps his employment,  
which, while it required patience and a  
certain degree of attention, like women's  
needlework, afforded much opportunity for  
the self-instruction of thought and re-  
flection, might have something to do in  
molding his disposition. He was "the  
only son of a widow," to whose comfort,  
even in the matter-of-fact respect of  
pounds, shillings, and pence, he largely  
contributed, his mother having no other  
dependence except a small annuity, se-  
cured to her from some benefit society, to  
which her husband had belonged.

Lucy Freeeling was the daughter of a dis-  
tant relation, and had been left an orphan  
in early childhood; but the widow had so  
tenderly fulfilled the offices of a parent  
that Lucy had scarcely known her loss.

The interest of a few hundred pounds,  
which should have been hers when she be-  
came of age, might have sufficed to bring  
her up in the station to which she be-  
longed; but for a few years Mrs. Lawson  
had exceeded these limits for the purpose  
of giving her increased advantages for  
education, and when she arrived at the age  
of 17 had paid a sum of money to place  
her for two years with a milliner and  
dressmaker.

Although she was not old enough to  
make a legal contract, it was perfectly un-  
derstood and relied on that this advance,  
so judiciously made, would be refunded  
when Lucy attained her majority.

Alas! before that time arrived, the trustee,

in whose hands her little fortune was  
placed, became a bankrupt, and that from  
such unexpected cause, that the circum-  
stances of Lucy's money being engulfed in  
the general ruin arose less from fraud than  
from imprudence.

But the eighty pounds debt which had  
been incurred was now a dreadful burden  
to those who had such slender means of re-  
paying it. Nevertheless, the right-minded  
girl set bravely to work, determining, by  
the exercise of an art in which she had  
been so prudently instructed, to make up  
the sum by small degrees. The widow  
had also put by from her little income, and  
Jasper had worked hard to help out the re-  
payment; and now the struggle was nearly  
over—a few more pounds were all they re-  
quired.

Lucy not unfrequently worked at home,  
instead of at the large establishment where  
she was employed; for her home was cen-  
trically situated, and she lost very little  
time in going backward and forward. This  
had she done on the evening on which we  
have introduced her.

But there was another person in that  
neat and comfortable room, and one who  
was now a frequent guest. Ralph Ashton  
was a lawyer's clerk, and on the strength  
of a situation which he considered rather  
above that of a journeyman watch-maker,  
he thought in his own heart that he some-  
what condescended in joining their tea  
and supper-table three or four nights a  
week. Not that such a feeling was by any  
means evident from his manner; on the  
contrary, the most casual observer might  
have felt pretty sure that Ralph Ashton  
was doing his utmost to make himself  
agreeable to Lucy Freeeling; and to have  
betrayed his own self-conceit, or certain  
other attributes of his nature, would have  
been a mistake unworthy of his cunning.  
He was good-looking, so far as a coarse  
kind of regularity of features and a bright  
dark eye might constitute good looks; and  
he had a smattering of superficial knowl-  
edge, and a certain speciousness of man-  
ner, which were likely enough to deceive a  
simple-minded inexperienced girl like  
Lucy.

Even Jasper, his superior in every re-  
spect, but diffident to himself, endowed by  
nature with an almost womanly delicacy of  
sentiment and tenderness of feeling, had  
been caught by the outward seeming, and  
though the knowledge racked him to the  
heart's core, did not wonder that Lucy re-  
garded him with interest.

Not so the widow. From the first mo-  
ment of Ashton's acquaintance with her  
son, he had been disliked by her; although  
when pressed hard for her antipathy, she  
could seldom find any but the most trivial  
ones.

There had been a whispered conference  
between those who were all but acknowl-  
edged lovers, accompanied by downcast  
looks and flushed cheeks on the part of  
Lucy; but Ralph Ashton had left somewhat  
earlier than usual, having several letters to  
write for his employer before morning; and  
Lucy, pleading more than ordinary fatigue,  
retired to rest, leaving Jasper and his  
mother alone.

He had extinguished the lamp by which  
he worked, and only the light of a single  
candle remained besides that of the sinking  
fire, which it was too late to replenish. He  
was leaning upon the mantelpiece, looking  
down, apparently watching the flickering  
embers; but the expression of his counte-  
nance was sad and almost to solemnity.

"Mother," he exclaimed, after a pause,  
and in a voice that trembled perceptibly,  
"I suppose it is all settled? The attempt is  
vain," he added; "I cannot hide my feel-  
ings from you." And as he spoke, he  
leaned his head within his hands, perhaps  
to conceal the tears, if they actually flowed.

"I am afraid it is," replied the widow;  
"though Lucy has made no acknowledg-  
ment to me of her affection. Poor girl, she  
must suspect that the choice she has made  
is the overthrow of all my hopes for my old  
age."

"Don't blame her, mother; perhaps she  
does not know all this. Long ago I should  
have given myself a fair chance, and let  
her know that I love her better than with a  
brother's love, instead of weighing words  
and looks, and smothering every expres-  
sion of my feelings, from the romantic no-  
tion that I would not ask her to marry me  
until I was in business for myself, and  
could place her in the position of a pros-  
perous tradesman's wife. Idiot that I was,  
not to be sure that I should be fore-  
stalled."

"And now that you are so near the sum-  
mit of your wishes!" apostrophized his  
mother.

"To my astonishment! The offer of  
Monson to take me into partnership is a  
most extraordinary piece of good fortune."

"He knows there are not half a dozen  
such workmen in London, and that a  
fortune is to be made by the improvements  
you have suggested," replied Mrs. Lawson,  
with pride.

"Well," sighed Jasper, "from whatever  
cause it is, it comes like a mockery now. I  
doubt if there will be an more improve-  
ments of mine. I have little heart for any-  
thing."

"I can hardly forgive her for this, Jasper;  
and so much as I have always said against  
him—"

"There it is, mother," interrupted the  
young man, almost fiercely; "if she loves  
him in the manner that I love her, the  
more he is blamed the more she will cling  
to him. Why, I feel if she were plunged

into want and misery, her beauty gone, or  
with evil tongues like harpies darting at her,  
such an hour of woe would be the one in  
which I would show my adoration most  
passionately, most madly, if you like, to  
call it so—she would still be herself, and  
it is herself that I love."

Poor Mrs. Lawson was awed and pained  
by her son's enthusiasm. Like many  
other excellent-hearted and shrewd per-  
sons, she was quite incapable of following  
those subtle emotions which are the most  
real in the world, and more than any  
others, influence human destinies; and yet  
are scoffed at by a large number of persons  
as "mere imagination," "romance," "non-  
sense," and a long list of *et ceteras*.

We must take the reader a little behind  
the curtain. Ralph Ashton was quite as  
much in love with Lucy Freeeling as his  
nature permitted him to be; but his was  
that common passion, a purely selfish one.  
He admired beauty, and would be proud of  
a wife thus endowed, and with mental re-  
quirements something beyond those com-  
mon to her station. But his cunning brain  
worked upon two ulterior objects which  
had nothing to do with these personal  
qualities. It so happened that a great deal  
of the business connected with the affairs  
of the bankrupt trustee had passed through  
the office in which Ashton was employed,  
and he knew enough of it to form an al-  
most positive opinion that Lucy would  
ultimately recover her little fortune. How-  
ever, he took care to keep this knowledge  
to himself, and wooed her apparently with  
the most disinterested affection, not even  
at present hinting of the plan which in his  
own mind was well-nigh matured—that of  
establishing his wife at the West-end of  
the town as a fashionable milliner, well  
knowing that her taste and skill, and  
superior manners, would be sure to raise  
her to an eminence that must contribute  
greatly to his ease and comfort. In short,  
he planned to himself becoming something  
like that very contemptible creature of  
deathless memory, *Martalini*.

A few weeks passed over, and Ralph  
Ashton and Lucy Freeeling were engaged to  
be married. In justice to the latter, we  
must say that she had only very lately sus-  
pected the deep feelings which her life-  
long companion, Jasper Lawson, entertain-  
ed for her, and the discovery made to her  
by his vexed and disappointed mother  
pained her deeply. It is true, Mrs. Law-  
son had sometimes hinted at her hopes for  
the future, in phrases sufficiently intelli-  
gible to Lucy; but, alas, Jasper concealed  
his affection but too well. The time had  
been, she knew, that he might have won  
her; but it was gone by, she said, and she  
could but regard him as a dear brother.

They were engaged, and all seemed fair  
before them; and Ralph even ventured to  
hint one day, from intelligence which he  
declared he had received but a few hours  
before, that perhaps, after all, Lucy would  
have her money. He did this advisedly,  
for he knew it was very likely that the  
news would reach her in a day or two from  
another quarter. Sorrow was coming,  
however, as it generally does, from a quite  
unexpected source. The "aching" of her  
eyes, of which Lucy had complained as  
the result of excessive application to her  
needle, became more distressing, and on  
medical advice being obtained, the most  
alarming symptoms were discovered. With  
all the horrors of threatened blindness be-  
fore her, Lucy was confined for several  
weeks to a darkened room; and months  
must elapse before there was any hope  
that under the most favorable circum-  
stances she could apply herself to her or-  
dinary occupation. During this time  
Jasper became a junior partner in the  
establishment to which he had belonged,  
and, through his mother, his increased in-  
come contributed to the comforts and  
medical attendance of the poor sufferer.  
How could the poor destitute orphan re-  
fuse help from him who asked to be called  
"her brother?" She did not refuse it—nay,  
she felt that she would rather be assisted  
by him than by her betrothed. How  
strange are the intricacies of human feel-  
ing!

During these months of suffering, the  
affairs of the bankrupt trustee had been  
thrown into chancery, and there was little  
hope now for a settlement of them for  
years. Poor Lucy! little could she have  
thought that the day would come, and that  
soon, in which the loss of her money,  
months of suffering, partial blindness, and  
personal disfigurement, would appear to  
her like so many "blessings in disguise,"  
that had combined together to save her  
from a gulf of misery and ruin.

When the cure, so far as it could be ef-  
fected, was complete, a white film still re-  
mained to mar the beauty and obscure the  
vision of one of those deep blue eyes which  
had seemed like stars of light and love to  
poor Jasper Lawson. Moreover, the oculist  
declared that the preservation of the other  
eye depended on the most careful abstain-  
ing from anything like straining the visual  
organs.

Only a few days had lapsed since this  
flat went forth, and but once had Ralph  
Ashton seen Lucy since the bandages were  
removed, when she received a letter from  
him dictated by that one virtue, which  
those who possess no other are ever ready  
to put prominently forward—prudence.  
It pointed out some facts which she really  
must have known before, and among them  
the great change in their future prospects  
her affliction had made; hinted very intelli-  
gibly at the wisdom of a separation, and

concluded by mentioning that unless she  
desired to see him, he should refrain from  
calling again, and signing himself "ever  
her sincere friend."

Lucy Freeeling was for a while stunned  
by the blow; but though her young and  
susceptible heart had been caught and led  
astray, it was of a nature too fine to be  
broken by mockery—a falsehood.

"Do not tell me not to weep," she ex-  
claimed a few days afterwards, as she sat  
between Mrs. Lawson and her son, with a  
hand in one of each; "I know you would  
comfort me as a dearest mother and brother  
might. But do not tell me not to weep. It  
cannot be that man whom I have loved; and  
with these foolish tears there seems to pass  
away some dream—some folly. Better this  
bitter than a thousand times than to  
have been his wife! I feel it so; believe it,  
I do indeed!"

A sharp, irrepressible cry escaped Jasper  
Lawson, and both his mother and Lucy  
turned towards him. One look was ex-  
changed, and throwing himself passionately  
beside her, he turned his arm around her  
waist, and pressed her to his breast with an  
impulse that would not be staid.

"Lucy," he exclaimed, "there is one  
whose heart has been filled with thought  
of you for years; to whom you are the same  
in sickness and in health, rich or in poverty,  
with beauty perfect, or with beauty dim-  
inished; his heart does not feel the differ-  
ence; it is *yourself* he loves—not a com-  
pressed image of youthful fancy. Mother, mother,  
did I not tell you this when hope was dead  
within me?"

Is there much wonder that Lucy's heart  
released from the sway of a phantom love,  
clung now and forever to the tried and the  
true?

## Take Care of the Feet.

Ladies whose feet have become mis-  
shapen from excessively narrow boot-  
can do much to remedy the difficulty by  
care and pains. Select easy, roomy  
shoes, and stockings of soft fabric.  
Bathe the feet thoroughly in water com-  
fortably warm, never allowing it to  
grow cold enough to feel chilly, and  
wipe them thoroughly dry with a soft  
towel—coarse crash is almost poison to  
sensitive skins, and often causes irrita-  
tion and a small eruption like rash.  
Then rub into them thoroughly about  
the joints or injured parts, either cold  
cream, or what is better, glycerine, per-  
fectly pure, and mixed with double the  
quantity of water. Especially should it  
be diligently applied to the joints of  
the great toes if they are enlarged or  
painful. Wipe off with a damp cloth  
and dry carefully, after which powder  
the feet thoroughly with rice flour  
powder. Brush off all that comes away  
easily and put on the stockings, being  
careful that no semblance of a seam  
comes over the sensitive joints. Adjust  
the shoe carefully never "jump into"  
any article of wearing apparel—smooth  
the boot over the foot and ankle, if it is  
a high top, and be certain that it is  
comfortable.

These cautions may seem trifles, but  
the feet are ill, and all conditions of re-  
covery must be absurd. Take care that  
they do not get very cold or in the least  
damp. The ankle should also be pro-  
tected by gaiters or leggings, if there is  
any necessity for going out in wet  
weather. The difficulty is an inflamma-  
tion of the joint membranes, and has  
had many serious results. At night,  
the feet may be wiped off with a damp  
cloth, and the glycerine and powder  
repeated. Ladies who adopt this plan  
will never find soft corns coming be-  
tween the toes. For hard corns there  
is nothing better than a little judiciously  
applied caustic, which should just touch  
the hardened part of the corn, never  
the surrounding flesh. Repeat every  
other day, first soaking the feet in warm  
water and gently scraping the surface  
of the corn until it will finally come  
out altogether. Great care must be  
taken to keep the caustic from the  
whole flesh, and the foot should never  
be damp, as the application will spread  
rapidly. Such a course of treatment,  
patiently followed, has in several cases  
restored to quite passable shape and  
comfort feet that were considered as  
hopelessly deformed. — *Demorest's  
Monthly*.

The following naïve promise was of-  
fered as an irresistible temptation to a  
fair innamorata: "I thank you," said the  
girl to her suitor, "but I can't leave  
home. I am a widow's only darling; no  
husband can ever equal my parent in  
kindness." "She is kind," replied the  
wooer; "but be my wife, and we will  
all live together, and see if I don't excel  
your mother!"

The ultra-violet or heat rays of the  
spectrum, invisible to human eyes, ap-  
pear to be plainly perceptible to the  
eyes of ants, according to the investiga-  
tions of Dr. Forel, the distinguished  
Swiss entomologist.



**Important.**  
When you visit or leave New York City, save baggage, expressage, and \$3 carriage hire, and stop at the **Grand Union Hotel**, opposite Grand Central Depot.

613 rooms, fitted up at a cost of one million dollars, \$1 and upwards per day. European plan. Elevator. Restaurant supplied with the best. Horse cars, stages, and elevated railroad to all depots. Families can live better for less money at the Grand Union Hotel than at any other first-class hotel in the city.

#### A Brazilian Milk Cart.

The way of supplying Para, Brazil, with milk is novel and primitive, though it has, indeed, some advantages that would commend it to those who appreciate the privilege of diluting the lacteal fluid according to their own taste. Adulteration by the dealer there is well-nigh out of the question, for the milkman comes to your door bringing his tin can and several measures in one hand, while with the other he leads the cow herself through the city to the various dwellings to be supplied. Should there happen to be a calf belonging to this particular cow, it is muzzled and is then either allowed to follow its own sweet will or it is tied to its mother's tail! The approach of this triple milk cart is announced by the musical chiming of three open sleigh-bells, which are fastened to the leather strap worn on the cow's neck.—*Cor. San Francisco Chronicle.*

#### What Caught Him.

"Hold on a minute!" called a man at postoffice to another who was hurrying off yesterday.  
"Can't do it—great hurry—see you later," was the reply.  
"I say, hold on!"  
"Can't possibly do it—got to be at the bank in three minutes."  
"Say!"  
"Can't do it—so long!"  
"See here," persisted the man, "I want you to step into the alley here and see a horse I'm going to buy. I want your opinion of him."  
"Oh, that's it! Well, I don't mind if I do," and he cheerfully wasted three-quarters of an hour in sizing up a \$30 horse. It is the only thing which never fails to hit.—*Detroit Free Press.*

#### The Western Settler's Chosen Specific.

With every advance of emigration into the far West, a new demand is created for Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. Newly peopled regions are frequently less salubrious than older settled localities, on account of the miasma which rises from recently cleared land, particularly along the banks of rivers that are subject to freshets. The agricultural or mining emigrant soon learns, when he does not already know, that the bitters afford the only sure protection against malaria, and those disorders of the stomach, liver, and bowels, to which climate changes, exposure, and unaccustomed or unhealthy water or diet subject him. Consequently, he places an estimate upon this great household specific and preventive commensurate with its intrinsic merits, and is careful to keep on hand a restorative and promoter of health so implicitly to be relied upon in time of need.

Of 704 gunshot wounds of the head 605 died and 199 recovered in the American army from the commencement of the war to October 1st, 1864. Of 32 cases of liver wounds, in the same army, 28 died. The *Medical Times and Gazette*, London, July 28, 1886, pp. 99-100.—*Dr. Foote's Health Monthly.*

**GENT to waiter**—"Bring me some grammatical and typographical errors." Waiter (looking puzzled at first, but recovering in a moment his usual serenity): "We are just out of them, sir." "Then what do you mean by keeping them on your bill of fare?"

**FARMERS in the United States** have \$12,210,253,362 of capital invested in their business. This sum includes farms, implements, live stock, fertilizers and fences.

#### It Astonished the Public

To hear of the resignation of Dr. Pierce as a Congress man to devote himself solely to his labors as a physician. It was because his true constituents were the sick and afflicted everywhere. They will find Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" a beneficent use of his scientific knowledge in their behalf. Consumption, bronchitis, cough, heart disease, fever and ague, intermittent fever, dropsy, neuritis, goitre, or thick neck, and all diseases of the blood, are cured by this world-renowned medicine. Its properties are wonderful, its action magical. By druggists.

A **MEDICAL** writer says that children need no wraps than adults. They generally get more.

EVERY person is interested in their own affairs, and if this meets the eye of any one who is suffering from the effects of a torpid liver, we will admit that he is interested in getting well. Get a bottle of Prickly Ash Bitters, use it as directed, and you will always be glad you read this item.

**COMMISSIONER OF DEEDS** for all the States, Mr. G. E. Reardon, Baltimore, Md., writes that he suffered for a long time with rheumatism which yielded to no treatment until he applied St. Jacobs Oil.

It may seem strange at the first thought, but the wave of a handkerchief has wrecked many a man of war.

**EX-CONGRESSMAN** WEAVER, Postoffice Department, Washington, D. C., considers Red Star Cough Cure a remarkable remedial agent. It contains no dangerous narcotics and costs but 25 cents.

#### Every-day Dangers.

Mrs. Minks—Mercy me! Did you ever? A young girl got delirium tremens from chewing tea leaves.

Mr. Minks—Well, I hope that will be a warning to you; you drink entirely too much tea.

"Yes, I know I do, but you don't drink any tea, and I really feared you were getting that way the other night."

"Well, I'll have to stop chewing so much coffee."—*Omaha World.*

PIERCE'S "Pleasant Purgative Pellets" are perfect preventives of constipation. Inclosed in glass bottles, always fresh. By all druggists.

Church collections are a sort of a catch penny affair.

**Brown's Bronchial Troches** for Coughs and Colds: "There is nothing to be compared with them."—*Rev. O. D. Watkins, Walton, Ind.*

THE hen finds out the man who robs her nest. She is always laying for him.

**INDIGESTION, dyspepsia, nervous prostration, and all forms of general debility** relieved by taking **MEN'S MAN'S FORTIFIED BEEF TONIC**, the only preparation of beef containing its entire nutritious properties. It contains blood-making, force-generating and life-sustaining properties; is invaluable in all enfeebled conditions, whether the result of exhaustion, nervous prostration, overwork, or acute disease, particularly if resulting from pulmonary complaints. Caswell, Hazard & Co., proprietors, New York.

A **HAIR-BREADTH** escape does not seem narrow to a bald-headed man.

#### To Southern Home-Seekers.

The advance in price of Western lands, the increased severity of Northern winters, and the consequent high price of fuel, has turned the attention of farmer, home-seeker, and others of delicate constitution to the mild climate, cheap fuel, and low-priced lands of the South. Northern farmers, unacquainted with sugar-cane and cotton growing, have asked the question, "Why cannot fruit-growing and stock-raising be made to pay in the South?" To discuss these questions, so important to those seeking homes in the South, agricultural conventions have been held of late in Tennessee, Mississippi, and Louisiana, and it has been proven beyond a doubt that diversified farming can be carried on in the South even more profitably than in the North. Lands are being seeded down, creameries built, and Northern methods of farming quite generally introduced. The result of all this has turned the tide of emigration Southward, and the Illinois Central Railroad, the direct line between Chicago and New Orleans, and the direct route to the principal markets of the South, West, and North, have shown their confidence in the agricultural possibilities of the South by naming the following convenient land points, viz: Jackson, Tenn.; Aberdeen and Jackson, Miss.; and Hammond, La. These points have been selected as a convenience to connecting lines in the sale of round-trip tickets. Stop-over privileges will be granted at all other points south of Martin, Tenn., and we are free to state that just a good and just as cheap lands can be bought at other than the points above mentioned.

For circles are concerning points South on the line of the Illinois Central Railroad, where so many Northern people are now settling, apply to J. F. MERRY, General Western Pass. Agent L. C. R. R., Manchester, Iowa.

**IF YOU ARE LOSING YOUR GRIP** On life try "Wells' Health Renewer." Good direct to weak spots. For weak men, delicate women.

**"BUCHU-PAIBA."** Quick, complete cure, all annoying kidney diseases, Catarrh of Bladder, etc.—\$1.

If mustins, calicos, etc., appear to not wear or wash as well as formerly the reason is in the use of inferior alkaline-soap washing compounds that destroy the texture and neutralize the colors. **Shun them! Use "Rough on Dirt."**

#### One Cent Invested

In a postal card on which to send your address to Hallet & Co., Portland, Maine, will, by return mail, bring you, free, particulars about work that both sexes, of all ages, can do, and live at home, wherever they are located, earning thereby from \$5 to \$25 per day and upwards. Some have earned over \$50 in a single day. Capital not required; you are started free.

#### A City of Beautiful Women.

Detroit, Mich., is noted for its healthy, handsome ladies, which the leading physicians and druggists there attribute to the general use and popularity of Dr. Harter's Iron Tonic.

#### WELLS' HAIR BALSAM.

If gray, restores to original color. An elegant dressing, softens and beautifies. No oil nor grease. A Tonic Restorative. Stops hair coming out; strengthens, cleanses, heals scalp. 50c.

The best thing on earth to add to starch to give a good body and beautiful gloss, is "Rough on Dirt," only washing compound that can be so used. Makes ironing easy and saves the starch. Has dirt removing power double that of any other.

If a cough disturbs your sleep, take **Piso's Cure for Consumption**, and rest well.

"SAY, why is everything either at sixes or at sevens?"  
Probably, my dear nervous sister, because you are suffering from some of the diseases peculiar to your sex. You have a "draggy, raggy" feeling, the back-ache, you are debilitated, you have pains of various kinds. Take Dr. R. V. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription" and be cured. Price reduced to one dollar. By druggists.

THE bootblack and the college professor work for the same object—that of polishing the understanding.

"Rough on Dirt" whitens clothing yellowed by careless washing or use of cheap washing compounds. Washes everything from finest laces to heaviest blankets. There need be no fear in using this article. Does not rot nor yellow. 5 & 10c.

#### Spring Medicine.

Everybody needs and should take a good spring medicine, for two reasons:

1st. The body is now more susceptible to benefit from medicine than at any other season.  
2d. The impurities which have accumulated in the blood should be expelled, and the system given tone and strength, before the prostrating effects of warm weather are felt.

#### Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the best spring medicine for everybody. It purifies the blood. It sharpens the appetite. It tones the digestion. It overcomes debility. It builds up the whole system. Try it this spring.

"When I bought Hood's Sarsaparilla I made a good investment of one dollar in medicine for the first time. It has driven off rheumatism and improved my appetite so much that my boarding mistress says I must keep it locked up or she will be obliged to raise my board with every other boarder that takes Hood's Sarsaparilla." THOMAS BURKE, 100 Tillary St. Brooklyn, N. Y.

#### Tones and Strengthens

"I suffered, considerably, being for nearly a year troubled with indigestion. I am now on my fourth bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla, and never felt better in my life. It has made a new man of me." H. M. HILLMAN, Des Moines Street Police Station, Chicago, Ill.

#### Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by druggists. 50c. six for \$5. Prepared by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

## PRICKLY ASH BITTERS

IT IS A PURELY VEGETABLE PREPARATION CONTAINING PRICKLY ASH BARK AND PRICKLY ASH BERRIES. SENNA-MANDRAKE-BUCHU AND OTHER EQUALLY EFFICIENT REMEDIES. It has stood the Test of Years, in Curing all Diseases of the BLOOD, LIVER, STOMACH, KIDNEYS, BOWELS, &c. It Purifies the Blood, Invigorates and Cleanses the System.

**PRICKLY ASH BITTERS** CURES ALL DISEASES OF THE LIVER, KIDNEYS, STOMACH AND BOWELS. FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS. PRICE 1 DOLLAR.

It is purely a Medicine as its cathartic properties forbids its use as a beverage. It is pleasant to the taste, and as easily taken by children as adults.

PRICKLY ASH BITTERS CO. Sole Proprietors, ST. LOUIS AND KANSAS CITY.

## BENSON'S CAPSICINE POROUS PLASTER

Highest Awards of Medals in Europe and America.

The nearest, quickest, safest and most powerful remedy known for Rheumatism, Neuritis, Neuralgia, Lumbago, Backache, W. a. new oil, salicylate, and all aches and pains, endorsed by 5000 Physicians and Druggists of the highest repute. Benson's Plaster promptly relieves all pains, whether other plasters and greasy ointments, liniments and lotions, are a scientific failure. Beware of cheap imitations. The porous ingrain, with its "capsicine" "capsicum," "capsicene," is a very useful, warm, and intense heat, and is a perfect cure for all rheumatic and neuralgic pains. Ask for BENSON'S and TAKE NO OTHERS. All druggists, and J. C. BENSON, Proprietor, New York.

**GUGUBICIN** MINING STOCKS bought & sold. Reliable information furnished. The Milwaukee Mining Exchange, Milwaukee, Wis. T. L. phone 1334.

**SPECULATE** Fortunes have been made in a day. "HOW TO SPECULATE," a book of 100 pages, sent free to any address. R. Oliver & Co., Broken Bull Bldg., Chicago.

**OPIUM** Morphine Habit Cured in 10 to 25 days. No pay till cured. Dr. J. Stephens, Leavenworth, Ohio.

**FARMS** on James River, Va. in Claremont of 1500 acres. I illustrated (free) for J. F. MANAHAN, Claremont, Va.

**OPIUM** and Morphine Habit Cured in 10 to 20 days. Refer to 1000 patients cured in all parts. Dr. Marsh, Quincy, Mich.

A new mode of treating Piles. Send 5c. for Formula and Pamphlet to PAYNE BROS., 1314 RIDGEMAN, IND.

**MEXICAN** War. Soldiers and Widows can now give a good body and beautiful gloss, is "Rough on Dirt," only washing compound that can be so used. Makes ironing easy and saves the starch. Has dirt removing power double that of any other.

**\$5** MONEY MADE in Gogebic Stocks. Reliable information furnished. C. G. COX & CO., 104 New Insurance Building, Milwaukee, Wis.

# HARTER'S IRON TONIC

THE ONLY TRUE

Will purify the BLOOD, regulate the LIVER and KIDNEYS, and restore the HEALTH and VIGOR of YOUTH. Dyspepsia, Want of Appetite, Indigestion, Lack of Strength and Tired Feeling absolutely cured. Bones, muscles and nerves receive new force. Enlivens the mind and supplies Brain Power.

**LADIES** Suffering from complaints peculiar to their sex will find in DR. HARTER'S IRON TONIC a safe, speedy cure. Gives a clear, healthy complexion. All attempts at counterfeiting only add to its popularity. Do not experiment with ORIGINAL AND BEST.

**DR. HARTER'S LIVER PILLS** (Cure Constipation, Liver Complaint and Sick Headache. Sample Dose and Dream Book mailed on receipt of two cents in postage.)

THE DR. HARTER MEDICINE CO., ST. LOUIS, MO.

## PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION

CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.

HAINESVILLE, N. J., October 15, 1886.

E. T. HAZELTINE, Warren, Pa.

Dear Sir:

I was taken with a very severe cold last Spring, and tried every cure we had in the store, and could get no help.

I had our village doctor prescribe for me, but kept getting worse. I saw another physician from Port Jervis, N. Y., and he told me he used Piso's Cure for Consumption in his practice.

I bought a bottle, and before I had taken all of it there was a change for the better. Then I got my employer to order a quantity of the medicine and keep it in stock. I took one more bottle, and my Cough was cured.

Respectfully,  
FRANK McKEEVE.

## PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION

CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.

## CATARRH TREATMENT FREE

So great is our faith we can cure you, we will mail enough to cure you, free. B. S. LATHROP, 715 Broad St., Newark, N. J.

## SEED POTATOES!

And how to double the yield, both SENT FREE. The LARGEST and best YIELDING A TOWN. Buy Not a d DRY WEATHER PROOF. Send stamp for particulars. G. HETTEL, Minter, Ill.

## WE WANT YOU!

A few more men or women needed for profitable employment to represent us in every county. Salary \$75 per month and expenses, or a large commission on sales if preferred. Good stamps. Every one buys. Outfit and particulars Free. STANDARD SILVERWARE CO., BOSTON, MASS.

## AGENTS WANTED

for the Permanent M. Smith's of GEN. R. E. LEE. A remarkable book. Everybody is curious to see it. Is best of the War. Agents never had such an opportunity before. Write quick for special terms. HISTORICAL PUBLISHER CO., St. Louis, Mo.

## PILES

Dr. Williams' Indian Pile Ointment is a sure cure for internal bleeding, itching piles. Cure guaranteed. Price 50c and \$1. At druggists or mailed by Wm. R. Martin & Harvill, Who. 634 E. Agis, Toledo, Ohio.

## THREE HUNDRED

of a common sense, practical, and a few more men or women needed for profitable employment to represent us in every county. Salary \$75 per month and expenses, or a large commission on sales if preferred. Good stamps. Every one buys. Outfit and particulars Free. STANDARD SILVERWARE CO., BOSTON, MASS.

## PATENTS

R. S. & A. P. JACEY, Patent Attorneys, Washington, D. C. Inventors and opinions as to patentability FREE. 15-17 years' experience.

## MEN

W. A. K. from Nervous Debility, Vital W. strong, and a stamp for Book of Remedies. Find cure yourself at home. Dr. J. RENNERT, Peru, Ind.

## PENSIONS

COLLECTED and increased by Fitzgerald & Powell, Indianapolis, Ind. With copy sent for money of office, free.

## MONEY MADE FAST

In Gogebic stocks, and new town lots. Security guaranteed. Maps, etc., H. F. KILG & CO., Milwaukee, Wis.

N. U. F. W. 11-87.

When Writing to Advertisers, please say you saw the Advertisement in this paper.



MORT & WILL OLDS, PUBLISHERS.

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One Year, in advance ..... \$0.75  
Six Months ..... 50  
Three Months ..... 25

Entered at the Post Office at St. Joe as second-class matter.

FRIDAY MARCH 11, 1887.

ST. JOE MARKETS.  
CORRECTED EVERY FRIDAY.

Wheat	77 cts.
Oats	29 cts.
Corn	40 cts.
Butter	15 cts.
Eggs	10 cts.
Tallow	3 1/2 cts.
Lard	8 cts.

Baltimore & Ohio R. R.

WEST BOUND.

No. 9 Mail and Express 11:10 A. M.  
3 Chicago Express 10:43 P. M.  
35 Local Freight 3:53 P. M.

EAST BOUND.

No. 10 Express and Mail 2:08 P. M.  
4 Morning Express 2:57 A. M.  
34 Local Freight 8:00 A. M.

H. K. REYNOLDS, AGENT.

Trustee Dermott went to Auburn Monday on business.

S. S. Shutt made us quite a friendly visit last Friday.

Raven's Poultry Food cures and prevents chicken cholera.

Wes Hart sold a car load of brick this week to be shipped to Garrett.

Z. T. Kagey of Ashland, Ohio, was in town Monday. He talks of moving to Auburn.

A run-away team caused some excitement on our streets one day this week. Nobody hurt.

Alva Irwin will have charge of the water tank at Auburn, and the one here, during the summer.

Al Hall is getting material on the ground, preparatory to the erection of a building to be used as a machine and repair shop.

A saw-log fell across John Davis' nose a few days ago, and peeled some of the bark off of the log as well as off of John's nose.

Peter Springer, the old citizen of Spencerville, who died so suddenly last week, had written out his own obituary in German, before he died.

Hicksville has nearly all the stock subscribe for a creamery. Hicksville is a wide awake town, and her citizens are always on the alert for new enterprises that are calculated to benefit and boom the town.

Dr. Bowman has a good sized orange tree growing in his office. It has budded once or twice, but the buds were blasted before the fruit materialized. Doc will be eating oranges of his own raising some of these times.

It is reported that the B. & O. railroad will put on two local passenger trains between Tiffin, Ohio, and Walkerton. A train running west in the morning, which would enable people to go to Auburn in time to do business and get back on the afternoon train, would be of great benefit to the citizens of this community, and it would put a good many dollars into the company's pocket in the course of the year.

OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

CONCORDTOWN.

Mud.  
More mud.  
Still more mud.

Mrs. Flora Tustison is able to sit up a part of the time, after being confined to her bed for two months.

G. W. Wilmot slapped one of his horses on the foot the other day, and in consequence is nursing a sore hand.

Charly Coburn is now prepared to masticate any thing from a roasted peanut to an old rubber boot, all because he has a new set of teeth.

Eld. Cyrus Alton, assisted by Eld. Thomas are holding a series of meetings at the Corners this week; preaching every evening at seven o'clock. Every body invited.

I promised Barney Woodcox that I would say nothing about his being at church last Sunday evening, which will account for it's not being mentioned in the items this week.

One of Joseph Shull's little boys was severely bitten by a vicious hog a few days ago, and but for the assistance of his little brother, would undoubtedly have been devoured on the spot. Don't trust little boys with such animals.

B. A. Hadsell is doing a smashing business making sugar this spring. While gathering sap the other day, his horses concluded to leave the woods in a hurry, and in trying to go both sides of a tree at the same time they smashed up things at a lively rate, but luckily no one was hurt.

CONCORD.

Charles Layman, will have a sale on the old Morr farm north of Concord on Wednesday, March 16th.

Mrs. D. Baker invited her many friends to a carpet rag sewing one day last week. There was about twenty-five women and children present, and sewed seventeen balls of carpet rags.

Isreal Wyatt has erected a small building near his mother's house, for the purpose of packing butter and eggs in. He will go on the roads in a short time and exchange groceries for produce.

John Fetter's grins all the time and, well, we can't tell just how he does act, but it is because of the arrival of a new baby boy at their house. Weight 8 1/2 lbs. (We keep safety pins.)

The school closed last Saturday at the Carr school house, with interesting exercises. Although it was very stormy, a good many visitors were present, and the little folks spoke and sang very nicely. J. R. Shilling gave them quite an interesting talk upon the advantages of a good education; also their teacher S. M. High gave them good advice. About noon the parents went in with well filled baskets, from which a bountiful repast was served to one and all.

PIGEON'S RETREAT.

Alvin Howey and Will Balentine, started for Iowa last Monday.

Birt Timmerman put in a tubular well for Sam Oberhaltzer last week.

School reopened at this place on last Monday, under the management of George Smith.

Mrs. Sarah Lake contemplates visiting with friends and relatives in Adams Co. next week. Miss Lizzie Tindall will accompany her.

"Buckeye" Shilling, Solomon Shilling, and Ben Wasson have each owned a large sugar camp. We hope they will feel disposed to feed their neighbors "tally."

E. R. Batdorf, living on the first farm east of the school house has advertised a sale for March 19th, and will move to Cedar creek station.

Miss Alice Kline, who has been suffering all winter with rheumatism, is getting better. She is still under the care of Matheny and Casebeer, of Auburn.

Married, at the home of Mr. High, on Sunday, March 6, 1887, Mr. Amin Seberts, to Miss Lulu Borne. The boys gave them a rousing bell on Monday night, which was heard four miles distant; the bride and groom were presented, and a good time experienced all around.

ORANGEVILLE.

We will not say any thing about mud this time.

Wert bet four dollars that he was not married. Wert ought to know if any body does.

The protracted meeting at the U. B. church still continues and some have united with the church.

Sugar making has come in earnest. We only judge from the amount that Grandma and Mandy made, which was a half pint. They must have tapped three trees with a post auger.

Ad Chubb says that the fellow that spoke of the game of checkers last week didn't understand the particulars of the game. Jont stole a march on him; he was smoking, and went to the door to spit, and while he was gone, Jont moved his men.

Paper's scarce as you can see. But these items they are free; If you have any thing to say. Open your mouth and fire away.

SPENCERVILLE.

Z. T. Kagey spent Sunday at this place.

J. A. Provines has returned home from Indianapolis.

O. E. Fales and wife, of Nappanee, are visiting friends in town.

John Wise of Auburn Junction, has been in town for the past few days.

Two persons united with the Lutheran church last Sunday morning.

Tom Fales and family left for Michigan last Tuesday, where they will make their future home.

Mrs. L. Barney and son who have been spending the winter at this place, started last Saturday for their home in Kansas.

Rev. Curry commenced a series of meetings at the Methodist church last Sunday evening and will continue them during the coming week.

AUBURN.

Auburn is rather dull since court adjourned.

The Auburn Milling Co. are putting another boiler in their mill this week. They did not have power enough.

The grocery stock of G. C. Ralston was sold Tuesday at private sale to Secor Berdan & Co., of Toledo, O. The business will be continued here.

F. E. Davenport has the material on the ground preparatory to building a new brick room on the ground now occupied by his store.

Court continued a couple of days this week to try a few special cases, with E. D. Hapman as Judge; as Judge McBride is holding court in Albion.

Zimmerman & Co. have another building almost completed in connection to their mill, to be used for ware room and office. The roof and siding are of iron.

It is all clear now as to how the editor of the Dispatch got thirty days in Feb. He and Miss Bell Lanning was married Tuesday evening Mar. 1st. May their journey through life be a happy one.

M. TUSTISON,

DEALER IN

GROCERIES,

ROLLER FLOUR,

PROVISIONS, OYSTERS, LEMONS,

ORANGES, CANDIES, CIGARS &c.

MAIN ST. - ST. JOE, IND.

WILLIAM CURIE,

PROPRIETOR OF

MEAT MARKET

ST. JOE, IND.

Highest market price paid for Hides, Tallow &c. Give me a call.

J. F. WALKER,

MAKER AND DEALER IN

Harness, Collars,

WHIPS, HARNESS OIL &c.

ST. JOE, IND.

Repairing done promptly. Prices as low as the lowest. Call and see.

A. KINSEY,

DEALER IN

FURNITURE

BUREAUS, TABLES,

LOUNGES, BEDS, CHAIRS, &c.

MAIN STREET, ST. JOE, IND.

All styles of Parlor Goods furnished to order at low prices. Thanking you for past favors I solicit your future patronage.

F. A. ZEIGLER,

MAKER AND DEALER IN

HARNESS,

COLLARS,

WHIPS,

FLY NETS,

DUSTERS,

OILS &c.

St. Joe, Ind.

Prices the Lowest. All work guaranteed. Call and see me.



A. KINSEY.

Undertaker and Embalmer. Keeps on hand constantly, a stock of Undertaking Supplies, Coffins, Caskets, Burial Robes &c. I can supply as fine goods as can be furnished. Will attend to making all arrangements for funerals. Calls responded to at all hours of the night. Office on corner of Main and Second Streets: residence on corner of Main and Fourth Streets, St. Joe, Ind.



## Business Notices.

**H. W. BOWMAN, M. D., Physician and Surgeon, St. Joe, Ind.** Office opposite the Drugstore.

**ST. JOE HOTEL, Wm. Leighty, Proprietor.** Special attention given to furnishing teams for commercial men.

**B. S. SHEFFER, M. D., Physician and Surgeon, St. Joe, Ind.** Prompt and careful attention to all business entrusted to his care.

**ST. JOE BARBER SHOP, one door west of hotel, Will Gee, proprietor.** Satisfaction guaranteed. Your patronage is solicited.

**FILLEY, LOUNSBERRY AND SHULER, proprietors of the St. Joe Saw and Planing Mill.** All work promptly done. Cash paid for Oak Logs.

**CITY BARBER SHOP, St. Joe, Ind., John Hull, proprietor.** Shaving, Hair Cutting &c. done in the best of style. Come and see me. Two doors west of Kinsey's Furniture Store.

**SIMON WINELAND, proprietor St. Joe Handle, Shingle and Feed Mills.** Feed grinding a specialty. Highest prices paid for second growth White Ash. Enquire at the mill for full particulars.

**STAR WIND PUMP, E. A. Wankmeyer, agent, Newville, Ind.** Farmers who think of buying a mill should give me a call before doing so. The Star Mill is the best and prices the lowest.

### LOCALS.

Shoot the English sparrows.

Get out your fishing tackle.

August Kinsey was at Garrett last Wednesday.

Persons complain of taxes being high this year.

Representative J. D. Leighty arrived home Tuesday.

Two cars were badly wrecked at this place Monday night.

Lime for sale in small quantities at the Nimble Nickle store.

We failed to hear the hoot of the Spencerville Owl last week.

Mrs. Calvin Brown, of Auburn is visiting friends in town.

James Platter was one among our new subscribers this week.

Mrs. Sol Barney visited with friends at Ligonier over last Sabbath.

Several persons from this place attended the Sunday school convention at Auburn this week.

M. T. Bishop received a car load of Marble Head Lime this week, to be sold at bottom prices.

There has been a better attendance at school this term than ever before; the total number enrolled is 117.

Preaching Sunday morning and evening in the Methodist church and in the afternoon in the Lutheran church.

The exercises given by the little folks, at the school house, last Friday afternoon was splendid; a declamation by Maud Curie was the most comical; the other exercises were all well rendered.

Burt Patterson was in town Friday. He walked in from Auburn.

Sell Bowen was hurriedly called to Ohio last Saturday, to attend the funeral of his cousin.

There is a paper published in Texas called "The Bedbug." It ought to be a lively sheet.

There was a birthday party at Simon Wineland's last Thursday evening, in honor of Eph Wineland.

The G. A. R. post of this place enjoyed a season of pork and beans at their hall, last Saturday evening.

Miss Leona Testison who has been absent from school, for the past week on account of sickness, has returned again.

Bill DeMaranville was in town Monday. We didn't see him but we heard him laugh and that settled it. There's no other laugh like Bill's.

Mrs. May Barney and son Lou, who have been visiting with friends here and at Spencerville, during the winter, returned to their home in Kansas this week.

Farmers should beware of swindlers. There are lots of them abroad, seeking whom they may devour. Don't have any thing to do with them; don't even touch them with a forty-foot pole.

Twenty-seven young ladies of Quincy, Mich., have signed a document to the effect that they will receive the attentions of no young man who uses tobacco, whisky or profane language. That would leave most of the boys out in the cold.

Lost, between Henry Walters and Wise's school house, in Allen county, a short brass back saw, Flint's make, Rochester, N. Y. Leave at Spencerville post office, or at the St. Joe News office and received a reward. H. R. Babcox.

The Auburn Dispatch of last week, says that a saw-log was hauled through that town Saturday by five teams of horses. What's troubling us is to know whether the log was so large that it took five teams to draw it, or whether the teams were hitched on just for show.

There was pretty strong talk here last week of organizing a company to bore for gas. Several of our citizens offered to subscribe liberally and it may be at no distant day, St. Joe will be illuminated by natural gas. In case we should strike a good flow, (which of course we expect to,) it can be piped to Auburn, and retailed out to the citizens of that place, at a pretty high figure, (because they want gas bad,) and it would net the company here a big profit, and make millionaires out of the stockholders in a few months. Let us bore.

While we were standing on the platform at the depot the other day, waiting for the east bound passenger, Hank Reynolds, the popular agent at this place, came running out of the depot, and with a wild and suicidal look in his off-eye, he proceeded, as we supposed, to throw himself under a freight train, that was passing at that time. From the look of determination upon Hank's countenance we formed the hasty and awful conclusion that he was tired of the cold charities of this wicked world, and was going to deliberately walk out and lay himself down on the track, and let the cruel car wheels grind the beeswax out of him; but no, instead of that, he jumped up on to a car loaded with coal, and threw off several large chunks, and then jumped off again and went into the office, just as cool as a frozen cucumber. Hank was out of coal for the office, and this was a plan he took to get a supply.

Let All work and goods guaranteed to give satisfaction. Give me a call.

**ROOFING AND SPOUTING**  
GUTTERING, HOUSE FURNISHING GOODS.  
Cutlery, Nails, Paints, Woodware &c.  
MAIN STREET, ST. JOE IND.

J. H. CONRAD,

**Drugs, Medicines, Paints, Brushes,**  
OILS, SCHOOL BOOKS, STATIONERY &c.  
ST. JOE, : : IND.

W. C. PATTERSON,

DEALER IN

**RAVEN'S**  
Horse, Cattle, Hog  
AND  
**POULTRY FOOD**

The object of this Food is to put Live Stock and Poultry of all kinds in a thriving, healthy condition, and to prevent and cure all Diseases of the Blood and the Digestive Organs.

For breeding sows and raising young pigs it has no rival. Hogs will fatten in half the usual time. It surely prevents Hog Cholera and cures it when taken in good time.

It will keep Poultry free from disease, and in a healthy thriving condition, also increases the production of eggs from 15 to 20 per cent. It also cures Chicken Cholera, Raup &c.

For Sale at Drugstore  
ST. JOE, IND.



We heard of a fellow over east of here who thought he would rent a sugar camp and make his shugar and surrup. He never had had much experience in that directshun, but he thought he knew enuf to tap trees and bile sap. So he rented a haboring shugar camp, that was awl reddy supplied with a furnace and pan, buckets and spiles, and awl the paraphranalia ov a first class wwl regulated shugar camp. One ov thoes brite sun shiny days the four part ov this weak he thot it was about tyme to open up, so he got his toolcs together and went to work. He commenced in the morning and bi noon he had evera tree taped an in runhing ordar. It was a gude day fur sap, but this man noticed that wile sum trees wer giving sap freely, othas wer not running at awl. Cum to find out he had ben tapping p-alm and beech trees, and ov course ther no gude fur maple shugar. Barcus Q. Hippenhammer.

INSURE WITH THE AGENT OF THE  
**Agricultural Fire Insurance Company.**



The attention of owners of village dwellings is invited to the annexed pyramid, showing the uniform and steady growth during the

Last 25 Years

— OF —  
It's 31 Years.

of existence. The strongest and largest Dwelling House Company in the United States.

CASH CAPITAL \$500,000.

A. M. RICHARDS,

HICKSVILLE, O.

AGENT FOR THE ABOVE COMPANY.



## LOSSES IN LITERATURE.

### The Destruction of Valuable Manuscripts by Medieval Fanatics.

The greatest calamity to books in the ancient world was the destruction of the Alexandrian library. This library, says the *New York Mail and Express*, was in two buildings, one said to contain 400,000 volumes, and the other 300,000. The former was destroyed accidentally by soldiers. The other library was subsequently increased and surpassed the part of the library that was burned, but was finally totally destroyed by the Caliph Ornan, whose narrowness of mind could see nothing worthy of preservation outside the koran. "If these writings agree with the koran," Ornan is reported to have said, "they are useless and need not be preserved; if they disagree they are pernicious and ought to be destroyed;" and the scrolls of the vast repository were distributed to the 4,000 baths in the city, and were six months being burned. Many books of royal antiquity were destroyed by royal edict, others by decrees of councils, and still others fell under the anathema of the Pope. The Roman Church has been especially inimical to literature, and again and again has she attempted to silence all who opposed her doctrines and polity. Pope Alexander VI. ordered all books prejudicial to the church to be burned. Pope Gregory VII. ordered the Palestine Apollo to be destroyed by fire, a library that had been enriched by several emperors. The distinction between profane and sacred literature dates doubtless from this time, all works not sanctioned by the church being declared profane. The Jesuits quite effectually stamped out the literature and destroyed the national independence of the Bohemians by their proscriptions. How much has history and literature lost through the famous Indexes? The Index was a catalogue of books forbidden to be read. Another list called the Expurgatory Index contained the titles of books that were to be amended by the church. Catholics, however, were not the only destructionists. The reformers had their bonfires, selecting for their prey illuminated manuscripts, the Puritans waged war on popish books; Jews burned pagan books, and Romans Jewish books; and in these conflagrations, while the world has been rid of much that would be an incumbrance and offense to the shelves of our modern libraries, yet there can be no doubt that religious zeal and partisan spirit has deprived us of much valuable treasure. A valuable manuscript of the book of Genesis, belonging to the Cottonian library, was partially destroyed by fire in 1731. This manuscript was illustrated with 250 paintings. Of this number only twenty-one were saved. Classic students lament over the lost books of Livy. We have only thirty-five books of this author out of 140. Of Tacitus we have a little more than four books out of thirty, "yet Tacitus in fragments is still the colossal torso of history." It is impossible to estimate what we have suffered in the loss of Varro's lives of 700 distinguished Romans and Atticus' "Acts of Eminent Citizens of Rome."

### Beating the Market Man.

The sample dodge is an old and mean trick by which some sharpers in a small way beat the market man out of a dinner now and then. If you stay here long enough you'll see one of them. I usually get from two to a dozen visits from them every day. Many of them are men, old men, usually of respectable appearance, though occasionally you find a well dressed woman in the business and now and then a child. It is worked like this: The sample fiend comes up when you are not busy and tell you that he has not laid in his winter stock of vegetables yet. And then he talks about different kinds of potatoes and want to see what we have got. He takes a potato out of each barrel, says he will try them all and see which he likes best, and moves coolly off. Of course we never see him again.

Now that seems like a very small kind of a confidence game for grown people to be at, doesn't it? But there are scores of families who depend on just such little tricks for the chief part of their sustenance. Anyway, we have lots of them down here. I have known them to come and "work the racket" and go away and then be at some other stand on the same errand an hour later. I actually believe some of them gather enough vegetables in this way out of

this market in a day to last them all winter. Of course beggars we would fire out of here in a holy minute, and persons who didn't look respectable we shouldn't allow to take a sample. But what can you do when nicely dressed persons, who, for all you know, may own a brown stone block and be able to buy you out a thousand times, come along and work you this way?—*Stall-keeper in New York Commercial Advertiser.*

### A Terrible Sea Monster.

The first time I struck the bottom I couldn't believe I was there. It was as clear as air and the fishes swimming around might have been taken for birds. I landed on a kind of sand-hill when they lowered me and had to walk about fifty feet down into a valley like before I struck the shells. They were all in a bunch, stretched along in a ridge, looking like a black mark against the white bottom. I was dragging the hamper and when I got alongside I began to toss them in. I reckon I had filled half a dozen or so, when all at once I saw a kind of shadow moving over me. At first I thought it was the schooner, and then, perhaps some of the other divers coming down, and then it left; but all at once it came again and grew so dark in a second that I turned quick and looked up, and I'm telling you the truth, mister, if my hair hadn't been held down by a copper cap it would have riz right on end. There, a-movin' over me was what I took to be a bird about thirty feet across. It was wheeling round and round, flapping its big wings, just as you've seen buzzards or eagles do, overhead. Down it came, lower and lower, and I a-crouching as flat as I could get. The nearer it got the bigger it looked, and as I see it was a settling on me I took the pike I always carried, and as it wheeled around over me I let drive. Hit it? Well, I reckon I did. The next thing I knew I was standing on my head, rolling over and over, then yanked sideways, half drowned, and then I reckon I lost my senses, and when I came to I was lying on deck and all hands looking at me.

You see, the critter had given the water such a swirl that I was knocked end for end, and my pipe and line twisted around and around so that I couldn't breath, and, of course, that pulled the line and the men, I thought I had jerked it to come up so they hauled away for all they were worth, and that's what saved my life. What was it? Why, nothin' but one of those sea bats—blanket fish the other men called it—and they all said I had a narrow run for it. That was the way, according to their say, that the fish goes to work to get away with a man. They first settle down on you like a blanket, and there you are. There wasn't a man that would go down after that for several days.—*Cincinnati Commercial-Gazette.*

### Evidence Indisputable.

Winks—Do you believe the spirits of the departed can communicate with the living?

Jinks—Yes, I have had absolute proof of it.

"You don't say so?"

"I suppose you know when I married the present Mrs. Jinks she was a widow."

"Yes."

"Well, some time afterward I went with a friend to see a medium, just for the fun of the thing, you know, and as sure as I'm alive she gave me a message from my wife's first husband."

"In his writing?"

"Oh, no!"

"Did you see him or hear him talk?"

"No, the medium just told me what he said."

"Nonsense; then what proof have you that the communication was genuine?"

"He said he was sorry for me."—*Omaha World.*

### A Good Reason.

Son-in-law—There are fifty people in that house and not one is on speaking terms with the others.

Son-in-law—That's very singular. What is the cause?

Son-in-law—The principal cause is they were all born dumb.—*The Judge.*

We are not to suppose that all who take holy orders are saints; but we should be still further from believing that all are hypocrites.

The first sure symptom of a mind in health is rest of heart and a pleasure felt at home.—*Young.*

### Independent Journalism.

"If you want to see independent journalism, you go into the country, the mining districts especially," said the young man between the courses. "I was once a great friend of an editor of a paper in a rather wild mining camp. I had an idea I'd like to be a reporter, so he kindly gave me a chance. 'This journal,' said he, 'is above all, fearless and independent. We don't care a darn for anybody, and so go ahead.' I went ahead. One day, being down-town, I got in full head on the biggest sensation the town had known for years. A cold-blooded murder with extraordinary peculiarities of atrocity—altogether a very big thing. I was so early in the fray that I took care of the murdered man, shot by a notorious character, until he died. I wrote the affair up. I spread myself on it. I gave a pen-picture of the murderer and a close and elaborate account of the place—a public house—where the shooting had taken place. I gave all the names of everybody who was within a mile of the occurrence. It was a splendid story, and, flushed with importance, I marched in to the editor with my copy. He took it and read it, and he began marking whole sheets out of it. 'You see, my boy,' Jim Bullivar did the shooting, and if they nab him he has several big revolver fellows who will walk in, and the trouble with these fellows is that they don't give you time to argue. You get it, and there you are; so we'll cut his name out and simply say a well-known citizen. Then you say that he did it deliberately. That'll never do. I'll just put in that it may have been accidental, because, of course, it may have been, you know. I see you give the name of the other men who were there. Do you want to bring the whole gang down on us in a body? Here, I've made some little changes. You take the copy to the business manager and let him look at it."

"I took it to the business manager. 'Great Scott!' said he, 'what are you doing? You give the name of the saloon and the address! Don't you see that they'll take their cut and mebbe come up here with shotguns? And you haven't given the name of the doctor. He'll be mad. All those people you've connected with this thing will be sure to kick. Young man, you'll ruin this paper.'"

"Well, what am I to do?"

"Just say there was a shooting scrape in town yesterday, and somebody, supposed to be a notorious bummer, got killed. He's dead. We can't help him. Let us save the living."

"There were two sticks' about the murder in the next day's paper, and I retired."—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

### Going to Bed.

Speaking of how a man goes to bed, an exchange says: "There's where a man has the advantage. He can undress and have his bed warm before a woman has her hairpins out or her shoes untied." This is how it looks in print, and this is how it looks in reality: "I am going to bed, my dear, it is 10:30." No reply. "Now, John, you are always late in the morning. Do go to bed." "Yes, in a minute," he replies, as he turns the paper wrong side out and begins a lengthy article headed "The Louisiana Muddle." Fifteen minutes later she calls out from the bedroom: "John, come to bed and don't keep the gas burning here all night," and, murmuring something about "the bill being big enough now," she creeps beneath the cold sheets, while John sits placidly on, his feet across the piano stool and a cigar in his mouth. By and by he rises, yawns, stretches himself, throws the paper on the floor and proceeds to that vigorous exercise, shaking the coal stove. Just at this stage a not altogether pleasant voice inquires: "For pity's sake, ain't you ready for bed yet?" "Yes, yes, I'm coming; why don't you go to sleep and let a fellow alone?" Then he discovers there is coal needed. When that is supplied and rattled into the stove he sits down to warm his feet. Next he slowly begins to undress, and as he stands scratching himself and absently gazing on the last garment dangling over the back of the chair, he remembers that the clock is not wound yet. When this is attended to he wants a drink of water, and away he promenades to the kitchen. Of course, when he returns, his skin resembles that of a picked chicken, and once more he seats himself before the fire for the last warm-up. As the clock strikes 12 he turns out the gas and

with a flop of the bed-clothes and a few spasmodic shivers he subsides—no, not yet; he forgot to see if the front door was locked, and another flop from the bed-clothes brings forth the remark: "Good gracious, if that man ain't enough to try the patience of Job! Setting her teeth hard, she awaits the final flop, with the accompanying blast of cold air, and then quietly inquires if he is settled for the night, to which he replies by muttering: "If you ain't the provokingest woman!"—*Eastern Argus.*

### The Age of Hamlet.

The exact age of Hamlet—of the Hamlet of Shakespeare—must rest solely upon the authority of the Grave-digger, and he makes two statements with regard to it, the one being the corollary of the other. Let me give an extract: The First Clown of the play, popularly known as the First Grave-digger, says:

"Here's a skull now; this skull hath lain you i' the earth three and twenty years."

Hamlet—"Whose was it?"

First Clown—"A mad fellow's, it was whose do you think it was?"

Hamlet—"Nay, I know not."

First Clown—"A pestilence on him for a mad rogue! I poured a flagon of Rhenish on my head once. This same skull, sir, this same skull, sir, was Yorick's skull, the King's jester."

Hamlet—"This?"

First Clown—"E'en that."

Hamlet—"Let me see. Alas, poor Yorick!—I knew him, Horatio, a fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy, he hath borne me on his back a thousand times."

Now, Yorick has been dead three and twenty years. Yet Hamlet not only knew him, but had been borne on his back a thousand times. If we assume this back-bearing business to have taken place once a day for a period of three years, it would have made Hamlet even then 26; and we may be sure that Yorick did not commence the horse-play with the young prince until he was of sufficient age to stand such exercise.

### Medicine for the Mind.

It is easier to believe an ill report than to inquire into the truth thereof. Sorrow seems sent for our instructions, as we darken the cages of birds when we would teach them to sing.

It is sometimes difficult to say which works more mischief, enemies with the worst or friends with the best intentions.

As the medical properties of some plants can be adduced only by distillation, so our good qualities can only be proved by trials.

Life at the greatest and best is but a forward child that must be humored and coaxed a little till it falls asleep and then all is over.

Apathy is one of the worst moral diseases; it incapacitates us from combatting the encroachments of vice, and closes every avenue of our souls to the approach of virtue.

When we are laboring under a physical malady we see everything through a distorted medium; we are no longer masters of ourselves, but the victims of a distempered imagination. *Good Housekeeping.*

### Instinct.

Prof. J. S. Newberry gives a most marked illustration of what appears to be development of instinct approaching reason in one of the low forms of life. The grub of the seventeen-pear locust buries itself deep in the ground, and only emerges after its period of seventeen years is ended. At Ranney, N. J., a house had been erected above a spot where some of these grubs had buried themselves. At the expiration of their period the grubs started on their way to the surface, but emerged into the cellar, where they were yet in the dark. In order to reach the light they commenced building small structures, and when first noticed the floor of the cellar was found covered with small cones, some of them more than six inches high, which these cicadas had built in their exertions to traverse the dark cavity to the light above ground.

They were walking in the fields, and Mary hesitated to pass through a lot that contained a pugnacious-looking goat. "Why, Mary," said Charles, "come along; this is the first time you ever refused me when I asked you to pass the butter." Upon this appeal, of course she hesitated no longer, especially as she now noticed that William was tethered.



## THE WITCH'S FATE.

### A Cruel Prejudice of Old Times More Than Equalled Now.

Not many decades ago in this country the people were excited over witchcraft. Persons suspected were thrown into the water; if not witches, they would drown; if they were witches, they would swim ashore and would be put to death! In any event they were doomed.

Not many years ago if a person were taken sick with advanced disorder of the kidneys the physician would pronounce the disease Bright's disease, and when so declared he regarded his responsibility at an end, for medical authority admitted that the disease was incurable.

When the physician found a patient thus afflicted, he would say, "Oh, a slight attack of the kidneys; will be all right in a little while." He knew to the contrary. But if he could keep his patient on his hands for a few months he knew he would derive a great revenue from his case, and then, when the disease had progressed to a certain stage, he would state the facts and retire, exonerated from all blame.

But the error of supposing the disease incurable has awayed the public mind long after the fact has ceased to be. But public opinion has been educated to the true status of the case by those who have discounted the incurability theory, and the public recognizes and testifies to the fact that Warner's safe cure is a specific for this disease. This has been shown with thousands of testimonials.

Upon referring to them in our files we find that \$5,000 reward will be given to any one who can prove that so far as the manufacturers know they are not genuine, and that hundreds of thousands similar in character could be published if it were necessary.

This condition of things is very amusing to the journalist, who looks upon all sides of every question. Proof should be accepted by all, but prejudice fights proof for many years. It seems strange, that when a proprietary medicine is doing the good that Warner's safe cure is that the physicians do not publicly indorse it. Many of them, we are told, privately prescribe it.

A few years ago, as stated, when a man had Bright's disease, the doctor boldly announced it, because he thought it relieved him of responsibility.

To-day when prominent people are dying (and hundreds of thousands of common people die of the same disease), we are told that doctors disguise the fact that it is Bright's disease of the kidneys, and say that they die of paralysis, of apoplexy, of pneumonia, of consumption, of general debility, of rheumatism, of heart disease, of blood poisoning, or some other of the names of the direct effects of kidney disease. They are not the real disease itself.

We sometimes wonder if they avoid stating the real cause of disease for fear they will drive the public into patronage of the only scientific proprietary specific for kidney diseases and the thousand and one diseases that originate in inactive kidneys.

We do not believe every advertisement we read. Some people perhaps may regard this article as an advertisement and will not believe it, but we are candid enough to say that we believe the parties above mentioned have stated their case and proved it, and under such circumstances the public is unwise if it is longer influenced by adverse prejudice.

## SUGGESTIONS OF VALUE.

TAINTED salt meat is the result of salting carcasses while in a frozen condition.

WHEN acid has been dropped on any article of clothing, apply liquid ammonia to kill the acid, then apply chloroform to restore the color.

A WRITER in the New York World says: In traveling I always take some salt with me. A heaping table-spoonful of salt scattered between infested sheets will drive the fleas away.

Dr. Foote's Health Monthly says that nails greased with lard may be driven into hard wood without breaking, and screws are more easily driven and withdrawn if their points are greased.

BLACK crape can be beautifully renovated by folding the veil once and steaming over a kettle of boiling water until stiff, then place between a black shawl, and cover with heavy books or other weight for a day or twenty-four hours.

KEROSENE will make the tea-kettle as bright as new. Saturate a woolen rag and rub with it. It will also remove stains from the clean-varnished furniture. Boots and shoes that have been hardened by water may be softened by kerosene.

A GOOD way to clean hairbrushes is to dampen the brushes and sprinkle them with powdered borax; let them lie half an hour and then wash and rub thoroughly, rinse in clean water and stand them on end to dry. It is a good plan to clean two at one time, as they clean better by rubbing two together. If you have no borax, common baking-soda may be used.

A VERY pleasant perfume, and also a preventive against moths, may be made by taking one ounce each of cloves, caraway seeds, nutmeg, cinnamon, mace and Tonquin beans. Add as much Florentine orris root as will equal the other ingredients put together. Grind the whole together and put them in little fancy bags and distribute among the clothing.

## CURIOUS FACTS.

THE present cost of operating the railroads of the country with steam power is in round numbers \$502,000,000 per annum; but to carry on the same amount of work with men and horses would cost the country \$11,306,500,000.

SOME one with a mathematical mind has figured it out that all the gold on earth to-day, in whatever shape—that is, mined gold, or, to put it plainer, the gold in use in all nations and the product of all ages—if welded in one mass, would be contained in a cube of less than thirty feet.

THE soil of the Nile delta has proven to be thicker than was supposed, borings by Royal engineers having failed to reach a solid bottom at a depth of 200 feet. Specimens of the soil have been sent to London, and an appropriation has been made for continuing the geologically important borings.

A FAVORITE prescription of Chinese physicians for chronic indigestions is to cut up and digest chicken gizzards in hot water until they are reduced to a pulp, and then add some spices. A tablespoonful or two of the resulting paste is taken at each meal until the patient has entirely recovered.

THE carrier-pigeon service in Paris is now most carefully organized, and the latest census shows that there are 2,500 trained birds, which can take dispatches in and out of the capital in the roughest weather. Some are taught to go to the neighboring forts and towns, others to distant parts of the provinces.

At Middletown, Conn., the other evening, a company of friends called at a house where they were asked to put their wraps on a bed where a babe was sleeping. The little one was unusually quiet that evening, and it was found dead when the guests had gone, having been smothered by the garments piled upon it.

A PROMINENT life insurance man in Hartford, Conn., is reported as saying that his experience and the records of life insurance have shown him that young men of 20 years of age who abstain entirely from all kinds of intoxicating drinks have a good prospect of living to be 64 years of age; while the moderate drinker of 20 years of age can only expect to live to be 351 years.

METAL is now being substituted for cardboard in bookbinding. This novelty is known as the "British Pollisfort" binding, and it consists in the use of thin sheet metal for covers. The metal is specially prepared, and the cover may be bent and straightened again without perceptible damage. It may, in fact, be safely subjected to such treatment as would destroy ordinary covers. The metal is, of course, covered with the leather usually employed in bookbinding, and the finished book presents no difference in appearance except in the greater thinness of the cover.

A NEW industry has lately sprung up in Sweden, and promises shortly to become a most important one. Oil for illuminating purposes is now manufactured in that country from the stumps and roots that remain in the forests after the timber has been cut. These are subjected to a process of dry distillation, and besides wood-oil many other products are obtained, amongst which are turpentine, creosote, acetic acid, wood charcoal, tar, oils, etc. This oil cannot be used in ordinary lamps, as containing a large proportion of carbon it gives off a great deal of smoke during combustion. When mixed with benzine, however, it may be used in ordinary benzine lamps; but when burnt alone a special lamp must be adopted. The trees that furnish the greatest amount of oil are the pine and fir. There are now about forty establishments engaged in this manufacture in Sweden.

## A Good Woman.

"I can't imagine," said Mr. Johnson to his wife, "what you can see in that Mrs. Gadabout."

"Oh, she is such a sweet woman."

"Perhaps she is, but sweets are not wholesome."

"And she is such a good woman."

"Oh, is she? How does she show it? I never could see any of it."

"Why, how you talk! There isn't a church fair or entertainment of any kind that she isn't into with all her might. Can't see her goodness, indeed! Maybe if you had a little more yourself you could."—Pittsburgh Dispatch.

## ELY'S CATARRH CREAM BALM

I was so troubled with catarrh it seriously affected my voice. One bottle of Cream Balm did the work. My voice is fully restored. B. F. Liepman, A. M., Pastor of Olivet Baptist Church, Philadelphia, Pa.

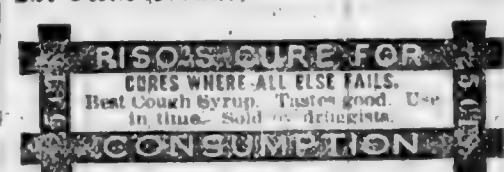
A particle is applied into each nostril and is agreeable. Price 5 cents at drug stores; by mail, registered, 10 cents. Circulars free. ELY BROS., Drugists, Owego, N. Y.



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Wholly unlike Artificial Systems—Cure of Mind Wandering—Any book learned in one reading. Heavy reductions for postal classes. Prospectus, with opinion of Mr. Proctor, the Astronomer, House W. W. Astor, JUDAH P. BENJAMIN, Mrs. MINOR, Wood and others, sent post free by

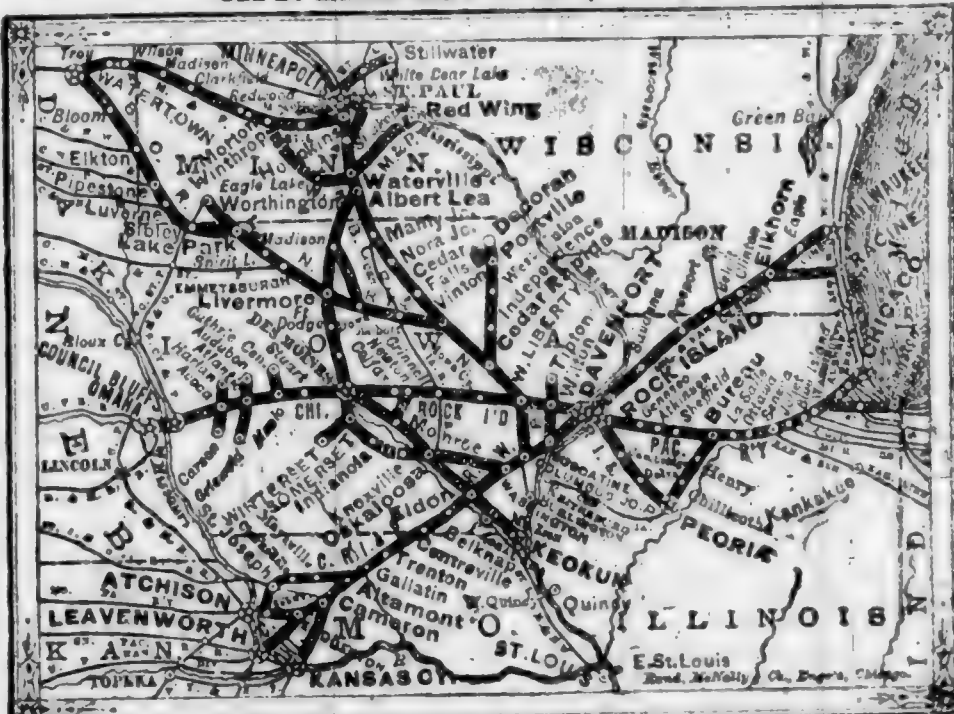
PROF. LOISETTE, 237 Fifth Avenue, New York.



Wholly unlike Artificial Systems—Cure of Mind Wandering—Any book learned in one reading. Heavy reductions for postal classes. Prospectus, with opinion of Mr. Proctor, the Astronomer, House W. W. Astor, JUDAH P. BENJAMIN, Mrs. MINOR, Wood and others, sent post free by



WHO IS UNACQUAINTED WITH THE GEOGRAPHY OF THIS COUNTRY, WILL SEE BY EXAMINING THIS MAP, THAT THE



## CHICAGO, ROCK ISLAND & PACIFIC RY

By reason of its central position, close relation to principal lines East of Chicago and continuous lines at terminal points West, Northwest and Southwest—is the only true middle-link in that transcontinental system which invites and facilitates travel and traffic in either direction between the Atlantic and Pacific.

The Rock Island main line and branches include Chicago, Joliet, Ottawa, La Salle, Peoria, Geneseo, Moline and Rock Island, in Illinois; Davenport, Muscatine, Washington, Fairfield, Ottumwa, Oskaloosa, West Liberty, Iowa City, Des Moines, Indianapolis, Winterset, Atlantic, Knoxville, Audubon, Harlan, Guthrie Centre and Council Bluffs, in Iowa; Gallatin, Trenton, St. Joseph, Cameron and Kansas City, in Missouri; Leavenworth and Atchison, in Kansas; Albert Lea, Minneapolis and St. Paul, in Minnesota; Watertown in Dakota, and hundreds of intermediate cities, towns and villages.

## THE GREAT ROCK ISLAND ROUTE

Guarantees Speed, Comfort and Safety to those who travel over it. Its roadbed is thoroughly ballasted. Its track is of heavy steel. Its bridges are solid structures of stone and iron. Its rolling stock is perfect as human skill can make it. It has all the safety appliances that mechanical genius has invented and experience proved valuable. Its practical operation is conservative and methodical. Its discipline strict and exacting. The luxury of its passenger accommodations is unequalled in the West—unsurpassed in the world.

ALL EXPRESS TRAINS between Chicago and the Missouri River consist of comfortable DAY COACHES, magnificent PULLMAN PALACE PARLOR and SLEEPING CARS, elegant DINING CARS providing excellent meals, and—between Chicago, St. Joseph, Atchison and Kansas City—restful RECLINING CHAIR CARS.

## THE FAMOUS ALBERT LEA ROUTE

Is the direct, favorite line between Chicago and Minneapolis and St. Paul. Over this route solid Fast Express Trains run daily to the summer resorts, picturesque localities and hunting and fishing grounds of Iowa and Minnesota. The rich wheat fields and grazing lands of interior Dakota are reached via Watertown. A short desirable route, via Seneca and Kanabek, offers superior inducements to travelers between Cincinnati, Indianapolis, Lafayette and Council Bluffs, St. Joseph, Atchison, Leavenworth, Kansas City, Minneapolis, St. Paul and intermediate points.

All classes of patrons, especially families, ladies and children, receive from officials and employees of Rock Island trains protection, respectful courtesy and kindly attention.

For Tickets, Maps, Folders—obtainable at all principal Ticket Offices in the United States and Canada—or any desired information, address,

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Don't waste your money on a gum or rubber coat. The FISH BRAND SLICKER is absolutely water and wind proof, and will keep you dry in the hardest storm. Ask for the "FISH BRAND" SLICKER and take no other. If your storekeeper does not have the "FISH BRAND," send for descriptive catalogue to A. J. TOWER, 20 Simmons St., Boston, Mass.

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THE STORRS & HARRISON CO. PAINESVILLE, OHIO.

## Why did the Women

of this country use over thirteen million cakes of Procter & Gamble's Lenox Soap in 1886?

Buy a cake of Lenox and you will soon understand why.



## SOME SECRETS OF BEAUTY.

### How to Avoid Wrinkles.

"How young she looks!" "How does she manage to conceal the marks of age?" Who has not heard these phrases flitting about the auditorium of a theater when some long-popular actress is on the boards? The questioners are not always ladies, but as a rule the ladies are most vitally interested in the problem suggested. How can one prevent age from showing itself in the face, and what is the secret of the actress' long-enduring youth? As to the latter, it is hardly worth while to pay much attention to it, I think, for the art of making-up for the stage is quite a different matter from that of making-up for the drawing-room. In the one case the artist can make use of broad, suggestive touches; in the other everything must bear an elaborate finish. So there are two styles of painting in vogue in facial embellishment as well as in pictorial art. But I know something much better than painting for preserving a youthful appearance in the face. It is very simple, and was suggested by the massage treatment for removing superfluous flesh. In this case the object is in a measure to restore wasted flesh, or rather to prevent waste. Wrinkles, the surest mark of advancing age, and the hardest to eradicate or conceal, are due to the gradual wearing away of flesh underneath the cuticle. Why does it wear away? Because the facial muscles have either too little or the wrong kind of exercise. It will be observed that wrinkles usually take a downward course. This is due to the wrong kind of exercise. What exercise? Why, the washing and wiping of the face, to be sure. Not that I am going to advocate the discontinuance of this salutary and wholesome exercise; I simply suggest a change in the method. Instead of rubbing the face down in washing and wiping always rub upward. This will have the effect of counteracting the influence of the flesh to depart from under the cuticle and will keep the face from wrinkles. It is rather an awkward habit to acquire at first, but perseverance will make it second nature, and the result is worth many pains. This exercise is designed particularly for the benefit of the eyes and upper portion of the cheeks.

### PLUMP CHEEKS.

For the lower and middle portion, where hollowness is often noted rather than wrinkles but sometimes both, there is another plan. The facial muscles are subjected to very slight activity in the ordinary exertions of eating and talking. To fill the cheeks out plump and round it is necessary to develop the muscles there. These muscles are very slight at the best, and any special effort well directed will increase them in capacity and size. An excellent exercise for this purpose is this: Take a piece of soft leather, kid or chamois skin will do, put the end of it between the teeth; then chew gently upon it for several minutes, taking care not to raise the teeth from the leather. If the teeth are raised it will bring into play only the ordinary muscles of mastication, whereas the purpose is to develop those that are seldom used. One who tries this method will find the cheek going through a queer action that is anything but graceful and pretty; nevertheless it is immensely effective, and will restore to its youthful plumpness even the most hollow cheeks of the decrepid sexagenarian. Those in middle life or those who are just beginning to feel the approach of age will find this plan especially valuable. Its beauty does not recommend it, but its simplicity does.—E.E.

### Jackson's "Ornymint."

"The trouble with the women these days is that they all want to be orny-mints. They get more worthless and non-account every day of their lives." "That's just 'bout so, Mr. Hayseed. The women are developin' a speerit of injeependence that ought to be curbed—cut off short, as it were." They were a pair of grangers of the old-fashioned type, horny-handed, hard-visaged and narrowly conservative. "Now, there's Lem Jackson's wife," one of them said; "I do no how Lem ever does put up with her shifleness and uppish ways." "She's one o' them ornymintal kind of wimmin, hey?" "I should say so. All she's got to do is to cook for only eight in fam'ly, milk nine cows, tend to the garden and Lem's orion patch, and help in the field

a little in plantin' and hayin' time. Wimmen ain't no 'count nowadays no-how. They all want to set 'round and be ornymints like Lem's wife."—*Tid Bits.*

### The Toad and the Worm.

I was one day digging up a tree with Prof. Bardwell in order to transplant it, says Thomas Hill, D. D., in a paper read in an Eastern city. Two or three professors stood looking on. I called their attention to an old toad near by and advised them to watch him. They laughed, but on my questioning them confessed that they had never seen a toad eat. I threw him some small earth worms as we threw them up with the spade. The professors were as delighted as children to see the dexterity with which he snapped them up. Presently I turned up with one spadeful of earth an enormous earth worm. I threw it to the toad and observed in him the most decided evidence of reasoning power and executive ability that I ever saw in an animal. At first he watched, as a toad always will in the case of a large worm, the two ends alternately, in order to see which was the head. The worm is tough one way and smooth the other, therefore his head can be put down the toad's throat easier than the tail end, and cannot be pulled out again half so easily.

When the toad had decided which was the head he transferred it by one flap of his tongue to his stomach and instantly nipped his jaws tight together. The major part of the worm, being in the air, writhed about and twisted itself around the toad's head. The toad waited until the coil was loosed, and then gulped down half an inch more of the worm, and took a fresh nip with his jaws. But there were many half inches in this enormously long worm; and when the toad had succeeded by successive gulps in getting down more than half its whole length into his stomach his jaws began to grow tired, and he could not prevent the worm from working his way partly out again between the gulps. Presently the worm was working out much faster than the toad could swallow.

My sympathies were with the toad, partly because he was higher in the scale of being, but chiefly because I had petted toads, and felt as though my own honor was at stake. I was beginning to fear lest I should have the mortification of seeing the worm escape. But I did injustice to the toad; his genius rose to the occasion. He brought his right hind foot up against his abdomen, grasped through the wall of his abdomen his stomach, and at each successive gulp took a fresh grasp with his foot, thus holding the worm from going out, and soon succeeded in swallowing the whole.

### Female Curiosity.

The servant girl of a boarding-house went to the door to get the mail.

Letter-carrier—Here is a letter for Judge Pennybunker. Does he live here?

Servant—Yes, he has the front room. He is a rich old bachelor. Is the letter addressed in a female hand?

"Yes, here it is." "Good gracious! So it is, and as sure as I am born there is a photograph in it."

"Here is another letter for Judge Pennybunker."

"Addressed in a female hand, too?"

"No, this one is from Partem & Squeal, the great divorce lawyers. Their name is printed on the envelope."

"Well, that settles it."

"Settles what?"

"Nothing, except I was going to quit this boarding-house on the 1st, but now I'm going to stay right here and see this thing out."—*Texas Siftings.*

### Still Hopeful.

A traveler for a New York grocery house entered the store of a retail grocer in Pennsylvania to find the Sheriff in charge. "Well, this is a bad muss," he said to the grocer who sat whistling beside the stove. "Yes, but I'm still hopeful," was the reply. "Why, your notes have gone to protest, your creditors have attached, and what have you to hope for?" "Why," said the man, as he lowered his voice so that the Sheriff couldn't hear, "I've got three barrels of New Orleans molasses they haven't found yet, and they are enough to start business on again after this is over."—*Wall Street News.*

THERE are no greater prudes than those women who have some secret to hide.—*George Sand.*

J. D. LEIGHTY,

—DEALER IN—

**Dry Goods, Notions,**

**GROCERIES, BOOTS, SHOES, RUBBER GOODS, HATS, CAPS, ETC.**

A FULL LINE OF

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**St. Joe, - - Indiana.**

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EXAMINE THE BARGAINS ON OUR

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# THE ST. JOE NEWS.

VOL. I.

ST. JOE, IND., FRIDAY, MARCH 18, 1887.

NO. 8.

## THE NEWS.

Intelligence by Wire from All the World

### FOREIGN.

—Rome advices are to the effect that the triple alliance between Austria, Germany, and Italy was signed March 4.

—In Galway, Ireland, during an outbreak in which the troops were confined to their barracks, a mob of 1,000 citizens beat and kicked a few soldiers found in the streets and then stoned their barracks.

—A foreman employed in the British Government works at Chatham has been suspended, it is alleged, for revealing important secret naval designs to the United States and Russian Governments.

—Dr. Junker, the African explorer, has arrived at Munich in good health.

—Twenty-four hundred miners have struck in the Borinage district, Belgium.

—The French Chamber of Deputies has approved a bill imposing a duty of 5 francs per kilo on wheat imports.

—The new explosive, melinite, has just furnished an evidence of its terribly destructive nature. An explosion occurred in the arsenal at Belfort, France, by which many men were killed or injured.

—A Cairo (Egypt) dispatch says: Abdelkader Pasha, Minister of the Interior, has resigned on account of scandals fastened on him in connection with real-estate speculations. Mustapha Fehmi Pasha, Minister of Finance, will succeed Abdelkader Pasha, and Mohammed Zaky Pasha will become Minister of Finance.

—The septennate bill passed the Reichstag at Berlin, by a vote of 227 to 31, 84 members not voting.

—A London dispatch announces the death of Lytton Edward Sothern, the actor, son of the late E. A. Sothern.

—Advices from Rostchuk say that fourteen commissioned officers who participated in the recent revolt were shot near Rasgrad, and that all the privates concerned in the revolt have been pardoned. A young Russian has been condemned to death for being concerned in the recent revolt. Lieut. Kissimoff has been sentenced to one year's imprisonment for his connection with the outbreak. The German and Russian Consulates are said to be secreting refugee insurgents.

### PERSONAL.

—E. H. Abbott, Secretary of the Supreme Council of the Royal Templars of Temperance, is a defaulter to the extent of \$5,000, and is reported to be in Canada.

—James B. Eads, the constructor of the St. Louis bridge and the Mississippi jetties, died at Naesau, in the Bahama Islands, in his sixty-seventh year. From a biographical sketch before us we learn that—

Mr. Eads was born in Lawrenceburg, Ind., May 23, 1820, and his early education was acquired in the schools of Louisville and Cincinnati. Before he had succeeded in mastering the rudiments, however, his father experienced reverses which necessitated the boy's withdrawal from school, to which he never returned. At a very early age he developed a taste for mechanics and a fondness for experimenting with machinery, which afterwards became the ruling passion of his life. In September, 1833, when only 13 years old, he arrived in St. Louis. The steambot on which his father with his family had embarked to seek a home farther West had burned, and the family was destitute. Young Eads sold apples on the streets to contribute something to the support of himself. In 1832 he entered into partnership with Case & Nelson, boat-builders, for the purpose of recovering steamboats and cargoes which had been wrecked, and the firm prospered amazingly. In 1835-36 he submitted to Congress a proposition to keep the Western rivers open for a term of years by removing all obstructions and keeping the channels free. The bill embodying his proposal passed the House, but was defeated in the Senate. He retired from active business in 1837 on account of ill-health. During the war Mr. Eads received the contract for building the first seven vessels of the Mississippi gunboat flotilla. From the close of the war to the time of construction of the great St. Louis bridge Mr. Eads was engaged in no great public works. Upon that bridge his fame as an engineer was firmly established. The bridge project was first conceived in 1839. Various sites were selected for the bridge, and the project met with varying fortunes until Mr. Eads began to take an active interest in it in 1867. In that year he was elected Engineer-in-chief of the company then formed. He at once secured the services of Colonel Henry Flad and proceeded to develop plans which were subsequently followed when bridge was constructed. It was completed and opened in 1874. In 1875 Mr. Eads began the construction of a system of jetties for increasing the depth of the

water at the mouth of the Mississippi under contract with the Government. His plans when proposed were scouted at first by prominent engineers, but proved eminently successful. His last great project was the Tehuantepec Ship Canal.

—The aged, step-mother of Captain James B. Eads resides at La Porte, Ind., where she is compelled to maintain herself by sewing.

—Mary Baker, of Menon, Ind., has not taken a mouthful of food for 158 days. Nothing keeps her alive but her strong determination to recover her health. She is merely a skeleton, and her death has been hourly expected for three months. Her parents have promised that her remains shall be spared from the dissecting-knife.

### POLITICAL.

—The Wisconsin Assembly has passed a bill making an appropriation for the erection of a monument on the field of Gettysburg.

—It is rumored that the Fiftieth Congress will be called together in October, and that the fall session will run along into the regular one.

—The President has appointed R. W. Loughery, of Texas, to be United States Consul at Acapulco, Mexico.

—The President has taken advantage of the repeal of the tenure-of-office act and removed James D. Bowie, Collector of Customs at Petersburg, Va., and John Monshaw, Supervising Inspector of Steam Vessels for the Third District. The latter has twice been suspended and then restored to duty because of the failure of the Senate to act on the nomination of his successor.

—The President has appointed Charlton H. Way, of Georgia, Consul General of the United States at St. Petersburg. He has also appointed the following named Postmasters:

M. Byrne, Jr., at Grass Valley, Cal., vice S. D. Bosworth, commission expired; Isaac N. Thompson, at Santa Clara, Cal., vice J. M. Billings, commission expired; Edward Weisbaum, at Hanford, Cal., vice E. J. Plummer, commission expired; Elisha DeWitt, at Yreka, Cal., vice A. E. Raynes, commission expired; Edwin O. Hollins, at Oroville, Cal., vice John J. Smith, resigned; Daniel K. Weiss, at Ashland, Ky., vice R. W. Lampton, commission expired; Hiram H. Thomas, at Calusa, Cal., vice B. A. Pryor, removed; Mary C. Hughes, at Fresno City, Cal., vice W. E. Hughes, deceased; A. P. McKerny, at San Bernardino, Cal., vice W. B. Porter, resigned; Napoleon B. Byrne, at Berkeley, Cal., vice S. E. Merrill, commission expired; Russell P. Emmons, at Escoda, Mich., vice H. C. King, removed; Lord W. Hinman, at Lapeer, Mich., vice John Abbott, commission expired; Lowrey W. Hawkins, at Canton, Mo., vice L. W. England, commission expired; James E. Sargentine, at Cleveland, Tenn., vice Mary H. Edwards, deceased; Joseph J. McBride, at Livingston, Montana, vice F. W. Wright, resigned; John M. Landis, at Oswego, Kan., vice L. S. Crum, removed.

—The Illinois House has passed a bill permanently locating the State Fair at Springfield.

—The Massachusetts House of Representatives, by a vote of 97 to 61, defeated the woman suffrage resolution.

—The Indiana Supreme Court has denied Senator Green Smith's petition for a rehearing in the Lieutenant Governorship case, holding that the Legislature only can settle that question.

—Philadelphia telegram: "The action of the committee of the Republican members of the Legislature in changing the Congressional district so as to oust Samuel J. Randall is the talk of the hour. At the Democratic headquarters it is asserted that Gen. Cameron will not allow the change to become a law. The districts are organized give the city another Representative, making six in all. If the change made by the committee are voted by the Legislature, Mr. Randall will be superseded by John C. Grady, whom, it is asserted, James McManes is to put in the fight against Randall at the next Congressional election. It is also on the slate to send new and younger men to the next Congress in place of A. C. Harmer and James O'Neil."

### FINANCIAL AND INDUSTRIAL.

—Natural gas has been struck at Alexandria, Ind.

—The failure of Randall, Gile & Shallies, boot and shoe dealers at Boston, is announced. They owe \$80,000.

—The new cotton-seed oil company so long promised has been incorporated at Camden, New Jersey, under the presidency of Henry C. Butcher, with a capital of \$5,000,000. It has authority to build twenty-two mills and six refineries.

—B. A. Smith, wholesale and retail dry goods at Halifax, Nova Scotia, has failed for \$60,000.

—The Maritime Bank of St. John, N. B., has closed its doors. The collapse was entirely unexpected. Wall, Smith & Co., a Louisville tobacco firm, have made an assignment. The cotton commission house of Humphrey, Blake & Co., of St. Louis, with liabilities of \$40,000, is insolvent.

—The 150 grave-diggers employed in Calvary Cemetery, Long Island, who are Knights of Labor, have decided to strike for an advance of wages.

—McLellan & Co., bankers, at St. John, N. B., have suspended, owing to the failure of the Maritime Bank.

—Out of a total coinage of 256,471,647 standard silver dollars there are in circulation 57,214,510. There are silver certificates in circulation amounting to \$13,300,392, which leaves 73,906,745 not standard dollars in the Treasury.

—Italian laborers to the number of 1,191 were landed at Castle Garden, New York, in one day.

—The coal operators about Peoria, Ill., have been advised that 100 colored miners and thirty families will be shipped at once from Danville to fill the places of strikers.

—The railway strikers at Sault Junction, Mich., took possession of the camps, and would not allow work to be carried on. The contractors appealed to the Sheriff for help, and bloodshed was feared.

—A Boston dispatch says: "The Executive Committee has declared the Cambridge Railroad strike off. As most of the vacancies have been filled with new men, very few of the strikers will be taken back."

—The Western Union telegraph messengers, at the main office in Philadelphia struck for 65 cents a day and car fare for over twelve squares.

—Milwaukee dispatch: "The strike of the printers in this city is at an end, the Typographical Union having allowed its members to procure work wherever they can get it. The blow is a heavy one to the union, and it is doubtful if it can hold together under the strain."

### RAILROAD INTELLIGENCE.

—A decree of foreclosure entered at Cleveland provides for the sale of the Nickel-Plate Road at not less than \$18,000,000.

—The Federal Court at Nashville, Tenn., sustained the Ohio and Mississippi Road in refusing express matter of the Baltimore and Ohio Company, the contract being terminable on the notice given.

—Nearly one hundred railway officials, at a meeting held in Chicago, resolved to withdraw all passes except those issued to officials and employees, and to give out no more. In regard to other provisions of the interstate commerce law, it may be said that the independent action of the Pennsylvania Company greatly simplified the work of making uniform rules.

—The Ohio Legislature has authorized the city of Cincinnati to sell the Southern Road.

—The Illinois Central Road has put on a tropical-fruit train which runs from New Orleans to Chicago in thirty-six hours.

—A New York dispatch states that the negotiations between President Garrett and the Richmond Terminal Company have fallen through and the deal is off; that a new proposition is now being considered by Mr. Garrett, and negotiations are now on foot for the transfer of the control of the Baltimore and Ohio to a syndicate of private bankers.

### GENERAL.

—Out of twenty-five cities reported by telegraph to Bradstreet's, Chicago and Kansas City alone announce special gains in the volume of staples distributed during the week.

—Under the law, Henry Dodson, a vagrant, was sold at Augusta, Ky., to the highest bidder for seventy-five days. The jailer bought him for \$1, and turned him loose.

—The United States Supreme Court has rendered a decision denying the right of States and municipalities to tax commercial travelers from other States.

—The Indianapolis Club has been admitted to the National Base-Ball League on the franchise purchased from St. Louis.

—Washington telegram: "The Public Printer suspended about forty employees Saturday, and to-night he discharged 106 more. The large amount of work ordered by Congress during January and February caused an unusually heavy outlay of money and necessitated the reduction in force in order that the annual appropriations might not be exceeded. Additional discharges are expected."

—An alleged infernal machine, addressed to the Prince of Wales, has found its way to the dead-letter office in Washington.

—Commodore Kittson has sold the pacer, John-son (2:06 1/4), to Frank Siddals, of Philadelphia for \$15,000.

—Secretary Whitney declares that "there is no truth in any statement which connects the Navy Department with anything clandestine in the way of obtaining plans abroad or the secrets of foreign governments."

### CASUALTIES.

—Two men were killed and another was fatally injured by the explosion of the boiler in W. F. Thompson's tub factory at Ithaca, Michigan.

—The Eclipse flour mill, owned by Peets, Proctor & Co., was burned at Danville, Ky. Loss, \$30,000.

—Gibbs' shingle mill near Edmore, Mich., was shattered by the explosion of the boiler. Two persons were killed, one fatally injured, and six dangerously wounded.

—While building a fence along the railway track at Independence, Missouri, John Harrison and William Majors were killed by a train.

—A serious accident occurred on the Jacksonville and Southwestern Railroad, between Virden and Girard, Ill., by which two passenger coaches were derailed and tumbled down an embankment about eight feet high, and several persons were badly hurt. The list of the injured is as follows: Senator Elizur Southworth, of Litchfield, severely injured internally, perhaps fatally. Senator L. B. Stephenson, of Shelbyville, bruised; Senator J. J. Higgins, of Duquoin, bruised; Senator T. L. McGrath, of Mattoon, bruised; Senator R. L. Organ, of Carmi, bruised; Representative G. V. E. Fletcher, of St. Elmo, bruised; Representative J. R. Campbell, of McLeansboro, head cut and badly bruised; Miss E. B. Russell, of Carlinville, hip severely hurt; George Koch, of Girard, face badly hurt; L. M. Smith, of Litchfield, severely hurt. Senator Southworth, who was in the smoker, was thrown across the car. He fainted away and had to be handed from the car. After stimulants had been administered he was taken in the baggage-car to his home at Litchfield. It is said that the wreck was caused by running at a too high rate of speed. The train on the Jacksonville Road and one on the Chicago and Alton Road, which runs parallel with the Jacksonville Road for a distance of four miles, were racing, it is charged.

### CRIMES AND CRIMINALS.

—The safe of B. T. Marple's store at State Line, near Danville, Ill., was robbed of \$1,210 worth of jewelry and two valuable gold watches by unknown cracksmen.

—A dispatch from Garden City, Kansas, says: "The Coronado-Loot trouble was practically terminated by the arrest of fourteen of the ringleaders by Sheriff Edwards, of Wichita County, assisted by a posse of fifteen men and accompanied by Adjutant General Campbell and Colonel Ricksecker, of Sterling. The names of the prisoners are: J. W. Knapp, Jack Leahy, Joe Offenger, M. Walton, W. A. Frush, Charles Plack, William Moore, C. A. Harb, Charles and Julius Leersich, William Matson, C. H. Wheat, Lilley, and Howard."

—At Columbus, Ohio, Lucy Parsons, the wife of the Chicago Anarchist, was arraigned before the Mayor on a charge of disorderly conduct. The Mayor decided to place her under \$300 bonds to keep the peace. Mrs. Parsons could not give bond and was sent to the County Jail. She made a speech to the large crowd which had gathered, saying that this was the end of liberty.

—A deadly affray occurred at Fayette, Miss., between a man named Orr and his three sons, all armed with revolvers, and Lud Churchill and his two sons, the former armed with a shotgun and the latter with axes. In the



# The St. Joe News.

ST. JOE, INDIANA.

MORT & WILL OLDS, PUBLISHERS.

## HIS WIFE.

BY JUSTIN MCCARTHY.

I cannot touch his cheek.  
Nor ruffle with a loving breath his hair;  
I look into his eyes, and hear him speak—  
He never knows that I am there!  
Oh, if my darling would but only know  
That day and night, through all his weary life,  
I, whom he loved in the years long ago,  
Am with him still—his wife!

I watch him at his task,  
When the broad sunbeams first light up his room;  
I watch him till the evening lays her mask  
Upon the face of day; and in the gloom  
He lays his pencil down and silent sits,  
And leans his chin upon his hand and sighs:  
How well I know what memory round him fits!  
I read it in his eyes.

And when his pencil's skill  
Has sometimes wrought a touch of happy art,  
I see his face with sudden gladness fill;  
I see him turn with eager lips apart,  
To bid me come and welcome his success;  
And then he droops, and throws his brush aside:  
Oh, if my darling then could only guess  
That she is near who died!

Sometimes I fancy, too,  
That he does dimly know it—that he feels  
Some influence of love pass thrilling through  
Death's prison bars, the spirit's bonds and seals,  
Some dear companionship around him still;  
Some whispered blessing, faintly-breathed  
The presence of a love no death can kill  
Brightening his loneliness.

Ah, but it cannot be!  
The dead are with the living—I am here;  
But he, my living love, he cannot see  
His dead wife, though she cling to him so near.  
I seek his eyes; I press against his cheek;  
I hear him breathe my name in waiting tone—  
He calls me, calls his wife, I cannot speak—  
He thinks he is alone.

This is the bitterness of death;  
To know he loves me, pines and yearns for me;  
To see him, still to hear him, feel his breath  
Fan my sad cheek, and yet I am not free  
To bid him feel, by any faintest touch,  
That she who never left his side in life—  
She who so loved him, whom he loved so much—  
Is with him still, his wife.

## AFTER MANY DAYS.

BY EDNA R. RUSSELL.

Lillian Whitney looked out into the gathering twilight, her fair face, with the nut-brown curls clinging about it, brought out in startling relief by a background of vivid blush roses.

She was expecting her lover—noble, handsome Frank Carleton!—only a week ago he had poured into her ears the story of his love, and had asked her to be his wife.

And she smiled softly and blushed as she looked at the diamond ring which gleamed in the tender light of the glorious June noon, just grandly rising behind the far-off purple hills.

"Oh!" murmured Lillian, "what have I ever done that such a grand, noble man should love me?"

The love-light in her eyes became brighter, the blushes on her cheek deepened, for she heard a footstep which she could never mistake. With a fluttering heart Lillian shrank back among the rose-bushes, thinking fondly that Frank would soon find her.

But Frank Carleton was not alone, for a woman, tall and graceful in form, dressed in somber black, was walking beside him.

Hark! Frank was speaking, and Lillian strained her ears to hear. What a look of love and devotion there was on his face as he bent over her! Lillian clenched her hands, and her lips grew white and rigid.

"Dear Maud," he said, softly and tenderly, "you can never guess how very, very thankful I am that that man is dead. Now you are free, and nothing shall part us again."

"Nothing, Frank?" she said, looking up at him; and Lillian could see the passionate love shining in his eyes. "Not even your marriage with this beautiful Miss Whitney?"

"Surely not," he answered, almost reproachfully. "Why should it?"

And then they passed on.

With a low moan, Lillian fell prone among the rose-bushes.

Lillian did not stop to reason—did not stop to consider that there might be a mistake, that deceit and falsehood had ever been foreign to Frank Carleton's nature.

And so the next day Frank received a small package—a few books, some old love-letters, and a diamond ring. There was no note of explanation, but he well knew who had sent them.

Enraged and astounded, he immediately sought Lillian for an explanation; but the servant who answered his impatient ring said that she was "not at home."

A week later Frank Carleton started for the Continent, and so these two lives, that might have been all in all to each other, drifted further and further apart.

Five years later. It was the evening of Mrs. Roderick Forrester's ball, and the best

society of Melville was there. Lillian Whitney leaned back in the embrasure of one of the windows, and hidden by the flowing draperies of the curtains, watched with dreamy, half-closed eyes the bright, merry throng in the ball-room.

Her beauty was more *spirituelle* than it had been five years ago, and the proud look on her face had softened into more tender, more womanly curves. She was decidedly the belle of the evening, and it was only by much skillful maneuvering that she had been able to gain this quiet retreat for a few moments.

All at once she caught her breath with a sudden gasp of pain, and placing her hand on her heart to stop its wild beating, leaned forward and peered out.

Yes, it was surely Frank Carleton she saw, though he was much changed. Tall and straight, and browned, with heavy mustache and beard, he looked at least ten years older, and certainly a great deal more handsome and manly, than he had looked five years ago.

"How noble he looks!" Lillian thought, with a sudden thrill. "Oh, how could I misjudge him so by my dark suspicions? And now I have lost him for ever!" And the hot tears of bitter anguish and remorse trickled between her daintily-gloved fingers.

The curtains parted, and Mrs. Roderick Forrester and Frank Carleton stood before her.

"Lillie, love, you thought you would outwit us this time, but you see you have failed, for I knew where you were all the time. Allow me to present—Why, child, are you ill?"

For, white and trembling, our heroine had sunk down, looking like a broken lily. She had thought she could bear the meeting firmly and calmly, but her strength failed her at the last moment.

When, a few minutes later, she opened her eyes, she found Frank Carleton's arms were about her, and that he was showering kisses on her face.

For a moment she felt as if she could die for very happiness.

"Frank," she whispered,—"oh, Frank, can you forgive me after I have wronged you so deeply?"

"Hush!" he said—"hush, my darling! I have nothing to forgive!"

"She has told me all," she went on—"your sister Maud—how you have loved her, and how much you have helped her while her miserable, drunken husband was alive! And, oh, Frank, I misjudged you so cruelly! I did not know she was your sister!"

"Of course you did not," he said, tenderly. "Has not your mistake made us miserable for five long years? Do not mention it again, my darling!"

And he stopped her lips with a kiss.

## "AS YOU SOW."

"Nothing but a shop girl married for a home."

So I heard the sentence pass through rosy lips.

I turned aside, and bending over my cheerful fire, wondered if she too must be doomed to find her bread thus heedlessly cast upon the water, and some good angel whispers tremblingly in my ears, "As ye sow, so shall ye reap."

What's the use in running on in this style?

No one receives injury, while hundreds of girls do the same thing, and marry widowers at that, too.

Yes, hundreds—nay, thousands—marry for this as well as for every conceivable object under the sun; while here and there scattered through the multitude may be found those who place love upon the great altar.

But this has grown so extremely old-fashioned of late that our ladies of style dare only glance at "what might have been," and eagerly grasp the moneyed purse.

The working populace, seeing the example of their more favored sisters, quickly follow in the wake, thus placing crime upon crime until it ends in family quarrels, separation, divorce, prison, and death.

Very strong language to use, for a girl tired of working for herself, without a home, and a scanty purse.

Well, do you obtain a home, a full purse, and folded arms?

The home may turn to be the one miserable spot within you.

You eat, drink, and sleep, while the full purse and folded arms may prove an everlasting curse.

No happy blessings can, surely, follow such injustice to him who shares your lot.

The unforeseen misery inflicted upon yourself is a just reward for your unfaithfulness to him.

If he be a widower, your position is extremely delicate, for by securing yourself a home others may have been driven out to battle with the world, and their tale of woe will be a heavy burden for you to bear ere you reach your long home.

Women of fashion, and the vast multitude who work for your living, if you marry upon any pretext whatever, except for love, death hovers over your bridal feast.

As years glide on, a quarrel ensues, separation is talked of, a divorce threatened, and only too often, in the frenzy of the moment, a weapon is seized, and death

may claim one offender, while the prison may receive the other.

Else you will live on in a perpetual war. Each day will have heavier trials than the preceding.

Your little buds of promise are heedlessly neglected, because of your one great misery; while he, the provider of your home, loiters in "private bars," and drowns his troubles in the poisoning cup.

But who—oh, who is to blame? Women, use carefully your mysterious power over the hearts of men.

You possess, in a measure, the means of increasing their happiness or woe.

Therefore, look well to the trust within your keeping, and have the casket which contains it brightly garnished.

Then the clerks in the divorce courts would go begging for bread, and who would not give them a loaf, with a "God bless you?"

Many a prison cell would remain vacant, while the pot of soup containing the nutriment of clean bones would be more strengthening, as the quantity of water is considerably less.

The churchyard mounds being fewer, the wild flowers playing free amid the long grasses would flourish quite as well with less water from the great fount of human tears.

"But is not separation preferable to a life of continual unhappiness?" I still hear some silently questioning.

My fire has gone out; the last coals have faded into ashes.

I would have all such queries pass from the lips of humanity.

But this cannot be while marriage is a thing of bargaining for gain.

When we are ready to place only the one great power upon the altar, then, indeed, will dawn the millennium in this respect, and until then some few will strongly battle for the right, hoping the end may lie somewhere in the dimly-lighted future.

## Girls' Friendships.

Among the joys of girlhood is friendship, which, though often laughed at as absurd and "missish," is, nevertheless, very sweet. Most girls, even if they have sisters, have also some special friend to whom they vow eternal devotion, write voluminous letters when they are apart, and for whom they contrive all sorts of little presents, more or less useful or ornamental. If the friend is an ordinarily good girl, this affection is beneficial to both parties, takes each a little out of her own small circle as well as of herself, and widens her horizon. It is often very pure and unselfish, and, especially between girls who never marry, endures as long as they live.

But there comes a time when, to use the ordinary phrase, a girl's education is finished, when books are somewhat laid aside, and she becomes a young lady at large, free to follow her own bent if she has one, and generally disposed to see as much as she can of the world. A wholesome-natured girl is ready for anything, and "takes the goods the gods provide" with all simplicity. She enjoys a country ramble thoroughly, trips along with feet as light as her heart, plays vigorously at lawn-tennis when she has the opportunity, reads the book and sees the pictures of the day, and adds wonderfully to the brightness of the home circle. She is her father's pride, her mother's vicegerent, and her brother's "chum." This is the halcyon time of life, when innocent pleasures have not begun to pall, and when the future is rosy with the sunshine of love and happiness. Our Mary grows critical about her appearance, detects the smallest approach to a misfit in her frocks, and is somewhat difficult to please in the matter of hats and bonnets. It is quite natural that she should wish to look her best, and if a lover comes along who sees in her

"His heaven-born Eve, on whose unsullied brow  
The shadow of the sinner never came,"

and she reciprocates his feeling, a new world opens before her, and her parents live their own youth over again as they feel that the new love only deepens old ones, and draws all natural ties closer. This is as it ought to be; and a wise lover, knowing that a dutiful daughter makes a good wife, will rejoice to see it, and congratulate himself on having won the heart of a girl who so winsomely answers to the sweet name of Mary.—*Cassell's Family Magazine.*

A CLERGYMAN was questioning his Sunday school concerning the story of Eutychus—the young man who, listening to the preaching of the Apostle Paul, fell asleep, and, falling down, was taken up dead. "What," he said, "do we learn from this solemn event?" when the reply from a little girl came pat and prompt, "Please, sir, ministers should not preach too long sermons."

## PITH AND POINT.

A CAT-BOAT is always dangerous when it squalls.

CROWS never kick up a disturbance without caws.

LAVINA wonders if the lot of a pawn-broker isn't a loan-ly one.

A MAN isn't liable to arrest for assault and battery if he "beats" his creditors.

DEBTOR—Good morning, sir. I just wanted to pay my respects. Creditor.—Anything else?

BRUSQUE EDITOR—I must decline your poem. It lacks merit. Indignant poet—No, sir. You simply lack appreciation.

WHEN a woman endeavors to screen her beauty from the public gaze her efforts are not without a veil.—*Detroit Free Press.*

THE reason some men never meet with any failures in life is because they never make any efforts to succeed. *Philadelphia Call.*

A PRIVATE watchman in New York City is charged with five different robberies. He was on duty but five nights, and this accounts for the few charges.

LANDLADY—Have you noticed, Mr. Brown, that there is nothing but leaves on the streets now? Boarder (who has come late to breakfast)—Yes, madam, and that fact is very suggestive of your table.

"IN that drawer," said the poet on his death-bed, "you will find a lot of my posthumous works. I bequeath them all to you." "Ah! you are too kind," protested the friend. "No, I am not. No one else wants them."

"I HOPE, my dear, that you don't intend to go to the theater alone?" "No, indeed; I never go unless I am chaperoned." "Unless what?" "Chaperoned." "That's just the way with me; I always like to have a chap around."

COUNSEL for the defense—Gentlemen of the jury, if there ever was a case which, more than any other case, challenged careful comparison with similar cases, this case is that case.—*Fliegende Blaetter.*

"ISN'T it pretty lonesome out in the country?" he said to the boy whose parents moved out on a farm last fall. "I guess not," was the reply. "Pa and ma have just as many discussions as they did in the city, and us children get licked about the same."—*Detroit Free Press.*

"YOUR friend, Lawyer H., dresses pretty well, it seems to me, for a man who has only been practicing a few years," said Smith to Thompson; "he is mighty lucky." "I hope he don't gamble?" "I'm afraid he does, for he told me yesterday that he won nearly every suit he was in."—*Chicago Ledger.*

A CHRISTIAN clergyman once went to an orthodox synagogue with a Jewish friend. He listened to a congregation chanting "Mismar L David" with the usual congregational discord, and was told by his Jewish friend that it was sung to the same tune in the days of David. "Ah!" said the clergyman, with a sigh of relief, "that accounts for it. I have often wondered why Saul threw his javelin at David."

A SLIGHT CATASTROPHE.  
They stood in beauty side by side,  
They felt the ice with glee.  
Now Johnny was his mother's pride,  
And Tommy eke was he.  
"I guess der ice is strong enough;  
Let's have a slide," said John.  
"Well, you go first," said little Tom,  
"And soon I shall come on."  
But ice which may be safe for one  
May not be safe for two.  
When John and Thomas reached their homes  
Some tears two woodsheds knew.  
—*New York Morning Journal.*  
With stealthy hand he strove to clip  
One golden ringlet from her head.  
"Ah, don't!" Then, with a smiling lip,  
"They are my sister Jane's," she said.  
—*Harper's Magazine.*

Reward of Industry.  
Faithful housewife—Mrs. Candour, is it? Dear me, I can't stop my sewing now. Tell her I'm not at home.  
Bridget—Please, mum, I've been tellin' so many you're not at home I wish you'd see some of 'em.

"Why, Bridget?"

"I don't like the way they act, they look at each other and snicker so."

"Mercy! Do they suspect I am at home?"

"No, mum, I wish they did. I heard one of 'em say they wouldn't like your husband to know of the goings on."

"Heaven preserve us! What do they mean?"

"They think, mum, you're the worst gad-about in town."—*Tid-Bits.*

GUILTINESS will speak though tongues were out of use.—*Shakespeare.*



## Old People.

A gentleman who was showing me a literary paper which he had written in a very clear, bold hand, remarked:

"I always write very distinctly, that I may have no difficulty in reading my manuscript when old age comes upon me."

He was then bordering on 70. Another very vigorous old gentleman, aged 77, who was at the head of a large publishing establishment, was explaining to a friend the enormous amount of work he went through from day to day. The friend remarked that it must tell upon him seriously at his age. "Oh, no," he replied; "I don't feel it now, but I expect I shall do so in after life!"

I cannot vouch for the truth of the following anecdotes, but they may serve to "point a moral and adorn a tale."

In the old coaching days, when a coach stopped on one occasion to change horses, one of the passengers strolled along a green lane and was surprised to see an old man sitting under the hedge crying. In answer to a question as to the cause of his grief, he replied that his father had been beating him. The passenger, who thought the father of an old man like that must be a curiosity worth seeing, asked him to take him to his father. The old man led him to a cottage, where a very old man was standing at the gate, looking very angry.

"Is this your son?" he asked.

"Yes," replied the old man, gruffly.

"He tells me you have been beating him," said the passenger.

"Yes, and he deserves beating, the young rascal, for he has been throwing stones at his grandfather!"

I have heard of another old man, and his wife, both of whom had reached the venerable age of 100. They had three daughters, the youngest of whom died unmarried, at the age of 72. The old woman was quite inconsolable on account of their irreparable loss. The youngest daughter had evidently been her pet, for after their return from the funeral she said to her husband, amid her sobs and tears:

"I always tell thee, John, that we should never rear that child."

**Disorders Which Affect the Kidneys**  
Are among the most formidable known. Diabetes, Bright's disease, gravel, and other complaints of the urinary organs, are not ordinarily cured in severe cases, but they may be averted by timely medication. A useful stimulant of the urinary glands has ever been found in Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, a medicine which not only affords the requisite stimulus when they become inactive, but increases their vigor and secretory power. By increasing the activity of the kidneys and bladder, this medicine has the additional effect of expelling from the blood impurities which it is the peculiar office of those organs to eliminate and pass off. The Bitters is also a purifier and strengthener of the bowels, an invigorant of the stomach, and a matchless remedy for biliousness and fever and ague. It counteracts a tendency to premature decay, and sustains and comforts the aged and infirm.

## Dolls.

Dolls are of greater antiquity than many may imagine. They are traced back to their "probable" first appearance in puppet shows. The practice of sending them from France to foreign countries was of very early date. In the royal expenses for 1391 figure so many "livres" for a doll sent to the Queen of England; in 1496, another sent to the Queen of Spain, and in 1577 a third sent to the Duchess of Bavaria. Henry IV writes in 1600, before his marriage to Marie de Medicis: "Frontenac tells me that you desire patterns of our fashion in dress. I send you, therefore, some model dolls."

## A Look Ahead.

Petted Prima Donna—I wish, doctor, you would go to church more frequently.

Favorite Doctor—Impossible; my duties are too pressing.

"Then you should have help. Promise me you will go at least once every Sunday."

"But why?"

"Why? Just think of the way we prima donnas will be kept singing in heaven if we don't have any one to give us sore-throat certificates."—*Tid-Bits.*

## Tennyson's "May Queen."

Who knows but if the beautiful girl who died so young had been blessed with Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription" she might have reigned on many another bright May-day. The "Favorite Prescription" is a certain cure for all those disorders to which females are liable.

A PRAYER to be effectual needs amending.  
—*Pretzel's Weekly.*

If you have a cough or cold, do not dose yourself with poisonous narcotics, but take Red Star Cough Cure, which contains no opiates, and is safe, prompt, and sure. Price, twenty-five cents a bottle.

A SACRED white elephant, fellow citizens, is not the only thing about a circus that "won't wash."—*Norristown Herald.*

You will never succeed in finding permanent relief from rheumatism until you have used St. Jacobs Oil, the great pain-cure. Price fifty cents.

## What His Uncle Said.

Summerbee's boy didn't learn his alphabet very readily and always stuck at G. The "schoolmarm" tried to make him remember it, but to no purpose. Finally an idea struck her. She said: "Johnny, you were in the country during last vacation, I believe?"

"Yesum."

"Your uncle had some cattle, too, did he not?"

"Yesum."

"Well, did he not say to his cattle when he wanted them to go, gee?"

"Yesum."

"Now do you think you can remember the letter?"

"Yesum."

The next day Johnny again stumbled on G, and the teacher, to refresh his memory, said:

"Well, Johnny, what did your uncle say to his cattle?"

Johnny hesitated a moment, and then yelled out:

"Haw, — you!"

The teacher thought that Johnny had suddenly learned the whole alphabet.

## Common Sense.

The proprietors of the Moxie Nerve Food, that is creating such an excitement all over the country as a remedy for the liquor habit and nervous exhaustion, or results of overwork, talk the best sense yet. They say the nervous system is the seat of life, and controls the functions of the body. The functions of the body are to take nutrition and get rid of a corresponding amount of old and impure material. If the nerves are strong enough to do this, we are well, and the blood purifies itself every day; if not, we are ill. That is the whole system of health in a nutshell.

An instance is related of a woman whose brain was as soft as soap in both anterior lobes, and a tumor, measuring 6½ inches in its largest circumference and 5½ inches in its smallest circumference, was in the right lobe, yet this woman of thirty years retained her "mental faculties intact." "British and Foreign Medical Review," London, July, 1838, Vol. VI, p. 226.—*Dr. Foote's Health Monthly.*

Don't hawk, and blow, and spit, but use Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy.

IS THERE a soul living who has heard a sentiment emanating from the breast of veal?

**Coughs and Hoarseness.**—The irritation which induces coughing immediately relieved by use of "Brown's Bronchial Troches." Sold only in boxes.

The only way to get a murderer convicted in the West is to put a rope manufacturer on the jury.  
For dyspepsia, indigestion, depression of spirits and general debility, in their various forms, also as a preventive against fever and ague and other intermittent fevers, the "Ferro-Phosphated Elixir of Calisaya," made by Caswell, Hazard & Co., New York, and sold by all druggists, is the best tonic; and for patients recovering from fever or other sickness, it has no equal.

EVERYTHING is beautiful in cherry time, but not to the man who eats milk and cherries.

"Rough on Pain" Plaster, Porosed, 10c. Best.  
"Rough on Pain," Liquid, Quick cure, 20c.  
"Rough on Catarrh." Cures all, worst cases, 50c.  
"Rough on Piles." Sure cure, 50c. Druggists.

"Rough on Dirt" for the toilet bath or shampoo. Perfectly harmless. Nice for washing infants, children or adults. For Miners, Machinists and others whose employment begrimes the clothing and hands. Invaluable in Hospitals, Asylums and Prisons as a disinfectant and purifier.

**A Profitable Investment**  
Can be made in a postal card, if it is used to send your address on to Hallett & Co., Portland, Maine, who can furnish you work that you can do and live at home, wherever you are located; few there are who cannot earn over \$5 per day, and some have made over \$50. Capital not required; you are started free. Either sex; all ages. All particulars free.

If afflicted with Sore Eyes, use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye Water. Druggists sell at 25c.

**BRONCHITIS** is cured by frequent small doses of Piso's Cure for Consumption.

"Rough on Bile Pills." Little, but good, 10 & 25c.  
"Rough on Itch" cures humors, eruptions, Tetter.  
"Rough on Worms." Sure Cure, 25c.  
"Rough on Pain" Plaster, Porosed 10c. Best.

## It Should Be Generally Known

That the multitude of diseases of a scrofulous nature generally proceed from a torpid condition of the liver. The blood becomes impure because the liver does not act properly and work off the poison from the system, and the certain results are blotches, pimples, eruptions, swellings, tumors, ulcers, and kindred affections, or settling upon the lungs and poisoning their delicate tissues, until ulceration, breaking down, and consumption is established. Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" will, by acting upon the liver and purifying the blood, cure all these diseases.

A CONNECTICUT man has invented a paper carpet. Of course it will be read.

EVERY person is interested in their own affairs, and if this meets the eye of any one who is suffering from the effects of a torpid liver, we will admit that he is interested in getting well. Get a bottle of Prickly Ash Bitters, use it as directed, and you will always be glad you read this item.

If consistency is a jewel, why isn't it more fashionable to wear it?

## The Public Interested.

When manufacturers of an article are asking the public to consume their wares, it is indeed refreshing to know that they are reliably endorsed, as illustrated by the united endorsement of Dr. Harter's Iron Tonic and Liver Pills by the druggists of St. Paul.

"Rough on Rats" clears out Rats, Mice, 15c.  
"Rough on Corns" hard or soft corns, 15c.  
"Rough on Toothache." Instant relief, 15c.  
"Rough on Coughs," "Tropches, 10c. Liquid, 25c.

"Rough on Dirt" is unequalled for Dish-washing, House and Paint Cleaning, Cleaning Windows, Pails, Pans, Knives, Forks, Jewelry, Wash Basins, Bath Tubs, Sinks, Water Closets, &c. Cuts the dirt, without injury or discoloration. Keep it on the wash and toilet stands.

## PRICKLY ASH BITTERS

IT IS A PURELY VEGETABLE PREPARATION CONTAINING PRICKLY ASH BARK AND PRICKLY ASH BERRIES. SENNA-MANDRAKE-BUCHU AND OTHER EQUALLY EFFICIENT REMEDIES. It has stood the Test of Years, in Curing all Diseases of the BLOOD, LIVER, STOMACH, KIDNEYS, BOWELS, &c. It Purifies the Blood, Invigorates and Cleanses the System.

**PRICKLY ASH BITTERS**  
CURES ALL DISEASES OF THE LIVER, KIDNEYS, STOMACH AND BOWELS.  
FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.  
PRICE 1 DOLLAR.  
Sole Proprietors, 86 LOUISIANA AND KANSAS CITY.

## BENSON'S CAPSICINE POROUS PLASTER

Highest Awards of Medals in Europe and America.

The nearest, quickest, safest and most powerful remedy known for Rheumatism, Pleurisy, Neuralgia, Lumbago, Backache, W. aches, colic in the chest, and all aches and pains. Indorsed by 5000 Physicians and Druggists of the highest repute. Benson's Plaster promptly relieve and cure where other plasters and greasy salves, liniments and lotions, are absolutely useless. Beware of imitations under similar sounding names, such as "Capsicum," "Capsicine," &c. as they are utterly worthless and intended to deceive. Ask for BENSON'S and TAKE NO OTHERS. All druggists, NEARBY W. JOHNSON, Proprietors, New York.

Piso's Remedy for Catarrh is the Best, Easiest to Use, and Cheapest.  
**CATARRH**  
Also good for Cold in the Head, Headache, Hay Fever, &c. 50 cents.

**RUPTURE**  
If you want relief and cure at your home, send for Dr. J. A. Sherman's circular of instructions, 24 Broadway, New York.

**GOGEBIC IRON MINING STOCKS** bought & sold. Reliable information furnished. The Milwaukee Mining Exchange, Milwaukee, Wis. Telephone 1334.

**OPIUM** Morphine Habit Cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till cured. Dr. J. Stephens, Lebanon, Ohio.

**\$5 to \$5 a day.** Samples worth \$1.50. FREE. Lines not under the horse's feet. Address Brewster's Safety Rein Holder, Holly, Mich.

**MONEY MADE FAST** in Gogebic stocks, and new town lots. Seedling guaranteed. Maps, etc., H. F. Kirk & Co., Milwaukee, Wis.

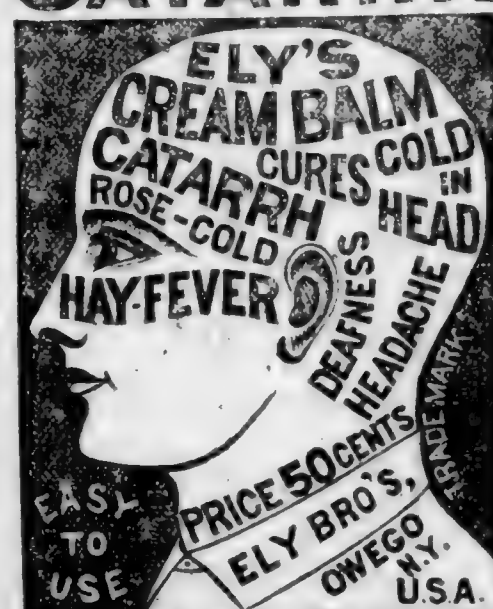
**PENSIONS COLLECTED** and increased by Fitzgerald & Powell, Indianapolis, Ind. Old cases renewed. Send for copy of law free.

**MONEY MADE IN** Gogebic Stocks. Reliable information furnished. C. G. COX & CO., 104 New Insurance Building, Milwaukee, Wis.

## PAINT YOUR BUGGY for ONE DOLLAR

By using COIT'S ONE-COAT BUGGY PAINT. Paint Friday, run it to Church-Sunday. Six fashionable shades: Black, Maroon, Vermilion, Olive Lake, Brewster and Wagon Green. No Varnishing necessary. Dries hard with a high Gloss. Try for Chairs, Furniture, Baby Carriages, Front Doors, Sash, Frames, etc. Will send enough to paint your Buggy upon receipt of One Dollar, and warrant it to wear. Discount to the Trade. COIT & CO., 208 & 206 Kinzie St., Chicago, Ill.

## CATARRH



## HAY-FEVER

ELY'S CREAM BALM  
Is not a liquid, snuff or powder. Applied into nostrils is quickly absorbed. It cleanses the head. Allays Inflammation. Heals the sores. Restores the senses of taste and smell. 50 cents at Druggists; by mail, register red 100 cents. ELY BROTHERS, Druggists, Owego, N. Y.

## HARTER'S IRON TONIC

THE ONLY TRUE  
Will purify the BLOOD, regulate the LIVER and KIDNEYS and Restore the HEALTH and VIGOR of YOUTH. Dyspepsia, Want of Appetite, Indigestion, Lack of Strength and Tired Feeling absolutely cured. Bones, muscles and nerves receive new force. Enlivens the mind and supplies Brain Power. Suffering from complaints peculiar to their sex will find in DR. HARTE'S IRON TONIC a safe, speedy cure. Gives a clear, healthy complexion. All attempts at counterfeiting only add to its popularity. Do not experiment—get ORIGINAL AND BEST.  
Dr. HARTE'S LIVER PILLS  
(Cure Constipation, Liver Complaint and Sick Headache. Sample Dose and Dream Book mailed on receipt of two cents in postage.)  
THE DR. HARTE MEDICINE CO., ST. LOUIS, MO.

## PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION

HAINESVILLE, N. J., October 15, 1880.  
H. T. HAZRITING, Warren, Pa.  
Dear Sir:  
I was taken with a very severe cold last Spring, and tried every cure we had in the store, and could get no help.  
I had our village doctor prescribe for me, but kept getting worse. I saw another physician from Port Jervis, N. Y., and he told me he used Piso's Cure for Consumption in his practice.  
I bought a bottle, and before I had taken all of it there was a change for the better. Then I got my employer to order a quantity of the medicine and keep it in stock. I took one more bottle, and my Cough was cured.  
Respectfully,  
FRANK McKEELY.

## PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION

CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.  
Best Cough Syrup. Tastes good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.

## REGULATE your Watch with Teske's Regulator.

N. U. F. W. No. 12-87.  
When Writing to Advertisers, please say you saw the Advertisement in this paper.



MORT & WILL OLDS, PUBLISHERS.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:  
One Year, in advance ..... \$0.75  
Six Months ..... 50  
Three Months ..... 25

Entered at the Post Office at St. Joe as second-class matter.

FRIDAY MARCH 18, 1887.

SPENCERVILLE.

Rev. Fryberger and wife are visiting relatives in Ohio.

G. A. Bishop returned from Kan-keo last Friday.

Frank Wise has moved into the house vacated by Tom Fales.

Miss Hattie Langley, of St. Joe, was calling on her friends at this place last Friday.

There will be no service at the Lutheran church next Sunday, the minister being absent.

Raymond Rhoads who was seriously injured some time ago is again able to attend school.

Rev. Curry has closed the meeting at the M. E. church. The next regular service will be next Sunday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Miller and Miss Laura Wilson, of Garrett, who have been spending a few days with her mother, returned home Monday.

The Missionary Society of the Lutheran church, will be entertained by Mrs. John Beams, Thursday, March 21st 1887. A cordial invitation is given to all.

Mrs. McGilvery and children started last Tuesday for Kansas where her husband went a few weeks ago, and where they will make their future home. Our best wishes for their future success go with them.

Henry Ables went to Waterloo last Friday on business.

Howard Northup has a good collection of fine poultry.

Bryan, Ohio, has got to be mighty big feeling since it struck "ile."

We have been kept pretty busy the past week doing job work.

Geo. DeLong, of Newville, has just returned from a visit to friends in Pa.

The first robbin appeared several days ago, but we forgot to say any thing about it.

Persons handing in articles for publication in this paper, should do so as early as Wednesday.

The Waterloo Press is always newsy, but last week's issue was brim full and overflowing with local news.

There seems to be quite an emigration of people from Hicksville to Independence, Missouri. Going west to grow up with the country we suppose.

We printed some sale bills for V. C. Bronson, of Newville, this week. He will sell his personal property, on the old Allen farm near Newville, on March 21st 1887.

It is impossible to avoid once in a while making a mistake, and if it should ever happen that you don't get your paper, report it to us and we will supply you with another copy.

The editor of the Hicksville News must be a bad, bad man, at least he acknowledges himself that when the cashier of the bank, at that place sees him lift the latch of the front door he always closes the door of the vault and locks it.

OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

COBURNTOWN.

Henry Milliman has put a new roof on his house.

Frank Scholes showed his smiling face at church, Monday night.

We shall be under the necessity of leaving out the mud in our items this week.

We understand the B. & O. are carrying passengers free from Coburntown to St. Joe now, and if they don't want to get off at St. Joe they can go on to Auburn.

There has been 15 accessions to the church at the Corners up to date, and the meeting is still in progress, with prospects of many more. It gives us great pleasure to note the fact that Coburntown is now wide awake, and we begin to feel as though our humble efforts are being crowned with success.

We expect to be able to chronicle a wedding in the near future. W. P. was seen to come into church the other night with a fair damsel on his arm; but one of the good sisters tried to prevent him taking his seat, and but for the assistance of an other good sister, would have accomplished it; he succeeded in maintaining his rights, however. Georgie sat and looked on with a sort of a "don't care" look upon his face.

ACBURN.

R. S. McClellan is assisting in the Clerk's office in absence of Clerk Huseleman.

The alarm of fire in the north end of town Saturday afternoon, brought the Fire Department out in time that done them credit.

The Auburn Gas and Oil Mining Co., have organized with \$5000,00 capital stock subscribed, and expect to commence operations soon.

Clerk Huseleman, J. J. VanAuken, Frank Zimmerman and T. H. Spratt, started for Kansas, Tuesday morning and expect to be gone two weeks.

There was a gentleman here from Pittsburg, Pa., Monday to contract with the Gas and Oil Co. to drill; we understand they did not let the contract yet.

A. P. Fought, of Fremont, O., has purchased the stock of groceries formerly belonging to G. C. Ralston, and will continue the business at the old stand.

PIGEON'S RETREAT.

Laten Lake is keeping "bach" this week.

Some of the farmers have commenced plowing.

The frogs croaked here last Friday for the first time this spring.

W. Rudy and B. Hill have chopped over fifty cords of wood for S. S. Shutt, this spring.

Several ladies from Concord and vicinity, visited at Mrs. Libbie Wason's on Thursday of last week.

Why don't we hear from Pleasant Hill or Colman's corners? The circle of correspondents would then be complete.

Mrs. Minnie Shilling sold several bronze turkeys last week. A good many will be raised in this section the coming summer.

What is the reason that the Coburntown correspondent can't take a hint without a kick? (Don't know, but suppose he can tell.)

Will Rudy will work at his trade, viz: carpenter, as soon as the weather settles. He is a good workman and guarantees satisfaction.

John Shilling returned home last week, from Mich., where he has been nearly all winter buying stock. We bid him "Welcome home."

CONCORD.

John Guysinger's youngest child is sick with scarlet rash.

Wonder if Barcus will permit us to say the mud is drying up very fast.

Miss Hattie Langley, of St. Joe, was the guest of Mrs. F. Buchanan last Tuesday.

David Miller, son of Jacob Miller, of Michigan, is here and will probably remain all summer.

Miss Lily Melton has gone to Ill. to spend the summer with an aunt residing in that state.

Mrs. E. Baker, Mrs. M. Hennessey and Miss Lydie Wyatt visited friends in St. Joe last Thursday.

F. Buchanan attended the Sunday school convention at Auburn, last Wednesday and Thursday.

Mrs. Dessie Milliman has been very sick for about two weeks, and now is but very little better.

Last Tuesday Mrs. Flora Simanton celebrated her birthday by inviting in a few friends, and then gave them carpet rags to sew.

What is the reason there is a light in Mr. Hilderbrand's parlor so late every Saturday night? Yes, the music of a Belle, that calls Tuck to see the girl he loves so well.

Last Friday night there was a full house of both sexes at the debate, to listen to a very deep and intricate question, that was discussed by the wise-acres of this community.

Last week James Rickett was called to Michigan to see a sick brother, but when he got there he found him very much better, and he came back with James and will remain for a short time.

One of our young men went to see his girl last Sunday night. In the morning she said, "Don't you think that great dunce stayed until half past nine." That wasn't late, we never go home so early.

Charlie Koch says he is going over to Auburn this week, to have an old tooth extracted, and a new one to replace the old one; and he shudders as though he expected to have the top of his head taken off.

It is a mystery to us, how some people can make so much maple syrup with so few trees. Will says that Will told him that she made twenty-one gallons of syrup from three trees, and intended to make more, but the sap quit running.

Did any body see S. W. go into St. Joe last Sunday evening on horse back? He went over to Auburn the day before to see his best girl, and as he came back Sabbath afternoon, he stopped on the way to see his other best girl a little while, and when he started home as he went to get in the buggy, the horse started and upset the buggy, breaking the shafts and doing some other damages. S. was hurt but not very seriously.

The Concord correspondent of the Courier says it is rumored that if light haired Johnnie comes back in the spring there will be a wedding in our neighborhood. Well, if he does, and there should be no wedding we feel quite sure that his girl will not feel as blue and despondent as a certain brunette of our neighborhood did when she heard Jim was married; but never mind, she will get there yet, if a certain Doctor of Valparaiso don't die of old age too soon.

Henry Ward Beecher was 74 years old.

Oliver Greenwalt was in town last Friday.

The Butler Record was ten years old last week.

Two car loads of dutchmen arrived at Auburn last week. So says the Dispatch.

M. TUSTISON,

DEALER IN

GROCERIES,

ROLLER FLOUR,

PROVISIONS, OYSTERS, LEMONS,

ORANGES, CANDIES, CIGARS &c.

MAIN ST. - ST. JOE, IND.

WILLIAM CURIE,

PROPRIETOR OF

MEAT MARKET

ST. JOE, IND.

Highest market price paid for Hides, Tallow &c. Give me a call.

J. F. WALKER,

MAKER AND DEALER IN

Harness, Collars,

WHIPS, HARNESS OIL, &c.

ST. JOE, IND.

Repairing done promptly. Prices as low as the lowest. Call and see.

A. KINSEY,

DEALER IN

FURNITURE

BUREAUS, TABLES,

Lounges, Beds, Chairs &c.

MAIN STREET, ST. JOE, IND.

All styles of Parlor Goods furnished to order at low prices. Thanking you for past favors I solicit your future patronage.

F. A. ZEIGLER,

MAKER AND DEALER IN

HARNESS,

COLLARS,

WHIPS &c.

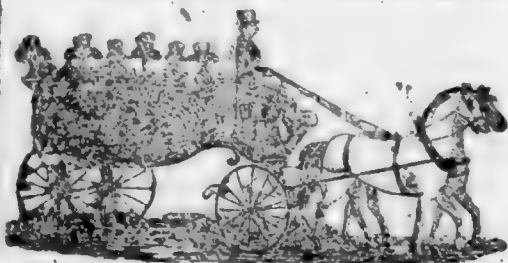
FLY NETS,

DUSTERS,

OILS &c.

St. Joe, Ind.

Prices the Lowest. All work guaranteed. Call and see me.



A. KINSEY.

Undertaker and Embalmer. Keeps on hand constantly, a stock of Undertaking Supplies, Coffins, Caskets, Burial Robes &c. I can supply as fine goods as can be furnished. Will attend to making all arrangements for funerals. Calls responded to at all hours of the night. Office on corner of Main and Second Streets; residence on corner of Main and Fourth Streets, St. Joe, Ind.



## Business Notices.

**H. W. BOWMAN, M. D., Physician and Surgeon, St. Joe, Ind.** Office opposite the Drugstore.

**ST. JOE HOTEL, Wm. Leighty, proprietor.** Special attention given to furnishing teams for commercial men.

**B. S. SHEFFER, M. D., Physician and Surgeon, St. Joe, Ind.** Prompt and careful attention to all business entrusted to his care.

**ST. JOE BARBER SHOP, one door west of hotel, Will Gee, proprietor.** Satisfaction guaranteed. Your patronage is solicited.

**FULLEY, LOUNSBERRY AND SHULER, proprietors of the St. Joe Saw and Planing Mill.** All work promptly done. Cash paid for Oak Logs.

**CITY BARBER SHOP, St. Joe, Ind., John Hull, proprietor.** Shaving, Hair Cutting &c. done in the best of style. Come and see me. Two doors west of Kinsey's Furniture Store.

**SIMON WINELAND, proprietor St. Joe Handle, Shingle and Feed Mills.** Feed grinding a specialty. Highest prices paid for second growth White Ash. Enquire at the mill for full particulars.

**STAR WIND PUMP, E. A. Wannemaker, agent, Newville, Ind.** Farmers who think of buying a mill should give me a call before doing so. The Star Mill is the best and prices the lowest.

## LOCALS.

We haven't seen any thing of that grist mill yet.

Miss Viola Widney is visiting with friends in Michigan.

M. T. Bishop has had a big trade in lumber and shingles this week.

Miss Violet Barney has been quite sick this week, but is some better.

Rev. Thomas will preach in the Lutheran church Sunday evening.

George Ables left Monday, for Angola, where he will attend school this year.

Cash Lounsberry now receives a salary of \$1300.00 per year for his services as mail agent. Cash will be home on a visit in June.

We are behind one day with the News this week. It isn't our fault though, however, as our "patent insides" fail to arrive on time.

Rev. Cyrus Alton will preach in the Lutheran church Sunday morning. Rev. Alton was formerly a resident of this neighborhood, and his old friends here will no doubt be glad to hear him.

There was a party at Ad Chubb's Monday evening, given in honor of the nineteenth birthday of his daughter Lizzie. A large number of her young friends were present, and enjoyed themselves highly. She received several fine presents.

Rebecca Carnes will sell her personal property, consisting of 1 horse, 1 two year old colt, 1 milch cow, 7 head of young cattle, 3 head of hogs, 1 lot of tile and other articles; at her residence south-west of Spencerville, on Thursday, March 24th, 1887.

August Kinsey has quit smoking. It won't last long.

Uncle John Baker was severely bitten by a hog the other day.

Spring Stock of shoes received this week, at the Nimble Nickle store.

Preaching in town three times last Sunday, and the services were all well attended.

Over three billion and half cigars all went up in smoke from the United States, last year.

Isn't it about time that the newspapers should let up on gas, and write about something else.

The weather signal flags at Auburn have been done away with. Guess at it; you'll hit it just as often.

Dr. Talmage received 313 new members into his church a couple of Sundays ago. He now has over 4000 members.

Now that spring has come, clean up your door yards and haul off the rubbish. Clean yards and clean streets make a clean town.

Mart Testison has kalsomined the interior part of his grocery, and given it a thorough cleaning up; until it looks like a new place entirely.

An examination of those who wish to graduate from the district schools will be held at the school building in St. Joe, on Saturday, March 19th, 1887.

So many noted men are dying off, that Mel Bishop is getting alarmed for fear he may drop off suddenly some of these times. We don't feel very well ourselves.

C. H. Brown made us a pleasant call Monday. Cal is now a partner in the Auburn Church Furniture Co., one of the most thriving manufacturing institutions of Auburn.

The B. & O. railroad sold out last week, for 16 million dollars. Hank Reynolds was going to take it in, but he hadn't quite change enough; just lacked a few cents.

Cal Brown told us last Monday that the Auburn Church Furniture Co., with which he is connected, is having a large and increasing trade. They are finishing a job of seats for a church in Chicago, that will amount to \$1500.00. Cal said they had recently supplied a church up Salt River with seats. The last time we were up Salt River they didn't have any churches.

Talk up your own town; speak well of it; help to improve it. Advertise in, and read your home paper. Patronize your home merchants every time. Help all public enterprises. Speak well of everybody. Respect a good citizen, and be one yourself. Remember that every dollar invested in improvements is that much toward building up the town. Always encourage the men who are willing to spend the money they make in improving and beautifying the town. Do this and you will help to build up the town.

St. Joe is out-growing its clothes. When the present school house was built, it was thought to be amply large enough, but the experience of the past winter has proven that it is now too small to accommodate the increased number of scholars who wish to attend. The teachers this winter have labored under some disadvantages in the way of crowded rooms, and yet they are to be congratulated on the successful manner in which they have managed the schools. We have heard no complaint, but on the rather we have heard words of praise. We think however, that the citizens of St. Joe should, if possible, see to it that an additional room be built, before the fall term of school begins. The necessity of the case demands that this should be done.

J. H. CONRAD,

DEALER IN

## ROOFING AND SPOUTING

GUTTERING, HOUSE FURNISHING GOODS,

Cutlery, Nails, Paints, Woodenware &c.

MAIN STREET,

ST. JOE, IND.

All work and goods guaranteed to give satisfaction. Give me a call

AT THE

St. Joe

DRUG

STORE.

White-wash Brushes.  
Kalsomine Brushes.  
Paint and Wall Brushes.  
Artist's Brushes.  
Marking Brushes.  
Shoe and Hair Brushes.  
Tooth and Clothes Brushes.

AT THE

St. Joe

DRUG

STORE.

## ST. JOE MARKETS.

CORRECTED EVERY FRIDAY.

Wheat	78 cts.
Oats	49 cts.
Corn	40 cts.
Butter	15 cts.
Eggs	10 cts.
Tallow	31 cts.
Lard	10 cts.

## Baltimore & Ohio R. R.

WEST BOUND.

No. 9 Mail and Express 11:10 A.M.  
3 Chicago Express 10:13 P.M.  
35 Local Freight 3:53 P.M.

EAST BOUND.

No. 10 Express and Mail 2:08 P.M.  
4 Morning Express 2:57 A.M.  
34 Local Freight 3:00 A.M.

H. K. REYNOLDS, AGENT.

## NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that an election will be held in the Lutheran church in St. Joe, Ind., on Saturday afternoon, April 9th, 1887, at 3 o'clock, by the St. Mark's Congregation of the Evangelical Lutheran church of the Synod of Northern Ind., to elect three (3) trustees for said congregation, to hold their office for five (5) years, or until their successors are elected.

John Leighty,  
Trustees: Robert Davis,  
W. C. Patterson.

## FOR SALE OR TRADE.

One Good Truck Wagon; will sell or trade for a cow. Enquire at Simon Wineland's.

## SCHOOL NOTES.

Are we to have a Normal school here this summer?

Trustee Dermott visited the schools Wednesday forenoon.

Sickness has prevented several scholars from attending school this week.

Examination for graduation next Saturday; a large class is expected this year.

Several of the young ladies who are attending school expect to teach the coming summer.

Both schools spelled down last Friday. Miss Nena Leighty spelled the primary school down.

The school building will certainly have to be enlarged before another winter, if they expect to accommodate all who wish to attend.

Mrs. Sheffer has been absent from school a part of the week, on account of sickness. Miss Nina Filley had charge of her department during her absence.



It is an old story, but it is a true story. The man never gets in old or gets hedges to learn something. He has learned to ride horses for a newspaper. He may even be a gifted poet. He writes a verse or poetry, and yet will not let his grates, there is a chance for him to learn something fresh. If he only wants to, last Monday Russ Koburn started to come to Saint Joe, and when he got onto the railroad track he found a fine frame poking along in the same direction that he was going, and he thought it would be a good idea to get aboard; he supposed of course the wood stop at Saint Joe. When the got near town he found that instead of slaking up the began to go and the faster. He then began to realize that something must be did, so that ride off, or he would go thru to infernet an have to walk back. Russ didn't know just what to do; he wanted to jump but he didn't know just how to do it. He thought of home and friends, and of all the meanness he had ever done; he thought if he could get out of that trouble he would try to be a better man. Finally the conductor came out on the back end of the kaboose and told him how to jump off so that it would not hurt him; he told him to jump kinder stiff-legged, and to try and lift a few feet ahead of where he came down. Russ bid the conductor a tender gude by, and then made the one grate leap of his life time. The rules and ties flew up and struck him and over; nothing was visible to him for a few moments but the twinkling of about two billion stars. When he came to, he gathered up as much of himself as he could find lying around loose, and came into town and got his wounds dressed, and as we said in the beginning of this article, so we say to clothes, a man is never too old to learn.

Barcus Q. Hippenhammer.

This has been a splendid season for making maple syrup. Everybody ought to be sweet.

The Women's Christian Temperance Union will meet at the home of Mrs. J. D. Leighty, on Thursday afternoon, March 24, 1887, at 3 o'clock. This being the time of the annual election of officers, a full attendance of the membership is desired.



## REMINISCENCES OF PUBLIC MEN.

BY BENJ. PERLEY POORE.

Baron Boileau came to the United States as Secretary of the French Legation, and was for nearly a year chargé d'affaires. Subsequently he was Consul of France at New York City, and while there he married Susan, the youngest daughter of Senator Benton. Subsequently he was appointed Minister to Ecuador. While in New York he was induced to recommend, as an official agent of Government, the negotiation of the Memphis and El Paso Railroad bonds, issued under the auspices of his brother-in-law, Gen. Fremont. Boileau was discharged from the diplomatic corps, and sentenced to imprisonment. While in prison his wife died, leaving six children. Senator Sumner and others endeavored to have Baron Boileau's term of imprisonment shortened, and I believe with some success. He was a very accomplished gentleman, and his visit to New England friends always gave them great pleasure.

August Belmont, who has for some years been the agent of the Rothschilds at New York, has exercised a powerful influence in the Democratic party. He married a daughter of the Commodore Perry who discovered Japan, not the one who fought on Lake Erie, and he was for years the leader of fashionable society in New York. Personally he resembles Leopold Morse, except that he limps a little, owing to a wound received in a duel when he first came to this country. He has never held office except when for a time he was Consul General of Austria at New York, and afterwards United States Minister to Holland. His son, Perry Belmont, now in Congress, is a smart young fellow, lavish in his expenditures, and anxious for distinction.

Boss Tweed had his eye on the United States Treasury, and had he not been arrested in his speculations at New York, he would have elected Gov. Seymour, or some one else whom he could have controlled. As a first step in this direction, he invested \$25,000 in the establishment of a newspaper at Washington, aided by Mr. Corcoran and other hard-shell Bourbons. When about \$30,000 had been sunk in the publication of the paper, Tweed came to grief, and the *Patriot* was no longer published.

During the winter of 1866 a New York artist who had executed a fine painting representing the death of President Lincoln brought it to Washington and placed it in one of the committee-rooms of the Capitol, his object being to obtain life-sittings from some of the parties whose portraits were included in the group surrounding the death-bed of the dying President, the portraits having been painted from photographs. One of the most conspicuous portraits in the group was that of Edwin M. Stanton, Secretary of War, who was represented as standing a few feet from the head of the bed, towards which his head was turned, a full profile view of his head being visible. His left arm was thrown behind him, and in his hand he held a paper supposed to be a telegram. Strange as it may seem, the artist had represented him in a lilac coat and drab pantaloons, of a fashionable cut, and as unlike the loosely-fitting garments of dark cloth which he usually wore as it would seem possible to make them. So confident were those who saw the picture that Mr. Stanton would be angry when he saw himself portrayed in such a ridiculous costume, that the artist was urged to repaint it before he should visit the room; but this advice was unheeded. Mr. Stanton finally called at the room to give the artist the desired sitting. Taking a seat in a large armchair, he looked earnestly at the picture, which was then rapidly approaching completion. For a moment the deep silence which pervaded the room was painfully significant. It was finally broken by Mr. Stanton, who uttered a most emphatic and indignant protest against being presented in a fashionable and fancy costume, so totally different from that in which he was usually attired. "And who ever heard," said he, "of a cabinet minister wearing a lilac coat and drab pantaloons?" These were his precise words. As he proceeded he grew fearfully angry, and finally rose to his feet. His face was almost purple, and his burly frame quivered with rage. His wrath was truly volcanic. For several moments he held undisputed monopoly of the situation, for no one present had the temerity to inter-

rupt him. The artist seemed paralyzed with astonishment, not unmixed with fear, and leaned against the marble mantel for support. His left hand grasped his palette and brushes, and his arm hung powerless by his side, while his face was of an ashy paleness. After Mr. Stanton had given full expression to his feelings, and his anger had, consequently, become somewhat modified, a friend of the artist, who fortunately happened to be present, took a seat by his side and entered into conversation with him, but found it impossible to convince him that he had not been grossly insulted. "What would you think," said he, "if old Mr. Welles, who sits by the bedside, was represented in knee breeches and with buckles on his shoes?" "I should think," was the reply, "that the artist had committed an unpardonable anachronism, which he has not done in your case; for though he has taken a license in the draping of your portrait, he has strictly adhered to the costume of the day, while knee-breeches and shoe-buckles belong to a bygone period." He made no reply, but remained silent for several minutes. Finally, turning to the artist, he said: "That, sir, is your painting, and you can do whatever you please with it; but I will never endorse its accuracy or give you a sitting until you repaint the drapery of my portrait." After making this emphatic declaration he was again silent for some minutes, when the artist, who had recovered his self-possession, ventured to speak to him and state why he had thought it advisable to drape his portrait in colors so offensive to him, assuring him that his sole object in doing so was to avoid the unpleasant monotony inseparable from a group of male portraits clad in the unpicturesque costume of our time. He also assured him that if he would give him another sitting he would repaint the drapery of his figure in any style or color he might suggest. With this assurance Mr. Stanton seemed perfectly satisfied, and immediately took a chair, where he sat patiently and quietly for an hour while the last touches were added to the face of his portrait. During this sitting he conversed very pleasantly, and was as gentle and as amiable as a little child. At times his rugged features would be lighted up by a happy smile, which seemed like a gleam of sunshine after a terrific storm. On the day following the events above narrated Mr. Stanton visited Brady's gallery by appointment, where he was met by the artist who had so unintentionally offended him, and stood for a photograph, from which his figure was entirely repainted, to the great satisfaction of himself and his family.

### Would Talk Irish.

During the legislative vacation Senator Cullom took a trip to Europe. While in Paris he saw Chauncey M. Depew, who was the first man that the Senator had met who understood English. Going up to him he warmly grasped him by the hand and said, in a way peculiar to the Senator:

"Mr. Depew, how are you? I am pleased to meet you, if it is only to have somebody to talk English to and who will talk English to me."

Mr. Depew eyed him for a while and then pured forth a speech in the most excellent French. That the Senator was astounded goes without saying. He tried all the arts known to him to induce the President of the Central road to reply to him in English, but failed. Finally, becoming desperate, he shook his fist in his face and said:

"Mr. Depew, I'll get even with you! I hear you are traveling for pleasure, and that you will go to Ireland before you are through. I'll make it my business to meet you there, and if you speak to me you will have to speak in Irish for I shall use no other tongue."—*New York Star*.

SEVERAL young men were sitting together, and a young lady happened to approach the vicinity. One "real sweet" young fellow seeing, as he supposed, the young lady looking at him, remarked, playfully and with a becoming simper, "Well, miss, you needn't look at me as though you wanted to eat me." "Oh, no," replied the young lady, "I never eat greens."

"It may be," saith a philosopher, that he who yerns for perfection in this world makes a great mistake, for as soon as anything arrives at perfect ripeness it begins to decay."

PREJUDICE is the reason of fools.—*Voltaire*.

### Davy Crockett.

No quieter or more gentlemanly person did I ever meet than David Crockett.

He came slowly lounging into the venerable office of *The National Intelligencer* one severe winter afternoon, when and where I was industriously warming my little boy, body all round the small, square stove.

There was a vacant chair near me. He took it with solemn deliberation. Then over the flat stove-top he extended his big, rough hands.

"Cold," he said. "Nothing more for a long while."

I looked up at him, looked intently; for this was an uncommon comer. A large form—to my boyish idea gigantic—a great, strange head, down each side of which, from a middle parting, fell long, black hair. Something savage about him, yet a most gentle savage, as if he could fondle a baby, pet a puss, and even cry very heartily, being moved by proper circumstance.

My father, present, of course, for he "belonged to the office," observing my amazement, found opportunity to whisper in my ear: "David Crockett."

I knew a few things about the famous man—knew that his life had been a romance surpassing the imaginings of any poet or novelist—knew, and what so surprising as this—that he was now a member of Congress. Indeed, I had heard read at the breakfast-table some of the "bar stories," with which he frequently amused, convulsed, and convinced the House.

I saw David Crockett.

Presently I felt David Crockett. His big right hand, gliding away from the hot stove-plate, chose to rest itself lovingly among the curls of my hair.

"You never met a 'bar'?" remarked Davy; "in course you never?"

I acknowledged my total unacquaintance.

"Would like to?"

"Certainly."

"Don't know. Better hear about 'em first."

"I'd be glad to hear, them."

"So you shall, my boy. I'll tell you a story of one I seed once."

I was charmed with the anticipation. He would have begun it immediately, but several members, Senators, and others that moment entered the office.

Their business soon over, they still lingered, for a whisper had stolep among them, and more chairs were brought up to the fire, and an expectant circle unexpectedly resulted.

"I was going to tell this 'bar' story," resumed Davy, when every voice interrupted him with:

"Tell it! tell it! We all wish to hear it!"

He complied. Listening that afternoon proved my chief enjoyment of life to date. Listening seemed to prove a similar sensation to every person of the group. It was grand excitement just to listen. Whatever was related we saw. We lived along the remarkable incidents from word to word. Who of mortals, save David Crockett, could display such vivid power—could so wield thunder and lightning? Yet it was not altogether terror. Comical situations were introduced. We were eager, we were alarmed, we were suddenly in most violent paroxysms of laughter.—*Brooklyn Magazine*.

### The Baby's Bank Account.

It is not to a baby millionaire that I wish to call your attention, nor even to any baby; but to the finances of your baby.

You, of course, know all about what the little fellow has cost, and know what he is likely to cost, not only in dollars and cents, but in wakeful, watchful hours and anxieties innumerable. But, after awhile, the now costly baby will require not only schooling, but business education, and a foundation upon which to stand in the great money-getting world.

There are so many ups and downs with prosperous people, that the child of wealth to-day may twenty years hence be eking out a scanty living as clerk; and, on the other hand, the little fellow whose baby wardrobe is plain and limited, by the same time may be on the broad road to fortune.

When you sit by the darling's cradle is the time to thoughtfully mature your plans for the future. There are so many little trifles bought for baby that might be dispensed with and the money allowed to accumulate for future use. It is wonderful how nice a sum may repose in one of the many saving-fund institutions by just a little

forethought and economy. A Mayor in a Southern city gave on Saturday evening to his four little daughters all the dimes he happened to have in his pocket. A lady of my acquaintance saved all her gold pieces for her son, depositing them in bank to his credit she acting as trustee. Another lady having a small house renting for \$8 a month, put the sum to her children's account in the savings fund, and carefully refrained from using any of it.

I know of many instances of well-to-do parents who are faithfully laying up for the children, and that in a small matter-of-fact way which would astonish many with whom they mingle in society. A pencil and paper and a half hour or less spent in calculating the possible accumulation of even \$20 a year for twenty years will show what can be done.—*Babyhood*.

### Mary Stuart.

We could wish, if it were possible, that no one should be allowed to write about Mary Stuart who has not previously testified his acceptance of and who shall not in his writing adhere to the following propositions: That Scotch and English, Catholic and Protestant, *nullo discrimine habeat* in the matter. That he will constantly bear in mind the ideas prevailing at the time about statecraft and public morality, and will never assume that Mary or that Elizabeth, that Cecil or that Murray "could not" have done this or that thing which a modern Queen and a modern statesman would think it wrong to do. That instead of arguing down from a preconceived character of this or that person to the probable conduct of that person in such a case, he will examine the recorded conduct in the cases, compare it with the general morality, public and private, of the time, and then, and then only, construct his general character. That he will carefully exclude not only the national and religious prejudices referred to, but all minor irrelevant provocations to *ira* and *studium*. These are hard conditions, no doubt, but if they be not observed study of such a problem as the character of Queen Mary becomes impossible. And, above all things, it is necessary that the inquirer into this question should from the beginning understand that he is not called upon to decide between the theories of a glorified saint, such as Father Stevenson seems to picture, and a white devil like the creature of Kingsley's and Mr. Froude's imagination, or even a kind of Renaissance Venus, such as Mr. Swinburne would like to fancy. Glorified saints are not met with at Kirk and market every day; white devils also are scarce, and even Renaissance Venuses *dans ces parages*. Our own conviction, founded upon a very long study of the facts, is that an investigation conducted on these principles will find "not proven" in regard to the two great charges against Mary, with a decided leaning to acquittal in the case of Darnley and a dubious leaning to condemnation in the case of Elizabeth, this latter qualified by a strong recommendation to mercy considering the great provocation received and the ideas of the time on the modes of vengeance open to sovereigns. Further, we have no doubt that the execution of Mary was a crime in the eyes not only of international law, but of true statesmanship and general morality, differentiated duly for time and place.—*Saturday Review*.

### A Good String.

A well-known druggist in this city was filling an order for a lady when a hawk-eyed young man whose raiment bespoke hard times stood by without making any errand. As the lady went out he was asked what he desired:

"Twenty-five cents to pay for a night's lodging, please."

"Well, you won't get it."

"Very well, sir. You put up quinine for that lady?"

"I did."

"Suppose I follow her home and raise the query of whether you didn't make a mistake and put up morphine?"

"But it was quinine."

"No doubt, but just to show you how a word will upset some people I will run after her and—"

"Here! How much did you say you wanted?"

"A quarter, please."

"Well, here it is, and as you probably haven't had any supper here's fifteen cents extra."

"Thanks, sir, and may you never make another fatal mistake. Good-night!"—*Detroit Free Press*.



## DEATH IN THE WATER.

### Is the Element We Drink Decimating the People?

How a Universal Menace to Health May be Disarmed.

A few years ago the people in a certain section in one of the leading cities of the State were prostrated with a malignant disease, and upon investigation it was found that only those who used water from a famous old well were the victims.

Professor E. A. Lattimore, analyst of the New York State Board of Health, upon analyzing water from this well, found it more deadly than the city sewage!

The filling up of the old well stopped the ravages of the disease.

Not long since the writer noticed while some men were making an excavation for a large building, a stratum of dark-colored earth running from near the surface to hard pan. There it took another course toward a well near at hand. The water from this well had for years been tainted with the drainage from a receiving vault, the percolations of which had discolored the earth!

Terrible! A similar condition of things exists in every village and city where well water is used, and though the filtering which the fluids receive in passing through the earth may give them a clear appearance, yet the poison and disease remains, though the water may look never so clear.

It is still worse with the farmer, for the drainage from the barn yard and the slope from the kitchen eventually find their way into the family well.

The same condition of things exists in our large cities, where water supplies are rivers fed by little streams that carry off the filth and drainage from houses. This "water" is eventually drunk by rich and poor alike with great evil.

Some cautious people resort to the filter for purifying this water, but even the filter does not remove this poison, for water of the most deadly character may pass through this filter and become clear, yet the poison disguised is there.

They who use filters know that they must be renewed at regular periods, for even though they do not take out all the impurity, they soon become foul.

Now in like manner the human kidneys act as a filter for the blood, and if they are filled up with impurities and become foul, like the filter, all the blood in the system coursing through them becomes bad, for it is now a conceded fact that the kidneys are the chief means whereby the blood is purified. These organs are filled with thousands of hair-like tubes which drain the impurities from the blood, as the sewer pipes drain impurities from our houses.

If a sewer pipe breaks under the house, the sewage escapes into the earth and fills the house with poisonous gas; so if any of the thousand and one little hair-like sewer tubes of the kidneys break down, the entire body is affected by this awful poison.

It is a scientific fact that the kidneys have few nerves of sensation; and, consequently, disease may exist in these organs for a long time and not be suspected by the individual. It is impossible to filter or take the death out of the blood when the least derangement exists in these organs, and if the blood is not filtered then the uric acid, or kidney poison, removable only by Warner's safe cure, accumulates in the system and attacks any organ, producing nine out of ten ailments, just as sewer gas and bad drainage produce so many fatal disorders.

Kidney disease may be known to exist if there is any marked departure from ordinary health without apparent known cause, and it should be understood by all that the greatest peril exists, and is intensified, if there is the least neglect to treat it promptly with that great specific, Warner's safe cure, a remedy that has received the highest recognition by scientific men who have thoroughly investigated the character of kidney derangements.

They may not tell us that the cause of so many diseases in this organ is the impure water or any other one thing, but this poisonous water with its impurities coursing constantly through these delicate organs undoubtedly does produce much of the decay and disease which eventually terminate in the fatal Bright's disease, for this disease, like among the drinking men, prohibitionists, the tobacco slave, the laborer, the merchant, and the tramp, works terrible devastation every year.

It is well known that the liver, which is so easily thrown "out of gear," as they say, very readily disturbs the action of the kidneys. That organ when deranged immediately announces the fact by yellow skin, constipated bowels, coated tongue, and headaches, but the kidney when diseased struggles on for a long time, and the fact of its disease can only be discovered by the aid of the microscope or by the physician who is skillful enough to trace the most indirect effects in the system to the derangement of these organs, as the prime cause.

The public is learning much on this subject, and when it comes to understand that the kidneys are the real health regulators, as they are the real blood purifiers of the system, they will escape an infinite amount of unnecessary suffering and add length of days and happiness to their lot.

#### Medical Intelligence.

At a dinner party given at the mansion of Colonel Percy Yerger, on Austin avenue, Colonel Cortis sat into a row with Dr. Emmet, and told the latter what he thought of him, the remarks being far from flattering.

"That insult, sir," replied the Doctor, who is something of a blow-hard; "that insult will cost you your life."

"Why, Doctor, you talk as though you were my family physician."—*Texas Siftings*.

#### The Lost Bracelet.

One evening, when Napoleon I. was in all his glory, there was a grand gala production at the Grand Opera. How many reigning kings and princes occupied the boxes and balconies it is impossible for me to estimate; the very seats usually occupied by the claqueurs were filled with noblemen.

The Princess Borghese, the beautiful and accomplished Pauline, sparkled and shone in her box, eclipsing all around her by the splendor of her loveliness, as the sun does its satellites by the brilliancy of its rays. On her neck she wore a necklace, the diamonds and massive pearls of which, intertwined and blended with transcendent art, still further enhanced her incomparable brilliancy. When she entered her box there was a murmur of general admiration.

The imperial box opened in its turn and the master of the world appeared, saluted by these kings and princes with a formidable cry of "Vive l'Empereur!" It was generally remarked that the Empress seemed unable to take her eyes off her sister-in-law, and appeared to be fascinated, dazzled, like the other occupants of the vast auditorium, with the marvelous brilliancy of the necklace. Suddenly the box of the Princess Borghese opened and a young Major presented himself, wearing the brilliant blue and silver uniform of the aides-de-camp of the Emperor's staff. "Her Majesty, the Empress," said he, bowing low, "admires the wonderful necklace worn by your Imperial Highness, and has expressed the liveliest desire to examine it closer." The beautiful Pauline made a sign to one of her ladies of honor, who unlashed and detached the necklace from the Princess' neck and placed it in the hands of the staff officer. The latter bowed gravely and disappeared. This episode occurred toward the middle of the second act. The entr'acte came and passed away. The third act concluded in its turn. The fourth act came and passed, and the entertainment concluded, yet still the necklace was not returned.

The Princess Borghese took this for a characteristic freak of Marie Louise's. Next day, however, she asked if the necklace had pleased the Empress and whether she had found the setting and arrangement of the jewels to her taste. The Empress was thunderstruck, for she had not seen it and had sent no officer for it as described. Napoleon deigned to mix himself up in the affair. He had the names of all the staff officers on duty the preceding evening, ascertained. And then one by one under some pretext or other, he had them called before his sister. She did not recognize one of them. They summoned the Prince of Otrante, Minister of Police. A long council was held. Everything possible was done, but in vain. The unfortunate Fouche was ready to tear his hair in despair. He set his keenest bloodhounds at work. His best detectives were literally worn off their legs, without result. As to their imperial master, he was literally bubbling over with rage, and was almost on the point of thrashing his Chief of Police. But neither the necklace (which was worth nearly a million) nor the audacious thief was ever seen again.—*Home Journal*.

#### Would Cut the Rope.

Speaking of the fact that out in Dakota the people have clothes lines strung about their premises by which they pull their way back to the house in case of a blizzard, is a reminder of a story concerning Col. Cleary, of this city. The story is quite prevalent in the far West, but seems to be new here, on the principle, perhaps, that one must go from home to hear the news: It seems that once when there was a captive balloon in Chicago, which people could take a short aerial voyage in for the sum of 10 cents, Col. Cleary concluded to go up a piece. He was about as high as the eaves of a ten-story house, and felt as if that was far enough, so, speaking to the man at the windlass, he said: "Lave her down." The man at the windlass was enjoying the matter, however, and, instead of "laving her down," let her go a little higher. Col. Cleary deliberately went to his pocket, and, pulling out a huge clasp-knife, he yelled at the man: "Lave her down, yer son of a goon, or I'll cut the rope."—*Chicago Mail*.

To what gulfs a single deviation from the track of human duties leads!—*Byron*.



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## Peculiar to Itself

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## THE STANDARD OIL COMPANY.

The History of This Famous Corporation from Beginning to End.

The Dayton Journal gives the following history of the Standard Oil Company, which will be of interest to very many who have but a general idea of it:

The history of petroleum oil dates from the striking of the Drake well, in the Watson flats, below Titusville, in which oil was found at a depth of 96 feet 6 inches, August 28, 1859. Then the only mode of land carriage was the hauling of the oil from the wells to the shipping points. Soon the oil was conveyed down Oil Creek to the Allegheny River in flat-boats. At one time 7,000 men were employed in this business.

At the expiration of five years Van Syckle suggested the running of the oil through wrought-iron pipes from the wells to the shipping points. In 1865 such a line extended four miles, from Pithole to the railway at Miller's farm. Thence arose the whole network of pipe lines, covering the entire oil region.

In 1865, under the general corporation laws of Ohio, a small organization with a capital of \$100,000 was effected, with headquarters at Cleveland, its business to refine oil, and with the title of the Standard Oil Company. From the outset the managers have maintained the strictest secrecy. An audience with the king of the monopoly became as difficult as an interview with the Czar of Russia.

Early in its history it commenced the obliteration of competition. It controlled and captured the West, a city at a time. For example, Chicago was captured by excluding rivals, through temporarily driving all profits from the city's oil trade. Lake carriage was pitted against the rail, and by this means and personal manipulations, the railways, shielded by secrecy from public reprobation, gave private and exclusive concessions or rebates to the Standard Oil Company.

Each treatment brought their victims into an impassible condition, and the railways could get oil trade only from the sole possessors of it. Thus railway capital became a victim and a servant, the former in the reduction of its tariff and the latter in forcing competition into the gulf of ruin. Leading competitors were skillfully beguiled into alliances which neutralized their opposition.

Flattery, promises of profit and peace, evils of competition and Standard success did their work. The choice to moderate refiners and traders was, coalition with the Standard or bankruptcy. The final end was a dismissal from the circle into which they had been deluded.

A simple expansion of the old means sufficed for the East, but the Eastern conditors were too impetuous. The "South Improvement Company" was formed, to whom was promised a secret commission of \$1 per barrel, which might be shipped by any one. Freight charges were advanced 100 per cent. Upon the terms of this infamous contract being known in 1872, its charter was abrogated. Mass meetings were held and the wildest excitement prevailed. Tanks were tapped, oil went to waste, producers shut down their wells, and the ringleaders, fearful of hemp, departed the country. The Standard folks withdrew, leaving the producers to think that they had effectually killed the hydra.

But the Standard laid out a new plan of operations, slower, but surer. The agreements of the railways in 1872 for equal and public rates were violated in favor of the Standard Oil Company.

With the premiums from rebates and drawbacks pouring into their pockets they made it plain that all apparent profits in manufacturing oil must disappear. They "hid the profits." Their own gains were the private and exclusive tribute from the carriers. Overtures were made in 1874 between the Standard Oil Company of the one part and various Pittsburg and Philadelphia refining interests on the other part. A coalition was formed. Besides Pratt & Co., and Warden & Co., the Devoe, the Bootwick, the Acme, the Atlantic, and many others, became part of the Standard. The Conduit Pipe Line, the Karns Pipe Line, the Grant, the Union, the Atlantic, the Pennsylvania, and American Transfer Pipe Lines connecting with all the wells of the oil country were gradually absorbed by the United Pipe Line, another name for a branch of the Standard.

The Cleveland corporation thus came into possession of the refineries, the

management of the pipe-line system of transportation and the control generally of the railroads. In certain regions the press became subsidized and in others dare not expose the doings of the company. The Payne fight, it will be seen, is more than one of ordinary bribery. It is more than a State fight or even a party fight. It is a National affair, and every good citizen, without references to his party affiliations, should take an earnest and active part to stop the depredations upon morals and honest franchise of this Standard Oil juggernaut.

### A Mental Grave.

The Observer recently chatted with a bright young man who holds a second-class clerkship (\$1,400) in the War Department at Washington. He took the place ten years ago, after having been graduated with high honors from one of the leading New England colleges, intending to thus support himself while studying a profession. His salary at that time seemed large, and he was able to save quite a nugget each year. He studied less and less, and after a few months gave it up altogether. Then he married, and instead of saving anything, it is all he can do to support his family in a very modest way. These are his own words: "A government clerkship is no place for a young man of education and ambition. Alas! I did not know that when I started in, but I know it now to my sorrow. Such work is well enough for maimed soldiers or for soldiers' widows and daughters who have to earn their daily bread; in fact, it is a godsend to many such. But let strong, hearty, energetic young men choose almost any other line of work. The work is easy and the hours are from nine to four only, with a half hour for lunch; but it is a treacherous routine and insidiously works upon a man's mental powers until it saps them all up and he becomes no better than a machine. The government clerkship accomplishes the destruction of one's mind just as the galleys used to of the body. I would gladly resign this very day, but what would become of my family? I know absolutely nothing about any profession or business occupation; and were I to start in now, I would have to begin at the bottom and work up, and it would be several years before I could earn what Uncle Sam now pays me so regularly. There are hundreds of men in Washington similarly situated. Their ambition is gone, their talents are gone, and all they desire is to hold on to their clerical positions as a drowning man clings to a rope. I want to make a desperate effort, even at this late day, to get into business and be an active worker; but I see no opportunity, and the chances are that I shall continue to be fed with government pay to the end of my days, unless I receive the grand bounce when some change occurs in the administration."—New York Graphic.

### Didn't Injure Him.

A temperance lecturer in Little Rock during a discourse said: "The leading physicians of the country have agreed that alcohol possesses no real medicinal qualities, and that no man can take it even in the smallest quantities without injury. Show me a man—show me a man whom whisky does not injure."

A man arose and said: "I do not think, sir, that whisky is an injury to me. In fact I think that I am benefitted by it."

"You may think so," the lecturer replied, "but you are mistaken."

"No, I am pretty certain."

"Then, not to have discovered any evil affect, you must drink it the most moderate way?"

"No, I can't say that I do."

Are you different from every one else?" the lecturer exclaimed. "Why should liquor not injure you?"

"Because I don't drink it."

"Ah, you are indeed sharp, but you say that you are benefitted by it. How so, if you do not drink it?"

"I sell it."—Arkansas Traveler.

### Degrees of Silence.

"It was so still in the hall," said Dobbins, speaking of the concert, "that you could have heard a pin drop."

"Was there a large audience?" asked Peterby.

"The house was half full."

"Is that all? Hem! You ought to hear the silence there when there is a full house. Oh, it's something grand!"

—Tid-Bits.

THE brighter the light that casts them, the darker will be the shadows.

J. D. LEIGHTY,

—DEALER IN—

# Dry Goods, Notions,

CROCERIES, BOOTS, SHOES, RUBBER GOODS, HATS, CAPS, ETC.

A FULL LINE OF

Plug, Smoking and Fine Cut Tobaccos, Canned Fruits, Prunes, Raisins Currants, Etc., Etc.

St. Joe, - - Indiana.

M. T. BISHOP.

—DEALER IN—

# LUMBER,

LATH. SHINGLES, PINE AND POPULAR LUMBER, LIME, PLASTER, MOULDINGS, ETC., ETC.

I HAVE AN IMMENSE STOCK AND SOLICIT YOUR PATRONAGE.

Satisfaction Guaranteed.

YARD NEAR DEPOT, - ST. JOE, IND.

S. & F. BARNEY,

—DEALERS IN—

# Dry Goods, Notions,

CLOTHING, GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS, BOOTS, SHOES, HATS, CAPS, GROCERIES, GENERAL STOCK OF HARDWARE, STOVES AND TRIMMINGS,

ST. JOE, INDIANA.

HIGHEST MARKET PRICE PAID FOR

Produce, Grain, Seeds, and Wool.

CASE & OLDS,

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# Dry Goods, Notions,

CROCERIES, CLOTHING, BOOTS, SHOES, HATS, CAPS, QUEENSWARE, CLASSWARE, ETC.

ST. JOE, INDIANA.

EXAMINE THE BARGAINS ON OUR

5 and 10c Counters.



# THE ST. JOE NEWS.

VOL. I.

ST. JOE, IND., FRIDAY, MARCH 25, 1887.

NO. 9.

## THE NEWS.

Intelligence by Wire from All the World

### FOREIGN.

—The Russian embassy in London is in receipt of dispatches announcing the arrest of several persons at St. Petersburg for conspiring to kill the Czar. A bomb was thrown under the Czar's carriage. It was shaped like a book so that it could be carried in the hand without exciting suspicion.

—In London, at noon of Tuesday last, a darkness equal to midnight spread over the region of Charing Cross, Whitehall and the Strand, snow meantime falling heavily.

—De Lesseps, who has just returned to Paris from Berlin, is confident there will be no European war, and says he was assured by Emperor William that Germany would never attack France.

—Foo-Chow-Foo advises announce the failure of the Hong Kong Chinese bank. When the fact was made known a crowd of native creditors stormed the bank and completely ransacked and destroyed everything in the building.

—Mr. Parnell will oppose any Irish land-purchase bill based upon the existing judicial rents, which, it is generally admitted, are at least 25 per cent. too high.

—The insolvency is announced of Stewart Brothers, slate and timber merchants of London, whose liabilities are \$500,000.

—The regents of Bulgaria, fearing an outbreak of hostilities, have divided the kingdom into two military zones, and given the commanders absolute power.

—The Radical press of Paris makes a bitter attack on De Lesseps for calling France the natural friend of Germany.

—The Pope has telegraphed to the Czar congratulating him on his escape from assassination.

—A London cablegram reports the wearing of shamrocks by many Englishmen, on St. Patrick's day. The street celebration in Dublin was interrupted by a sleet-storm.

—Father Keller, of County Cork, Ireland, has been arrested in connection with the anti-rent agitation.

—The committee of the French Chamber of Deputies having the matter in charge has fixed the import duty on corn at 3 francs.

### PERSONAL.

—Mrs. C. A. Tullie, a great-niece of Daniel Boone, died at Litchfield, Ill. Her maiden name was Cynthia A. Boone; she was born in Kentucky, and was 92 years old.

—Yung Wing, a Chinese convert, has been elected President of the Connecticut Congregational Church Club. He is a naturalized citizen, and married a Hartford lady.

—Jose Sevilla, who died lately in Peru, left \$500,000 to establish in New York a school for poor girls.

—William Paxton, a Mexican war veteran, of Lancaster County, South Carolina, despairing of receiving a pension, hanged himself the other day.

—In the new Court House at New York, Judge Patterson married Nate Salisbury, the comedian, and Miss Ray Samuels.

—Pierre Solidor Milon, one of Napoleon's veterans, who was born at Nice, Nov. 19, 1787, died at his home, in Philadelphia, last week.

—The funeral of Captain James B. Eads took place at Christ Church, St. Louis, and was attended by a large number of the oldest and most prominent citizens of the city. Rev. Dr. Schuyler officiated, and was assisted by Rev. Mr. Reed. The remains were interred in Bellefontaine Cemetery.

—The aged father of General Daniel E. Sickles died at his home near New York.

—President Cleveland was 50 years old on the 18th of March.

—Captain Carlin, formerly Chief of Artillery on the staff of General Sigel, died at Wheeling.

—The Governor of Nebraska has commissioned Buffalo Bill as aid-de-camp, with the rank of Colonel.

—General Bragg, of Wisconsin, denies the report that he is a rarefied and states that

he has declined a District of Columbia judgeship.

—Mother Euphemia (Miss Caroline, Blenkinson), Superioress of St. Joseph's Academy at Emmitsburg, Ind., and head of the Sisters of Charity in America, died last week, aged 77.

—Mrs. E. B. Washburne died in Chicago, in her sixty-first year.

### POLITICAL.

—The repeal of the capital-punishment law has been effected by the Maine Legislature, and imprisonment for life is substituted for death in all cases of murder in the first degree. Such convicts, however, are to be kept in close confinement away from all associations, and no pardoning power is left to the Governor and Council unless the convict is proven innocent.

—The resolution for the submission to the people of a prohibitory amendment, weighted down by an amendment that persons or property injured by prohibition, should it become a law, be compensated by the State, failed in the Illinois House of Representatives, the vote standing: For, 63; against 78; absent or not voting, 10.

—The Michigan Legislature has passed a bill forbidding the official employment or recognition of bands of Pinkerton police in the State.

—Governor Wetmore and the other State officers of Rhode Island were renominated by acclamation by the Republican State Convention, held at Providence.

—A bill has passed the Arkansas Senate which is considered of much importance, that of providing for the building of railroads in the State by persons not citizens—that is, railroads can be organized, but the object of the bill is that all railroads operated in the State should have a central office in the State.

—A bill empowering women to vote at school elections was rejected by the Illinois Senate.

—The Senate of Pennsylvania has passed a bill to prevent discrimination in the transportation of freight, with a railway commission of five members.

—A Washington special to the Chicago Daily News says:

The President is disappointed at the failure of prominent men in the country to assist him in the enforcement of the interstate commerce act. At least a dozen of those who have been asked have declined, and he will be compelled to take the best timber he can get. He has written and urged and even implored those whom he believed were best fitted for the duty to accept positions on the commission, and their refusal to do so has caused the delay in making the appointments. The President considers this commission the most powerful political engine that has ever been created in this country. At least in the control of bad men he believes it could be made so. To keep the commission out of politics and to prevent any interference with political movements he thinks is necessary, and to accomplish that purpose he must select men who are above partisan influence. When a candidate is recommended to him on strong political grounds he at once checks him off the list as one not wanted.

### FINANCIAL AND INDUSTRIAL.

—George S. Crawford and G. W. & W. G. Boyd, lumber dealers at Cincinnati, have failed, Crawford's liabilities reaching \$100,000.

—Peele, Hubbell & Co., an extensive sugar firm of Manila, Philippine Islands, have failed, the disaster causing great excitement in the trade at New York.

—G. A. Smith & Co.'s Morocco factory at Philadelphia was closed by the Sheriff, rendering 400 persons idle. The liabilities are \$375,000 and the assets about \$250,000.

—The Sheriff at Springfield, Ohio, has taken possession of the carriage factory of James D. Driscoll & Sons, who owe \$65,000.

—The demand of the Chicago Typographical Union for 40 cents per 1,000 ems for book and weekly newspaper work has been acceded to by the employers. An expected strike or lockout was thus averted.

—Over seven hundred architectural iron workers in Cincinnati and Covington struck for nine hours' work and ten hours' pay.

—The Southern Cotton-Seed Oil Company, recently organized in New Jersey, has concluded contracts for a quarter of a million dollars' worth of machinery, for use in eight cotton-seed oil mills of a capacity of 150 tons per day each.

—The Sheriff of New York seized the store of Lawton Brothers, dealers in phosphates at No. 31 Broadway, on claims for \$245,000. Walter E. Lawton fled with all the funds he could raise, telling his cashier he was ruined and intended to kill himself.

—A gas well, from which the gas escapes with such force as to make a thunderous sound, was struck at Marion, Ind.

—Griffin Bros., pressed-brick manufacturers at St. Cloud, Minn., have assigned. Liabilities, \$123,000; assets, \$76,000.

—An assignment has been filed in Cleveland by Gabel & Frisby, proprietors of a coffee and spice mill, who owe \$45,000.

—On application of all the national banks of St. Louis, that port has been designated as a central reserve city.

### RAILROAD INTELLIGENCE.

—It is reported that President Newell, of the Lake Shore, will resign.

—Articles of incorporation of the Omaha and Council Bluffs Railroad and Bridge Company have been filed at the former city.

—A gentleman known to be in the confidence of Alfred Sully makes the statement that the Baltimore and Ohio matter is in abeyance.

—The General Passenger and Ticket Agents' Association, in session at Washington, adopted a resolution expressing the desire of the association to act in harmony with the interstate commerce law, and pledging a strict adherence to its provisions.

—Drexel, Morgan & Co. have issued a circular to the Chicago and Atlantic security-holders giving the details of their agreement with the Erie Company. They propose to foreclose the first mortgage and organize a new company, with a capital stock of \$10,000,000, which is to be transferred to the Erie; \$12,000,000 in first-mortgage bonds and \$10,000,000 in incomes of the new company will be issued, the interest of which will be guaranteed by the Erie Company. Nearly all the security-holders have already signed the agreement.

—President Harris states that the Northern Pacific Company had not even thought of extending from Tacoma to Portland, but the Directors have ordered the construction of sixty miles of the Spokane and Palouse Road.

—Annual passes issued by the St. Paul and Michigan Central Roads are being called in. Last year the Wabash line gave out 27,776 trip passes.

### GENERAL.

—A Chicago paper states that after consulting his lawyers County Clerk Wulff decided to summarily divorce, by proxy, Nina Van Zandt's marriage, by proxy, to August Spies. He accordingly addressed the following note to Justice Englehardt, who performed the alleged marriage ceremony:

I herewith return to you for correction marriage license No. 10821 with your certificate attached. Upon investigation we find that at the time stated in your certificate that August Vincent Theodore Spies and Miss Nina Stuart Clarke Van Zandt were united in marriage by you at Jefferson, said August Theodore Vincent Spies was a prisoner in Cook County Jail and in the custody of the Sheriff, and therefore could not be present at the ceremony in Jefferson, as certified by you. Please correct. Respectfully yours, HENRY WULFF, County Clerk.

That the marriage was not legal was the opinion of all the lawyers with whom Clerk Wulff discussed the point, and the marriage license returned by Justice Englehardt with an indorsement that the twain had been made one flesh will not be put upon the official records.

—An Atlanta dispatch reports that within twelve miles of that city an experienced miner has discovered a lead of rose quartz assaying \$1,100 in gold to the ton.

—Important reductions in Mexico's tariff are announced.

—The Canadian Government will liberally subsidize the proposed canal between Lakes Huron and Ontario.

—For the last three months of 1886 there were 10,029,961 pounds of artificial butter manufactured and removed for consumption or sale.

—At San Rafael, Mexico, five thousand persons paid \$8 each to witness a bull-fight. As the animals refused to cater to the crowd, a bloody riot took place, in which the troops charged with sabers.

—Last week the Commissioner of Pensions at Washington received 6,355 applications for pensions, 2,154 cases were disposed of, leaving 200,280 cases pending.

—The "Black Crook," which has drawn big audiences at McVicker's Theater, Chicago, during the week, will be retained for another week, after which the incomparable Annie Pixley will hold the boards for a short season.

### CASUALTIES.

—Fire at Buffalo, N. Y., destroyed the building occupied by Miller, Grenier & Co., wholesale grocers, causing a loss of nearly \$300,000.

—One-half of the business section of Oxford, N. C., was destroyed by fire. Twenty-three firms were burned out, and the loss is \$100,000.

—It is believed that the deaths from the Forest Hill (Mass.) railway accident will reach thirty. The condition of a number of the wounded is critical, and the recovery of many of the victims is doubtful.

—A tug rescued two of the men who were seen clinging to the foretopmast and bowsprit of the schooner J. H. Eels, ashore at Nausett, Mass. The rest of the crew were drowned.

—An engine and tender on the Marietta and Northern Road broke through a trestle near Vincent Station, Ohio, killing the engineer and fireman and scalding the conductor and brakeman. Fifteen persons were injured by an accident at Park Station, New York, on the Elmira, Cortland and Northern Road.

—A fire at Albany consumed the produce store of H. R. Wright, on Broadway, valued at \$40,000. The Reed Company's Factory, at Canajoharie, was also burned. Half of the business part of Blackville, S. C., and some dwellings were burned. Loss nearly \$100,000.

—The home of Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett in Washington was damaged to the extent of \$2,000 by fire.

—The Dunham distillery, at Covington, Ky., was damaged to the amount of \$60,000 by fire, and a workman received fatal injuries.

—In Buffalo, early Friday morning, flames broke out in the Richmond Hotel, containing 175 persons. Not less than twelve lives were lost, and about thirty persons were injured by flames or by leaping from windows. St. James' Hall, adjoining the hotel, was also burned. The total loss is estimated at \$500,000. The business section of Rock Hill, S. C., was almost wiped out by fire. The loss is \$140,000, with about \$100,000 insurance. The Durham distillery at Covington, Ky., with 2,000 barrels of bonded whisky, was also destroyed, and one employe fatally injured. Two stores at Flint, Mich., were gutted by fire. Peter Burrell (colored) was suffocated, and his daughter dangerously injured by leaping from a window.

—Near Skilleville, Ontario, a Canadian Pacific express train dashed into the rear of a freight train. Fire broke out, and ten freight cars, with their contents, were destroyed. The express engine and tender were wrecked, and the first car of the express train was partly burned. No lives were lost.

### CRIMES AND CRIMINALS.

—The Governor and Council of Massachusetts have ordered the release of Charles F. Freeman, the Pocasset fanatic, who butchered his child as a sacrifice to God.

—In the Illinois Supreme Court at Ottawa, on the 17th of March, arguments were begun in the case of the Chicago anarchists before a large assemblage. Leonard Swett, George C. Ingham, and Mr. Zeisler made arguments, each one occupying the full two hours allowed him. An Ottawa telegram says:

The Supreme Court Judges were all present except Chief Justice Scott, who is in California for his health, and all appeared to listen to the arguments with very close attention. Two or three times members of the court interrupted with questions. Each Judge had on the circular desk before him copies of the briefs of counsel for both sides, and referred to them frequently during the progress of the arguments. On the two tables for counsel in front of the clerk's desk were not only copies of the briefs but the twenty odd large volumes constituting the record and a number of law books besides. Behind these legal fortifications sat Attorney General Hunt, State's Attorney Grinnell, and George C. Ingham, counsel for the State, and Leonard Swett, Capt. Black, and Sigmund Zeisler, counsel for the anarchists. Frank Walker and Mr. Salomon, also connected with the case, were present, but only as interested listeners. Mrs. Zeisler occupied a seat near her husband and took notes. Mrs. Capt. Black is in the city, but did not appear in the court-room to-day.



# The St. Joe News.

ST. JOE, INDIANA.

MORT & WILL OLDS. PUBLISHERS.

## "TOO MANY OF WIL"

"Mamma, is there too many of us?"  
The little girl asked with a sigh.  
"Perhaps you wouldn't be tired, you see,  
If a few of your child's could die."  
  
She was only three years old—the one  
Who spoke in that strange, sad way,  
As she saw her mother's impatient frown  
At the children's boisterous play.  
  
There were a half dozen who round her stood,  
And the mother was sick and poor,  
Worn out with the care of the noisy brood  
And fight with the wolf at the door.  
  
For a smile or a kiss no time, no place;  
For the little one, least of all;  
And the shadow that darkened the mother's face  
O'er the young life seemed to fall.  
  
More thoughtful than any, she felt more care,  
And pondered in childish way  
How to lighten the burden she could not share,  
Growing heavier day by day.  
  
Only a week, and the little Claire  
In her tiny white trundle-bed  
Lay with the blue eyes closed, and the sunny hair  
Cut close from the golden head.  
  
"Don't cry," she said—and the words were low,  
Feeling tears that she could not see—  
"You won't have to work and be tired so,  
When there ain't so many of us."  
  
But the dear little daughter who went away  
From the home that for once was still,  
Showed the mother's heart, from that dreary day,  
What a place she had always filled,  
—Woman's World.

## PAYING DEBTS.

BY PAUL H. MOORE.

John Ramsay was working on his farm, his careless, loose dress displaying to advantage his tall, muscular figure, and a broad straw hat shaded a handsome face, with large dark eyes set beneath a forehead whose breadth and height indicated a powerful brain. The hands that guided the plough were strong hands, but whiter and more delicate than such pursuits usually allow.  
Daisy Hale sat watching him. Her dress was print, but made with flounces on the skirt, and ruffles on the waist. Her short golden hair was curled in a fringe carefully over her forehead, and gathered in longer curls into a comb behind, above which was a very jaunty hat, covered with puffs of white muslin and bows of blue ribbon to match the spots upon her dress.  
The face under Daisy's hat was gloomy; not to say cross. A very pretty face, but not pleasant, having a petted, spoiled-child frown, and a brooding discontent in the large blue eyes.  
Presently the farmer drew near her, and taking off his hat, fanned himself with it, stopping his horses while he leaned indolently against the plow.  
"You look deliciously cool under this great tree," he said. "And—hem!—very much dressed for 9 o'clock in the morning!"  
"In a 5-penny calico!" she said, contemptuously. "When are you coming in?"  
"At noon, to dinner."  
"It is too absurd," she broke out, angry tears in her eyes, "for you to be plowing, and hoeing, and milking cows, and doing the work of a laboring man! I thought when you came home from college you would do something besides work on a farm."  
"And let the farm go to ruin. That would be a poor way to pay my debts."  
"Your debts!" she said, looking astonished. "Do you owe debts?"  
"Certainly! You and I are both very heavily in debt, Daisy. I think when Aunt Mary took us in, poor little orphans, I her nephew, you her second cousin—"  
"Third cousin," she interrupted, "since you are so particular! I know what you mean, but I am very sure that Aunt Mary never intended us to drudge on her horrid old farm!"  
"Do you know that all the money she saved in a life of hard work was spent upon our education? Do you know that she has nothing now but the farm, and that to take her away from it would probably shorten her life?"  
"She always has taken care of it herself."  
"Are you blind that you cannot see how the four years she has been alone here have aged her, how feeble she is? While we were living at ease at college and school she has toiled for us until she is wearied out."  
"But you could send her money, if you were in the city in some gentlemanly occupation."  
"Perhaps so; ten or twelve years from now. To-day I propose to work this farm, and see how many bushels of corn I can raise on it."  
He took hold of the plow handles as he spoke, started the horses, and left her, her eyes full of angry tears.  
"He might as well have said what he meant," she thought, springing down and

starting for the house. "He thinks I ought to cook, and wash, and make butter, and work like a servant-girl, when I have studied so hard and tried to make myself a lady, that he might not be ashamed of me."

And yet, in her heart, she knew that he was ashamed of her, and that she deserved it. Ashamed that she could sit in her room, selfishly engrossed in making pretty articles of dress, or reading, while her cousin, or, as she, too, called her, Aunt Mary, worked in the kitchen, the dairy, the poultry yard, from day's dawn till night.

She was not all selfishness and heartlessness, though there had grown a thick crust of both over her better nature. Her ideas of ladies and gentlemen depended largely upon clothing and pursuit, and she had not yet quite realized how much more nearly John's standard reached the desired point than her own.

As she drew near the house the sting of John's words penetrated more and more through the crust she had drawn over her heart, until a fresh stab had met her at the door. Looking in at the open door, she saw a white head bowed in weeping, a slight figure shaken by sobs.

Quickly through all the selfishness, self-reproach struck at the girl's heart, and in a moment she was on her knees beside the low chair, her arms around the weeping woman.

"Oh, Aunt Mary, what is it? Oh, please don't cry so! Oh, what has happened?"  
"Why, Daisy, dear"—through sobs that would not be checked at a moment's notice—"don't mind me. I'm only tired, dearie—only tired."

Could she have struck deeper? Tired! At 70, housework does not become a weariness! At 70, it may seem as if one ought to rest, while young hands and active feet take up the burdens. She was very tired, this patient, old woman, who had given her life's work for others; first for her parents; then for an invalid brother, lastly, for the orphan children; with such innumerable acts of neighborly kindness as only the recording angel of good deeds knew.

Well might she be tired! It was new to her to be caressed, to have tender hands lead her to her room and loosen her dress, a tender voice coax her to lie down.

"Now I will darken the window," Daisy said, "and you are to rest! Sleep, if you can, until dinner-time."

"But, Daisy, you cannot make the dinner."

"I will try," was the quick reply; and Aunt Mary submitted.

Washing the potatoes, shelling peas, frying ham, making coffee, all allowed thought to be busy, and Daisy sighingly put away some of her day-dreams over her homely tasks.

"I cannot be a lady," she thought, "and John won't be a gentleman, but I will try to pay my share of the debts."

She had taken off her flounces and hat, and put on a plain dress and large check apron before she began to work; and she was rather astonished, as her kitchen duties progressed, to find herself happier than she had been since she returned home.

When John came to dinner he was astonished to find Aunt Mary "quite dressed up," as she blushing said, in a clean print dress and white apron, her dear old face showing no sign of heat or weariness, while Daisy, with added bloom and bare white arms, was carrying in the dinner.

"The new girl, at your service," she said, saucily, as she pulled down her sleeves. "Dinner is ready, sir."

But her lips quivered as he bent over her and whispered, "God bless you, dear! Forgive me if I was too hasty this morning."

It was a merry meal. They made a play that was more than half earnest of Aunt Mary's being a great lady who was to be waited upon, and not allowed to rise from the table upon any consideration. Dinner over, John returned to his plowing, and Aunt Mary, firmly refusing to sit in idleness, was allowed to wash cups and saucers, while Daisy made short work of pots and pans.

John said but little as the days wore on and still found Daisy at her post. It was not in the nature of things for Aunt Mary to sit with folded hands, but it became Daisy's task to inaugurate daily naps, to see that only the light work came to the older hands, to make daily work less of a toil and more of a pleasure.

And the young girl herself was surprised to find how much she enjoyed the life that had seemed to her a mere drudgery.

With younger hands to carry on the domestic affairs, they ceased to engross every hour of the day, and John encouraged Daisy in making use of the stiff, shut-up parlor as a daily sitting-room. A pair of muslin curtains at each window were skillfully draped to keep out the flies, the center table resigned its gay vase of stiff artificial flowers and stand of wax fruit, to make room for two dainty work-baskets for "afternoon work," and the periodicals John took in. Over the shiny horse-hair sofa and chairs pretty bits of embroidery were draped, and fresh flowers were supplied each day. Aunt Mary's caps, her collars, and aprons were adjusted to suit the new order of things, and the easiest of chairs stood ever ready for her resting-time.

And John, bringing to his task the same will and brains that had carried him through college, was inaugurating a new order of affairs on the farm, and made the work pay well.

Once more came a June day, when Daisy sat in the fields, and John stood leaning against the fence beside her.

Four years of earnest, loving work had left traces upon both young faces, ennobling them, and yet leaving to them all the glad content that rewards well-doing.

Many hours of self-denial both had met bravely; many deprivations both had borne well. Daisy wore a black dress, and upon the hat in John's hand was a band of crape, but through a sadness in their voices there yet rang a tone of happiness.

"You love me, Daisy?" John had said to her.

"When have I not loved you?" she answered.

"And you will be my wife? Darling, I have long loved you, but after Aunt Mary was stricken down with paralysis I would not ask you to take up new duties. Now she needs you no longer, and you shall leave the farm whenever you wish."

"Leave the farm! Oh, John, must we leave it? I thought it was yours now."

"So it is."

"And you have made it so beautiful, as well as profitable! Oh, John, why must we leave it?"

"Only because I thought it was your wish."

"It would break my heart to go away. I love my home."

And John, taking the little figure into a close embrace, wondered if any city could produce a sweeter, daintier little lady than the one he held in his arms.

## Costly Condolences.

It is reported that it cost Mrs. Logan over \$30 to pay the expenses of the telegrams of condolence sent to her. Her house is outside the city boundary, and the telegraph companies charge 10 cents each, whether they were pre-paid or not, for delivering them. She received several hundred, and strange to say, many were sent "collect." It seems odd that messages of condolence or congratulation should be sent "collect," but it often happens.

Out of the thousands of telegrams of congratulation received by Mr. Garfield upon his nomination at Chicago in 1880, many were marked "collect." It is my recollection, however, that the telegraph company in that case canceled the charges. Most of these were sent by people who either did not know the amenities or did not care for them, but many were sent unthinkingly or through some inadvertence. It would make some people uneasy even yet to know that their fervent and effusive communications reached Mr. Garfield marked "collect."

One noted gentleman in particular sent a very long and enthusiastic message that bore the word "collect," causing Mr. Garfield to smile as he glanced at it. Soon after the sender was a candidate for a high position under the President, and, as I knew him well and liked him, I took occasion to tell him about the telegram, feeling sure there was a mistake somewhere. He was as demoralized and disgusted a man as one could imagine.

He explained at once to Mr. Garfield that he had sent the dispatch from a hotel in New York, and supposed it had been charged to him in his bill, as he directed. He was not appointed, though whether the "collect" dispatch had anything to do with his failure he never knew. Another "collect" dispatch to Mr. Garfield was from one of the most noted American actors, who was an intimate friend and great admirer of Garfield, and he would have been mortified beyond expression had he known about the matter. Another of the "collect" telegrams was from a millionaire Senator, and another was from a great railroad and telegraph magnate and millionaire from New York. That was the most singular one of all, and it was suspected that some of the high officials of the telegraph company did it as a joke upon the sender.—Washington letter.

## Hand Grenades.

The hand-grenade fire-extinguisher, after making a half a dozen fortunes, seems about to turn out a hoax. Not but what the hand-grenades are serviceable; for a good many incipient fires have been extinguished by their use; but because the public has been paying an extravagant price for what seems to be only salt and water put up in glass bottles. One eminent authority declares that the only virtue in these hand-grenades is in the salty water, whatever other ingredients they may contain. Salt water has long been known as an efficient extinguisher of fire.

## FITH AND POINT.

The Czar of Russia is not so eccentric as he might be, considering that his very mouth is a Czar-chassis.

The dog is not much of a pedestrian but he can make an unlimited number of laps in a very short time.

A foot and shoe slap hangs out the sign, "Cast-iron lasts." We all know it does, but we don't want the boots made of it.

DAUGHTER—Ma, why does Uncle John say "er-er" so much when he talks? Mother—To err is human, my child.

The difference between a buzz-saw and a bull-dog is that when the former is most dangerous it never shows its teeth.

The difference between a church organ and an infuriated bull is that one has stops and bellows, and the other bellows and stops.

"I HAVE a theory about the dead languages," remarked the last boy in the class. "I think they were killed by being studied too hard."

An esteemed contemporary speaks of a person being "buffeted by a thorn in the flesh." We shall next hear of some one being pricked by the blow of a club.

A PITTSBURGH girl who has been visiting here has returned to her native city; she says the atmosphere of Boston does not suit her.—Boston Commercial Bulletin.

BOOK AGENT—Now, then, here is "Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress." Aunt Susan—No, sir, I've got two bunnions already and dey's never been no help to disyer pilgrim's progress.—Life.

A MAGAZINE asks: "What is true joy?" True joy is what a woman feels when a committee at a country fair declares that her crazy-quilt is prettier than all the assembled crazy-quilts of her neighbors.

LORD Mamma (to young miss)—Did I not forbid you to go to the park without a protector? Young Miss—But I had a protector. Lord Mamma—You mean to tell me—Young Miss—Yes, I went to the druggist and bought a chest-protector.

"WHAT a frivolous girl Miss De Puyter is," exclaimed a New Yorker. "Have you found her so?" "I should say I had. She can't talk base-ball a little bit. She is all the time wanting to waste her time discussing 'The Whiteness of the Is.'"

"TIMES have changed greatly since Shakespeare's day," remarked Spriggins. "Yes, just so," replied Fitzgibbon. "Now, Shakespeare said, 'The apparel oft proclaims the man.'"

"Well, what does it proclaim now?" "The dude, generally."

"Was your husband on the stand yesterday?" asked a lawyer of a woman, in a case in which husband and wife were witnesses. "No," she answered, with a snap, "he wasn't on the stand. He was on the set. That's the kind of a man he is, whenever there is anything to get on, from a satin sofa to the top rail of a worn fence."

A BARRISTER, noticing that the Court had gone to sleep, stopped short in the middle of his speech. The sudden silence awoke the judges, and the lawyer gravely resumed: "As I remarked yesterday, my lords"—The puzzled judges stared at each other, as though they half believed that they had been asleep since the previous day.

## LAYS OF LONELY HARD.

He's old and bent and feeble, and imperfect in his sight.  
A pair of gold-rimmed spectacles are perched upon his nose;  
He leans upon a trusty staff; his step's no longer light.  
His face is sadly wrinkled, and his cheek's a withered rose.  
He smiles upon the children as they flock about his knee  
Like merry birds in summer-time about an olden tree;  
But you must just look out for him if he wants to borrow a V.

—Puck.

## Nipped in the Bud.

A citizen of Detroit who is very imaginative, recently attended a banquet. When he went home at an early hour in the morning, he attempted to describe the scene to his wife.

"In the center of the table," he said, "there were two superb lyres."

"What became of the other one?" asked his wife, as she opened one eye to its full width.—Detroit Free Press.

INTELLIGENCE is a luxury, sometimes useless, sometimes fatal. It is a torch or a firebrand according to the use one makes of it.—Fernan Caballero.



## “ONLY AFTER DEATH.”

### What Wonders the Microscope Has Done for Us.

No Longer Obligated to Die to Find Out "What's Killing Us."

One of the leading scientific publications states that many people are now using the microscope to discover the real cause of disease in the system, and to detect adulterations of food and medicines.

This wonderful instrument has saved many a life. A microscopical test shows, for instance, the presence of albumen, or the life of the blood, in certain derangements of the kidneys, but medicine does not tell us how far advanced the derangement is, or whether it shall prove fatal.

The microscope, however, gives us this knowledge:

Bright's disease, which so many people dread, was not fully known until the microscope revealed its characteristics. It greatly aids the physician skilled in its use, in determining how far disease has advanced, and gives a fuller idea of the true structure of the kidney.

A noted German scholar recently discovered that by the aid of the microscope, the physician can tell if there is a tumor forming in the system, and if certain appearances are seen in the fluids passed, it is proof positive that the tumor is to be a malignant one.

If any derangement of the kidneys is detected by the microscope, the physician looks for the development of almost any disease of the system, and any indication of Bright's disease, which has no symptoms of its own and cannot be fully recognized except by the microscope, he looks upon with alarm.

This disease has existed for more than 2,000 years. It is only until recently that the microscope has revealed to us its universal prevalence and fatal character. Persons who formerly died of what was called general debility, nervous break-down, dropsy, paralysis, heart disease, rheumatism, apoplexy, etc., are now known to have really died of kidney disease, because, had there been no disorder of the kidneys, the chances are that the effects from which they died would never have existed.

As the world becomes better acquainted with the importance of the kidneys in the human economy by the aid of the microscope, there is greater alarm spread through the communities concerning it, and this accounts for the erroneous belief that it is on the increase.

As yet neither homoeopathist nor allopathist is prepared with a cure for derange d kidneys, but the world has long since recognized, and many medical gentlemen also recognize and prescribe Warner's safe cure for these derangements, and admit that it is the only specific for the common and advanced forms of kidney disorders.

Formerly the true cause of death was discovered only after death. To-day the microscope shows us, in the water we pass, the dangerous condition of any organ in the body, thus enabling us to treat it promptly and escape premature death.

As the microscope in the hands of laymen has revealed many diseases that the medical men were not aware of, so that preparation, like many other discoveries in medicine and science, was found out by laymen outside the medical code; consequently it comes very hard for medical men to endorse and prescribe it. Nevertheless, Warner's safe cure continues to grow in popularity, and the evidences of its effectiveness are seen on every hand.

Some persons claim that the proprietors should give the medical profession the formula of this remedy, if it is such a "godsend to humanity," and let the physicians and public judge whether or not it be so recognized.

We, however, do not blame them for not publishing the formula, even to get the recognition of the medical profession. The standing of the men who manufacture this great remedy is equal to that of the majority of physicians, and the reason that some doctors give for not adopting and prescribing it—viz.: that they do not know what its ingredients are—is absurd.

Mr. Warner's statement—that many of the ingredients are expensive, and that the desire of the unscrupulous dealer or prescriber to realize a large profit from its manufacture by using cheap, or injurious substances for those ingredients would jeopardize its quality and reputation; and that Warner's safe cure cannot be made in small quantities on account of the expensive apparatus necessary in compounding these ingredients—seems to us to be a reasonable and sufficient one.

The universal testimony of our friends and neighbors, and the indisputable evidence that it, and it alone, has complete mastery over all diseases of the kidneys, is sufficient explanation of its extraordinary reputation, and conclusive proof that it is, perhaps, the most beneficent discovery known to scientific medicine since the microscope revealed to us the all-important nature of the organs it is designed to reach and benefit.

### Having Fun with a Bull.

A Vermont man took a mean revenge on a bull that had hurried him somewhat across a field. He borrowed a wooden Indian from a tobaccoist's doorway and set it up in the field frequented by the bovine. The bull charged the Indian on slight provocation and tossed it, and when it came down on his back it made him aquat and bellow with pain, while the man who borrowed the Indian stood on the other side of the fence and enjoyed it.

MERE bashfulness without merit is awkward; and merit has a double claim to acceptance and generally meets with as many patrons as beholders.—Hughes.

QUEEN CHRISTINA is a thorough Austrian, and she is intellectual. She de tests the Spanish bull fight.

## POPULAR SCIENCE.

SCIENTISTS state that water once contaminated with sewage never becomes purified by natural means.

The eyes of poisonous snakes have been found by Dr. Benjamin Sharp to have elliptical pupils, while in the harmless species they are circular.

PROF. ORDWAY recommends that water pipes exposed to freezing be covered with glazed cotton batting. It is easily applied, and should be put on to the thickness of one to three inches, according to exposure, being wound around loosely with twine.

PROF. BAIRD says that as a fish has no maturity, there is nothing to prevent it from living indefinitely and growing continually. He cites in proof a pike living in Russia whose age dated back to the fifteenth century. I the royal aquarium at St. Petersburg, there are fish that have been there 140 years.

THE tensile strength of ice is given by Frehling, of Konigsberg, as, between 142 and 233 pounds per square inch, at 23 degrees F. Its compressive strength, found by cubes of over two inches at the same temperature; is ascertained to vary between sixty-one and 205 pounds, a mean being 118 pound per square inch.

RECENT observations are said to indicate the existence of a submarine volcanic crater between the Canary Islands and the coast of Portugal. From a cable-laying steamer in latitude 30 deg. 25 min. north, longitude 9 deg. 54 min. west, the water was found to measure 1300 fathoms under the bow, and 800 fathoms under the stern, showing the ship to be over the edge of a deep depression in the ocean bottom. It is well known that great inequalities are found in the bed of the sea of Lisbon, and these are thought to be due to a submarine chain of mountains.

A MEMBER of the Royal Society of Tasmania finds that, as compared with Mars, Jupiter's surface brightness is twenty-two times as great as it ought to be if all its light is reflected sunshine; and as compared with the moon about thirteen times. That the brilliancy was remarkable has long since been known, and the theory of this observer, that the giant planet of our system has not yet so cooled as to, cease to be self-luminous, is by no means new. A more generally accepted explanation, however, is that Jupiter is covered with a highly reflective material, which absorbs much less solar light than Mars and the moon.

OVER 160 stars are known to vary in brightness, a very few strikingly, in periods ranging from a few hours to several centuries. In one class, the changes seem to follow a regular law, and in another they are irregular and spasmodic. To the latter class probably belong the so-called "new" stars from time to time recorded, which, instead of being new creations, are doubtless faint stars suddenly flashing into prominence. A most remarkable new star was seen in 1572, by Tycho Brahe, who reported that it became suddenly so brilliant as to be seen at noon, then gradually faded away and became lost to view in about sixteen months after it was first observed.

THE system of communication by sun flashes from mirrors has been lately used with marked success by Lieut. A. M. Fuller, the United States signal officer on special service in Arizona. Signals were flashed by mirrors for distances ranging from five to forty miles. A trial message of twenty-five words was sent over a line 200 miles in length, and an answer of the same length received at the starting point in twenty minutes. Another test which resulted very satisfactorily, was signalling 300 words twenty-five miles, in a short space of time. A message of twenty-five words was recently signalled from Gen. Miles, at Tubac, A. T., to Lake Valley, 400 miles distant, and an answer of twenty-seven words returned in four hours and ten minutes.

### Facts.

Gain a little knowledge every day; one fact in a day. How small a thing is one fact—only one! Ten years pass by. Three thousand six hundred and fifty facts are not a small thing.

LOUIS BRENNAN, of Castlebar, Ireland, has been awarded \$500,000 by the English admiralty for the invention of a torpedo.

BACK-YARDS—the trains of ladies' dresses.

## BENSON'S CAPSICINE POKROUS PLASTER

Highest Awards of Medals in Europe and America.

The nearest, quickest, safest and most powerful remedy known for Rheumatism, Pleurisy, Neuralgia, Lumbago, Backache, W. Aches, colic in the chest, and all aches and pains. Indorsed by 5,000 Physicians and Druggists of the highest repute. Benson's Plasters promptly relieve on a cure where other plasters and greasy salves, liniments and lotions, are absolutely useless. Beware of imitations under similar sounding names, such as "Capsicum," "Capicum," "Capsicine," as they are utterly worthless and intended to deceive. Ask for BENSON'S and TAKE NO OTHERS. All druggists, NEARBY, & JOHNSON, Proprietors, New York.

## 293 COLUMBUS Combined MANURE SPREADERS & FARM WAGONS

The cheapest spreader out, and the only kind that can be attached to old wagons. All are warranted. Prices mailed free. NEWARK MACHINE CO., COLUMBUS, OHIO.

**SOUTH DAKOTA FARMS** Send for free official map of Dakota, new illustrated pamphlet and descriptive price lists of farms near the city of Mitchell, in the corn belt of Dakota and famous James River Valley. Land \$10 to \$100 per acre. L. C. LEE & CO., Mitchell, Dak.

## HARTER'S IRON TONIC

THE ONLY TRUE

Will purify the BLOOD, regulate the LIVER and KIDNEYS and restore the HEALTH and VIGOR of YOUTH. Dyspepsia, Want of Appetite, Indigestion, Lack of Strength and Tired Feeling, absolutely cured. Bones, muscles and nerves receive new force. Enlivens the mind and supplies Brain Power.

Suffering from complaints peculiar to their sex will find in DR. HARTE'S IRON TONIC a safe, speedy cure. Gives a clear, healthy complexion. All attempts at counterfeiting only adds to its popularity. Do not experiment—get ORIGINAL AND BEST.

Dr. HARTE'S LIVER PILLS (Cure Constipation, Liver Complaint and Sick Headache. Sample Dose and Dream Book mailed on receipt of two cents in postage.)

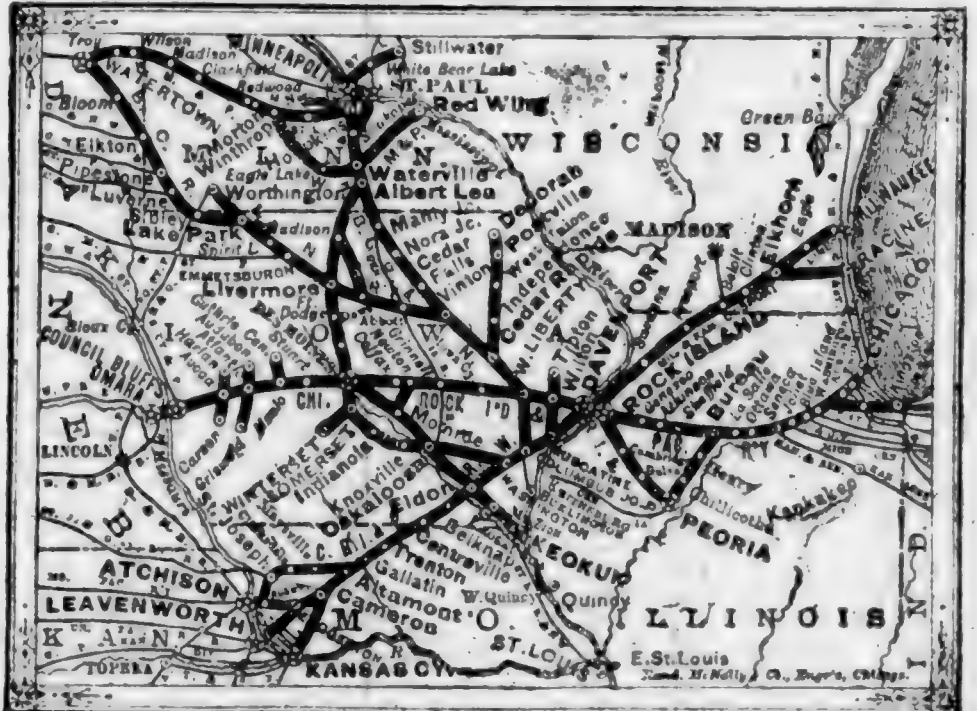
THE DR. HARTE MEDICINE CO., ST. LOUIS, MO.

**LADIES** Suffering from complaints peculiar to their sex will find in DR. HARTE'S IRON TONIC a safe, speedy cure. Gives a clear, healthy complexion. All attempts at counterfeiting only adds to its popularity. Do not experiment—get ORIGINAL AND BEST.

**PILES** Dr. Williams' Indian File Ointment is a sure cure for blind, bleeding or itching piles. Cure guaranteed. Price 50c and \$1. At druggists or mailed by Wadding, Kimball & Sturtevant, Wholesale Agents, Toledo, Ohio.

## A MAN

WHO IS UNACQUAINTED WITH THE GEOGRAPHY OF THIS COUNTRY, WILL SEE BY EXAMINING THIS MAP, THAT THE



### CHICAGO, ROCK ISLAND & PACIFIC RY

By reason of its central position, close relation to principal lines East of Chicago and continuous lines at terminal points West, Northwest and Southwest—is the only true middle-link in that transcontinental system which invites and facilitates travel and traffic in either direction between the Atlantic and Pacific.

The Rock Island main line and branches include Chicago, Joliet, Ottawa, La Salle, Peoria, Geneseo, Moline and Rock Island, in Illinois; Davenport, Muscatine, Washington, Fairfield, Ottumwa, Oskaloosa, West Liberty, Iowa City, Des Moines, Indianola, Winterset, Atlantic, Knoxville, Audubon, Harlan, Guthrie Centre and Council Bluffs, in Iowa; Gallatin, Trenton, St. Joseph, Cameron and Kansas City, in Missouri; Leavenworth and Atchison, in Kansas; Albert Lea, Minneapolis and St. Paul, in Minnesota; Watertown in Dakota, and hundreds of intermediate cities, towns and villages.

### THE GREAT ROCK ISLAND ROUTE

Guaranteed Speed, Comfort and Safety to those who travel over it. Its roadbed is thoroughly ballasted. Its track is of heavy steel. Its bridges are solid structures of stone and iron. Its rolling stock is perfect as human skill can make it. It has all the safety appliances that mechanical genius has invented and experience proved valuable. Its practical operation is conservative and economical—its discipline strict and exacting. The luxury of its passenger accommodations is unequalled in the West—unsurpassed in the world.

ALL EXPRESS TRAINS between Chicago and the Missouri River consist of comfortable DAY COACHES, magnificent FULLMAN PALACE PARLOR and SLEEPING CARS, elegant DINING CARS providing excellent meals, and between Chicago, St. Joseph, Atchison and Kansas City—restful RECLINING CHAIR CARS.

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A short desirable route, via Seneca and Kanabos, offers superior inducements to travelers between Cincinnati, Indianapolis, Lafayette and Council Bluffs, St. Joseph, Atchison, Leavenworth, Kansas City, Minneapolis, St. Paul and intermediate points.

All classes of patrons, especially families, ladies and children, receive from officials and employees of Rock Island trains protection, respectful courtesy and kindly attention.

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TOWER'S FISH BRAND

## SLICKER

Is The Best Waterproof Coat Ever Made.

None genuine unless stamped with the above TRADE MARK. Don't waste your money on a gum or rubber coat. The FISH BRAND SLICKER is absolutely water and wind proof, and will keep you dry in the hardest storm. Ask for the "FISH BRAND" SLICKER and take no other. If your storekeeper does not have the "FISH BRAND," send for descriptive catalogue to A. J. TOWER, 20 Simmons St., Boston, Mass.

## Why did the Women

of this country use over thirteen million cakes of Procter & Gamble's Lenox Soap in 1886?

Buy a cake of Lenox and you will soon understand why.



St. Joe



News.

MORT & WILL OLDS, PUBLISHERS.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:

One Year, in advance ..... \$0.75  
Six Months ..... 50  
Three Months ..... 25

Entered at the Post Office at St. Joe as second-class matter.

FRIDAY MARCH 25, 1887.

OUR CORRESPONDENTS.  
CONCORD.

Mrs. Flora Simanton is sick.

Mrs. Keller has been on the sick list for a few days.

The measles are in our midst, Miss Emma Morr is quite sick with them.

Miss Mary Kline, of Pigeon's Retreat, was in attendance at the birthday party last Tuesday.

After a few weeks visit with her daughter in Garrett, Mrs. Geo. Morr returned home last Monday.

Miss Arvilla Draggoo came home last Tuesday from Auburn, where she has been visiting friends.

Who took El's lace? Mr. J. White will please explain and receive the magnificent reward of fifteen cents.

Rev. and Mrs. Langley, of St. Joe, were at the birthday party last Tuesday; also Mr. Geo. Johnson and wife of near St. Joe.

Henry Baker is selling good baking powder for fifteen cents per box, and with every box you draw a beautiful piece of glassware.

Our postmaster has been putting in new letter boxes, and making other improvements and thereby adding to the appearance, as well as the convenience of things in general.

Died, in spasms, last Tuesday evening, at the residence of G. W. Draggoo, little "snowdrop," age one year. Supposed to have been poisoned. The family have our sympathy.

John Hull has purchased three acres of land of Mr. Hildebrand, just across the road from Wayne Scott's old house, and will erect a house thereon, this spring or in the early part of the summer.

We think George Howey has a good joke on the sheriff and a prominent lawyer of Auburn. The next time they had better ask for other people's horse and buggy, and save trouble and unnecessary expense.

We don't know whether we have a counterfeit in our midst or not; but upon presenting a five dollar gold piece to one of the clerks in a store, after making some purchases, he said he had made it as good as he knew how. How is it John?

An agreeable surprise was given Mr. George Draggoo, on last Tuesday in honor of his sixty-first birthday. To simply say he was surprised is a very feeble way of expressing it. He was dumbfounded to see many coming in and taking possession of his usually quiet home. About fifty were present and felt that it was good to be there. The tables fairly groaned with the good things prepared by his estimable wife and daughter and the friends that were present. He received an easy chair and other things that we do not just now remember. Of course we were not there, but mother was, and she said so, and if mother said so it is so, if it ain't so. In the evening the young folks gathered in to sur-

prise Alice and have a good time, and they had it. The plays were interspersed with some fine music and singing.

SPENCERVILLE.

Henry Myers is on the sick list.

Joe Sommers was at Fort Wayne last Monday.

Mrs. Allen and children are visiting at Maysville.

Mrs. Cahill, of Leo, is in town visiting among her friends.

P. Bishop and wife spent a couple of days at Auburn this week.

Willis Carey is slowly recovering from another attack of rheumatism.

Mrs. Henry Carnes is the guest of her sister, Mrs. John Beams this week.

Mr. Beery has moved his old house back and will soon erect a new one in it's place.

Mr. Joe Fredrick, of Hudson, was in town last week, the guest of Ivan Fryberger.

Miss Edith Oberholtzer is spending a few days at Garrett, with her sister, Mrs. Ed Gelhausen.

Mrs. Keefer has moved back from Hicksville and now occupies part of Ben Hursh's house.

Mrs. W. Rhoades and daughter Emma, have been visiting at LaOtto the past few days.

Several of our young people attended the graduation examination, held at St. Joe, last Saturday.

The Woman's Foreign Missionary Society, will be entertained by Mrs. Luther Jones, Saturday, April, 2nd, 1887. All members are requested to be present, as at that time takes place the annual election of officers.

J. J. Arnold of Leo, was in town one day this week.

Mrs. Samuel Lawhead visited with friends at Garrett this week.

John Widney is taking lessons on the guitar. John plays left handed.

Mart Bodey is now a resident of St. Joe, having moved into the Cal Saylor house.

Rev. Lineberry says what he thinks in the last issue of the Auburn Dispatch.

Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Patterson spent last Sabbath with their parents at Hicksville.

We understand that Mrs. Yarnell will build a residence on her lot in the west end of town.

There is no better location in this part of the state for a grist mill, than right here in St. Joe.

Russ Coburn thinks of having his picture in last week's News enlarged. Our artist can do it in the latest style out.

Rev. Cyrus Alton preached a very interesting discourse at the church last Sunday morning, to a large and attentive congregation. He returned to his home in Nebraska this week.

We begin to think our paper is appreciated. Last week we failed to get it out on time, and we were besieged with persons all day enquiring: "where's my paper." That was evidence at least, that it was missed.

This township has purchased one of the Fleming road scrapers of Frank Herrick, and they were trying it's merits on our streets one day this week. It does the work, right up to perfection. Wouldn't it be a good idea for the township to put up some kind of a building in which to store such machinery when not in use?

OBITUARY.

Mary Caroline Davis, was born in London, England, July 27th, 1814; married David Furnish in the year 1833, and departed this life, after a short illness, March 18th, 1887, aged 72 years, 7 months and 21 days. In this blessed union of 54 years, they were presented with a family of eleven children, six sons and five daughters. A husband, five sons and five daughters survive her to mourn their loss. Many friends too, are left, who feel the loss, and sympathize with the bereaved family; our loss is her great gain. Forty years of their blessed union, was consistent in the service of Christ, making their home with the Evangelical Lutheran church. The funeral services were held at the family residence, on Sunday March 20th, at 2 o'clock, conducted by Rev. J. Shaller, internment in the Spencerville cemetery. The following lines were written expressive of the grief of the bereaved husband:

Cold and white, upon it's bier,  
And with death clothes covered o'er  
Love lies dead and frozen here,  
Dead, yes dead, for evermore.  
Oh! I am too weak and faint,  
To remove it from it's place  
And yet here I must not stay.  
With that change upon it's face.  
What can I do, left alone!  
With love gone, yes gone for aye;  
God in Heaven, be kind to me,  
Lest I also freeze and die;

IN MEMORY OF MOTHER FURNISH.

Another dear mother has gone to rest,  
To live with Jesus, in the home of  
the blest;  
Her chair is vacant, her voice is still,  
Her form will be missed, look where  
you will.  
The church has lost a good old  
mother,  
Whose place can be filled by none  
other;  
Her gentle words, her kind embrace,  
Has left impressions, that time can-  
not efface.  
Her days of suffering and affliction  
are o'er;  
Her sighs of pain, will be heard no  
more;  
God sent an angel down, to bear her  
Spirit away,  
Where there is no night, but one  
eternal day.  
She is now living in that mansion  
bright,  
Where all is peace, and joy and light;  
But three short weeks ago, (in church)  
we heard her say,  
"I'm striving to live nearer Jesus  
every day."  
"Dear ones!" to you, who are sorely  
bereft,  
She has to you, a good example left;  
Follow carefully the footsteps, in the  
path she trod,  
Leading upward to Glory, and to God.  
Wish her not back to this world of  
sin and woe,  
But see to it, that where she is, you  
will all strive to go;  
Then, what a meeting, in Heaven  
there will be,  
When "dear mother's" face, you  
shall again see.

Samuel Widney is quite seriously sick.

Mell Bishop has got onions in bloom.

P. P. Shuler was at Kendallville yesterday.

There are no new cases of scarlet fever in town, and the one or two cases that have been, are on the road to health.

M. TUSTISON,  
DEALER IN

GROCERIES,

ROLLER FLOUR,  
PROVISIONS, OYSTERS, LEMONS,  
ORANGES, CANDIES, CIGARS &c.  
MAIN ST. ST. JOE, IND.

WILLIAM CURIE,

PROPRIETOR OF

MEAT MARKET

ST. JOE, IND.

Highest market price paid for Hides,  
Tallow &c. Give me a call.

J. F. WALKER,

MAKER AND DEALER IN

Harness, Collars,

WHIPS, HARNESS OIL &c

ST. JOE, IND.

Repairing done promptly. Prices as  
low as the lowest. Call and see.

A. KINSEY,

DEALER IN

FURNITURE

BUREAUS, TABLES,

Lounges, Beds, Chairs &c.

MAIN STREET, ST. JOE, IND.

All styles of Parlor Goods furnished to  
order at low prices. Thanking you for past  
patrons I solicit your future patronage.

F. A. ZEIGLER,

MAKER AND DEALER IN

HARNESS,

COLLARS,

WHIPS,

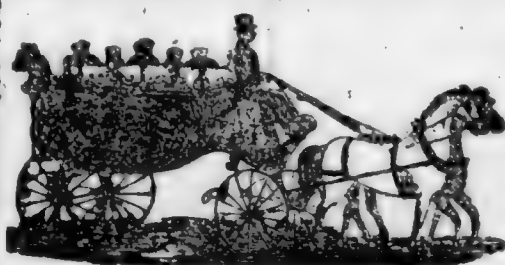
FLY NETS,

DUSTERS,

OILS &c.

St. Joe, Ind.

Prices the Lowest. All work guar-  
anteed. Call and see me.



A. KINSEY,

Undertaker and Embalmer. Keeps on  
hand constantly, a stock of Undertak-  
ing Supplies, Coffins, Caskets, Burial  
Robes &c. I can supply as fine goods  
as can be furnished. Will attend to mak-  
ing all arrangements for funerals. Calls  
responded to at all hours of the night.  
Office on corner of Main and Second  
Streets: residence on corner of Main  
and Fourth Streets, St. Joe, Ind.



## Business Notices.

**H. W. BOWMAN, M. D., Physician and Surgeon, St. Joe, Ind.** Office opposite the Drugstore.

**ST. JOE HOTEL, Wm. Leighty, Proprietor.** Special attention given to furnishing teams for commercial men.

**B. S. SHEFFER, M. D., Physician and Surgeon, St. Joe, Ind.** Prompt and careful attention to all business entrusted to his care.

**ST. JOE BARBER SHOP, one door west of hotel, Will Gee, proprietor.** Satisfaction guaranteed. Your patronage is solicited.

**FILLEY, LOUNSBERRY AND SHULER, proprietors of the St. Joe Saw and Planing Mill.** All work promptly done. Cash paid for Oak Logs.

**CITY BARBER SHOP, St. Joe, Ind., John Hull, proprietor.** Shaving, Hair Cutting &c. done in the best of style. Come and see me. Two doors west of Kinsey's Furniture Store.

**SIMON WINELAND, proprietor St. Joe Handle, Shingle and Feed Mills.** Feed grinding a specialty. Highest prices paid for second growth White Ash. Enquire at the mill for full particulars.

## LOCALS.

St. Joe expects a booming trade this spring.

Charlie Star of Mayeville was in town Saturday.

Gust Flint, of Newville, called to see us Thursday.

Will Curie was at Maysville Tuesday on business.

The pay car paid out bran new greenbacks Wednesday.

J. D. Leighty has been at Toledo this week, buying goods.

Charlie Grubb and wife visited friends in town this week.

Rev. Langley will preach at the Methodist church Sunday morning.

Some interesting correspondence will be found in the supplement this week.

Hank Reynolds hit a fellow on the nose Tuesday. Hank is a ready knocker.

Clide Woodcox is rejoicing over the advent of a new boy baby at their house.

H. K. Reynolds had a severe attack of hemorrhage of the lungs Wednesday morning.

Rev. Fryberger will occupy the pulpit of the Lutheran church Sunday evening. All are invited.

A number of the friends of Matilda Widney gathered at her home Wednesday, and enjoyed a social time together.

A team belonging to Henry Ables became frightened Thursday in town, and ran off. No damage done; only a big scare.

August Kinsey showed us a rattlesnake in his furniture store the other day that was four feet long and had six rattles. It was whittled out of wood.

Use Raven's Poultry Food if you want to get lots of eggs.

Garrett's base ball club is on deck for the season of 1887.

The snow the fore part of the week made another good run of sugar water.

Will Moody of Newville shipped several car loads of lumber from this place recently.

Mr. and Mrs. Stewart Wartenbee of Newville, attended church at this place last Sunday.

Nobby Spring Line of Gent's Neckware received this week at the Nimble Nickle store.

S. & F. Barney have been cleaning up there store room this week, getting ready for spring stock.

If you want to locate in one of the pleasantest towns in this part of the country, come to St. Joe.

Frank Scholes of Fort Wayne called to see us Monday, and left his measure for the News. Frank can laugh just as hearty as ever.

We see there is to be an old folk's hop at Auburn. It is usually the young folks that hop, especially when the old gentleman gets after them with a broad side of a shingle.

Byron Hadsell's house took fire last Friday, and but for the timely assistance of H. R. Babcox, who happened to be passing just at that time it would undoubtedly have been destroyed.

Farm for sale: what is known as the Henry Robinson farm, consisting of 70 acres of land, fair buildings, and well watered. For further particulars call on, or address Jerry Andrews, Newville, Ind.

By the Edgerton Observer, we see that Alex. Donaldson is one among those who are interested in boring for gas at that place. Alex. is one of those wide awake fellows that is of benefit to any town.

H. R. Babcox has gone to his home in Ohio, for a couple of weeks. Barney Woodcox will have charge of the fruit tree business during his absence, and fill all engagements for lectures.

Chris Curie, Robert Culbertson and Henry Jenkins, went to Newville township Monday, to act as viewers on the Moody ditch. This ditch is about ten miles long and drains nearly the whole of the township.

We accidentally overheard some ladies talking the other day, and from what we could learn of the conversation, we think the time for house cleaning is not far distant. When one woman gets the fever, they all get it. Next to getting a tooth pulled, we like house cleaning time the best.

In the correspondence from this place to the Auburn Courier last week, we noticed that one of our prominent citizens was made to dream a dream. That dream has been dreamt so many times that it is getting to be an old, old story. We heard of the same thing years ago, and somebody has been dreaming it over ever since, with a few variations to suit the occasion. By the way some people have a good deal of fault to find with church members. They hear, or imagine a good many things, and proceed to write them up, without stopping to inquire whether there is any truth in them or not. People don't all see things alike; and because they talk over those differences, either at church, in the home or on the streets, does not necessarily indicate that they are quarreling. Uncle Sam Lawhead says that he isn't always asleep when his eyes are shut, and so we say about church members, they are not always quarreling when they are talking together.

**J. H. CONRAD,**

DEALER IN

## ROOFING AND SPOUTING

GUTTERING, HOUSE FURNISHING GOODS,

Cutlery, Nails, Paints, Woodenware &c.

MAIN STREET,

ST. JOE IND.

Allwork and goods guaranteed to give satisfaction. Give me a call.

AT THE

St. Joe

DRUG

STORE.

White-wash Brushes.  
Kalsomine Brushes.  
Paint and Wall Brushes.  
Artist's Brushes.  
Marking Brushes.  
Shoe and Hair Brushes.  
Tooth and Clothes Brushes.

AT THE

St. Joe

DRUG

STORE.

## ST. JOE MARKETS.

CORRECTED EVERY FRIDAY.

Wheat	77 cts.
Oats	29 cts.
Corn	40 cts.
Butter	15 cts.
Eggs	10 cts.
Tallow	34 cts.
Lard	10 cts.
Potatoes	40 cts.
Smoked Hams	10 cts.
Shoulders and Side Meat	8 cts.

## Baltimore & Ohio R. R.

### WEST BOUND.

No. 9 Mail and Express	11:10 A. M.
3 Chicago Express	10:43 P. M.
35 Local Freight	3:53 P. M.

### EAST BOUND.

No. 10 Express and Mail	2:08 P. M.
4 Morning Express	2:57 A. M.
34 Local Freight	8:00 A. M.

H. K. REYNOLDS, AGENT.

## NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that an election will be held in the Lutheran church in St. Joe, Ind., on Saturday afternoon, April 9th, 1887, at 3 o'clock, by the St. Mark's Congregation of the Evangelical Lutheran church of the Synod of Northern Ind., to elect three (3) trustees for said congregation, to hold their office for five (5) years, or until their successors are elected.

Trustees: John Leighty, Robert Davis, W. C. Patterson.

## FOR SALE OR TRADE.

One Good Truck Wagon; will sell or trade for a cow. Enquire at Simon Wineland's.

## SCHOOL NOTES.

Arguments are all the rage.

Superintendent Merica visited the schools Tuesday.

Another examination for graduation in April.

Miss Violet Barney who has been absent from school so long is convalescing.

Miss Addie Widney has been selected to teach the Carr school this spring.

The were about fifteen present at the examination, last Saturday. The questions were very difficult.

According to a recent enumeration of this school district it was found that it contains 134 school children. That looks as though the school house would have to be enlarged, surely.

**HOUSE PAINTING.** Graining, Glazing, Paper Hanging and Ceiling Decorating a specialty. All work guaranteed. B. A. Woodcox. Call and see me, or leave orders at the St. Joe Drugstore.

**STAR WIND PUMP, E. A. Wankemeyer, agent, Newville, Ind.** Farmers who think of buying a mill should give me a call before doing so. The Star Mill is the best and prices the lowest.



Sa, did yu here about that Sant Jo furniture man that got badley skart the othar night, bi a cappel ov burglars. It happened sumthing like this: the furniture man went to bed at his usual our far retiring, an being sleapy he sune fel into a sound snoring sleep. He was awakened long about to or three o'clock bi a loud racket at the back dore. He was skart; his hare stood on end, the cold chills run thru him until it made his teeth clatter. Finally he gathered up ourrage enuf tu jump out ov bed, grapped his old shot gun, an cawshusly went tu the windo, with a firm determinashun tu blo the branes out ov sumthing. He rased the windo and loked out; awl was still, save the distant chimes ov a kat koncert in the back yard. The furniture man loked a littel closer, an diskovered to men, one up a goozebery tree, and the othar one was kronched down behind an old oyster kan. Befour the furniture man cood get a range on them with his shot gun, the wood be burglars had skiped out. He watched fur them awhile, but cum tu the conclu-shun that tha had really gon, so he put awa his littel gun, and crawled intu bed.

Barcus Q. Hippenhammer.

Dr. Murphy, of Leo, was in town last Saturday.

Elmer Wyatt, of Newville, came in and gave the News a boost this week.

Mrs. Moses Hilberbrand visited with friends at Coburntown over last Sabbath.



## LINCOLN AS A LAWYER.

Straightforward Intelligence of a Great Man His Largest Fee.

His weak as well as his strong qualities have been indicated. He never learned the technicalities—what some would call the tricks—of the profession. The sleight of plea and demurrer, the legerdemain by which justice is balked and a weak case is made to gain an unfair advantage, was too subtle and shifty for his strong and straightforward intelligence. He met these maneuvers sufficiently well when practiced by others, but he never could get in the way of handling them for himself. On the wrong side he was always weak. He knew this himself, and avoided such cases when he could consistently with the rules of his profession. He would often persuade a fair-minded litigant of the injustice of his case and induce him to give it up. His partner, Mr. Herndon, relates a speech in point which Lincoln once made to a man who offered him an objectionable case: "Yes, there is no reasonable doubt but that I can gain your case for you; I can set a whole neighborhood at loggerheads; I can distress a widowed mother and her six fatherless children, and thereby get for you \$600, which rightfully belongs, it appears to me, as much to them as it does to you. I shall not take your case, but I will give you a little advice for nothing. You seem a sprightly, energetic man. I would advise you to try your hand at making \$600 in some other way." Sometimes, after he had entered upon a criminal case the conviction that his client was guilty would affect him with a sort of panic. On one occasion he turned suddenly to his associate and said: "Sweet, the man is guilty; you defend him, I can't," and so gave up his share of a large fee. The same thing happened at another time when he was engaged with Judge S. C. Parks in defending a man accused of larceny. He said: "If you can say anything for the man do it, I can't; if I attempt it the jury will see that I think he is guilty, and will convict him." Once he was prosecuting a civil suit, in the course of which evidence was introduced showing that his client was attempting a fraud. Lincoln rose and went to his hotel in deep disgust. The Judge sent for him; he refused to come. "Tell the Judge," he said, "my hands are dirty; I came over to wash them." We are aware that these stories detract something from the character of the lawyer, but this inflexible, inconvenient and fastidious morality was to be of vast service afterward to his country and the world.

The Nemesis which waits upon men of extraordinary wit or humor had not neglected Mr. Lincoln, and the young lawyers of Illinois, who never knew him, have an endless store of jokes and pleasantries in his name, some of them as old as Howleglass or Rabelais. But the fact is that with all his stories and jests, his frank companionable humor, his gift of easy accessibility and welcome, he was, even while he traveled the Eight Circuit, a man of grave and serious temper and of an unusual innate dignity and reserve. He had few or no special intimates, and there was a line beyond which no one ever thought of passing. Besides, he was too strong a man in the court-room to be regarded with anything but respect in a community in which legal ability was the only especial distinction. Few of his forensic speeches have been preserved, but his contemporaries all agree as to their singular ability and power. He seemed absolutely at home in a court-room; his great stature did not encumber him there; it seemed like a natural symbol of superiority. His bearing and gesticulation had no awkwardness about them; they were simply striking and original. He assumed at the start a frank and friendly relation with the jury, which was extremely effective. He usually began, as the phrase ran, by "giving away his case," by allowing to the opposite side every possible advantage that they could honestly and justly claim. Then he would present his own side of the case with a clearness, a candor, an adroitness of statement which at once flattered and convinced the jury, and made even the bystanders his partisans. Sometimes he disturbed the Court with laughter by his humorous or apt illustrations; sometimes he excited the audience by that florid and exuberant rhetoric which he knew well enough how and when to indulge in; but his more usual and more successful manner was to rely upon a clear, strong, lucid statement, keeping

details in a proper subordination, and bringing forward, in a way which fastened the attention of court and jury alike, the essential point on which he claimed a decision. "Indeed," says one of his colleagues, "his statement often rendered argument unnecessary, and often the Court would stop him and say: 'If that is the case, we will hear the other side.'"

### Seeking Intoxication.

In no class of people does heredity do a more disastrous work than in the descendants of drinkers, whether excessive or moderate. A morbid appetite for liquor in such cases, with the disadvantage of an inherited nerve degeneration, may manifest itself in many terrible forms. Among these many forms are the ordinary symptoms of intoxication in a person perfectly temperate.

Dr. Crothers, of Hartford, Conn., presents many such cases in a paper read before the American Association for the cure of inebriates, and published in the *Alienist and Neurologist*.

The first cases that attracted his attention were two boys, sons of drunkards, in the Hartford Deaf and Dumb Asylum, who had shown clear signs of intoxication from their birth. He was afterwards surprised to find such cases not uncommon. In some persons the symptoms are present all the time, either appearing at birth, or slowly developing with the growth of the child. Most of such cases show other marked indications of physical degeneration—as idiocy, imbecility, or bodily deformity.

In a second-class of cases, almost any excitement is sufficient to bring on an attack. This class may include persons of an average intellect, and even of genius. In them the neurotic (nerve) degeneration may, at a later date, end in imbecility or insanity. A farmer, 54 years old, a man of wealth and character, whose father was a drunkard, but who himself never used any kind of spirits, showed symptoms of intoxication after meeting with an accident from a runaway horse. At the funeral of a child, some months later, his family were greatly mortified at his silly language, staggering gait, and other marked symptoms of intoxication. A year later a similar attack followed the burning of some buildings on his farm.

There are similar cases in which the nerve degeneration is due, not to heredity, but early habits of intoxication. A noted temperance lecturer, a total abstainer for ten years or more, received, while lecturing, a dispatch announcing the fatal illness of his daughter. He drank a glass of water, became confused, staggered, and was led from the stage laughing and shouting in a maudlin way. He had drunk no spirits, but the audience supposed him intoxicated. —*Youth's Companion*.

### How to Keep the Carriage New.

The preservation of a carriage depends largely upon the way in which it is housed. The barn or shed should be airy and dry, with a moderate admission of light, otherwise the colors of painting and lining will be affected. Do not let the vehicle be coiled near a brick wall, as the dampness of the wall will fade colors and destroy the varnish. The coach house should not be connected with the stable or next the manure pit, since the ammonia fumes rising from the manure will do more to crack and ruin varnish, and ruin colors of paint and lining, than all other causes put together.

Do not allow mud to dry on a newly varnished carriage; spots and stains will be the result if you do. Do not permit water to dry of itself on a varnished surface, but remove all moisture with a chamois leather only, after the soft sponge has been used. Do not let the leather top carriages lie long unused with the tops down, but raise occasionally, taking off the strain on the leather and not stay by slightly easing the joints. Keep the moths out of cushions and linings by frequent brushing. Examine the axles often; keep well oiled and see that the washers are in good order.

### Stone That Looks Like Beeswax.

A peculiar substance has been found in Georgia, a yellow material, very much like beeswax, which, when shaved off with a knife, rolls up like that article. It is a kind of rock, and, while there is nothing about it that burns, it becomes as hard as flint when heated.

The boy who was kept out of school for orthography said he was spell-bound.

### Another Victim of Circumstantial Evidence.

No matter how strong may be every link in a chain of circumstantial evidence there is always a doubt, a lack of certainty, that should weaken it and cause us to distrust it. I remember a story my grandfather used to tell of a case in which an innocent life was sacrificed for a guilty person. A boy on a farm, for some misdemeanor, was sentenced by his father, a stern man, with an eye to saving a half-price ticket, to be deprived of his annual circus privilege, and, in addition, he was to hoe so many rows of corn while the rest of the family took in the lady's pad net, the bareback riding of Jack Robinson, the club that killed Captain Cook, and other attractions of the great moral show. The boy watched the wagon drive away, with tears in his eyes, and then he went at his corn rows with a determination to make a short crop, if it could be worked without detection. But he grew hungry after awhile and went into the house and investigated the pantry. There were seven pies—it was an American household—seven blackberry pies, baked for Sunday. The boy, who was not feeling very well himself, soon placed his person anterior to six of the pies, but passed thoughtfully, and with keen regret, midway on the seventh. One-half of that he left. He then caught the family cat, thrust her nose and feet into the remains of the pie and dropped her on the clean, white, sanded floor of the pantry that she might track around on it. Then he went back to his corn rows. Evening brought the family home. The boy saw them climb joyously out of the big wagon. He noted how the over-ripe apples fell from the trees when his sister jumped over the side and lighted flat-footed on the ground. He saw his father let himself down over the double-trees and get himself kicked twice by the roan colt. He saw his mother waiting patiently until somebody had time and inclination to take the baby. He saw his grandmother perch herself on the hub of the hind wheel on one foot, while she made vague, circumferential, wandering excursions for the wide, wide world with the other. He saw his brothers let themselves down over the tailgate and sneak away to avoid doing any work. At last the wagon was empty, and there were visible signs of excitement about the house. "The raid is discovered," said the boy, cutting the roots of a healthy stalk of corn and carefully billing up a vigorous lance weed. Presently he saw his father come out of the house with a gun over his shoulder and the cat under his arm. "The culprit is arrested," calmly remarked the young robber, as he leaned thoughtfully upon his hoe, and watched his father disappear behind the barn. The sharp report of a gun rang out upon the quiet of the sun-set hour. "There," said the boy, with the confident expression of one who knows what he is talking about, "there goes another victim to circumstantial evidence." —*Burdette*.

### How Men Die in Battle.

When we got into the Brock Road intrenchments, a man a few miles to my left dropped dead, shot just above the right eye. He did not groan, or sigh, or make the slightest physical movement, except that his chest heaved a few times. The life went out of his face instantly, leaving it without a particle of expression. It was plastic, and, as the facial muscles contracted, it took many shapes. When this man's body became cold, and his face hardened, it was horribly distorted, as though he had suffered intensely. Any person who had not seen him killed would have said that he had endured supreme agony before death released him. A few minutes after he fell, another man, a little farther to the left, fell with apparently a precisely similar wound. He was straightened out and lived for over an hour. He did not speak. Simply lay on his back, and his broad chest rose and fell, slowly at first, and then faster and faster, and more and more feeble until he was dead. And his face hardened, and it was almost terrifying in its painful distortion. I have seen dead soldiers' faces which were wreathed in smiles, and heard their comrades say that they had died happy. I do not believe that the face of a dead soldier, lying on a battlefield, ever truthfully indicates the mental or physical anguish or peacefulness of mind which he suffered or enjoyed before his death. The face is plastic after death, and as the facial muscles

cool and contract they draw the face into many shapes. Sometimes the dead smile, again they stare with glassy eyes, and belling tongues and dreadfully distorted visages at you. It goes for nothing. One death was as painless as the others. —*Recollections of a Private*.

### An Irish Horse Trade.

The following story was told to a clerical friend in the west of this county by a countryman named Dinny Cooley:

"Good-morrow, Dinny, where did you get the horse?"

"Well, I'll tell your reverence. Some time ago I went to the fair of Ross, not with this horse, but another horse. Well, some a wan said to me, 'Dinny, do you come from the Aist or do you come from the Wesht?' and when I left the fair there wasn't wan to say, 'Dinny, are you going to the Aist or are you going to the Wesht?' Well, your reverence, I rode home, and was near Kilnagross, when I met a man riding along the road forinst me. 'Good-evening, friend,' said he. 'Good-evening, friend,' said I. 'Were you at the fair of Ross?' says he. 'I was,' sez I. 'Did you sell?' says he. 'No,' sez I. 'Would you sell?' sez he. 'Would you buy?' says I. 'Would you make a clean swap?' sez he; 'horse, bridle, and saddle, and all?' sez he. 'Done,' says I. Well, your reverence, I got down off my horse, not this horse, but the other horse, and the man got down off his horse, and we swopped and rode away. But when he had gone about twenty yards he turned round and called after me, 'There niver was a man from Ross,' sez he, 'but could put his finger in the eye of a man from Kilnagross,' sez he; 'and that horse,' sez he, 'that I swopped with you,' sez he, 'is blind as an eye,' sez he. Well then, your reverence, I turned upon him, and I called out to him: 'There niver was a man from Kilnagross,' sez I, 'but that could put his two fingers in both the eyes of a man from Ross,' sez I; 'and that horse that I swopped with you,' sez I, 'is blind at both his eyes,' sez I."

### Heart Disease and High Altitudes.

Dr. Loomis details four cases in which heart disease was brought on by a change from a lower to a higher altitude. Two of these were persons going to St. Regis Lake, in the Adirondacks, at an elevation of only 2,000 feet. One was that of a visitor to the Catskill Mountains, and the fourth had gone to Colorado. Though relief was afforded them by a return to lower levels, they all died within four or five weeks. As the result of his experience in twenty-six cases, Dr. Loomis concludes that "the risks which one with even slight cardiac insufficiency runs by passing from a lower to a higher altitude is certainly very great, and if the insufficiency be extensive, such changes become immediately dangerous." This conclusion, strongly supported as it is by Dr. Loomis' data, is especially important when it is remembered that cardiac insufficiency may exist in those who give no evidence of it while residing at or moderately near sea level. It is well known that sojourn at the high resorts of the Swiss Alps is contra-indicated for persons suffering from diseases of the brain, heart, or the large vessels. The change in the blood due to deficiency of oxygen (calculation will show that ordinarily at an altitude of only 2,000 feet 173.48 grains less of oxygen are inhaled than at sea level) would alone explain the peril which which many people incur by exchanging tide-water for high mountain air. —*Medical Record*.

### See Little War Paper.

"Yes," said the Major, waxing eloquent in his stories of the war, "I remember when I was but a private in the ranks that one day a party of us crept up on a 'wild-cat' battery. Just as we were preparing for a final rush to capture it they opened on us with shot. Our Captain, a hot, enthusiastic fellow, saw the situation and jumped on the stump of a tree, waving his sword and crying, 'On, men, on! Liberty or death?' and then he fell pierced by a bullet."

"And what did you do?" broke in a voice.

"What did we do? Oh, we took the hint. We preferred liberty and turned and ran." —*Judge*.

A dog frequently worries a cat, but man, who is nobler than the dog, worries himself.



#### Important.

When you visit or leave New York City, save baggage, expressage, and \$3 carriage hire, and stop at the **Grand Union Hotel**, opposite Grand Central Depot.

613 rooms, fitted up at a cost of one million dollars, \$1 and upwards per day. European plan. Elevator. Restaurant supplied with the best. Horse cars, stages, and elevated railroad to all depots. Families can live better for less money at the Grand Union Hotel than at any other first-class hotel in the city.

#### Napoleons's Savagery.

Madame de Bourrienne, speaking of the character of Bonaparte, as it displayed itself in the early part of his career, says:

"His smile was hypocritical and often misplaced. A few days after his return from Toulon, he was telling us that, being before that place, where he commanded the artillery during the siege, one of his officers was visited by his wife, to whom he had been but a short time married, and whom he tenderly loved. A few days after, orders were given for another attack upon the town, in which this officer was engaged. His wife came to General Bonaparte, and, with tears in her eyes, entreated him to dispense with her husband's services during that day. The General was inexorable, as he himself told us, with a sort of savage exultation. The moment of the attack, the officer, though a very brave man, as Bonaparte himself assured us, felt a presentiment of his approaching death. He turned pale and trembled. He was stationed beside the General, and during an interval, when the firing from the town was very strong, Bonaparte called out to him, 'Take care, there is a bomb-shell coming!' The officer, instead of moving to one side, stooped down, and was literally severed in two. Bonaparte laughed loudly, while he described the event with horrible minuteness."

#### Wanted a Divorce.

A middle-aged countryman walked into the office of a prominent Newport attorney and took a seat, when the following conversation took place:

"I called in to see about getting a divorce from my wife."

"Ah; what seems to be the difficulty?"

"Well, me and Jinny are always quarrelin', and think it would be better if she would go back to her folks and I stay where I am. She ken take the three children with her."

"On what grounds do you want a divorce?"

"Well, you see it's jist this way: Jinny's the most skeeriest woman of tramps ye ever seen, and so when we go up-stairs to bed she wants me to look under the bed for a man, when I know ther' ain't no man there. So you see that riles me and I get mad, and then she gets mad, and then there's a fuss, and I don't have no peace and can't get no sleep, and I'm a hard-working man."

"You can't get a divorce on those grounds, sir."

"I can't?"

"No sir."

"Well, then, I know what I'll do. I'll go home and saw the legs off the bed close up, so a man can't get under. If I had thought of that sooner I might hev saved all this time comin' in here."

—Kentucky State Journal.

#### "I Feel So Well."

"I want to thank you for telling me of Dr. Pierce's 'Favorite Prescription,'" writes a lady to her friend. "For a long time I was unfit to attend to the work of my household. I kept about, but I felt thoroughly miserable. I had terrible headaches, and bearing-down sensations across me, and was quite weak and discouraged. I sent and got some of the medicine after receiving your letter, and it has cured me. I hardly know myself. I feel so well."

MORMONS hold faith in a religious re-wive-all.

#### Farmers.

Send 10 cents to the PRICKLY ASH BITTERS Co., St. Louis, Mo., and get a copy of "THE HORSE TRAINER."

A complete system, teaching how to break and train horses in a mild and gentle way, requiring no elaborate apparatus, nothing more than can be found in any stable in the country—a rope and a strap. Every one handling horses should have a copy.

A COUNTER-IRRITANT—the woman who offers ten cents a yard for forty-cent goods.

PURE Cod Liver Oil made from selected livers, on the sea-shore, by Caswell, Hazard & Co., New York. It is absolutely pure and sweet. Patients who have once taken it prefer it to all others. Physicians have decided it superior to any of the other oils in market.

TALK is cheap—except you employ a stenographer. —Somerville Journal.

No Safer Remedy can be had for Coughs and Colds, or any trouble of the Throat, than "Brown's Bronchial Troches." Price 25 cts. Sold only in boxes.

#### Extra Liability to Malarial Infection.

Persons whose blood is thin, digestion weak, and liver sluggish, are extra liable to the attacks of malarial disease. The most trifling exposure may, under such conditions, infect a system which, if healthy, would resist the miasmatic taint. The only way to secure immunity from malaria in localities where it is prevalent, is to tone and regulate the system by improving weakened digestion, enriching the blood, and giving a wholesome impetus to biliary secretion. These results are accomplished by nothing so effectively as Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which long experience has proved to be the most reliable safeguard against fever and ague and kindred disorders, as well as the best remedy for them. The Bitters are, moreover, an excellent invigorant of the organs of urination, and an active depurant, eliminating from the blood those acid impurities which originate rheumatic ailments.

#### Where Pure Air Exists.

Two scientific investigators, one Swiss and the other French, have been analyzing the Alpine air. They ascertained that entirely pure air is not found until an altitude is reached of from 6,000 to 13,000 feet above the level of the sea. The atmosphere around the lakes below that level, however pure and healthful apparently, was found to contain bacteria. Nevertheless it was pure enough by comparison with that of the French capital, where the bacteria contained in a square foot of air are 7,000 more numerous than those in the same quantity of air in one of the Swiss valleys.

Don't disgust everybody by hawking, blowing, and spitting, but use Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy and be cured.

The oldest inhabitant is usually a man, but the scoudest is a woman. —Philadelphia Chronicle.

SEND sixteen cents in stamps to Paul Morton, G. P. & T. A., C. B. & Q. R. R., Chicago, Ill., and get a copy of the Pronouncing Dictionary published by the Burlington route. It contains 320 pages, 32,000 words, and 670 engravings, and is the cheapest book issued.

1,000 \$2 WASHING MACHINES FREE, to introduce them. If you want one, send at once to Monarch Laundry Works, 82 Warren St., N. Y.

THE removal of Prof. Sanborn of New Hampshire, after being pronounced incurable by a score of physicians, from Las Vegas, N. M., to his home, was effected by administering Dr. Harter's Iron Tonic, which has restored him to his former good health.

"Rough on Dirt" whitens clothing yellowed by careless washing or use of cheap washing compounds. Washes everything from finest laces to heaviest blankets. There need be no fear in using this article. Does not rot nor yellow. 5 & 10c.

#### Something New

And most important, Hallett & Co., Portland Maine, can furnish you work that you can do at great profit and live at home, wherever you are located. Either sex; all ages. Asa P. Rand, Westboro, Mass., writes us that he made \$60 profit in a single day. Every worker can make from \$5 to \$25 and upwards per day. All is now. Capital not required; you are started free. Full particulars free. Send your address at once.

#### IF YOU ARE LOSING YOUR GRIP

On life try "Wells' Health Renewer." Goes direct to weak spots. For weak men, delicate women.

"BUCHU-PAIBA." Quick, complete cure, all annoying kidney diseases, Catarrh of Bladder, &c. 50c.

If muslins, calicoes, etc., appear to not wear or wash as well as formerly the reason is in the use of inferior alkaline soap washing compounds that destroy the texture and neutralize the colors. Shun them! Use "Rough on Dirt."

RELIEF is immediate, and a cure sure. Pisco's Remedy for Catarrh. 50 cents.

## That Tired Feeling

Is so general at this season that every one knows what is meant by the expression. A change of season, climate, or of life, has such a depressing effect upon the body that one feels all tired out, almost completely prostrated, the appetite is lost, and there is no ambition to do anything. The whole tendency of the system is downward. In this condition Hood's Sarsaparilla is just the medicine needed. It purifies the blood, sharpens the appetite, overcomes the tired feeling, and invigorates every function of the body. Try it.

"We all like Hood's Sarsaparilla, it is so strengthening." LIZZIE BALFOUR, Auburn, P. Q.

#### The Weak Made Strong.

"I never took any medicine that did me so much good in so short a time as Hood's Sarsaparilla. I was very much run down, had no strength, no energy, and felt very tired all the time. I commenced taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, and before I had used one bottle felt like a different person. That extreme tired feeling has gone, my appetite returned, and it toned me up generally. My brother and sister have also received great benefit from it." CLARA W. PHELPS, Shirley, Mass.

N. B.—Be sure to get

#### Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by druggists. \$1; six for \$5. Prepared by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

#### 100 Doses One Dollar

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Wanted in every County. Shrewd men to act under our instructions in our Secret Service. Experience not necessary. Send stamp for particulars. GRANNAN DETECTIVE BUREAU, 44 Arcade, Cincinnati, O.

#### All "Played Out."

"Don't know what ails me lately. Can't eat well, can't sleep well. Can't work, and don't enjoy doing anything. Ain't really sick, and I really ain't well. Feel all kind of played out, somehow." That is what scores of men say every day. If they would take Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" they would soon have no occasion to say it. It purifies the blood, tones up the system, and fortifies it against disease. It is a great anti-bilious remedy as well.

A CONTENTED man is better than riches; and yet you can't buy a brick block nor pay a board bill with it.

#### WELLS' HAIR BALSAM.

It gray, restores to original color. An elegant dressing, softens and beautifies. No oil nor grease. A Tonic Restorative. Stops hair coming out; strengthens, cleanses, heals scalp. 50c.

The best thing on earth to add to starch to give a good body and beautiful gloss, is "Rough on Dirt," only washing compound that can be so used. Makes ironing easy and saves the starch. Has dirt removing power double that of any other.

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IT IS A PURELY VEGETABLE PREPARATION CONTAINING PRICKLY ASH BARK AND PRICKLY ASH BERRIES. SENNA-MANDRAKE-BUCHU AND OTHER EQUALLY EFFICIENT REMEDIES. It has stood the Test of Years, in Curing all Diseases of the BLOOD, LIVER, STOMACH, KIDNEYS, BOWELS, &c. It Purifies the Blood, Invigorates and Cleanses the System.

DYSPEPSIA, CONSTIPATION, JAUNDICE, SICK HEADACHE, BILIOUS COMPLAINTS, &c. disappear at once under its beneficial influence.

It is purely a Medicine as its cathartic properties forbid its use as a beverage. It is pleasant to the taste, and as easily taken by children as adults.

PRICKLY ASH BITTERS CO. Sole Proprietors, St. Louis and Kansas City.

## ELY'S CREAM BALM

IS WORTH \$1,000 TO ANY MAN, Woman, or Child suffering from CATARRH!

Not a liquid or sniff. A particle is applied into each nostril and is agreeable. Price 50 cts. at druggists; by mail, registered, 60 cts. Circulars free. ELY BRO'S, Druggists, Owego, N. Y.

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The Original and Only Genuine. Safe and always Reliable. Beware of worthless imitations. Ladies, ask your Druggist for "Chichester's English" and take no other, or inclose 10c. stamps to us for particulars in letter by return mail. NAME FREE. CHICHESTER CHEMICAL CO., 2512 Madison Square, Philadelphia, Pa.

Sold by Druggists everywhere. Ask for "Chichester's English" Pennyroyal Pills. Take no other.

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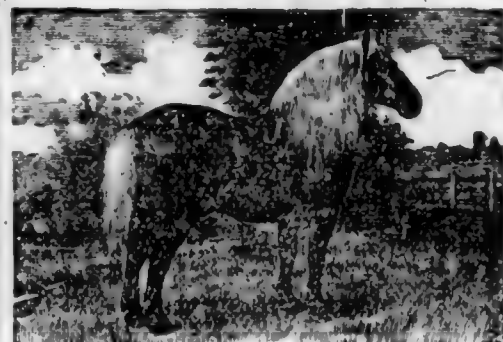
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For information send to 40 Dearborn St., Chicago. Illinois College of Pharmacy.



Imported, Stallion CHFR, 5079 (2423). Winner of Sweepstakes Premium at the Great Percheron Show of the Ill. State Fair, held in Chicago Sept. 1886. Property of W. L. ELLWOOD.

## PERCHERON HORSES.

The Largest Breeding Establishment of Pure Blood Percherons in the United States. Five hundred head of Pure Blood and Grades now on hand, a large number of which were imported in July, 1886, and another large importation of from 150 to 200 head will arrive about the middle of October. Visitors always welcome—come and see them. I handle nothing but the best, and take pride in showing stock.

Location, DE KALB, ILL. Is 53 miles west of Chicago, on Omaha Div. C. & N. W. R. R. Send for Catalogue.

## THE GRAND RAPIDS HERD

## Holstein-Friesians.



About 100 HEAD of both sexes and all ages. Several Head of

BULLS READY FOR SERVICE Up to two years old. Choice Cows and Heifers bred to my prize service bulls.

Prins Midlum and Jonge Carre, Who have no superiors. A specialty of young pairs not akin for foundation stock. Every Head Registered and Guaranteed Pure-Bred. Write for Catalogue and prices, and state age and sex desired, or come and see the herd.

M. L. SWEET, Breeder and Importer. [MENTION THIS PAPER.] Grand Rapids, Mich.

## PISCO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION

CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.

HAINESVILLE, N. J., October 13, 1890.

E. T. HAZELTINE, Warren, Pa.

Dear Sir: I was taken with a very severe cold last Spring, and tried every cure we had in the store, and could get no help.

I had our village doctor prescribe for me, but kept getting worse. I saw another physician from Port Jervis, N. Y., and he told me he used Pisco's Cure for Consumption in his practice.

I bought a bottle, and before I had taken all of it there was a change for the better. Then I got my employer to order a quantity of the medicine and keep it in stock. I took one more bottle, and my Cough was cured.

Respectfully, FRANK McKELVY.

## PISCO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION

CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.

## PISCO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION

CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.

## CATARRH TREATMENT FREE

So great is our faith in this cure that we will mail enough to convince, free. B. S. LAUDERBACK, 714 Broad St., Newark, N. J.

## RUPTURE

If you want relief and cure at your home, send for Dr. J. A. Sherman's circular of instructions. 24 Broadway, New York.

N. L. W. No. 13—87.

When Writing to Advertisers, please say you saw the Advertisement in this paper.



## A TALK ON ANCHORS.

How They Are Made and the Manner of Using Them—The Bowers.

"When ships are moored by the solid anchor and are swung around by the tide, the cable often takes a turn around the arm that projects up above the ground," said a sailor to a New York *Mail and Express* reporter. "Then the strain comes on that arm, instead of on the shank, and so the anchor is pulled out of the ground and away goes the ship, unless another anchor is ready to drop. Ships at anchor always have the lead over, with the line hanging loose in a coil, so that the officer on watch can tell when the ship drifts by the way the lead-line runs out. There have been various changes made in the forms of the palms on the ends of the arms; attempts have been made to strengthen the arms by running a rod from palm to palm or from palm to shank. Others have tried, with some success, to do away, with the stock by using swinging arms, with projections on them to catch the anchor aright. The war-ship *Atlanta* has anchors of this design. The object is to save room in stowage; the objection, the weakness of all joints and their liability to rust. They require constant care. The Yankee merchant skipper places his trust in two good bow-ers of the modern old style and lets naval officers monkey with patents."

"What is meant by the 'best bower,' of which we read in the sea stories?"

"It should be written the best bow-er. It is the anchor placed at the starboard bow, which in the old days was larger than the one on the other bow. Now both anchors are of equal weight, though it is common to have one of them with a stock permanently fastened to the shank, while the other is a patent, with both stock and arms hinged. People read about sheet anchors, too, and probably wonder what they are. They are simply a smaller anchor than the bow-er, and are stowed abaft the fore-rigging where the fore-sheets are made fast, hence the name sheet anchor. The stream anchor is a medium-sized anchor sometimes carried by ships to use in sheltered local ties where a heavy one is not needed. The kedge anchor is a still smaller anchor used in kedging."

"What's that?"

"When the old ship *Constitution* escaped from the British fleet in the war of 1812 she did it by sending a boat ahead, while all were becalmed, to drop a small anchor to the bottom, with a rope attached and leading to the ship. The sailors walked away with the rope and hauled the ship to the anchor. Meanwhile another boat carried out another kedge to repeat the operation. That was kedging."

"How many anchors does a modern full-rigged ship carry?"

"Just as few as she can and save her insurance if lost. The law provides that she must carry one on each bow of a certain size, besides smaller ones. A ship of 2,000 tons must carry two bow-ers weighing 4,200 pounds each, a stream anchor weighing 1,900 pounds, a kedge of 950 pounds, and another of 500. A schooner of 100 tons is supposed to carry two anchors of 700 pounds each, besides two smaller ones. You would have to search a long time to find a vessel of that size, with four anchors on, however."

"There is one thing that should be said about modern anchors. The quality of the workmanship is far superior to that of the old ones. Good anchors did not come in vogue until modern steam hammers relieved the workmen of the drudgery of the old method of forging out such large masses of iron. Men cannot do good work and drudgery at the same time. The details of the anchors have improved since steam wielded the hammer. Anchors are made of scrap iron. New ones cost from 6 to 10 cents a pound according to size, the larger ones being cheaper. Galvanized iron, such as yachts use, costs 3 cents a pound more. A second-hand anchor is worth within 1 cent of what a new one is."

### A Miner Millionaire.

A miner in Leadville, Col., who can neither read nor write, is worth to-day, at least, \$3,000,000. Four years ago he hadn't a penny, except what he earned from day to day as a miner. His name is John L. Morrissey. He is a young man, not more than 32 or 33. The Crown Point mine, like Tom Bowen's Golconda, was just about paying expenses. Her owners offered to sell her for \$40,000. Morrissey went to Chicago and interested Diamond Joe Reynolds

in the matter. Reynolds knew that Morrissey was an authority on mining, even if he couldn't write his own name. He finally purchased the Crown Point, agreeing to give Morrissey a half interest after the original sum was repaid. Within thirty days they struck a vein of high-class ore that has yielded them a monthly income of \$18,000 apiece ever since. There is said to be \$5,000,000 worth of ore in sight. Morrissey cannot even tell the time of day. It is a stock joke among the boys, if you ask Morrissey what o'clock it is, for him to pull from his fob a \$500 watch, and, with a condescending air, tell you to "luk for yerself and then ye'll know I am not lying to yez."—*Salt Lake Tribune*.

### O'Flaherty and Sadleir.

A correspondent of the New York *Times* directs attention to the following interesting passage in the "Roundabout Papers" of Thackeray, referring to Edmund O'Flaherty (William Stuart):

Two years since I had the good fortune to partake of some admirable dinners in Tyburnia—magnificent dinners indeed; but rendered doubly interesting from the fact that the house was that occupied by the late Mr. Sadleir. One night the late Mr. Sadleir took tea in that dining-room and to the surprise of his butler, went out, having put into his pocket his own cream-jug. The next morning, you know, he was found dead on Hampstead Heath, with the cream-jug lying by him, into which he had poured the poison by which he died. The idea of the ghost of the late gentleman flitting about the room gave a strange interest to the banquet.

I neither knew this unhappy man nor his countryman—Laertes let us call him—who is at present in exile, having been compelled to fly from remorseless creditors. Laertes fled to America, where he earned his bread by his pen. I own to having a kindly feeling towards this scapegrace, because, though an exile, he did not abuse the country whence he fled. I have heard that he went away taking no spoil with him, penniless almost; and on his voyage he made acquaintance with a certain Jew; and when he fell sick at New York, this Jew befriended him and gave him help and money out of his own store, which was but small. Now, after they had been a while in the strange city it happened that the poor Jew spent all his little money, and he, too, fell ill and was in great penury. And now it was Laertes who befriended that Hebrew Jew. He fed doctors; he fed and tended the sick and hungry. Go to, Laertes! I know thee not. It may be thou art justly exul patrie. But the Jew shall intercede for thee, thou not, let us trust, hopeless Christian sinner.

### Complexion and Health.

A physician in the Medical World gives the following advice to women for the improvement of their health and complexion: "For the present I prescribe only for your feet. First, procure a quantity of woolen stockings, not such as you buy at the store under the name of lambs wool, that you can read a newspaper through, but the kind that your Aunt Jerusha in the country knits for you, that will keep your feet dry and warm, in spite of the wind and weather; second, if you want to be thorough, change them every morning, hanging the fresh ones by the fire during the night; third, procure thick calf-skin boots, double uppers and triple soles, and wear them from the 1st of October to the 1st of May; make frequent applications of some good oil blacking; fourth, avoid rubbers altogether, except a pair of rubber boots, which may be worn for a little time through the snowdrifts or a flood of water; fifth, hold the bottoms of your feet in cold water a quarter of an inch deep just before going to bed, two or three minutes, and then rub them hard with rough towels, and your naked hands; sixth to go out freely in all weather, and, believe me, not only will your feet enjoy a good circulation, but as the consequence of the good circulation in the lower extremities your head will be relieved with all its fullness and your heart of all its palpitations. Your complexion will be greatly improved and your health made better in every respect."

It is easy to live in the world's opinion; it is easy in solitude to live after your own; but the great man is he who, in the midst of the crowd, keeps with perfect sweetness the independence of solitude.

**J. D. LEIGHTY,**

—DEALER IN—

**Dry Goods, Notions,**

**GROCERIES, BOOTS, SHOES, RUBBER GOODS, HATS, CAPS, ETC.**

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**St. Joe, - - Indiana.**

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I HAVE AN IMMENSE STOCK AND SOLICIT YOUR PATRONAGE.

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**CLOTHING, GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS, BOOTS, SHOES, HATS, CAPS, GROCERIES. GENERAL STOCK OF HARDWARE, STOVES AND TRIMMINGS,**

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HIGHEST MARKET PRICE PAID FOR

**Produce, Grain, Seeds, and Wool.**

**CASE & OLDS,**

—DEALERS IN—

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**GROCERIES, CLOTHING, BOOTS, SHOES, HATS, CAPS, QUEENSWARE, CLASSWARE, ETC.**

**ST. JOE, INDIANA.**

EXAMINE THE BARGAINS ON OUR

**5 and 10c Counters.**



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## Supplement to the St. Joe News.

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FRIDAY, MARCH 25, 1887.

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### OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

#### ORANGEVILLE.

Sol past through our village on the war path one day this week.

Jud Gee will move on his father-in-law's farm, on fish creek, in a few days.

Mrs. Ad Chubb is visiting with her father and other relatives near Spencerville this week.

Sam has begun his blind ditch and the only peculiarity we can observe about it is, that he is running it in a circle.

At the sale of Vint Bronson's, Anthony was just in the act of knocking off a fine mare belonging to Aye, for five dollars and a-half. Aye arrived just in time to stop the sale of the mare, telling Anthony that he had no objection to the price, but the mare was not for sale.

#### PIGEON'S RETREAT.

Alice Kline's health continues to improve very slowly.

Will Shilling and family called at Henry Timmerman's last Sunday.

There was a large crowd at Batdorf's sale on Saturday.

Charley McCrory has been working for the past few weeks in the mill at Hurshtown.

John Timmerman visited over Saturday night and Sunday with his sister, Mrs. Charles Jackson.

Theodore Kline of the south woods, was at his father's a few days last week hauling grain to market.

If Holly takes a girl to church again for some one else to take home, there will be an earthquake at Pigeon's Retreat.

This place used to be called Pigeon Roost, but when the new school house was built, the scholars re-christened it Pigeon's Retreat.

#### NEWVILLE CENTER.

Time to sow cloverseed.

School at this place closed on Friday last.

The songs of the birds indicate that spring has come.

The re-view on the county ditch commenced Monday.

Rev. Lowman is holding a protracted meeting at Moorsville.

Leslie Strong sowed some oats last Monday. Leslie is bound to be ahead.

We listened to a very interesting discourse delivered by Rev. Alton at Coburntown Sunday evening.

Arthur had better sleep with both eyes open, or some one from Ohio will beat his time. Look out for him Arthur.

One of Jerry's mules shook hands with Jim, the other morning. Be careful Jim, how you make friends with a mule.

The young folks of this vicinity had a surprise party at M. E. Ashelman's, in honor of his son Thomas; it being his 17th birthday. Tom went under the bed just the same.

#### JACKSON TOWNSHIP.

More snow and a little more sap.

John Kester is building a wagon shed and grain house.

Mrs. Catharine Farmer is building a new house on her farm.

L. R. Wasson purchased a horse of J. W. Dills the other day.

Dan Houck is preparing to build a house on his farm this spring.

Somebody ask Lete High whether he has heard it thnnder lately? Brace up a little Lete, and don't get frightened so easy.

We understand that Phillip has gone into the monument business. He uses ice for marble; for particulars inquire of Jim and Will.

Married, at the residence of Rev. John Staiford, on March 17th, 1887, John Dove to Della D. Farner. May peace, joy prosperity and happiness be theirs.

#### COBURNTOWN.

Will the correspondent at Pigeon's Retreat please come over and kick us. We confess we are too obtuse to know what he is hinting at.

The meeting at the corners came to a close last Monday evening, and Rev. Alton and wife start for home Wednesday. The best wishes of their many friends go with them.

A letter just received from Miss Elsie Coburn of Hesperia, Mich., but who formerly resided in Coburntown, states that she was married last Sunday, March 20th 1887. Of course all her former friends wish her joy.

I notice Mr. Editor that when "Barcus" wants a splendid subject for a picture to adorn the pages of the "News" he always comes over to Coburntown for it, which goes to show that he is a man of sense, and we feel greatly flattered by his preference. His last effort in that line is truly sublime, and does great credit to the artist. When he dies (if he ever does) S. Joe should erect a monument to his memory; still I think it could have been bettered. I notice the off hind leg is a little out of whack, and the countenance is most too serene for one taking such a fearful leap, but then of course he had to draw on his imagination largely and it can't be expected that he would get it perfect but when he undertakes to tell what we thought and said on the occasion

he is a little off. The idea that we thought of all the meanness we ever did in the brief time allotted us is simply ridiculous. No sir! we couldn't do that in a life time; but we did think some, and the burden of our thoughts was how to get on to our feet again. We finally succeeded and after shaking ourselves together and ascertaining that there was no parts missing, we came home where we can be seen any time with one arm in a sling and a court plaster on our nose.

And now Mr. News,

You may try to abuse,  
A man just because he is old;

But permit me to state,  
You may fine when to late  
You are being most awfully sold.

I am not young it is true,  
And neither are you,  
As young as you were years ago,  
But you can not fly,  
And neither can I.

And that you certainly know,  
You may think you can jump,  
And not get a thump,  
When the cars are going like thunder,  
But some day just try it  
And see what you get by it,  
If you don't get enough I'll wonder.

Sherm Gee is layed up with a sore hand.

Belva Lockwood spoke at Auburn Monday night.

Tin Cans for canning maple syrup at Conrad's.

The best Wask Board in the market, at Conrad's.

Arthur James, the jeweler of Spencerville dropped in to see us Saturday. Come again.

J. H. Conrad has secured the agency for Strubies' Iron Roofing. The best Roofing of the kind in the market. Prices very reasonable.

Wash Hart contemplates purchasing a new brick machine this spring. Wash is bound to keep up with the times, by having all of the new fangled machinery out.

APRIL



# THE ST. JOE NEWS.

VOL. I.

ST. JOE, IND., FRIDAY, APRIL 1, 1887.

NO. 10.

## INDIANA STATE NEWS.

—Emanuel Rosenbarger, an aged and respected farmer, of Harrison County, died of cancer, after long and most intense suffering. Mr. Rosenbarger has been one of the most unfortunate men in that county. About twenty years ago he became almost totally deaf, so much so that it was painful to try to converse with him. A few years later he had his right arm ground off in a molasses factory, of which he was owner. About seventeen years ago a cancer made its appearance on his face, and steadily grew worse until it ate almost his whole face away. For the last five years he has been blind, his eyes both being destroyed, and the lower part of his skull left bare. About the only thing he possessed which resembled a human face was his chin, his nose, cheeks, and upper lip all being eaten away by the cancer. During all these misfortunes he never complained. He was an honorable man, and the father of fourteen children. For the last two years it was necessary for his family to keep him in the cellar during the summer months; and to keep constant watch over him. Blind, deaf, and speechless, his wants could be known only by signals which he could make with his only hand.

—Patents have been issued to Indians as follows: Bellis, William K., Indianapolis, coin packet; Dodge, Wallace H., Mishawaka, devise for transmitting power; Fauber, W. H. Harry, Marshfield, fence-building machine; Fulton, Harmon H., Indianapolis, cultivator attachment; Hamilton, James J. and D. Bearly, New Castle, fire extension ladder and truck; Leonard, Charles N., Indianapolis, pillow-holder; Patee, Theodorus N. and S. R. Lawshe, Greencastle, lightning-rod standard and brace; Reed, Hugh T., Richmond, shelving; Shewmaker, John W., Terre Haute, barrel carrier; Solenberger, John T. and H. G. Woody, Kokomo, gas pressure regulator and cut-off; Sesecheh, Gustave H., Indianapolis, band-saw wheel.

—At a meeting held at Logansport for the purpose of making arrangements for unveiling the monument erected by Cass County to the soldiers and sailors of the war, it was decided to hold the celebration on July 13, that day being the centennial anniversary of the adoption of the ordinance of 1787, which dedicated Indiana and the Northwest to freedom. The committee on invitation were instructed to invite Col. William F. Vilas, of Wisconsin, and Gen. William H. Gibbon, of Ohio, as special orators of the day. The monument will be seventy-five feet high, and will be the first one in Indiana erected under the provisions of the State law.

—The first natural gas company formed at Crawfordville has ceased digging, and the well will probably be abandoned. A depth of about 1,200 feet had been reached. There is a light flow of water from the well which strongly resembles artesian. The workmen on this well have been transferred to the other company, and the digging of their well has been commenced. The first company expects to sink another well soon.

—Mrs. John Collins, who lives near Marietta, was standing near the fireplace when her clothing caught fire, and there being no aid near she was burned nearly to death before any one was alarmed by her cries. Her infant child was in the cradle, and the fire was rapidly making its way toward it when it was snatched from its couch by Charles Keath, who was the first to appear on the scene.

—De Pauw University has just closed an unusually pleasant and prosperous winter term. The aggregate enrollment so far this year is almost 700. The best of order has prevailed and thorough work has been done in all departments. The large Sophomore class had to be divided into four sections for their orations, and their entire

performance was highly creditable and satisfactory.

—A horrible accident happened at a saw-mill near Cassville. While playing under one of the saw tables the 11-year-old son of T. M. Daniels was caught by a swinging circular saw, splitting his little body lengthways down the spine, penetrating the lungs and exposing other vital organs. The little fellow still clings to life, but there is no possible chance of his recovery.

—While Mr. J. Winslow, a farmer who lives near Millport, a few miles southwest of Seymour, was harrowing in oats with a drag, his team ran away, and dragged him across the field and into a ditch, where his dead and badly mangled body was found a little later by neighbors who witnessed the accident. He leaves a family.

—Gifts to Hanover College during the past year aggregate almost \$20,000. This does not include handsome sums given by Mr. F. M. Root, of Cornersville; W. M. Hoffman, of Fort Wayne; Cyrus H. McCormick, of Chicago, and others, to enable Hanover to extend aid to young men studying for the ministry.

—The new farm residence owned by Thomas Ireland, nine miles north of Delphi, burned to the ground while the family was away from home. All the household furniture was lost. Loss between \$3,000 and \$4,000. Only slight insurance.

—Elmore Kickley and John Barrett, of Fort Wayne, warm personal friends, went out in the country to shoot at a target. During the shooting Barrett accidentally shot Kickley through the heart, causing instant death. Barrett is wild with grief.

—John W. Harper, President of the Wabash County Agricultural Society, and one of the leading stock-breeders and farmers, was nearly killed while felling a tree. His leg was broken in three places.

—Joseph Christian, a white barber of Madison, was President Lincoln's coachman for one year, beginning in 1862.

—The Old Fellows of Madison are arranging for a celebration of the sixtieth anniversary of the order in that city on an extensive scale. There will be a public parade on April 26, and an address at night by ex-Secretary of State Myers.

—Earl, eldest son of Maj. G. W. Grubbs, of Martinsville, while holding a cartridge in his hand and striking it with a knife, had his hand perforated by the cartridge exploding.

—Mrs. Jesse L. Williams, of Fort Wayne, has just given a handsome donation to the current funds of Hanover College.

—Measles which has prevailed at LaPorte to a considerable extent for some time, has assumed the form of an epidemic. It is reported that there are between 300 and 400 cases in the city. Several adults have died from its effects.

—Hiram Thomas, an old and respected citizen of Elkhart, died after an illness of but fifteen minutes.

—Rev. J. L. Bassett, of Chicago, has been called to the Presbyterian Church at Rising Sun.

—Mrs. Martha Schemmel, of LaCrosse, fell through a trestle at Valparaiso, and was killed.

—Mr. and Mrs. Frame, the Quaker evangelists, are conducting a series of revival meetings at the Friends' Church, Muncie, in which much interest is manifested.

—Joseph Bloom, employed at White's Wheel Works, Fort Wayne, while stealing a ride on a Nickel Plate train, fell between the cars and was instantly killed.

—A stock company of \$25,000 has been organized at Edinburg, for the purpose of boring for natural gas, which will be begun as soon as contracts can be made.

—Scarlet fever is raging at Judson, Park County. There are about ten cases, and two deaths have resulted. The schools have been closed.

## THE PRINCE OF FILIBUSTERS.

Remarkable Incidents in the Career of the Famous Gen. Henningsen.

The prince of filibusters, so far as they were seen at Washington, was Gen. Henningsen. He was an Englishman by birth, and, after having received a military education, he left for Spain, when 19 years of age, to serve in the forces of Don Carlos as a staff officer of the partisan chief, Zumalacarrequi. After many acts of reckless heroism he was captured, and on the death of the artisan returned to England in 1835. Two volumes from the youthful officer's pen tell the story of a "Twelve Months' Campaign with Zumalacarrequi." He did not let his sword rest long in idleness. Schamyl, the prophet of Circassia, had unfurled the banner of rebellion in the Caucasus, and young Henningsen promptly repaired to his ranks. From the sunny vales of Spain to the snows of Russia was a strange translation, but it was sufficient for him that a weak side needed a brave sword. Henningsen's life in Russia furnished the material for half a dozen volumes, published at various periods when peace drove him to enforced retirement. Such occasions were rare, however. The Hungarian revolution of 1848 and 1849 found him serving with distinction under Kossuth, and he was appointed Governor of Camoon. Henningsen achieved a European reputation in the disastrous struggle, and was lionized on his return to England. Young, handsome, with great literary talent, honored with the friendship of Wellington, he still yearned for fresh fields of adventure. He followed Kossuth to America, where his reputation had preceded him, and society welcomed him everywhere. He married a Southern widow, Mrs. Connelly, of Burke County, Georgia, a niece of Senator Berrien, a devoted and cultivated woman. For a while he devoted himself to literary work, and published some once popular books of travel and fiction. But the fingers cramped by a pen were itching to grasp a sword-hilt, and the opportunity soon presented itself. The exploits of William Walker in Central America were astounding the world and attracting to his side the brave and adventurous of every land. Never since the days of Cortez had the world seen such a career as that of the once "immortal" fifty-six who sailed from California in a little vessel to conquer an empire and imperil the peace of two continents. Henningsen threw himself into the ranks of the American phalanx with his usual enthusiasm. His fortune and his life were freely risked, and, although he lost the one and exposed the other on a score of well-fought fields, he never regretted his experience with the so-called "filibusters." "I feel proud of having been one of them," he wrote to me, "and quietly glory in my retirement at having been able to command and control, besides securing their personal devotion and attachment." His comrades he considered the best soldiers the world ever saw, and his experience entitled his opinion to respect. They were mostly Californians. "California was the pick of the world, and they were the pick of California." With only 276 fighting men opposed to 4,000 allied Central Americans, and outnumbered with 200 or 400 non-combatants, Henningsen held the plaza of Grenada for seventeen days and nights of incessant fighting. They were poorly sheltered, or not at all, disease and death were daily and hourly thinning their ranks, but from leader or men there came not a whisper of surrender. Relief, ridiculously small in number, but invincible of courage, came at last. A hundred of those paladins whom the world calls "filibusters" disembarked from the lake steamer, and with a cheer and a volley carried four barricade

and effected a junction with their beleaguered comrades. Henningsen less surely evacuated and burned the town, leaving his gage of defiance behind him—a lance stuck among the ruin with the taunting inscription: "Aquí fue Grenada." "Here was Grenada." Then a United States navy Captain's interference compelled the starving heroes to surrender, but the Ideal of Central America was past forever. During the early part of our civil war Gen. Henningsen commanded the Wise Legion, of Virginia. He was rapidly achieving a distinction, warranted by his military fame in smaller arenas, when he incurred the displeasure of Jefferson Davis, who had a singular genius for ignoring or suppressing the abilities of his subordinates. Henningsen had injudiciously anticipated the verdict of posterity by speaking contemptuously of Davis, and the latter could never forget such presence. After peace he lived quietly at Washington, a general favorite wherever his amiable disposition and stainless character were known.—Ben. Perley Poore

## Corn-Starch Sugar.

The starch-sugar industry in the United States consumes daily 40,000 bushels of corn and produces grape sugar and glucose sirup of the yearly value of \$10,000,000. There are thirty factories in the United States, furnishing their product to brewers and for the manufacture of table sirup and the adulteration of cane sugar. It is also largely used in confectionery, in canning fruits, making fruit jellies, and in cooking. Artificial honey is made of it, and so, also, is vinegar. In France and Germany potato starch is used instead of corn, the latter country consuming over 70,000 tons of starch and making 40,000 tons of starch sugar. The industry is an increasing one, and is another of the many contributions of chemical technology to the wealth of nations. In 1811 Kirchhoff prepared sugar from starch by the present process, which consists, in brief, of extracting the pure starch from corn or potatoes, transforming this into sugar by treatment with dilute acid, and subsequently neutralizing the acid, purifying and then concentrating the product to either glucose sirup or crystalline grape sugar. By this process fifty-six pounds of corn will yield thirty pounds starch sugar, the rest being used for cattle food, as it is rich in nutritive matters. The corn is steeped in hot water for several days, ground between buhr stones, the starch separated on silk sieves, cleaned by alkaline waters and separated from the waters by deposition. The conversion into sugar may be accomplished by various acids. In practice, one and one-half pounds of sulphuric acid will change 100 pounds of starch into sugar after a short boiling with the dilute acid. The acid mixture is neutralized with marble dust, decolorized by filtering through bone-black, and is ready for the market either as a colorless liquid or as snow-white crystals. When made into table sirup it is mixed with cane sirup to give it flavor and tone, the cane sirup being used much as butter is to give bovine qualities to oleomargarine. For brewing it is a very imperfect substitute for barley malt, as it is deprived of the nitrogenous bodies and mineral salts originally contained in the corn. For the adulteration of brown cane sugars, grape sugar is added to the extent of 20 or more per cent. But as the adulterant is perfectly harmless, nothing is lost except in taste, as glucose only has two-thirds the sweetening power of cane sugar. By no commercial process can all the starch be changed into glucose, about 5 per cent. remaining as intermediate products, mainly maltose and dextrine, which, though harmless to the human system, have no sweetening power. Indianapolis Journal.



# The St. Joe News.

ST. JOE, INDIANA.

MORT & WILL OLDS. PUBLISHERS.

## END AND MEANS.

BY SUSAN COOLIDGE.

We spend our strength in labor day by day;  
We find new strength replacing old away;  
And still we cheat ourselves, and still we say:

"No man would work except to win some prize;  
We work to turn our hopes to certainties,  
For gold, or gear, or favor in men's eyes."

And all the while, the goal toward which we  
strain,  
Up hill and down, in sunshine and in rain,  
Heedless of toil, if so we may attain.

Is but a lure, a heavenly set decoy  
To exercise endeavor; full employ  
Of every power, which is man's highest joy.

All work becomes the end; reward the means;  
To exercise our idleness and dreams,  
And each is truly what the other seems.

So Lord, with such poor service as we do,  
Thy full salvation is our prize in view,  
For which we long, and press unto.

Like a great star on which we fix our eyes,  
It dazzles from the high, blue distances,  
And seems to beckon and to say, "Arise."

And we arise and follow the hard way,  
Winning a little nearer day by day,  
Our hearts going faster than our footsteps may;

And never guess the secret sweet device  
Which lures us on and upward to the skies,  
And makes each toil its own reward and prize.

To give our little selves to Thee, to blend  
Our weakness with our strength, O Lord, our  
friend,  
This is life's truest privilege and end.  
—Independent.

## BLOOD-STAINED JEWELS.

BY CECIL STEME.

Monsieur Achille was the richest banker in Paris. Born and bred a Jew, he had when very young, from motives of interest, conformed to the Christian faith. He was now about forty years of age, but looked some years less—short, stout, sallow, with the features peculiar to his tribe, black hair, bushy whiskers, small, piercing eyes, dressed in the extreme of fashion, surrounded by every article of taste and luxury—in all extraneous circumstances a gentleman and a bel esprit; but in mind and heart a plebeian.

One morning, at the early hour of eleven, while seated at breakfast, he was startled by an announcement from his valet that the Duchess de Montifore was waiting to see him in the grand saloon; that she had come on foot and unattended, and had only at last given her name when she found it impossible to obtain admission without doing so.

Monsieur Achille's pale cheek flushed, then faded to a double sallowness—then he smiled—then almost trembled. At last, he desired his valet to return to the Duchess and announce his ready arrival; then, having carefully revised his toilet, and fortified himself with a glass from one of the bottles on the table before him, he descended to the grand saloon.

The Duchess was standing with her back to him, examining a picture of exquisite beauty, which hung on the opposite side of the room. He had time to close the door and advance half-way up the apartment before she became aware of his entrance or turned to greet him. When she did so, what a contrast did she present to him! She, in her calm and smiling beauty—so cold, so proud—so superbly lovely. He, with his coarse and ordinary features, his ungainly figure, his embarrassed manner! The Duchess was a beautiful woman—perhaps she had never looked more beautiful than she did at that moment.

She spoke first. "Monsieur Achille, I have come to beg a favor of you—but pray sit down." He obeyed her, and they seated themselves opposite to each other. "I have come to ask you for money—we know how rich you are. You must know how affairs stand with us—our revenues barely support our rank—our expenses are enormous. The sale of all my jewels will not raise sufficient to pay this debt of honor of my husband's; but it must be paid to-morrow. You, who know everything, must know all this; and to you, as the richest man in Paris, I come to request the loan—I might almost say, the gift—of thirty thousand louis d'or."

"Thirty thousand louis, madam! You ask half of what I possess."

"Not so; Monsieur Achille. One successful speculation will restore it to you. You will scarcely miss it; to me it will be life; more than life—honor. This, with the sale of my diamonds, will bring us barely through."

Monsieur Achille was silent for some time; then, with a bitter sneer, he said, "Try De Valens and Beaufeur—will not they supply you?"

"You mock me—you know they cannot. Oh! Monsieur Achille, have mercy—have mercy!" And the Duchess, sinking on her knees, clasped her hands, and laid them on his feet.

"You have had little mercy, madam—you have had little mercy!" And then

there was a pause. At last, "You love your husband, madam?"  
"Better than my life," was the reply.  
"Then rise, madam; seat yourself, and listen to me."

That evening, about 9 o'clock, Monsieur Achille, dressed with the utmost elegance, shrouded in a large cloak, under which he carried a small but heavy packet, entered his cabriolet, and desiring his confidential valet to attend him, drove in the direction of the Hotel Montifore. The drive was a long one; and he, proceeding at a leisurely pace, had time to reflect upon and ponder over the events of the day. She, whom he had so loved!—she, who had so spurned, so despised him—the woman he had once sued and prayed to, whose laugh of derision had rung in his ears so long—she, so worshiped, so respected, whom calumny had never reached, who stood in the center of a profligate court purer than falling snow—she to be his at last—bought—bought with a price—she, to whom all the nobles of the land had sighed in vain, reserved at last for him!

At the corner of the street in which stood the Hotel Montifore, he stopped and gave the reins into the hands of his valet. He told him he was going on business to the Duke de Montifore; and if the nobleman was from home, should wait until he returned; that he expected his cabriolet to be at the same spot in two hours' time, and that, if he was not there to meet it, he wished his servant to take it home, and he would return on foot, and on no account to mention where he had left him, or to give any clue to the proceedings or destination of that evening.

The valet obeyed these orders to the letter. Monsieur Achille reached the Hotel Montifore, and, pausing at a small side entrance into the court, gave a low whistle. The door was immediately opened by a figure so muffled that it was impossible to distinguish either sex or age. With a silent movement, it beckoned him to follow; they crossed the court and reached a small and dark apartment. They paused.

"I have brought it all, most lovely Duchess. And now—" he took tenderly the extended hand of the figure—the grasp that met his was of iron.

"Is it all gold?"  
"All gold," he answered; and this was the last word he ever uttered.

Monsieur Achille was missing for two days, and great excitement prevailed in consequence. On the third day, his body was found in the river, some miles from the place where his valet stated he had seen him last. His pockets were rifled, his jewels gone. A ghastly wound in his breast showed how he had died.

His servants were all strictly examined, when the valet made his statement, in consequence of which a visit was instantly paid by the commissioners of police to the Hotel Montifore, the result of which visit was that the valet was arrested and tried for the murder and robbery of his master. Want of evidence led to his acquittal; but while in confinement nothing could exceed the kindness of the Duchess towards him, or her liberality after his release. She, so beautiful, so beloved—she was still the same; as calm, as proud, as cold as ever. Made to adorn the world, to her that world was nothing—over her it had no power!

Among her intimate friends she was heard to lament the death of Monsieur Achille, as the means of depriving her husband of a large loan which he was to have received on the night on which the murder was committed, and of which it was supposed Monsieur Achille was robbed while in the act of bringing it to the Hotel Montifore. She also regretted having been obliged to part with some of her splendid diamonds, in order to raise sufficient to pay her husband's debts of honor.

All these debts were paid; and after a time, those matchless gems again blazed amid the pale gold of her rich hair, and spanned the snowy circle of her arm; the tresses were like sunlight, the arm like Parian marble, the diamonds without price. None saw or dreamt of the blood—the blood—that bound them round that bright head, clasped them on that arm, chained them to each other!

Monsieur Achille was soon forgotten. The Duke and Duchess de Montifore lived long after; no cloud ever seemed to shade his gay and open brow, or dim the luster of her glorious beauty. His debts once paid, no future embarrassments darkened their prospects. One bright path of unbroken prosperity alone remained for them; they died as they had lived, honored, respected, admired; and bequeathed to those around and beneath them the almost singular example of great rank, unblemished descent, unbounded wealth, united with all perfections of mind, character, and conduct!

### An Inopportune Time.

Cannibal—I hear your mother is coming to visit us.

Wife—Yes, I had a postal from her yesterday. She'll be here Friday.

Cannibal—Just my luck. Don't you know I can't eat meat on Friday?—*Tid Bits.*

Though all afflictions are evils in themselves, yet they are good for us, because they discover to us our diseases and tend to our cure.—*Tillotson.*

### Dramatic Escape of Gen. Beale's Daughter.

Gen. Beale's daughter Mary married a distinguished Russian, a member of the diplomatic service of his native country. Several years ago they were living in Paris. The husband was connected with the Russian legation. Gen. Beale's daughter had at that time a stag-hound of unusual size and purity of breed. It was very docile and her favorite companion. He nearly always went out with her. One day the dog disappeared. As he was a great pet and a dog of unusual value, they advertised for him, and sought through the police to recover him. One night when the Russian diplomat and his wife were seated about an open fire in their salon after returning from the opera there was a knock at the door. This was so unusual at this late hour of the night that the Russian went himself to answer the knock. As the door opened two men entered having the lost dog attached to a stout stick, which held him between them, but yet kept them at a safe distance. Gen. Beale's son-in-law was delighted to see the dog again. The dog's mistress was specially pleased. The dog, however, showed no sign of pleasure or recognition. He went over into an opposite corner and would pay no attention to their calls. They thought that he might feel strange, and so paid no further attention to him. Suddenly, without even a bark of warning, this great dog sprang and bit his mistress right through the upper lip and on her cheek before her husband could reach the stout collar which still encircled the dog's neck. The Russian succeeded in half a moment in dragging the dog off from his mistress, and then he had a terrific fight with the infuriated animal. If he had not been very muscular, he would not have succeeded in subduing him. He succeeded finally in dragging him into a bath-room and locking him up, but not until his right arm was bitten and torn from shoulder to wrist.

The scene that followed is dramatic enough for the most sensational of plays. The moment the door was locked the Russian returned. He glanced quickly at the fireplace, where he saw the poker was imbedded in the coals, and was fortunately nearly at a white heat. He drew it at once from its bed, and said to his wife: "The dog is mad. This is our only chance to escape a horrible death. These wounds must be cauterized at once." The brave American wife never flinched. With the courage of her soldier father she submitted to have the flaming iron burn most cruelly the flesh of her fair face. A moment's delay upon her part, or cowardice, would have made the operation upon her husband's arm useless. The moment after cauterizing her wounds the Russian turned to his own arm, and thoroughly burned every break made in his flesh by the dog. After this had been done as completely as it was possible, they sent for the surgeon of the Russian legation. He was one of the finest surgeons in Europe. He came and examined them. He brought his irons to perform the operation of cauterizing, but he said after he came that he had nothing to do. The young Russian diplomat had performed the work as well as if he had been a skillful surgeon. The surgeon also added that there was no danger.

The dog was undoubtedly mad. It tore everything to pieces in the room where it was confined, and died in horrible agony. Gen. Beale says that neither his daughter nor her husband have ever felt the slightest symptoms of trouble resulting from this accident.

### Good Sense.

A writer speaks in the following justly indignant terms of a practice which sometimes obtains, of dressing little girls in exact accordance with the prevailing fashion, with scrupulous imitation of their elders:

"When I look at a child, I do not wish to feel doubtful whether it is not an unfortunate dwarf who is standing before me attired in a costume suited to its age. Extreme simplicity of attire, and a dress sacred to themselves only, are most fitted to these 'fresh female buds'; and it vexes me to see them disguised in the fashions of *La Belle Assemblée*, or practicing the graces and courtesies of maturer life. Will there not be years enough from thirteen to seventeen for ornamenting or disfiguring the person at the fiat of French milliners, for checking laughter and forcing smiles, for reducing all varieties

of intellect, all gradations of feeling to one uniform tint? Is there not already a sufficient sameness in the aspect and tone of polished life? Oh, leave children as they are, to relieve by their 'wild freshness' our elegant insipidity; leave their hair loosely flowing, robes as free, to refresh the eyes that love simplicity, and leave their eagerness, their warmth, their unreflecting sincerity, their unschooled expressions of joy or regret, to amuse and delight us, when we are a little tired by the politeness, the caution, the wisdom, and the coldness, of the grown-up world."

### Ben Wade's Pious Profanity.

Mr. Wade was an exceedingly sincere and earnest man. Whatever he believed or said he believed and uttered with his whole soul. He had the habit, when under excitement of some pressing event, of occasionally emphasizing his speech with slight oaths. Of course, all his judicious friends regretted this, but the habit was far less common than rumor has laid to his charge, and he was never rough in any marked degree offensively profane. So far as that plea may be allowed in extenuation, it must be admitted that Mr. Wade's profanity was usually well timed, and I remember on one occasion it certainly received the tacit approval of no less an authority than a Presiding Elder. It was well along in the first summer of the war that a gentleman from Western Pennsylvania one day came to me in Washington with a letter of introduction from a friend residing in Erie, and setting forth that the bearer was a distinguished Presiding Elder of the Methodist connection, anxious to offer his services to the country in whatever capacity he might be useful, and desirous of an introduction to Mr. Lincoln and Mr. Wade. I took the reverend gentleman, who seemed a very determined and earnest man, at once to Mr. Wade, to whom he told his wishes, closing with the remark that he "was ready to preach, pray, or fight for his country; only desiring employment in whichever service he could be of most use." Whereupon Mr. Wade grasped his visitor's hand a second time with a most cordial grasp, and replied that "in view of the situation of the country, he thought such talk on the part of a clergyman was d—d sensible talk." Taking his hat and trusting cane he said he would go at once with the gentleman to the White House, for Mr. Lincoln would be glad to see such a preacher, and before sunset they would have him confined in some one of the duties suggested.

It could not have been more than two hours before my clerical friend called on me a second time; now with his appointment as Chaplain in his pocket, and with transportation to a regiment then fighting in Tennessee, and he was to leave on the next train. The good man, who, I afterwards was glad to learn, proved himself through the war a genuine hero in all the capacities in which he had intimated his willingness to serve, was delighted with his prompt success, and full of hearty and loud expressions of admiration for both Mr. Lincoln and Mr. Wade. He declared, in full camp meeting emphasis, that "they were both Lions of the Tribe of Judah." "Yes," I replied, "they are indeed noble men—grand men for the time; but," thinking the Senator's oath of the morning, followed, as I feared, by others, might need some excuse, I added in apologetic tone, "you notice that our good friend Mr. Wade is inclined, in his earnestness, to emphasize his remarks with words not exactly in order." "Yes, yes, I noticed it," replied the Presiding Elder, and whispered in my ear, "but I noticed another thing—that he always put his oath in the right place."—*French's "Ten Years Among Senators."*

SENATOR DAWES does not pose as a humorist, but his wit is keen at times. During the boundary-line controversy between Massachusetts and Rhode Island the subject came up at a dinner-table in Washington, and a Rhode Island member of congress, waxing indignant over it, exclaimed to Mr. Dawes: "Dawes, it's a shame for Massachusetts to attempt to steal a part of Rhode Island! a confounded shame!" "Don't make so much fuss about it," retorted Dawes. "If we should steal your whole State it would only be petty larceny, and a Justice of the Peace would have jurisdiction."—*Boston Journal.*

If the young man who insists on stealing kisses don't abandon the practice, he will soon find himself behind the bars of "redlock."



#### Important.

When you visit or leave New York City, save baggage, expressage, and \$3 carriage hire, and stop at the **Grand Union Hotel**, opposite Grand Central Depot.

613 rooms, fitted up at a cost of one million dollars, \$1 and upwards per day. European plan. Elevator. Restaurant supplied with the best horse care, stages, and elevated railroad to all depots. Families can live better for less money at the Grand Union Hotel than at any other first-class hotel in the city.

#### His View of It.

"What are those men doing up there?" said a gentleman to an Irish hod carrier as he looked up at two men wildly prancing around on a narrow scaffolding on the third story of the Texas University building. "I be thinkin' that they're fightin' sor", and as a disinterested spectator, it seems to me that av aythur av thim shlips or loses his howlt, they'll wish to heaven they hed enjoyed their divarshun closter to the ground."

—Texas Siftings.

#### All Things Change.

The poor wild buffaloes of the West have been killed off, and there can be no more heroes like Buffalo Bill; but some day there may arise a mighty prairie dog hunter who will make dime-museums wild with applause, and an unlettered hurdy-gurdy grinder of Macaroni Gulch may come forward to take the place of the cowboy pianist. The public constantly demands novelty.

—New Orleans Picayune.

Don't get the big head and imagine that you are great and much needed in the affairs of the world. Remember that when the sun sinks lowest in the West, the larger shadows are cast and the sun itself is larger. So we are always greatest, in our own minds, when we are the least. Self-conceit that swells a man's head is a terrible affliction and one against which every man should be vaccinated by common sense.

—Peck's Sun.

#### The Stomach Distills Acids.

These, if existent in a natural quantity, and unvitiated by bile, play their part in the functions of digestion and assimilation. But the artificial acid resulting from the inability of the stomach to convert food received by it into sustenance, is the producer of flatulence and heartburn, which are the most harassing symptoms of dyspepsia. The best carminative is Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. Far more effective is it than carbonate of soda, magnesia or other alkaline salts. These invariably weaken the stomach without producing permanent benefit. No man or woman chronically dyspeptic, and consequently nervous, can be in possession of the full measure of vigor allowed by nature. Therefore, invigorate and regulate the system, and by so doing protect it from malaria, rheumatism, and other serious maladies.

Now that plate-ware has become so plentiful and cheap, the old expression, "born with a silver spoon in his mouth," goes out of date. Silver is not so tempting a thing as it used to be, except when the mint has struck it, although solid silver still means an awful lot. We might now say: "Born with a gold spoon," and not mean very much. But the San Francisco girl has got out an expression which will probably prove more expressive than any. "Yes," said a poor young lady, discussing the daughter of a rich man, "Lottie was born with a sealskin!"—*San Francisco Chronicle*.

#### The Most Remarkable Business in the Country.

Our citizens have observed notices in the leading papers, from time to time, of a little harmless food plant called Moxie, found in South America last year. Its fine taste as a beverage, and ability to restore nervous, weakly women in a few days, and help overworked people of both sexes to do two days' work in one with less fatigue, have made the demand so immense that 5,000,000 bottles have been sold in 17 months. What will be the sale in five years at this rate?

#### Where He Was Strong.

Amateur Actor (to friend)—What did you think of my Hamlet, Charley?

Dear Friend—Immense! In one part of the play you were equal to Booth.

Amateur Actor—What part was that, Charley?

Dear Friend—Where Polonius gives his parting advice to Laertes.

Amateur Actor—But I was behind the scenes, then.

Dear Friend—So is Booth.—*Puck*.

A LITTLE fire is quickly trodden out which, being suffered, rivers cannot quench. Procrastination may rob you of time, but by increased diligence you can make up the loss; but if at rob you of life the loss is irremediable. If your health is delicate, your appetite flake, your sleep broken, your mind depressed, your whole being out of sorts, depend on it you are seriously diseased. In all such cases Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" will speedily effect a genuine, radical cure—make a new man of you, and save you from the tortures of lingering disease.

EVERYBODY'S companion is nobody's friend, but Red Star Cough Cure is everybody's friend. Prof. Grothe, of the Brooklyn Board of Health, endorses it as prompt, safe, and sure. Price, twenty-five cents a bottle.

A CORRESPONDENT wishes to ask how editors spend their leisure hours? They spend them in working.

MEN, such as U. S. Senator Voorhees, of Indiana, are loud in their praise of St. Jacobs Oil as an instantaneous cure for rheumatism, neuralgia, sciatica, and other bodily pains.

#### Tumble-Weed.

A common eastern weed, according to Prof. C. E. Bessey, is modified by climate on the western plains and prairies into a compact plant, whose stout, curving branches give it an approximately spherical form, and which is called "tumble-weed" from the fact that when the stem is broken near the ground by the autumn gales the upper part goes rolling and tumbling before the wind, often for miles. In the East the species, *Amarantus albus*, is a straggling herb, remaining rooted long after its death at the close of the season.

\* \* \* \* Piles, fistula, rupture, and stricture radically cured. Book of particulars 10 cents in stamps. World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

THE world moves, but it would seem to be the opinion of some enthusiasts that the momentum could not be preserved if it were not for the crank.

#### Farmers.

Send 10 cents to the PRICKLY ASH BITTERS Co., St. Louis, Mo., and get a copy of "THE HORSE TRAINER."

A complete system, teaching how to break and train horses in a mild and gentle way, requiring no elaborate apparatus, nothing more than can be found in any stable in the country—a rope and a strap. Every one handling horses should have a copy.

JUDGING from the tightness of the article, it isn't every girl who can laugh in her sleeve nowadays.

CHAPPED hands, face, pimples, and rough skin cured by using Juniper Tar Soap, made by Caswell, Hazard & Co., New York.

THE enormously large hats worn by some very little girls make it difficult to decide which there is the more of—hat or child.

Brown's Bronchial Troches for Coughs and Colds: "I don't see how it is possible for a public man to be himself in winter without this admirable aid."—*Rev. R. M. Devens, Providence, Mass.*

WANTED, the name of the goldsmith who made the welkin ring.

"Rough on Rats" clears out Rats, Mice. 15c.  
"Rough on Corns" hard or soft corns. 15c.  
"Rough on Toothache." Instant relief. 15c.  
"Rough on Coughs," Troches, 10c. Liquid, 25c.

"Rough on Dirt" is unequalled for Dish-washing, House and Paint Cleaning, Cleaning Windows, Pails, Pans, Knives, Forks, Jewelry, Wash Basins, Bath Tubs, Sinks, Water Closets, &c. Cuts the dirt without injury or discoloration. Keep it on the wash and toilet stands.

#### Fortune's Favorites

Are those who court fortune—those who are always looking out for and investigating the opportunities that are offered. Send your address to Hallett & Co., Portland, Maine, and they will mail you, free, full particulars about work that you can do while living at home, wherever you are located, and earn from \$5 to \$25 per day and upwards. Capital not required. You are started free. Both sexes. All ages. Some have earned over \$50 in a single day. All is new.

"Rough on Pain" Plaster, Porosed, 10c. Best.  
"Rough on Pain," Liquid, Quick cure, 20c.  
"Rough on Catarrh." Cures all, worst cases. 50c.  
"Rough on Piles." Sure cure, 50c. Druggists.

"Rough on Dirt" for the toilet, bath or shampoo. Perfectly harmless. Nice for washing infants, children or adults. For Miners, Machinists and others whose employment begrimes the clothing and hands. Invaluable in Hospitals, Asylums and Prisons as a disinfectant and purifier.

Regulate your watch with Teske's Regulator.

#### All Men Are Not Bad.

Neither are all prepared remedies unreliable. This is proven by the results following the use of Dr. Harter's Iron Tonic for dyspepsia, rheumatism, scrofula, jaundice, torpid liver, and general weakness.

"Rough on Bile Pills." Little, but good, 10 & 25c.  
"Rough on Itch" cures humors, eruptions, Tetter, "Rough on Worms," Sure Cure, 25c.  
"Rough on Pain" Plaster, Porosed 10c. Best.

**BENSON'S**  
CAPSICINE  
POROUS PLASTER

Highest Awards of Medals in Europe and America.

The nearest, quickest, safest and most powerful remedy known for Rheumatism, Pains, Neuralgia, Lumbago, Backache, W. aches, colic, in the chest, and all aches and pains. Indorsed by 500 Physicians and Druggists of the highest repute. Benson's Plasters promptly relieve in cure where other plasters and greasy ointments, liniments and lotions, are absolutely useless. Beware of imitations under imitating names, such as: Capsicum, "Capsicin," "Cap-cine," as they are utterly worthless and intended to deceive. Ask for BENSON'S and TAKE NO OTHERS. All druggists, SEABURY & JOHNSON, Proprietors, New York.

#### "Throw Physic to the Bogs"

When it is the old-fashioned blue mass, blue pill sort, and insist on using Dr. Pierce's "Pleasant Purgative Pellets," a modern medical luxury, being small, sugar-coated granules, containing the active principles of certain roots and herbs, and which will be found to contain as much cathartic power as any of the old-fashioned, larger pills, without the latter's violent, drastic effects. The pellets operate thoroughly but harmlessly, establishing a permanently healthy action of the stomach and bowels, and as an anti-bilious remedy are unequalled.

THE only coolness that should come between two fond hearts is ice-cream.

THE best cough medicine is Piso's Cure for Consumption. Sold everywhere. 25c.

#### THE SUCCESSFUL REMEDY FOR CATARRH

I have used Ely's Cream Balm, which troubles me and con-bled with catarrh it is a sufferer myself cured. I seriously affected my sufferer 20 years from voice. One bottle of catarrh and catarrhal Ely's Cream Balm did headache, and this is the work. My voice is the first remedy that fully restored.—R. F. afforded lasting relief. Liepmann, A. M., Pasadena, T. Higginson, 145 tor of the Olmsted Bap-Lake st., Chicago.

For 15 years I was. For eight years I annoyed with catarrh, have been a sufferer severe pain in my head, from catarrh. After discharging into my using Ely's Cream Balm throat and unpleasant for six weeks I believe breath. My sense of myself cured. It is a small was much impair—most agreeable remedy. ed. I have overcome Joseph Stewart, 624 these troubles with Grand avenue, Brook-Cream Balm.—J. R. Lynn, N. Y. Case, St. Denis Hotel, I was cured by Ely's Broadway, N. Y. Cream Balm; was I have been a great troubled with chronic sufferer from dry catarrh, gathering in tarrah for many years my head, difficulty in Ely's Cream Balm breathing and dis-completely cured me.—charges from my ears. M. J. Lally, 30 Ward.—C. J. Corbin, 925 ward av., Boston, Mass. Chestnut St., Phila.

ELY'S CREAM BALM

is not a liquid, snuff or powder. Applied into the nostrils is quickly absorbed. It cleanses the head. Alleviates inflammation. Heals the sores. Restores the senses of taste and smell. 50 cents at Druggists; by mail, registered, 60 cents. ELY BROTHERS, Druggists, Owego, N. Y.

#### PRICKLY ASH BITTERS

IT IS A PURELY VEGETABLE PREPARATION CONTAINING PRICKLY ASH BARK AND PRICKLY ASH BERRIES. SENNA-MANDRAKE-BUCHU AND OTHER EQUALLY EFFICIENT REMEDIES. It has stood the Test of Years, in Curing all Diseases of the BLOOD, LIVER, STOMACH, KIDNEYS, BOWELS, &c. It Purifies the Blood, Invigorates and Cleanses the System. DYSPEPSIA, CONSTIPATION, JAUNDICE, SICKHEADACHE, BILIOUS COMPLAINTS, &c disappear at once under its beneficial influence. It is purely a Medicine as its cathartic properties forbid its use as a beverage. It is pleasant to the taste, and as easily taken by children as adults. PRICKLY ASH BITTERS CO. Sole Proprietors, ST. LOUIS AND KANSAS CITY.

Piso's Remedy for Catarrh is the Best, Easiest to Use, and Cheapest. CATARRH Also good for Cold in the Head, Headache, Hay Fever, &c. 50 cents.

ADVERTISERS or others, who wish to examine this paper, or obtain estimates on advertising space when in Chicago, will find it on file at 45 to 49 Randolph St. the Advertising Agency of LORD & THOMAS.

PENSIONS, Officers' pay, bounty provided, deserters relieved, 21 years' practice. Success or no fee. Write for circulars and new laws A. W. S. CORNICK & SON, Washington, D. C., & Cincinnati, O.

DEAF—A very interesting 8-page book on Deafness Noises in the Head, etc. How relieved. Sent free. Address NICHOLSON, 17 McDougall St., N. Y.

RUPTURE If you want relief and cure at your home, send for Dr. J. A. Sherman's circular of instructions. 201 Broadway, New York.

OPIUM Morphine Habit Cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till cured. Dr. J. Stephens, Lebanon, Ohio.

PENSIONS COLLECTED and increased by Fitzgibbon & Powell, Indianapolis, Ind. Offices re-opened. Send for copy of Laws, free.

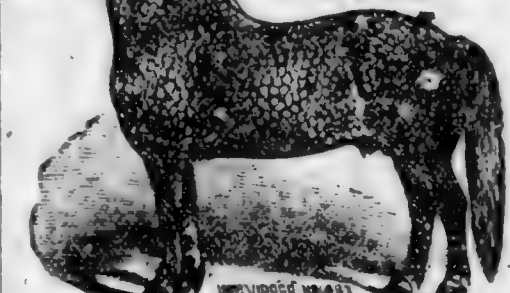
\$5 to \$8 a day. Samples worth \$1.50, FREE. Lines not under the horse's feet. H. F. KIRK & CO., Milwaukee, Wis.

MONEY MADE FAST in Gogebic stocks, and new town lots. Security guaranteed. Maps, etc. H. F. KIRK & CO., Milwaukee, Wis.

LOTS New Town of BENJAMIN, Wis. Cen. R. R. Plots apply Milwaukee Mining Exchange, Milwaukee, Wis. Gogebic Stocks bought and sold.

#### OAKLAWN PERCHERON HORSES.

200 Imported Brood Mares of Choicest Families. LARGE NUMBERS, All Ages, both Sexes, IN STOCK.



300 to 400 IMPORTED ANNUALLY from France, all recorded with extended pedigrees in the Percheron Stud Books. The Percheron is the only draft breed of France possessing a stud book that has the support and endorsement of the French Government. Send for 120-page Catalogue, illustrations by Rosa Bonheur. M. W. DUNHAM, Wayne, DuPage Co., Illinois.

**HARTER'S** THE ONLY TRUE **IRON TONIC** Will purify the BLOOD, regulate the LIVER and KIDNEYS, and Restore the HEALTH and VIGOR of YOUTH. Dyspepsia, Want of Appetite, Indigestion, Lack of Strength and Tired Feeling absolutely cured. Bones, muscles and nerves receive new force. Enlivens the mind and supplies Brain Power. Suffering from complaints peculiar to their sex will find in DR. HARTER'S IRON TONIC a safe, speedy cure. Gives a clear, healthy complexion. All attempts at counterfeiting only add to its popularity. Do not experiment—get ORIGINAL AND BEST. DR. HARTER'S LIVER PILLS (Cure Constipation, Liver Complaint and Sick Headache. Sample Dose and Dream Book mailed on receipt of two cents in postage. THE DR. HARTER MEDICINE CO., ST. LOUIS, MO.

**LADIES** Suffering from complaints peculiar to their sex will find in DR. HARTER'S IRON TONIC a safe, speedy cure. Gives a clear, healthy complexion. All attempts at counterfeiting only add to its popularity. Do not experiment—get ORIGINAL AND BEST. DR. HARTER'S LIVER PILLS (Cure Constipation, Liver Complaint and Sick Headache. Sample Dose and Dream Book mailed on receipt of two cents in postage. THE DR. HARTER MEDICINE CO., ST. LOUIS, MO.

#### PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION

HARTSVILLE, N. J., October 15, 1900. R. T. HAZELTINE, Warren, Pa. Dear Sir: I was taken with a very severe cold last Spring, and tried every cure we had in the store, and could get no help. I had our village doctor prescribe for me, but kept getting worse. I saw another physician from Port Jervis, N. Y., and he told me he used Piso's Cure for Consumption in his practice.

I bought a bottle, and before I had taken all of it there was a change for the better. Then I got my employer to order a quantity of the medicine and keep it in stock. I took one more bottle, and my Cough was cured. Respectfully, FRANK McKELTY.

PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.

PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.

One Agent, Merchant only wanted in every town for EST'D 1802.

Although I was paying \$3.00 per 1,000 for any leading brand, my sales are more than twenty-five times as large since I put in your "Tansil's Plaster" to clear. I could not have believed it. Yours respectfully, W. M. DALE, Druggist, Chicago.

Address R. W. TANSILL & CO., Chicago. LADY AGENTS—Article new: sells fast. No money to invest. Address, R. P. LICKES, St. Louis, Mo.

N. Y. C. W. No. 14-87.

When Writing to Advertisers, please say you saw the Advertisement in this paper.



MORT & WILL OLDS, PUBLISHERS.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:  
One Year, in advance ..... \$0.75  
Six Months ..... 50  
Three Months ..... 25

Entered at the Post Office at St. Joe as second-class matter.

FRIDAY APRIL 1, 1887.

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that an election will be held in the Lutheran church in St. Joe, Ind., on Saturday afternoon, April 9th, 1887, at 3 o'clock, by the St. Mark's Congregation of the Evangelical Lutheran church of the Synod of Northern Ind., to elect three (3) trustees for said congregation, to hold their office for five (5) years, or until their successors are elected.

Trustees: John Leighty,  
Robert Davis,  
W. C. Patterson.

OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

PLEASANT HILL.

Willis Baker has built a summer kitchen.

John Koch has been laid up for a couple of weeks with the string-halt in his back.

Some of the boys from Hursttown cut quite a swell at the Spencerville Saturday evening.

Lige Saylor says he would rather hear the "bobolink" sing than any other bird except the snipe.

Charlie Jackson wants to buy a bushel of bohemian oats. Will give an order on the county for pay.

If reports are true, Gora Showalter will go in partnership with Mr. Fridenberger in teaching the summer school.

If people don't quit talking about Holl Jackson, they will get set up in the boot business. Holl kicks on such things.

John Scott and Elmer Chaney of Spencerville will build a house this summer for Jean Widowfield, living three miles south-east of Maysville, near the Blackcreek church.

PIGEON'S RETREAT.

The farmers are prophesying for snow, and sowing oats.

Emma Kline says that Ed Showalter has been very sick. Wonder how she knows?

If reports are true, the wedding bells will chime in our district before a great while. Eva says she has taught her last term of school.

Some light fingered puppy visited Ben Wasson's sugar camp the other night and carried off two pails of syrup. They must have been hungry for "lasses."

Uncle Moses Hildebrand has put a new roof on the porch of his house. Suppose he is afraid Bell and Lawrence will get moon struck sitting on the porch during the long Sunday evenings this summer.

We have heard that some of the readers of the News thought that the "Holly" referred to in last week's issue, meant a certain Holly north of St. Joe. They were mistaken; we have a Holly at Pigeon's Retreat.

Mr. Coburntown correspondent: we would like to accommodate you, but as there is mud, more mud, still more, over your way, we are really afraid

we would swamp before we reached our destination. Obtuse yet? If so, we refer you to Boreus in No. 4.

COBURNTOWN.

Will's Beebe and wife went to Huntertown last Monday, to see a sick brother.

Birt Milliman is spending a few days at home this week nursing a crushed finger.

Henry Milliman has purchased a splendid span of horses, for which he paid three hundred and sixty-five dollars.

We and our better self had a "click" at some warm sugar the other day, the first for lo! these many years. I tell you Uncle George's is the place to go for tally.

Chris Curie seems to think we have nothing to eat over on this side of the river, and says he has to go home nights for his supper, but I don't think that is what he goes home for.

The Sunday school at the corners was organized last Sunday with Joseph Scholes as superintendent; Ervin Hadsell, assistant; Miss Andra Woodcox, secretary, and Adrian Hart treasurer.

I don't believe that St. Joe furniture man was as badly scared as "Boreus" tries to make us believe, as I notice he took the time to pull on his boots if he did forget his trousers; or maybe he slept in his boots, folk's do some times.

Jake Baker has eighty acres of land which has a public road on two sides of it, a railroad through the middle, three county ditches already established and the viewers are at work on the fourth one. Jake says if they will leave him enough for a potato patch, and to pasture one cow he will be satisfied.

CONCORD.

Mrs. Orange Herrick is afflicted with rheumatism.

Mr. Wayne Scott and wife visited over Sunday with friends near Garrett.

Mr. G. Morr is now working near the Junction. He is building a barn for A. Morr.

Dick Monroe has taken a business trip to Goshen. He will be gone a few days.

Aaron Guysinger will move in a few days, in the neighborhood of the cheese factory.

Mrs. Hildebrand returned home last Monday, from a few days visit with her daughter Sadie.

Tell Elson, of Fairfield center, was calling upon friends in the neighborhood, last Saturday.

The young people's society have changed the time of meeting, and will hereafter meet at two o'clock every Saturday afternoon.

James May has purchased a team of horses of John Smith, and will begin farming. Consideration \$250.

A Sabbath school teacher's meeting has been organized, which will meet at the residence of some teacher every Thursday evening, at half-past six.

The young people gave Laura Lehman quite a surprise last Wednesday evening. It was her birthday and a goodly number were present, and had a merry time.

Those boys from Spencerville, that attended the party last Tuesday evening, should not have waited until the girls got out of the house, and started home before asking to accompany them. It was very impolite, but that such was the case, Lettie and Augusta are willing to testify.

Lost Saturday morning Ida Koch went to the barn to feed a calf, and in her haste to close the door, lest it

should escape, she became locked in, and had to remain there until one of the family came and opened the door and released her from her prison. Beware of spring locks they are treacherous.

Says Belle "who wrote that item? If I knew, I'd indict 'em." I believe it was El Baker. If I see her, won't I shake her? No it was Alice or Vill Draggoo, And Vill, I really believe it was you; Or else it was Charley and Harry, If so, neither one will I marry. Then up spoke friend Deme. I think it real mean; For they've written about Bert, And his feelings they've hurt; Says Belle "you'll no more see a light, In my window on Saturday night; After this, please bear in mind, I'm going to pull down the blind; And then you'll not see 'Tuck, When he comes to see his little duck." Rose said they wrote of her just as bad - And I tell you it makes me mad; But girls, between you and me, I firmly believe it is M. D. B. Then Alice said "the little liar, Such things I surely don't admire." And so it goes, and nobody knows, Who writes the items in poetry or prose.

SPENCERVILLE.

Grandma Rhodes is quite sick. Spencerville will have another store shortly.

Miss Minnie Zimmerman spent Sunday at this place.

Sam Zahner has erected a Monitor wind engine.

Geo. Clark and Jennie Askew of Auburn were in town Sunday.

Rev. Fryberger and wife have returned from their visit in Ohio.

Miss Minnie Nichols is expected home this week from New Jersey.

Rallie and Rossie Murphy, of Leo spent a few hours in town Saturday.

John Hobbagh killed a very nice Blue Heron Wednesday.

Traveling men look disappointed when they stop at Barney & Erick's old stand.

Miss Nettie Askew, of Auburn, was the guest of Miss Eva Shutt over Sunday.

The Lutheran people will give their preacher a donation, at the church next Saturday.

Services at the M. E. church next Sunday morning, and in the Lutheran church in the evening.

Mrs. Cassius Silberg who has been visiting her parents at Maysville, returned home Saturday.

Mrs. John Beams being sick, the Missionary Society was entertained by Mrs. P. Bishop Thursday.

If you ever have anything to do with a post office you will find that there are hundreds of children, and millions of questions to answer, even in a small town.

Will Lako, Jack Beams, Mort Shutt, Frank Rhodes, and Will Tindall who are attending school at Valparaiso, are home, spending their vacation. They return Monday.

The ladies of the Lutheran church gave a pop-corn social at Walters' hall last Saturday evening. A large crowd was present, and all seemed to enjoy themselves hugely.

Two very good looking young ladies called at the Gallery, and had their pictures taken this week. They looked so much alike, we were hardly able to distinguish one from the other.

Charles Tustison will sell his personal property, consisting of 1 horse, 1 three year old colt, 3 head of cows, 50 bushels of oats, 1 reaper, and other articles; on Saturday, April 9th, 1887. Sale to commence at 10 o'clock.

M. TUSTISON,

DEALER IN

GROCERIES,

ROLLER FLOUR,

PROVISIONS, OYSTERS, LEMONS,

ORANGES, CANDIES, CIGARS &c.

MAIN ST. - ST. JOE, IND.

WILLIAM CURIE,

PROPRIETOR OF

MEAT MARKET

ST. JOE, IND.

Highest market price paid for Hides, Talley &c. Give me a call.

J. F. WALKER,

MAKERTAND DEALER IN

Harness, Collars,

WHIPS, HARNESS OIL &c.

ST. JOE, IND.

Repairing done promptly. Prices as low as the lowest. Call and see.

A. KINSEY,

DEALER IN

FURNITURE

BUREAUS, TABLES,

Lounges, Beds, Chairs &c.

MAIN STREET, ST. JOE, IND.

All styles of Parlor Goods furnished to order at low prices. Thanking you for past favors I solicit your future patronage.

F. A. ZEIGLER,

MAKER AND DEALER IN

HARNESS,

COLLARS,

WHIPS &c.

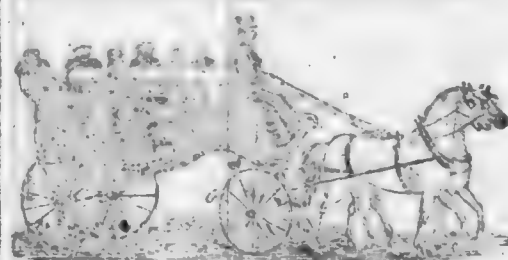
FLY NETS,

DUSTERS,

OILS &c.

St. Joe, Ind.

Prices the Lowest. All work guaranteed. Call and see me.



A. KINSEY.

Undertaker and Embalmer. Keeps on hand constantly, a stock of Undertaking Supplies, Coffins, Caskets, Burial Robes &c. I can supply as fine goods as can be furnished. Will attend to making all arrangements for funerals. Calls responded to at all hours of the night. Office on corner of Main and Second Streets; residence on corner of Main and Fourth Streets, St. Joe, Ind.



## Business Notices.

**H. W. BOWMAN, M. D.,** Physician and Surgeon, St. Joe, Ind. Office opposite the Drugstore.

**ST. JOE HOTEL,** Wm. Leighty, proprietor. Special attention given to furnishing teams for commercial men.

**B. S. SIEFFER, M. D.,** Physician and Surgeon, St. Joe, Ind. Prompt and careful attention to all business entrusted to his care.

**ST. JOE BARBER SHOP,** one door west of hotel, Will Gee, proprietor. Satisfaction guaranteed. Your patronage is solicited.

**FELLEY, LOUNSBERRY AND SHULER,** proprietors of the St. Joe Saw and Planing Mill. All work promptly done. Cash paid for Oak Logs.

**CHEY BARBER SHOP,** St. Joe, Ind., John Hull, proprietor. Shaving, Hair Cutting &c. done in the best of style. Come and see me. Two doors west of Kinsey's Furniture Store.

**SIMON WINELAND,** proprietor St. Joe Handle, Shingle and Feed Mills. Feed grinding a speciality. Highest prices paid for second growth White Ash. Enquire at the mill for full particulars.

## LOCALS.

This is April the first time. Rich Culbertson is on the sick list. The days are now longer than the nights. We have twenty different styles of Wall Paper. Smoke the "MA" cigar, for sale by John Hull. This makes ten times we have issued the News. Only two more weeks in which to pay your taxes. Frank Walker is going to enlarge his harness shop. The scarlet fever patients are getting along nicely. Samuel Widney's condition remains about the same. Preaching Sunday morning and evening in the Lutheran church. St. Joe has a weather prophet. Read what he says in another column.

It is reported that John Beams will open a dry goods store at Spencerville.

F. A. Patterson the jeweler, of Hicksville was in town Tuesday. Andy is getting fat.

Next Monday the people of Michigan vote as to whether they shall have prohibition in that state or not.

Simon Bail, one of the old substantial farmers of Allen county, made us a pleasant visit last Saturday.

The Women's Christian Temperance Union will meet at the home of Mrs. William Hart, on Thursday afternoon, April 7th, 1887, at 3 o'clock. All are invited.

We were wrong in our statement last week in regard to the number of school children in this district. Trustee Dermott informs us that there are 145, instead of 134, as we stated.

Brushes of all kinds at the Drugstore at bottom prices.

Billy Gee has moved into part of Charlie Widney's house.

The Avilla News was printed in two colors last week.

Ben Leighty is working on the B. & O. gravel train.

We are getting from ten to fifteen new subscribers every week.

Frank Zern was visiting his parents in this place this week.

The eighth day of April has been set apart as Arbor day for the schools of Indiana.

August Kinsey will take all kinds of lumber in exchange for furniture. Give him a call.

Green apples were selling for one dollar and ten cents a bushel at Fort Wayne last week.

Al Evans and Jake Gelhausen have presented the Methodist church at this place with a handsome eight day clock.

Hank Reynolds talks of leaving this place about the middle of the month. Don't go Hank, we can't spare you.

If you want to go some where, and go in a hurry, get behind Billy Curie's mules. They make better time than the B. & O. trains.

When in need of painting, kalsomining or paper hanging, call on B. A. Woodcox. He guarantees his work to give satisfaction.

August Kinsey has invented a revolving milk safe, which looks as if it might be a good thing. He has applied for a patent on the same.

Ad Chubb bought a cow at Mrs. Carnes' sale last week, and undertook to lead her home, but the last we heard of them, the cow was leading Adam.

One of the Garrett papers said last week that the supervisor of Corned township has given notice that no stock will be allowed to run at large the coming summer. Wonder where Corned township is anyhow?

We are under obligations to County Superintendent Merica, for a copy of the Thirteenth Biennial Report of the State Superintendent of Public Instruction. In looking over the same, we see that De Kalb county pays less wages to teachers than any other county in the state; and yet there are people who complain that teachers receive too much pay for the work they do. The average price paid to gentlemen teachers in this county for the year 1886 was \$1.53 per day, and ladies received an average of \$1.39 per day.

Quite a good deal of excitement was caused on our streets last Saturday by the runaway of Geo. Draggoo's team. It took fright near the depot, and although Mr. Draggoo had hold of the lines, the horses got under such head-way that he could not control them. They ran up Main street, and when near this office the wagon struck the street crossing with such force, that it broke the front axle square off. The team still continued on up street, minus one wheel, while Mr. Draggoo braced himself and hung on to the lines like grim death to a "nigger." Finally the team turned off into an alley, and came to a halt by coming in contact with a barn. Fortunately no damage was done, beyond the loss of a wheel, and a badly frightened span of fifteen year old colts. Uncle George, himself was considerably unstrung. It was a narrow escape from what might have been a terrible accident.

**J. H. CONRAD,**

DEALER IN

## ROOFING AND SPOUTING

GUTTERING, HOUSE FURNISHING GOODS.

Cutlery, Nails, Paints, Woodenware &c.

MAIN STREET,

ST. JOE, IND.

"All work and goods guaranteed to give satisfaction." Give me a call.

AT THE

St. Joe

DRUG

STORE.

White-wash Brushes.  
Kalsomine Brushes.  
Paint and Wall Brushes.  
Artist's Brushes.  
Marking Brushes.  
Shoe and Hair Brushes.  
Tooth and Clothes Brushes.

AT THE

St. Joe

DRUG

STORE.

## ST. JOE MARKET

CORRECTED EVERY FRIDAY.

Wheat	75 cts.
Oats	29 cts.
Corn	40 cts.
Butter	15 cts.
Eggs	10 cts.
Tallow	31 cts.
Lard	10 cts.
Potatoes	40 cts.
Smoked Hams	10 cts.
Shoulders and Side Meat	8 cts.

## Baltimore & Ohio R. R.

WEST BOUND.

No. 9 Mail and Express	11:10 A. M.
3 Chicago Express	10:43 P. M.
35 Local Freight	3:53 P. M.

EAST BOUND.

No. 10 Express and Mail	2:08 P. M.
1 Morning Express	2:04 A. M.
34 Local Freight	8:00 A. M.

H. K. REYNOLDS, AGENT.

## WEATHER PREDICTIONS.

BY PROF. TOMOTHY TWID OF ST. JOE.

So long as time lasts, there will be weather of some kind, and if we always knew exactly what kind of weather we were going to have for one month in the future, it would add much to our happiness and greatly assist us in laying out our work. A great many theories have been advanced for the purpose of fore-telling the weather. Among the most prominent is Hurchel's weather table that adorns a page of nearly every family almanac. Prof. Wiggins also has an idea that he controls the weather to a certain extent, and while I do not wish to say one word that would reflect in any way upon the honor of either of these gentlemen, I will say, and insist upon it, that their calculations are not based on solid ground, and therefore their prophecies are apt to mislead. Now I will endeavor to give you the exact state of the weather for one month at a time, calculations to be based on strictly scientific principles. For April the weather will be as follows: 1st to 5th pleasant; 6th to 11th cloudy with cold rains; 12th to 16th warmer; 16th to 22nd cloudy and cool; 23rd to 26th sunshine and showers; 16th to 20th warm and pleasant.

Wheat is looking terrible poor in some localities.

Al Rose has started a grocery store at Coleman's Corners.

Hi Hathaway is putting up a residence in the west end of town.

Sam Kees has quit working on the railroad. Noah Corpenny takes his place.

## HOUSE PAINTING

Glazing Paper Hanging and Ceiling Decorating a specialty. All work guaranteed. B. A. Woodcox. Call and see me, or leave orders at the St. Joe Drugstore.

**STAR WINDMILL, E. A. Wainmaker,** agent, Newville, Ind. Farmers who think of buying a mill should give me a call before doing so. The star mill is the best and prices the lowest.



Pepel in this world doant awl go alike, nor like the same things the see. While one person ma be fond ov a gude horse, another ma hav a decided preference fur fine bluded sheap, or hogs or kattel, or sum other kind ov stock. Sum pepel like dogs an kats, an sum fokes even maik pets out ov snakes, but sum wa or another we never had a hank ering in that directshun. Ther is a kounty commishner living in this town who has recently take quite a fancy tu polety. He got the idee intu his hed that he cud raise chick ens, so he went tu work an fixed up a henery, with awl modern improve ments, and went at it in earnest. He has just imported at an enormous ex pance, a new bread ov chickens wich he calls the celebrated Holdovers. Tha ar rotud cheafly for thre thing viz: 1st. Tha maik a fine appear ance, the very lukes ov them im presses one with the idee that tha ar no common ordinary barnyard polety. 2nd. Tha ar eazy keepers; just build a lattaco fene 26 feet high around your chicken yard, and give them plenty to eat and you will find it a vari eazy mattar tu keep them. 3rd. Tha ar gude layers; that is tha lay around awl the tyme and dont lay ana eggs. Pursons who want tu improve ther breed ov polety shud send fur sampels of this celebrat ed stock.

Bareus Q. Hippenhammer.



## SOME QUEER OCCUPATIONS.

Odd Ways of Making a Living That Some New Yorkers Have Adopted.

Two courageous New Yorkers follow the useful but unpoetic business of hanging their fellow-citizens. They are not prejudiced in favor of New Yorkers, but are easily persuaded to hang men elsewhere throughout the Union. It is always pretended that no one knows their names, and that only the sheriff of the county has their addresses. One is a Hebrew, dubbed "Isaac," and the other is a German, called "Menzesheimer"; but the city always lumps them both under the one name of Joseph B Atkinson, and under that name they draw their pay. They rig the gallows and finally cut the rope. One other sanguinary citizen, in Twenty-third street, swings a shingle declaring him to be "The Destroyer of Moths."

Four prosperous citizens earn their livelihood as doctors for the lap dogs of rich women. As a rule, the only medicine they use is starvation. They fling the dear pets into barred boxes and deprive them of food for four days, having found out that the usual trouble with pet dogs is that they are fed extravagantly and improperly. Just east of the Bowery, in a tenement house, resides a man whose business it is to rent himself and his Punch and Judy show to children's parties in the brownstone wards. A person on the Bowery keeps six or eight girls busy framing wreaths and pictures of tombstones, whereon are set forth the virtues of deceased New Yorkers. He follows where death notices in the papers lead him, and works upon the feelings of the grief-stricken families.

A rich Italian employs a horde of his countrymen to trim or balance the loads upon the scows of our street sweeping department. These trimmers save for him all the rags, fat, bone, metal, and other convertible refuse flung into the householders' ash barrels. Another man is making a fortune by carrying off all the waste and refuse the city will not remove, such as builders' leavings, dirt from cellar-diggings, and so on. The builders pay him to take it, and then he sells it in the suburbs for filling in sunken lands.

Only one man in town pretends to keep photographs of all the notable people in the world. There is not room for two in the business. Another citizen sells to public men and corporations clippings from all the newspapers that mention them at 5 cents a clipping, added to a subscription fee each year. Yet another citizen hunts up coats of arms and pedigrees for all who think theirs have been overlooked, or that they may get them from families of the same, or nearly the same, names as their own. This is quite English and therefore popular. It is said that the carriage-makers are giving away coats-of-arms like chromos. Lawyer Ed. Price, the ex-pugilist, has a monopoly as the attorney for the Chinese. The laundrymen will seek him when in trouble, and always pay him in silver dollars. The trade of painting black eyes with a mixture of six parts white paint and one part red now boasts several establishments. It is not popularizing the black eye, because it only covers up the scandal without removing the recollection of the accompanying "licking."

One New Yorker has posted himself about all the unclaimed estates in Christendom, and thus profits by a weakness more general than most folks imagine. Another New Yorker searches the streets at night with a lantern for coins and purses dropped during the evening. A woman near the City Hall takes care of the babies whose widowed mothers have to go out to work, and who check them, like umbrellas, in the morning and call for them in the evening. Many women in the East side tenements take care of a baby or two for their neighbors, but this downtown one is, I think, the only regular baby safe-deposit company or storage warehouse in town. There is no matrimonial agency or husband's exchange newspaper here just now. There have been many, but all have failed. That scheme is not so profitable as that of a man I met the other day, who told me he trained valuable dogs to come straight back to him as often as he sold them.

### The Descent of Man.

"A few years ago," says Mrs. A, "I had a servant who hated men. She was a spinster, about 40 years of age, and she seemed to cherish a settled aversion to the brothers of the human

family. One day she asked for my library ticket to go to our village library for a book to read. I recommended two or three books which I thought she would find within her capacity; but she found that they were all out and she chose a book for herself. It was Darwin's 'Descent of Man.' 'Why did you pick out this book, Biddy?' I asked her, in surprise. 'Sure, ma'am,' she replied, 'it says its about a daycent man, and if there's one daycent man top of ground I thought I'd like to be readin' about him; but it ain't about any man at all, ma'am; its all about monkeys, sure.'—*Boston Record.*

### Hunting Pennsylvania Deer.

Deer hunting in the woodlands of Pennsylvania is not what it was thirty-five years ago. In those days the old military road from Olean to Kittanning in Western Pennsylvania made a way in the woods for the hunters. For a distance of 160 miles it led right through the forests, then unbroken, save here and there by a windfall or a pigeon-slashing. But doubtless many of my readers do not know the character of a pigeon-slashing. Pigeon-slashing is made by the noble red man where pigeons are nesting. The dusky warrior allows his faithful squaw to cut down the trees while he picks up the young nestlings.

In the present day good hunters are shooting both deer and bear in large numbers in Elk County. Deer are swift-footed creatures. They can smell a man with a rifle more than a mile. If they are not badly wounded they are almost sure to make their escape. Experienced hunters try to shoot the animals right behind the shoulder. The game is generally found on the hills. A deer is always suspicious of the low lands. If disturbed in the valleys they put for the hills without saying good-bye, and the hunter who follows the trail rarely overtakes his game. A man hunting alone never follows a deer, but takes a circuitous, and often very fatiguing route, and meets the prey up in the hills. I have followed a deer trail many a weary mile only to find that it came to an abrupt termination right in an open and unlooked for spot. This is accounted for by the fact that the cunning beast turns right about in his own tracks, stepping into each old footprint in the snow and retracing its steps until it finds a suitable place for a big leap, when he bounds off some twenty feet or more over underbrush or rocks and makes tracks in another direction, fully impressed with the idea that he has thrown his pursuers off his trail.

When a large animal is killed a good distance from the camp, it is a difficult undertaking to bring in the game. I have frequently left the carcass of a deer hanging to a tree until the following day. When the snow covers the ground, the Pennsylvania deer feeds on fallen acorns and beechnuts. They remove the snow with their antlers so that they can get at the feed. There is a place called Wilcox in the interior of Elk County which is a favorite resort for amateur hunters. There is a rich old tanner here who owns a park containing many acres in which is a herd of over 100 deer, buck, does, and fawns. He will let one hunt in this park by paying for all of the game killed or injured. In the backwoods, venison in bulk sells for eight or nine cents a pound, while steaks bring thirteen cents a pound. Bear meat can be procured at eight cents. A fully developed male deer will weigh 208 pounds. The only danger in hunting deer in the Pennsylvania woods lies in the fact that you may get lost or become a prey to a hungry wildcat.—*Detroit Free Press.*

### Sparks and Flashes.

Bread is never made until it is kneaded.

A tumble in the price of wheat is not relished by the speculator in that commodity. It goes against his grain.

A new venture in the Chicago journalistic field is styled the *Hog*. Doubtless its projectors think they have a fat thing.

"The Telephone Suits," says the headline in a morning paper. Of course it does; but as the fact may not be generally known we give the information free of cost.

"More trouble among the minors, my dear," remarked Phasosius, arising to enter the adjoining room and quiet his trio of quarreling youngsters.

It is a wise tramp who eats his own pap.

## The Story of an Ancient Egyptian City.

Upon some spot of rising ground above the level of the annual inundation a few mud huts cluster round a rude sanctuary. The hut-dwellers multiply; the village spreads, the sanctuary is enlarged or rebuilt. As time goes on, the village becomes a town; the town becomes a city; and the temple, enriched by successive generations of kings, governors, and pious donors, becomes a vast historical aggregate of chapels, halls, courts, avenues, pylons, and sacred enclosures. By and by, whether ravaged by foreign foes or shattered by some convulsion of nature, the splendid structure falls into partial ruin. Hereupon the degenerate princes of a later age, careless of the past and eager to raise some memorial of their own uneventful rule, lay profane hands upon the monuments of their great predecessors, cut them up for building material, and use them in the construction of debased imitations of earlier schools. This process, in all probability, is again and again repeated. Not merely stones, but statues, sphinxes, obelisks, are appropriated and reappropriated, worked and re-worked, till at last there comes a time of disruption and change, when the old religion is abolished, and the images of the gods are cast down, and the very language of the inscriptions is forgotten. After this, the sacred places become quarries for the builders of Coptic churches, Arab mosques, and the palaces of Turkish Governors. Meanwhile the actual city, consisting of labyrinthine lanes of mud-built dwellings, gradually disappears. The spacious houses of the rich, the hovels of the poor, crumble, collapse, and resolve themselves into mounds of dust and potsherds. Such is the local history of hundreds of ancient Egyptian sites, and such is the history of Tanis.

A hundred years ago, the grove of this dead city was yet inviolate. Then, as now, the great sand island was heaped high with desolate piles of reddish-brown rubbish. Then, as now, those mounds enclosed a low, level area of large extent like the bed of a dry lake, or the crater of an extinct volcano. The traveler, who—once, perchance, in a decade—scaled those crumbling slopes and looked down into that area, beheld at his feet an undulating waste enclosed by what at first sight looked like a quadrangular rampart of earthworks, but which proved, on closer inspection, to be the remains of an extraordinarily massive wall, built of sun-dried bricks. The space thus bounded was strewn with ruins.

Such was the aspect of the place when surveyed in 1798 by the engineers of the great French expedition. Meanwhile there was war in Egypt, in India, in Europe, on land, on sea—universal war, followed, in 1815, by universal peace. The rich, the learned, the adventurous, the speculative, were once more free to travel, and the world was speedily overrun by tourists and traders. The picture market and the antiquity market, both long dormant, started into new and vigorous life. In Egypt the soil was strewn with treasures which it was not only profitable but praiseworthy to rescue from the destructive propensities of native fellahs and Turkish pashas. A host of depredators laid hands accordingly upon every movable object within their reach, and the collections so amassed were sold for enormous sums to crowned heads and wealthy virtuosi. Thus were founded the great Egyptian galleries of our European museums.—*Amelia B. Edwards, in Harper's Magazine.*

### The Rabbit Pest.

In Nevada and California we have not only the common gray species of rabbits, but also the large jack rabbit and the even larger white hare. These are all natives of the country. They have probably been here for ages and are doubtless as prolific as are rabbits in Australia; therefore the whole country should have been swarming with them when first visited by the whites had there not been something to keep them down. They were probably kept within bounds here by the wolves, wildcats, lynxes, and other carnivorous animals. The Australians introduced the rabbits no longer ago than 1860 for the purpose of sport, and fine sport they have had with them! They should now plant their land with wolves and wildcats and should cultivate owls and hawks. It is probable, however, that, owing to the general prevalence of the sheep industry, the wolf cure would be

about as bad as the disease. In former times our Plate Indians slaughtered immense numbers of rabbits. Before the coming of the whites, they almost lived on rabbits, and all their cloaks and sleeping robes were made of the skins of the animals. They instituted rabbit drives, and at these roundups of the long-eared cattle swept into nets spread for the purpose all the rabbits of a large area of country. In Australia much might be done by means of similar drives or circular hunts but for the fact that the small gray rabbit is a burrowing animal, and pops into its hole with about as much celerity as the prairie dog.—*Salt Lake Tribune.*

### A Realizing Conscience.

There are a great many people who cultivate conscientiousness to a greater or less degree, but after all there are comparatively few mortals who possess or desire to possess, a realizing conscience. A "realizing belief" of which theologians are apt to discourse, may be defined as a belief which involves a thorough consciousness of the consequences and the responsibilities of a course of conduct; a state of mind which consents not to ignore the logical consequence of a position. Most consciences confine themselves to deciding upon a course of action and decline to be troubled to consider the deductions which inevitably follow from the positions taken; and it happens more frequently than not that one decision is by all rules of logic inconsistent with those which went before and those which come after it. Mortality is apt to be quite as largely self-deception as it is inner illumination; and there are far more people who devote themselves to befogging their moral sense than to enlightening it.

A realizing conscience is a somewhat awkward and troublesome possession. If a man, for instance, has put himself under the guidance of such a mentor, he can no more commit misdemeanors in the way of business unrebuked than he can indulge them in defiance of the law. If he regards it as a wrong to pick the pocket of his neighbor on the highway, he is not allowed unreprieved to commit the same depredation by process of law in his counting-room. If his conscience reprove him for an undisguised falsehood, he knows perfectly well that he cannot beguile it into approving a lie because he has tricked it in cunningly-devised disguises. Neither does the realizing conscience keep one standard by which to measure the deeds of its possessor and a different scale for those of his fellows; it brings him to the bar as sharply, as unsparingly and as effectually as it does his enemy over whose peccadilloes he has gloated with keenly discriminating righteousness. It is not to be wondered that a conscience of this sort is by no means popular. The general diffusion of these instruments of torture would revolutionize the morals of society, besides causing their owners incalculable pain and inconvenience. It is, of course, conceivable that the cause of righteousness might be served by the spread of this rare virtue, but there is no little ground for supposing such a diffusion of the realizing conscience to be imminent as would render this consideration of any immediate practical application.—*Boston Courier.*

### It Cured Him.

Apropos of a fashionable craze, the following story illustrates itself:

A little Detroit boy was sick, and his mother sat up at night with him and sung him to sleep.

The next night singing had lost its charm, so she told him stories, and, being an amateur elocutionist, recited the poem, "Rock of Ages," with such dramatic effect that he went to sleep and did not wake until morning.

The following night he was worse, and insisted that his mother should "pway" with him.

She began "Our Father," but was peremptorily stopped by a little hot hand laid against her lips.

Then she essayed "Now I Lay Me," but it threw the baby into a feverish rage.

"Pway, Mamma," he commanded. "pway 'Wock of Wages' all over the room, the way you did last night."—*Detroit Free Press.*

HUMILITY is a virtue all preach, few practice, and yet everybody is content to hear. The master thinks it good doctrine for his servant, the laity for the clergy, the clergy for the laity.



## WHY LEE FOUGHT AT GETTYSBURG.

How the Great Battle on Pennsylvania Soil Was Drawn on Unexpectedly.

It had not been Gen. Lee's intention to deliver a general battle while so far from his base unless attacked, but he now found himself by the mere force of circumstances committed to one, says Gen. Henry J. Hunt, writing in the *Century* of the battle of Gettysburg. If it must take place, the sooner the better. His army was now nearly all on the ground, and delay, while it could not improve his own position, would certainly better that of his antagonist. Longstreet, indeed, urged Gen. Lee instead of attacking to turn Meade's left, and by interposing between him and Washington and threatening his communications, to force him to attack the Confederate army in position; but Gen. Lee probably saw that Meade would be under no such necessity; would have no great difficulty in obtaining supplies, and—disregarding his clamor from Washington—could play a waiting game which it would be impossible for Lee to maintain in the open country. He could not advance on Baltimore or Washington with Meade in his rear, nor could his army subsist itself in a hostile region which would soon swarm with additional enemies. His communications would be cut off, for his recommendation to assemble even a small army at Culpepper to cover them and aid him had not been complied with.

A battle was a necessity to Lee, and a defeat would be more disastrous to Meade and less so to himself at Gettysburg than at any point east of it. With the defiles of the South mountain range close in his rear, which could be easily held by a small force, a safe retreat through the Cumberland Valley was assured, so that his army once through the passes would be practically on the banks of the Potomac, at a point already prepared for crossing. Any position east of Gettysburg would deprive him of these advantages. It is more probable that Gen. Lee was influenced by cool calculation of this nature than by hot blood, or that the opening success of a chance battle had thrown him off his balance. Whatever his reasons, he decided to accept the gage of battle offered by Meade, and to attack as soon as practicable. Ewell had made arrangements to take possession of Culp's Hill in the early morning, and his troops were under arms for the purpose by the time Gen. Meade had finished his moonlight inspection of his lines, when it was ascertained by a reconnoitering party sent out by Johnson that the hill was occupied and its defenders on the alert; and further, from a captured dispatch from Gen. Sykes to Gen. Slocum, that the Fifth Corps was on the Hanover road only four miles off, and would march at 4 a. m. for Culp's Hill. Johnson thereupon deferred his attack and awaited Ewell's instructions.

Gen. Lee had, however, during the night determined to attack the federal left with Longstreet's corps, and now instructed Ewell, so soon as he heard Longstreet's guns, to make a diversion in his favor, to be converted, if opportunity offered, into a real attack.

### Secession Possibilities.

"It was fortunate for the Confederacy that we lost that for which we fought," said a gentleman who stood high in the cause for which the South fought a quarter of a century ago to an Indianapolis *Journal* correspondent in Washington. "Yes, it was fortunate that we lost," he replied.

"Why?" inquired your correspondent. "Because the result would have been secession within secession," was the startling reply. "The original confederacy would have split into half a dozen smaller confederacies, warring with each other, till we would have had in North America the same terrible condition of affairs that we see in South America. Why, the very bait that was to be dangled under the nose of Louis Napoleon to induce him to recognize the new government presaged that result exactly. The French and Spanish creoles of Louisiana," continued the gentleman, who is a prominent resident of that State, "never have been and never will be reconciled to the transfer of their allegiance from France to the United States. The old and influential families among them prefer a strong and showy monarchy to a plain republic like ours. They would jump at a chance to resume their connection with France or Spain. Soule was fully possessed of this view when he sailed to Europe to secure the recognition of

France and England. He carried with him secret proposals from leading French creoles to Louis Napoleon, to the effect that if he would assist in throwing off the yoke of the Republic, and thus give them a chance, they would, in a few years, so shape affairs in Louisiana as to bring about the secession of that State from the new concern and its annexation to France."

"Would not that have precipitated a new war?"

"Those men did not think so. They held that they had the right to secede from the new government, just as they did from the old government, and that Jeff Davis and his followers would have been estopped by their own theory from preventing their withdrawing from the Government which they fought for. But the unexpected power developed for the Federal Government on land and water thwarted the plan. Napoleon got scared and retreated from the position he was assuming, so the Confederacy went down. It was a good thing he did, too."

### The Eve of Battle.

Augustus Brandegee writes to the *New York Tribune* of a talk he once had with Secretary Stanton. Mr. Lincoln had been excessively solicitous about the result of that battle. It was known that Lee had crossed in Pennsylvania, threatened Washington, and that battle had been joined near Gettysburg, upon which, in all probability, the fate of Washington and the issue of the war depended. The telegraphic wires ran into the war department, and dispatches had been received of the result of the first day's fight, which showed how desperate was the attack, the stubbornness of the defense, and that the result was indecisive. All that day and the next Mr. Lincoln was in an agony of anxiety, running over, as was his wont, to the war office to ascertain for himself the latest news instead of waiting for the report to be sent him by his subordinates. Then came a long interval when nothing was heard from Meade, and the President was wrought up to an intense pitch of excitement. Night came on, and Stanton, seeing the President worn out with care and anxiety, persuaded him to return to the White House, promising if anything came over the wires during the night to give him immediate information. At last toward midnight came the electric flash of that great victory which saved the union.

Stanton seized the dispatch and ran as fast as he could to the executive mansion, up the stairs, and knocked at the room where the President was catching a fitful slumber. "Who is there?" he heard in the voice of Mr. Lincoln. "Stanton." The door was opened, and Mr. Lincoln appeared with a light in his hand, peering through the crack of the door, "in the shortest night-dress and longest legs," as Stanton said, he ever saw on a human being. Before Stanton, who was out of breath, could say a word, the President, who had caught with unerring instinct the expression of his face, gave a shout of exultation, grabbed him with both arms around the waist, and danced him around the chamber until they were both exhausted. They then sat down upon a trunk, and the President, who was still in his nightdress, read over and over again the telegram, and then discussed with him the probabilities of the future and the results of the victory until the day dawned.

### Richest Man in Germany.

The official German income-tax returns, says the *London Standard*, show that the man who is rated highest in all Prussia is Herr Krupp, the iron-maker of Essen. His income is assessed at more than 5,000,000 marks, or £250,000 sterling, on which he pays 151,200 marks, or £7,560 annually.

Next comes Baron Rothschild, of Frankfort-on-the-Main, with an income of 2,750,000, paying a tax of 81,000 marks, or £4,050 per annum. Then follows the British consul general, Baron Bleichroder, of Berlin, with an income of about 2,340,000 marks, paying an annual tax of 68,400 marks, or £3,420.

The two next richest men in Prussia are two Silesian ironmasters. The only other Prussian with an income of over 1,000,000 marks are Baron Hansemann and a Westphalian magnate, each of whom pays rather more than £1,500 a year to the treasury.

The student of human character is inclined to be a little testy.



## The Oft Told Story

Of the peculiar medicinal merits of Hood's Sarsaparilla is fully confirmed by the voluntary testimony of thousands who have tried it. Peculiar in the combination, proportion, and preparation of its ingredients, peculiar in the extreme care with which it is put up, Hood's Sarsaparilla accomplishes cures where other preparations entirely fail. Peculiar in the unequalled good name it has made at home, which is a "tower of strength abroad," peculiar in the phenomenal sales it has attained, the most popular and successful spring medicine and blood purifier before the public to-day is Hood's Sarsaparilla.

### Hood's Sarsaparilla

"In the summer I was all run down and troubled with a humor which came out all over my body and face. I read of the cures accomplished by Hood's Sarsaparilla, and decided to try it. At that time my weight was 133 pounds. I have now taken two bottles, and think very highly of it, as it has cured me of the humor, and also seems to have built up my whole system. I now weigh 157 pounds. I can recommend Hood's Sarsaparilla, as I know it has helped me more than I expected medicine could do for me." W. C. HENRY, Elkhart, Ind.

"I have used Hood's Sarsaparilla as a blood purifier, and am well pleased with it, being in my opinion the proper medicine for the purpose." WILLIAM G. WUERTH, organist, St. Mary's Church, 108 St. Antoine Street, Detroit, Mich.

### Is the Best

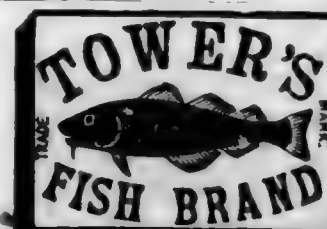
"I have had dyspepsia for several years, and was urged to try Hood's Sarsaparilla, which I did with the very best results. I have also been troubled with catarrh, but since taking Hood's Sarsaparilla have been very much better. I recommended it to my neighbors, and all who have taken it speak very highly of it." MRS. MARY J. RYAN, 131 High Street, Indianapolis, Ind.

"During the summer I was feeling all run down, and, thinking I was needing something to tone up my system, I was recommended to try Hood's Sarsaparilla. After taking two bottles I felt much better. I had also been troubled with dyspepsia, and Hood's Sarsaparilla helped me more than anything else I could find. I can cordially recommend it to any one feeling as I did." JAMES R. DARROW, Darrow House, Fort Wayne, Ind.

## Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. \$1; six for \$5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar



**SLICKER** The Best Waterproof Coat.  
The FISH BRAND SLICKER is warranted waterproof, and will keep you dry in the hardest storm. The new POMMEL SLICKER is a perfect riding coat, and covers the entire saddle. Beware of imitations. None genuine without the "Fish Brand" trade-mark. Illustrated Catalogue free. A. J. Tower, Boston, Mass.

## CHICHESTER'S ENGLISH PENNYROYAL PILLS

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## The Oldest Medicine in the World is probably Dr. Isaac Thompson's Celebrated Eye Water

This article is a carefully prepared physician's prescription, and has been in constant use for nearly a century, and notwithstanding the many other preparations that have been introduced into the market, the use of this article is constantly increasing. If the direst eye is followed it will never fail. We particularly invite the attention of physicians to its merits. John L. Thompson, Sons & Co., Troy, N. Y.

**KIDDER'S PASTILLES** Sufferer, Asthma, by mail, Stowell & Co., Charlestown, Mass.

## Why did the Women

of this country use over *thirteen million* cakes of Procter & Gamble's Lenox Soap in 1886?

Buy a cake of Lenox and you will soon understand why.



## POPULAR SCIENCE.

A GERMAN astronomer has found reasons for believing that the zodiac light and the aurora borealis result from the reflection of sunlight by water and ice.

THE teeth of an individual often vary greatly in hardness at intervals, and a Berlin physician, W. D. Miller, is experimenting to show that this is due to a varying proportion of lime salts in the food.

PROBABLY no application of science is developing more rapidly than photography. Among recent appliances is a detective camera in the form of a watch, with a charm to hold a supply of miniature dry-plates, and a telescopic camera in which distant objects are brought near by telescopic aid and photographed.

THE method of vultures in finding carrion is seen by their habits of distributing themselves like sentinels over wide tracts of country. Their keen eyes, as they circle over miles of territory, scan every object, telegraphing to the adjoining sentinel, many miles away, the discovery of prey. In this way, during the Crimean war, it is said that the vultures of Northern Africa flocked in scores around the contending armies, coming from thousands of miles.

THE recent exhaustive researches by Mr. Verbeek into all the phenomena connected with the red sun glows of 1883 and 1884 have led him to conclude that they were caused mainly by the masses of aqueous vapor thrown out by the volcano Krakatoa. In this view, the watery vapor ejected by Krakatoa, after condensing and freezing in the high air, produces the remarkable sunset, though the ashes may have intensified the phenomena besides serving as a center of condensation.

MR. J. McNEIL, of Indiana University, mentions a long-horned beetle (*Eburia quadrigemina*) which lived no less than nineteen years, and probably more than twenty, in an ash door sill. Two similar cases of remarkable longevity in beetles are recorded by Packard. A specimen of *Monohammus confusor*, the common pine-borer, lived more than fifteen years in a pine bureau; and three beetles—probably *Ceraphorus balleatus*—came from an apple-tree table, the first after a residence therein of twenty years and the last of twenty-eight years.

A MEMBER of the London Astronomical Society has pointed out that the common assumption that a fragment of meteor dust no larger than a mustard seed may give the brilliancy of a first-magnitude star, is erroneous. To give that brightness at a distance of 100 miles, about that at which meteors are usually seen, would require an electric lamp of 10,000-candle power. It is therefore probable that the smallest visible meteors have a surface equal to the incandescent portion of a 100-candle power electric arc, if not much greater.

THE contagiousness of leprosy, says *Science*, has for a long time been a mooted question. The Royal College of Physicians, in order to obtain the best information on this subject, sent inquiries to physicians throughout the world, whose practice had brought them in contact with the disease, and whose opinions would therefore be of value. Thirteen of these have no doubt of its contagiousness, and thirty-four entertain no doubt of its non-contagiousness. Twelve regarded leprosy and syphilis as being intimately related; twenty-one believed there was no relation. Most of those to whom the inquiries were sent regard leprosy as hereditary, and also that it may originate spontaneously under suitable conditions.

### Spells Their Voices.

"When I went on the road as a porter," said a natty-looking negro, "I had a good husky voice—a voice you could hear for blocks around. Now listen to it. The loudest tones are just about as clear as the muffled boom-boom of a bass-drum in a funeral procession. It is only about half of the time that I can make myself heard, and it is all on account of the porter business. You see, my run is on a sleeper and I have become so accustomed to whispering, for fear of disturbing the passengers, that it has almost ruined my voice. All old-time porters are similarly affected."—*Chicago Herald*.

At a spelling-match one man spelled "pasnip," and got beet.

## PITH AND POINT.

A TRUE love-match should not spatter.

WE pity a drum major. He always has to face the music.

LOVE may be blind, but marriage is a very successful eye doctor.—*St. Paul Herald*.

THE reason why composers are often tempted to strike is because each one carries a stick in his hand.

A POET sings about "The Land of the Lyre." We didn't know where to locate it since Wiggins was gagged.

THERE is said to be a tree in New Guinea which, when touched, knocks a man down. It must be a species of boxwood.

BROWN—Hello, Jones! How's your wife? JONES (a little deaf): Very blustering and disagreeable again this morning.

A MACHINE has been invented that will sew on buttons as fast as seven girls. We had rather own one than be a Mormon.

THE question about extending a call turns sometimes on the age of the parson; the question of accepting it on the parsonage.

"WELL, what is it, Nora?" "Indade, mum, the water's cold." "What water?" "The hot water, mum."—*Boston Commonwealth*.

THE remark may not be a novel one, but it is certain that Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth is a woman of letters. *Norristown Herald*.

### THE POWER OF GOLD.

Win gold, all doors will open to your knock; Your character from blemish will be free; Experience has shown that there's no lock That can't be opened with a golden key. —*Boston Courier*.

"WHERE shall we find rest?" asked a religious weekly, to which one of our exchanges answers: "My dear sir, the best place to find rest, and plenty of it, is to become a clerk in a dry goods store that does not advertise."

ADMIRING friend—And you've been writing poems how long? Complacent poet—Nearly thirty years. A. F. And you're still alive? Wonderful! C. P.—Well, you see, I've kept myself retired from the world a good deal.—*Boston Courier*.

"AUGUSTUS," said Maud, who, as he had been calling on her for some time, thought she would give him a hint, "I should like to be an actress." "An actress?" repeated Augustus, in astonishment. "What on earth do you want to be an actress for?" "Because then I might be engaged." She now wears a solitaire.—*New York Sun*.

ENGLISH tourist—Aw, yaas, I acknowledge the beauty of American women; but you all lack tact, don't ye know? American girl—Possibly. "Aw, yaas; you have not the finesse of European ladies, don't you know?" "Have you noticed such a lack in me?" "Aw, yaas." "Then I must confess myself beaten. I thought I was acting as if I enjoyed myself."—*Omaha World*.

JUDGE—In your drunken fury you drew your pistol and dangerously wounded an unoffending man. Cowboy—Yes, Judge, that's about the size of it. Judge—Whisky has got you into serious trouble. If it had not been for whisky you would not now be under arrest. Cowboy—That's where you're a little off, Judge. If I had been sober I'd have killed him deadlier than a door nail instead of only cripplin' him up a little.—*Texas Siftings*.

### A WISH.

I wish I had a guinea hen,  
A faithful German band,  
A score of those "sweet orange" men  
Who on the corners stand;  
A blacksmith with a big trombone,  
And wind to make it howl;  
A bag-pipe with its wheezy drone;  
A great, big hooting owl;  
A screaming parrot prone to sing;  
A crowd of yelling boys,—  
My pick, in short, of everything  
That's bound to make a noise.  
Oh! then, sweet vengeance would be mine,  
And retribution, too,  
And, if you will your ear incline  
I'll tell you what I'd do:  
I'd make the whole accursed brigade  
Play symphonies and things,  
Beneath the window of the maid  
Whose one song is "White Wings."

A MARINE alga of Arctic regions grows at a temperature far below zero, and its spores disappear at higher temperatures. It thus appears that intense cold is necessary to the existence of some forms of vegetable life, together with extreme dryness, and this class of plants probably includes the cryptogams of red snow.

If we had no faults ourselves, we should not be ready to note the faults of others.

J. D. LEIGHTY,

—DEALER IN—

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ST. JOE, INDIANA.

EXAMINE THE BARGAINS ON OUR

5 and 10c Counters.



# THE ST. JOE NEWS.

VOL. I.

ST. JOE, IND., FRIDAY, APRIL 8, 1887.

NO. 11.

## INDIANA STATE NEWS.

—Charles D. Hilderbrandt, one of the most noted criminals of modern times, who claimed to have been reformed, died at Evansville recently. He was taken with pneumonia, and although he received the best medical attention and nursing, his shattered constitution could not withstand the disease, and after much suffering he passed quietly away. Hilderbrandt began his career of crime when a mere child, receiving a thorough schooling at the hands of a gang of thieves. He was a member of the famous Quantrell guerrilla band. He was also a member of the outlaw band of James boys. Out of forty-nine years of his life, twenty or more were spent in various prisons in this country.

—A shocking accident occurred six miles south of Warsaw, by which Will Walton, a young farmer living just outside the city limits, lost his life. Walton and Fred Moon, a young grocer, were duck-shooting at Muskalonge Lake. While walking through the marsh surrounding the lake, a duck flew over them, and both raised their guns to shoot. Walton slipped and fell backward, bringing his head directly in the range of Moon's gun at the moment the latter fired. The lead took effect in the back of the head and neck, and death was instantaneous. The men were the best of friends, and have hunted together for years.

—Circulars are to be sent to the county health officers by Secretary Metcalf, of the State Board of Health, calling attention to the requirements of Section 2151 of the Revised Statutes, relative to the enforcement of the fire-escape law. It is also the purpose of the Board to see that the hotels and places of amusements here are provided with suitable means of saving life in case of fire. No epidemic diseases have been reported to the Board from any point in the State.

—At Milroy, Rush County, Wesley Martin, Methodist class-leader, ejected A. L. Jenner, a young man, from church for disorderly conduct, and he sought to get even with him by securing his conviction for assault and battery. The trial took place in the Town Hall, before a jury of twelve men. The defense claimed that Martin did right in preserving order at the church, and asked his acquittal on that ground, and the jury returned a verdict of not guilty.

—On April 21 a Sunday-school convention will be held at Liberty Church, near New Richmond, Montgomery County. Addresses will be made by Rev. Thos. Birch, of Crawfordsville; Rev. S. Garrigus, of Lindon; Rev. J. F. Foster, of Crawfordsville; Rev. Aaron Wood, D. D., of Yountsville, and W. H. Orr, W. M. White, Eva M. Miller, Jessie B. Freeman, Rev. Maxwell, Fred Shanklin, Betty Thompson, D. S. Morris, Maggie Jones and others.

—A distressing accident occurred at Seymour, which resulted in the death of Mrs. Sarah Cooley, an estimable lady, the wife of Matt Cooley, an old resident. Mrs. Cooley was a devoted member of the M. E. Church. She attended services at church, and upon her return home she took a portion of what she supposed was quinine, but which proved to be strychnine. The poison caused her death within an hour.

—Wheat in Northern Indiana is still in an unusually advanced state, and as the season is so far along it is probable that growing crops will not suffer from any sudden change of the weather. The outlook for both grain and fruits is still excellent. There is a prospect for a larger crop of peaches this year than for several years, as the trees are known not to have been damaged by the last winter.

—The second spring meeting of the Indiana Academy of Sciences will be held on May 19 and 20 at the "Shades of Death," near Wayland, Montgomery County. The committee on arrangements—C. R. Barnes

and B. W. Everman, of Brookville—request that members who expect to be present notify them by postal card at the earliest possible moment.

—The Lafayette City Council has ordered the claim of Dr. Isaac C. Walker, of Indianapolis, against Lafayette for infringement of certain patents used by the Fire Department, paid. Dr. Walker asked \$1,800 damages, but accepted \$1,500 in payment. Other cities in the State are involved in similar claims.

—Patents have been issued to the following inventors in Indiana: Jas. K. Trinamé, Indianapolis, chimney; Jacob L. Paynter, assignor of one-half to J. P. Kyle, Salem, pulverizing cultivator; John P. Brown, assignor to M. E. Brown, Rising Sun, fence machine; Henry J. Banta, Logansport, brake for vehicles.

—The ticket office at the Wabash depot, at LaPorte was burglarized, and several dollars were taken from the money-drawer. Some four or five holes were drilled in the safe, but an entrance was not effected. The thieves were probably frightened away, as their tools were left in the office.

—Levi Kemper, a prominent farmer of Tipton County, was run over by a Wabash engine, attached to the pay-car at Atlanta City, a small station south of Kokomó, and was instantly killed. Kemper was attempting to cross the track with a team. Both horses were also killed.

—Col. R. P. De Hart, Prosecuting Attorney, is making a vigorous crusade against Lafayette liquor dealers for selling to minors. About thirty convictions have resulted, with heavy fines in each case. His energetic work is commended by the law-abiding citizens.

—The result of the competitive examination held at Marion by Congressman Steele, to elect a naval cadet to Annapolis, was announced. The lucky boy is Clement C. Gohber, of Grant County. There were seventeen competitors for the honor.

—Oil of the same quality as that at Findlay, Ohio, has been found at Peru.

—The Governor has appointed Judge Milton S. Maffitt, of Paoli, as Prosecuting Attorney for the judicial circuit of Monroe, Orange, and Lawrence counties, to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Abraham Noblett.

—William Miller, a lad of thirteen years, riding on the tender of a locomotive on the Wabash Railway at Fort Wayne, fell off, struck his head on a rail and cracked his skull, causing fatal injury.

—Capitalists from Cincinnati and other cities are investing in land in and about Portland, Ind. Natural gas is the magnet.

—B. McClintic, one of the pioneers of Miami County, died after a brief illness. He was one of Miami County's most respected citizens and a prominent member of the Masonic order.

—The fine residence of Dr. H. C. Fosdick, was destroyed by fire at Liberty. Loss, \$2,000; insurance, \$1,500. Several persons were painfully injured and burned during the fire.

—A street railway company, with a capital of \$50,000, has been organized at Portland, and are asking the city for a franchise. That city is enjoying a big boom.

—Mrs. James H. Williamson, of Sullivan, who was going about her usual duties, suddenly dropped dead on the floor. Heart disease was the trouble.

—Annie M. Koontz, a widow 70 years old, was found dead in her bed at Peru. She had been in very feeble health for some time.

—The dwelling of Christian Ellwanger, at Hursttown, Harrison County, was burned to the ground.

—Rev. Hardin, of Illinois, has been called to the pastorate of the Mission Church in Kokomó.

—Thornton has a aer gas well after drilling 1,300

## A MOONLIGHT FOX CHASE.

The Vivacious Picture of a Fifteen-Year-Old Memory.

(American Field.)

Some fifteen years ago I was a boy in my teens, but an enthusiastic lover of the chase and an ardent admirer of the fair sex. I could never quite decide in my own mind which was dearest to my heart—the girls or the hounds. It is true I went to see the girls oftener than I went fox-hunting, but many a time and oft have I cut short a visit when the fire was warm and the girl was pretty, to go home to give to Rowdy and Rival their evening meal and see that they were comfortably housed for the night. I had learned to hunt under the old squire, an old-time Virginia gentleman, who, although past three-score years, was a boy in his ardent admiration of the chase, and a desirable partner but dreaded opponent in a game of marbles or quoits. Oh, many a game of seven-up, of euchre, of whist, and of draw-poker have I enjoyed around his hospitable board. Peace be to his ashes; he is now no more, but his memory shall ever be dear to my heart. He once paid me a compliment I can never forget. After an unusually long and unsuccessful day's ride he turned to me, calling me by name, and said: "I have raised eight sons and taught them all to hunt, and have also taught a good many other boys, but you are the only one who would ride over with me all day and be as eager to hunt at night as you were in the morning; like myself, you never know when to quit." We had a very dry season the latter part of the summer and early fall, and could not take the dogs out, somewhat to our chagrin. One day by the way of consolation I rode over to see my elderly friend, and while there the rain began to fall and we hoped for an old-fashioned "dog mire," but were disappointed, for just before sundown the clouds broke away and the beautiful rainbow declared that the rain was over. "If we had your dogs and George's we would go out to-night on McGraw bridge and start a young fox." This was enough for me. "I will have my dogs and George's here in less than an hour," was my reply. The distance from his house to my grandfather's, where I lived, was between three and four miles, and almost an unlimited number of gates and draw-bars to contend with; but my pony, Old Rabbit, was fond of the sport, and I whispered in his ear and told him what was on hand. In an hour's time I had returned with my two hounds and with George and his two, which, added to the old squire's five, made nine as good, rattling, red-fox hounds as any neighborhood ever had. The squire was ready, as were two or three of his sons. Two black boys employed on the farm were told that if they desired it they might get a pair of unused horses and accompany us, and this they did with great gusto, thinking it a great thing to go fox-hunting along with the "gentlemen" on horseback. These boys were very useful that night pulling down and putting up fences. We had gone about a mile when the glorious full moon arose in its splendor, making it almost light enough to see to read. In a few moments after we entered a bank of mist which was so dense that in the moonlight it looked almost like wool. After passing through it we skirted its eastern border, with the moon on one side and the bank on the other, and then saw what I never saw before or since—a lunar bow. I had supposed that it was colored like the solar bow, but I was mistaken; it was as white as a sheet and not more than ten steps from us. It was an arc of a circle of about fifteen feet radius and about one and a half to two feet in breadth. The squire told the colored boys if they did not ride up close to us that the ghost would catch them. This

made their teeth chatter, and had it not been for repeated assurances of safety I have no idea what would have been the result, for, as it was, they shadowed us closely the remainder of the evening. We started a young red, and after an interesting chase the dogs put him in the ground. Another was started—an old red, we thought, for he led the dogs at once to where no rain had fallen in this partial shower, and soon got away from them. We got home early, but I shall ever remember this as one of the pleasantest evenings of my life.

## Plain Living.

A lawyer by profession, but a judge in one of the highest courts in New York for twenty-three years, is noted for methodical habits, legal acumen and perfect integrity. Long past 60, erect and vigorous as a man of 40, he cannot count a day lost by sickness in a quarter of a century. At his post as regularly as the sun rises, after adjournment he writes out the opinions of the court, which already fill several large volumes. No man in the city is more worthy of the universal regard which he long since secured. Having long known Judge Blank, I once asked him the secret of his power.

"Plain living," he replied, "has been my salvation. I was a nervous youth, high-strung and excitable. I smoked, drank occasionally, and was given to rich food. Shortly after being admitted to the bar, I found myself the victim of dyspepsia. I began to study my habits and their influence on mind and body. I experimented with food, drinks, and exercise. The result was in fixing a rule of life which I have since followed inflexibly. After a plain but substantial breakfast, I loiter about an hour or two and then walk to the court house, or a distance equal to three miles or more. Having previously had the room well ventilated, I stay in the building, occupied, except an hour at noon, with my judicial duties. The other judges take a hearty lunch; I eat nothing. At 5 o'clock I am through for the day, and walk up town again. Rain or shine, cold or hot, finds me swinging my arms and plodding along in the same gait. All legal work is dismissed as utterly from my mind as if I never knew Coke and Blackstone. I eat a hearty dinner; take no made dishes, no Worcestershire sauce or inflaming condiments, no pudding, pie, ice-cream, or custards, and drink no wine. I have a sense of comfort but not of repletion, feel no desire for intoxicating liquors, and make it a business to thoroughly digest my food, eaten twice a day, no more. I am frequently compelled to attend dinners, banquets, and festivals of every kind. But neither entreaty nor ridicule can induce me to change my habits. Even a dish of ice-cream cannot tempt me."—Good Housekeeping.

## The Logical Faculty.

A little Virginia dandy named Cyrus had an older brother Cassius, who had spent a winter in Washington in swell society, and when he returned home he set himself up as a teacher to his less cultured family. One day at the table Cyrus said to him:

"Gimme some 'lasses, Cash."

"You musn't say 'lasses Cy," corrected Cassius; "you must say mo-lasses."

"Ugh!" grunted Cyrus; "how's I gwine to say mo' lasses when I hain't had none yet?"—Washington Critic.

STEATITE has been recommended as a dentifrice by M. Paul Vigier, who has discovered that it prevents the formation of tartar. His tooth-powder contains: Powdered steatite (soapstone), 60 grammes; dried alum or cream of tartar, 5 grammes; powdered cochineal, 10 grammes; essence of peppermint or other perfume, 20 drops.



# The St. Joe News.

ST. JOE, INDIANA.

MORT & WILL OLDS, PUBLISHERS.

## FARMER GRUDGE.

Old Farmer Grudge was determined to trudge  
In the same old way that his father went;  
To toil and to slave, to pinch and to save  
Nor to spend on pleasure a single cent.  
His tools were few, and rusty, too,  
For want of the needed drop of oil,  
That creaky and slow they were forced to go,  
And added much to his daily toil.

His crops were scant, for he would not plant  
Enough to cover his narrow field;  
But grumbled and growled and always scowled  
At harvest over the meager yield.  
And from the pantry store on the threshing  
floor,  
From gaping mow and neglected bin,  
Would voices cry as he passed them by:  
"You can't take out what you don't put in."

Old Farmer Grudge was a doleful drudge,  
And in his dwelling and on his land  
'Twas pain to be seen he was shrewd and keen  
And managed all with a miserly hand.  
There was little wool, there was little food;  
Oh, bare, indeed, was the pantry shelf,  
Since he took no heed to another's need.  
So he was warned and well fed himself.

The wife, it is true, would scimp and screw,  
Piece and patch and in some way plan,  
As women will with amazing skill,  
Who is tied for life to a stingy man;  
But oh, how she sighed for the things denied,  
The boons and comfort; and large life  
Of which she dreamed and for which she  
schemed.

When consenting to be Farmer Grudge's wife.

But Farmer Grudge not an inch would budge  
From the path his penurious father trod;  
But, though very rich, would work in a ditch  
All day and at dusk in the corner would nod;  
And his girls and his boys, bereft of the joys  
That others had, were disposed to roam,  
And to spend, profuse, not to put to use  
The lessons they had been taught at home.  
*Kentucky Live Stock Record.*

## STORY OF AN HEIRESS.

BY DAISY MURDOCK.

"What do you think is Tennyson's most beautiful sentiment, Miss Holme?" Philip Carrick inquires.

"Ask me what is the truest; perhaps I could answer," the reply.

"Well, what is the truest, then?"

"A sorrow's crown of sorrows is remembering happier things."

Philip Carrick is surprised. Orna Holme is a bright, saucy-brunette, small and delicate; he does not understand what a woman like her need know of sorrow, and he says as much.

"It would not interest you to know what trouble I may have had, Mr. Carrick," she says, coldly. "Every one has some troubles, and they only increase by repetition; besides, one's confidant is always more or less bored, though politeness may keep back all signs of weariness."

Philip looks at her in wonder. Her eyes are dark with grief, passion, regret. What is it? She puzzles him exceedingly. Never in his thirty years of life, during which he has seen the women of every land, has he met one who so thoroughly interests and mystifies him as this one.

They are in a boat; the weather is perfect. Philip thinks he would be perfectly happy if he knew that this girl cared one iota for him; and this he does not seem likely to learn speedily, for she is armed with arrows of sarcasm, which she uses occasionally, and is encased in an armour of indifference, which he has as yet been unable to penetrate.

Presently he remarks, reading her name in the volume of "Tennyson" lying on the seat close beside him, "Orna—what a pretty name!"

"Do you think so?" she asks. "It has always worried me, fearing people would think it an abbreviation for 'Ornament.'"

They are floating along in shallow water near the shore, and the Miss Holme reaches out and gathers the lily leaves that lie all around them; it is too late in the season for flowers.

"How beautiful she is!" Philip thinks, watching the little white hands as she gathers the wet leaves.

She is pale and calm, intent on her occupation; she seems almost oblivious of the man who, resting his oars, sits watching her.

It is an entirely new experience for Philip Carrick. Hitherto he has been sought after, flattered, and made much of by the belles of society; but here, in this little Essex village, he has met a lady who is utterly indifferent to him, and, man-like, having found a woman who does not care for him, he proceeds straightway to fall in love with her.

He has not known Miss Holme long, and of her family and past history he knows nothing. He has come to this little village, intending to make it his headquarters while he spends a few weeks in hunting and fishing. He has engaged rooms at a private house, and has there met Orna Holme. She teaches a little country school a mile from her lodging.

So they have been together more or less for some time; but Orna's vacation is drawing to a close, and this golden September day is one of the last which they can have all to themselves.

"Don't you find going back to drill A

B C's into the heads of those young savages?" Philip asks.

"Certainly not; I like to teach. Furthermore, I teach in order to get a certain amount of money with which to purchase things essential to the comfort of a lady of the nineteenth century."

Philip makes no reply, but he wishes he had not asked the question. She can certainly be very explicit when she chooses.

Presently Miss Holme glances at her watch. As she does so, diamonds flash in the sun.

"It is nearly tea-time. Mr. Carrick," she says, "shall we return?"

"I think I should like to drift this way forever," he says.

"Oh, no, you wouldn't!" she returns. "There is a dam two miles below here, and, if you undertook to drift ever as we are drifting now, you might drift into eternity."

Philip is too provoked to reply. Miss Holme either takes his words too literally, or twists them into something he does not mean; she seems determined not to understand, and he rows back almost in silence. "I am going to town to-morrow," he says to his hostess, Mrs. Dean; "a party of my friends write me from a little place called Nausean, in Italy, to join them there and go to Lake Como."

"We shall miss you," Mrs. Dean replies.

He glances across to Miss Holme; she is spreading jelly on bread for a young Dean, and for aught he can tell has not heard a word. Without doubt this country school-teacher, with her high-bred face, her diamond watch, and her supreme indifference to Mr. Carrick, is a new sensation to that gentleman.

Later in the evening they are sitting with others in the parlor. Miss Holme, rising, says, "Good night, Mr. Carrick; as you go early in the morning, I shall not see you again."

There were people looking on; he had meant to have had a different parting, but she has willed otherwise; he holds her hand an instant in his, says "Good-bye," the words half choking him, and she is gone.

A week later she is back in her old place, teaching a score of yellow-haired children; she is more lovely than ever, more bitter than ever; she has not done right, she is not doing right; how can she be happy?

Alfred Crosby and Philip Carrick are sitting by the lake. Alfred and Philip are old friends.

Alfred breaks the silence by remarking, "It strikes me, Phil, that this trip has not benefited you; you are pale and thin; you look as if you had the dyspepsia, or were in love. Honor bright, old fellow, did you fall in love while out of my sight?"

"Suppose I did, what then?" asks Philip.

"But who on earth could you have met here to captivate you? Was it a daughter of that noble gipsy, or a Norwegian girl? They are about all the women I've seen since I started on this trip."

"Oh, quit your nonsense!" replies Philip. "I stayed a month at Stony Point before coming here, if you choose to remember."

"But, my dear boy, there was nobody there."

"On the contrary, there were many nice people there, among them a Miss Holme, who was exceptionally 'nice.'"

"Oh, the mischief!" springing off his feet. "What does she look like? Describe her!"

Mr. Carrick wonders if any one can do that adequately, but he says, "She is slender and petite, has the smallest hands I ever saw, great gray eyes, chestnut hair, and the coldest, haughtiest manner I ever observed. She is certainly out of her element; she is teaching a country school."

"Well," remarks Alfred, "did she wear any jewelry—anything noticeable I mean?"

"She always wears a blue enamelled watch set with diamonds," returns Philip. "I noticed it because country school-teachers don't generally possess watches worth a hundred pounds."

"I should think not!" returns Alf. "Well, my boy, I am convinced that she is Baron Payne's niece, and heiress to all his property. He lives at St. Bride's; when I was there last winter she was a great belle. She took immensely, just because she was so utterly indifferent to everybody. The Baron has a nephew who is a gambler and everything else that's bad; he paid assiduous court to Miss Holme, and met with no success. He wanted the girl's money—she has plenty in her own right—and Orna hated him. Finally, one night, he proposed; she rejected him scornfully. She is younger than she looks, educated in a convent in France, and not very well versed in the ways of the world. The scoundrel, furious at having failed, turned on her, told her she was a pauper, that she had no claim to Baron Payne's bounty, being only a waif he had cared for, and there is no knowing what else he may have said. She must have been nearly distracted. Keenly sensitive and terribly proud, strangely enough she never stopped to question what he told her, but, taking a few things that were her own, among them the watch which had been her mother's, she left the house that night, leaving a note to the effect that she would not trespass any longer on the Baron's bounty. The Baron was frantic. He confronted his nephew the next morning, and the coward owned up to enough to make the old man forbid his ever entering the house again. Search for Miss Holme had been fruitless. It is

marvelous that you, of all people, should have found her out and fallen in love."

"I didn't say I had fallen in love," said Philip, testily.

"No, but your appearance indicates that fact. I shall telegraph her uncle as soon as we reach civilization, the old Baron will be overjoyed."

It has been a hot day, uncommonly so for late September, and Orna Holme, trudging along the dusty road homeward, feels weary and heart-sick.

Teaching country children is hardly a congenial occupation for a girl brought up as an heiress, and this day had been an unusually wearisome one.

Mrs. Dean meets her at the door.

"There is a gentleman in the sitting-room waiting for you," she says; and Orna, her heart fluttering strangely with the hope that it may be Philip Carrick, enters the room, and confronts her uncle.

"Uncle! Oh, uncle!"

She is clasped in his arms, and a torrent of tears keeps back all further words.

Having grown calmer, the Baron tells her how Alfred Crosby had telegraphed of her whereabouts, and how he had traveled night and day to reach her.

"Why did you do this?" he says, reproachfully. "Could you not have trusted me, and rested in my love?"

"But he told me that you had said to him in the presence of others that I was not your niece, and that when I was married your duty towards me would be discharged."

Little by little the Baron convinces the high-tempered, foolish girl how wrong she has been, what danger she might have fallen into by her romantic escapade; and when, the next day, having procured a substitute to teach the tow-headed children, he starts home with her, it is a very penitent as well as happy little lady who sits beside him.

They both wonder how Alfred Crosby traced her, but it is not till long afterward that they learn.

Philip Carrick means to forget the girl who has treated his love so coldly, but to resolve is one thing, and to forget another. He devotes himself to his profession, but hard work produces weariness, not forgetfulness.

And Orna—her heart fails her when she remembers her systematic coldness toward one to whom she finds she has given her love, without any premeditation on her part. Society welcomes her back with open arms, and open siege is made for the capture of her heart; but it is useless.

One day a letter is brought to her, and she hesitates before opening the thick, creamy envelope. Having done so, she reads:

"DEAR MISS HOLME—Perhaps it is not wise for me to write you this letter. But what does it matter? Why should I try to conceal that which you already know? I love you. I learned the lesson in those beautiful days I spent in your society at Stony Point, and the lesson is one I shall never forget. I have tried hard to forget you, for you never gave me the least encouragement; but, my darling, if you will let me try to win your love, with the hope that some day I may be successful, I shall be perfectly happy, for life holds for me no greater blessing than the hope of some time making you my wife. May I come to you? If I see you sometimes I will be patient, and wait until you are willing to hear all that I would say. I shall count the hours until your answer reaches me, and my love, if you can truthfully give me a little word of hope, will you not do so?"

—PHILIP CARRICK.

Orna shed happy tears over this letter; she thought he had forgotten her, and has been teaching herself to give him up, knowing that it is her own fault that she has lost his love. Had she been less bitter and cold he would have spoken before he parted. His letter is like a cup of water held to thirsty lips. Fearful of betraying how much she cares for him, she writes briefly:

"You may come. I could not forget you. ORNA."

Two days later Miss Holme goes down to the drawing-room to meet Mr. Carrick. He said in his letter that he would be patient and wait, but a man's love is never patient, and he has waited too long already. Perhaps something in the sweet face as she gives him her hand tells that he need wait no longer, for he looks down into her eyes and says gravely without preface, "Will you be my wife?"

And at last she yields, a prisoner of love.

## The Beauties of the System.

A fire broke out near the Government wharf in Detroit and the officer in charge called a tug, which put out the fire. The bill was sent to Washington and payment refused because the officer did not advertise for sealed proposals to put out the fire and have it done by the lowest bidder. When another fire breaks out in Government property that officer will put an advertisement in the papers asking for the lowest bidder to put it out. That is red tape.—*Pitt's Sun.*

## It Wouldn't Be Funny.

"Wouldn't it be funny if ma should happen in on us to-day, George? She does things that way."

"I don't know with you."

"Why, G. you know ma never does things that way."

"Yes, but it wouldn't be funny."

—*Tid-Bits.*

## PITH AND POINT.

A CELEBRATED CASE—Sweetzer.

"DO BIRDS fly down?" Possibly; but a shot sometimes makes the down fly.

PAT hit it about right when he spoke of the church sociable as "so-shyable."

"THERE'S plenty of room at the top," as the champagne remarked when it flew to the dude's head.

SOME claim that the pulley is the oldest mechanical invention, but probably the crowbar has a pryer claim.

"I WOULDN'T be a fool, if I were you," said Jones to a friend. "If you were me you wouldn't be a fool," was the reply.

A CORRESPONDENT says that "\$50,000 in New York don't go very far." It frequently goes as far as Canada, anyway.

In a bookseller's catalogue lately appeared the following article: "Memoirs of Charles the First—with a head capably executed."

TENNYSON says: "Whatever you do, my boy, begin at the bottom and work up." "But, father, suppose I were going to dig a well?"

WASHINGTON IRVING BISHOP is an expert in finding hidden things. We defy him to find an editor's blotting paper when the editor wants it.

"SOMEBODY ought to give a donkey party," says the *Merry War*. This is always the way. When a man gets black-balled in a club he wants to form one of his own.

SERVANT—Boss, dars a man at de doah wid a bill. Mr. Henpeck—You know Mrs. Henpeck has gone out, and she always takes all the money with her. I haven't got a cent. "What shall I tell him boss?" "Tell him that the boss is not in."—*Texas Siftings.*

## THEY COULD NOT MARRY.

The man I marry must have wealth,  
Said she.  
The girl I marry must have health,  
Said he.  
He had no wealth. His earnings he did waste  
At night.  
She had no health because her waist she laced  
Too tight.

—*Boston Courier.*

"I DON'T see how you get so much news into your paper," said the village clergyman to the village editor, "seeing that you have no local reporter." "Oh! that's easily explained," replied the editor. "My wife belongs to three sewing societies in the village, and she has an excellent memory."—*Boston Courier.*

MAINE lumberman say that caribou grow scarcer with every succeeding year, the deer driving them toward the headwaters of the St. John and other rivers. The reason given is that the caribou do not yard, while the deer do, taking the "browse" so clean that the caribou find little to their liking left.

—*Boston Record.*

"I SAY, Dunley," remarked Robinson, with some indignation, "I hear you have reported it about that I owe you money." "You have owed me \$20 for several years." "That may be, but I don't owe you anything now. That \$20 debt became outlawed the first of the year. You ought not to spread damaging reports about a man," continued the still indignant Robinson.—*Chicago Ledger.*

A CHRISTIAN clergyman once went to an orthodox synagogue with a Jewish friend. He listened to a congregation chanting "Mismar L'David" with the usual congregational discord, and was told by his Jewish friend that it was sung to the same tune in the days of David. "Ah!" said the clergyman, with a sigh of relief, "that accounts for it. I have often wondered why Saul threw his javelin at David."

I HAVE pasted up in my office two signs which were taken from a courtroom in the Northern part of Wyoming Territory, and read: "No cracking peanuts in this courtroom," and "Lawyers are not allowed to kiss the baby during court hours." This latter, being translated, means they are not allowed to take a drink. Then I saw one in a courtroom in a town on Lake Superior which read: "This court adjourned at 2:30—the court is going to the dance at H—." The dance was held in a camp about six miles back of the town.—*Buffalo Courier.*

In Germany the microphone is now used for tracing leaks in water-pipes, the slightest trickling of the water being made distinctly audible when the apparatus is brought near it.

The child of shunder is never born toothless.



## THE DOG AND THE THIEVES.

A Sagacious Animal's Frequent Efforts to Warn His Master of Danger.

A friend residing on Staten Island, whom I was in the habit of frequently visiting, had a very handsome Irish setter, says a writer in the Brooklyn Eagle. During the month of December, about five or six years ago, the dog manifested an unusual degree of restlessness. He had been permitted to run at large in the garden, and, until the time in question, seemed satisfied with this measure of liberty. But on Sunday morning he showed a strong desire to follow his master and mistress out at a gate as they were leaving to go to church. They drove him back, and instead of receiving the repulse kindly, he protested in a series of piteous howls. In the afternoon his master took him for a stroll, greatly to the delight and satisfaction of the animal. Their way skirted an uninclosed lot about 300 feet distant, in which stood a deserted frame shanty. Bruno, when they came opposite it, darted off and ran round and round the building, pausing at intervals and gazing toward his master, who took no particular notice of his actions and continued the walk. After that the dog followed reluctantly and would from time to time turn back, as if it was his intention to retrace his steps. These peculiar movements my friend recalled subsequently, although they did not excite his curiosity at the time. On Monday and Tuesday ensuing he betrayed the same eagerness to get out and attempted to follow when any member of the family left the premises. On Wednesday I was a visitor at the house. In the afternoon my friend and I went out together, accompanied by the dog. He acted, on passing the uninclosed lot, just as he had done three days before. His efforts to attract our attention were so marked that I humored him by walking across the lot. He led me directly up to the shanty, and then ran around it with his nose close to the ground several times. I could discover no reason for his singular maneuvers, and, attributing them to some idle freak, rejoined my friend and thought no more of Bruno and his eccentricity. Nevertheless the sagacious animal was wiser than either of us, although to our dullness his dumb show of knowledge had no significance. On Saturday night following, my friend's house was broken into by burglars and about \$2,000 worth of property carried off.

But what connection had the burglary with the dog's pertinacious visits to the shanty? The police discovered it in less than thirty minutes after their examination of the premises. A narrow lane ran back of the garden from a side street to the open lot where the shanty stood. The burglars had made their approach by way of this lane. Footprints in the wet snow were clearly visible. The officers traced these prints back to the north side of the shanty, and there the secret of the dog's curious behavior was disclosed. A few feet underneath the building was a kit of burglar's tools, which had been stored there in preparation for the robbery, and which the burglars, in the hurry of their flight, had not had time to carry off. A jimmie and pair of false keys lay close to the hole and revealed the exact spot where the kit had been hidden.

The question of interest suggested by this remarkable case is: How did the dog know there was something concealed there for an improper purpose. That he had such knowledge there is not the slightest doubt. There is no other way to explain his eagerness to draw his master's attention to it. Moreover, this very eagerness raises a presumption in favor of the belief that the animal not only had a sense of the unlawful character of the enterprise, but a consciousness that it threatened the interests of his master.

### A Glowing Tribute.

A paper published in a rural district pays the following tribute to a lady who has died in the vicinity:

"She was a good lady, and one which to know was to admire, for the noble feminine qualities of her nature. We long enjoyed her personal acquaintance, she being a subscriber and a warm admirer of this paper. Her fame went beyond the narrow precincts of our own town, she having won the first premium three time hand-running on her butter at our county fare, and twice honorably carried off the blue ribbon on a log-cabin quilt. Other qualities than these made her a citizen

whose loss will be felt by our community. She long enjoyed the distinction of being the fastest quilter in the country, Mrs. Jane H., wife of our highly esteemed fellow-townsmen, William H. H. (also one of our most valued subscribers) coming in as second-best. May she requiescat, as the psalmist puts it."—*Tid-Bits.*

### Chilblains.

Chilblains are most common on persons of a feeble constitution and languid circulation. A rheumatic tendency is also thought to occasion a greater liability. They are brought on by the exposure of a part, usually the foot, to such a degree of cold as thoroughly to chill without actually freezing it, followed usually by the application of external heat before the circulation has been fully restored.

The usual symptoms are heat, redness and swelling, with a burning and stinging sensation, accompanied by intense itching. In severe cases there may be formation of vesicles, and sometimes actual ulceration.

Persons subject to chilblains should exercise great care to avoid prolonged exposure to cold and dampness, and when so exposed should protect themselves by wearing warm shoes and woolen stockings, and warm coverings on the hands and exposed parts of the face. Cold and wet feet should be carefully dried and rubbed with a flannel cloth, coarse towel, or flesh brush. Care should be taken not to rub them so harshly as to break the skin. Snow and ice-water is sometimes used with advantage to rub upon the parts, after which they should be dried and wrapped in flannel.

But the most important rule of all is to avoid any sudden approach to the fire after being exposed to the cold, as this is a most fruitful cause of chilblains. Indeed, there is little danger of chilblains if this is avoided, and the chilled parts are warmed slowly by a gradual restoration of the circulation, rather than by direct external heat.

To relieve the distressing burning and itching, and restore the affected parts to their normal condition, various stimulating and astringent applications may be used. There is none better than the common tincture of iodine, applied with a brush or feather, once or twice a day. If the feet are the parts affected, and there is much swelling and smarting, they may occasionally be soaked in hot water to advantage; but this should not be done too frequently, and only on going to bed at night.—*Portland Transcript.*

### The One-Horse Farmer.

The one-horse farmer has a life-long ambition to gain a reputation for wearing a dirty shirt.

He will alarm the neighborhood by getting up two hours before day, then set around and not go to work till after sun-up.

He will complain of hard times, then tear his pants climbing a fence where a gate ought to be.

He will pay \$3 for a new bridle, then let the calf chew it all to pieces before Sunday.

He will get all his neighbors to help in getting a cow out of the bog, then let her die for the want of attention.

Stock will get in and destroy his crop at a place in his fence that he has been putting off fixing for six months.

He will sprain his back lifting something to show how strong he is.

He will talk all day Sunday on what he knows about farming, then ride round the neighborhood Monday, hunting seed potatoes.

He will go in his shirt sleeves on a cold day, to show how much he can stand, then return home at night and occupy two-thirds of the fire-place till bed time.

He will ridicule the mechanism of a cotton planter and then go out and mash his thumb nailing a board on the fence.

He will go to town on Saturday and come back with 50 cents worth of coffee, a paper of pins, a dollar's worth of chewing tobacco and his belly full of whisky.

He is economical; economy is his forte; he will save 10 cents' worth of axle grease and ruin the spindle of a \$70 wagon.

He won't subscribe for a newspaper but will borrow one from his friend and forget to return it.—*Navasota Taebit.*

No METAPHYSICIAN ever felt the deficiency of language so much as the grateful.—*Colton.*

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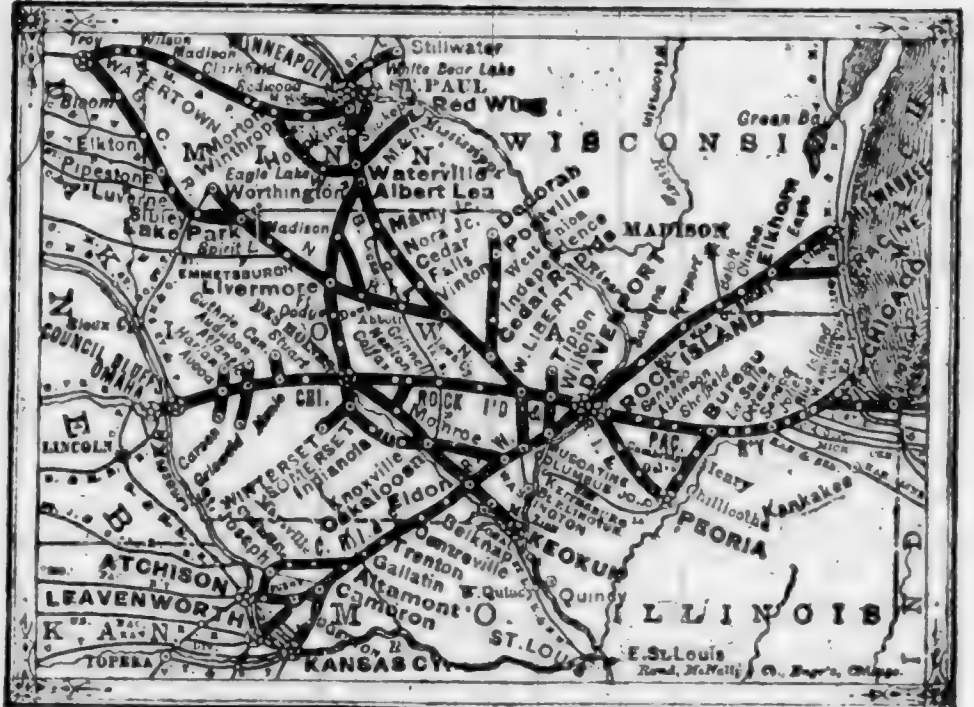
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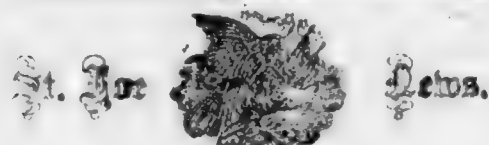
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FRIDAY APRIL 8, 1887.

OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

PLEASANT HILL.

Hard weather on wheat.

Samuel Widney is not much better at this writing.

Uncle Daniel Reasoner was down to his farm on Tuesday.

Morris Widney of Auburn, called to see his sick brother Sunday.

Jerry Ulms and wife were the guests of Charley Jackson and wife last Sunday.

Holly Jackson commenced work last Monday for Warren Webster, six miles north-east of Newville.

We understand there was quite a contest between Lige and Hen last Saturday night as to which should hear the bobolink sing.

The school house is to be moved this summer, one mile west of where it now stands, which will make it nearer the center of the district.

NEWVILLE CENTER.

Next Sunday is Easter.

Orland Hatch has moved to Newville.

Jim Decker, of Edgerton, purchased some fine horses at this place.

We suppose that Arthur will walk up like a little man and pay that dollar.

Sugar making is over, for Grandma and Mandy have brought in their sap pails.

Jacob Presler has gone to North Baltimore to purchase some fine poultry.

Jerry Andrews has eighteen acres of oats sowed. He talks of sowing fifty-six acres.

Arthur Platter will move in the house formerly occupied by Orland Hatch on the Johnson place.

Tim Redanner had ten bushels of potatoes stolen last week. Tim says the thief had better bring them back.

Jacob Presler is engaged in raising poultry this summer. Jake understands how to make the hens fruit.

If any one finds a number 13 over shoe, men's size, between Newville and Moorsville, they will please leave it at the parsonage in Newville, and receive a reward.

COBURN TOWN.

Miss Ida Scholes commenced her school at the south school house last Monday.

The Sunday school at the Corners opened last Sunday with a large attendance.

Some of our ditchers are likely to get into trouble, by not working up to specifications.

John Milliman has moved into Wm. Monroe's house, lately vacated by Samuel Emory.

Mrs. Flora Testison was able to be at meeting last Sunday, for the first time in many months. All were glad to see her out again.

We have examined "Barcus" No. 4, and still we are in the fog, as we followed his instructions to the letter.

Now Mr. "Pigeon's Retreat," if you don't like our style, what are you going to do about it?

Romeo Headley will farm his mother's place this season. His sister Lucy, the late Mrs. Koch, will keep house for him.

Now let everybody size up their pile, and see how poor they are. Uncle Mose is noseing around again, to see how much you are worth.

B. A. Hadsell is tearing the old Richmond farm all into "splitterink-teeruns." Some of you St. Joe "fellers" look over this way some morning before daylight and see the dirt fly.

SPENCERVILLE.

The new store is nearly ready for business.

Hi Houk will erect a Menarch wind engine soon.

Dan Bair is erecting an addition to his store.

Our post office will be put on wheels shortly.

Our fishermen have been catching some nice pike lately.

Mrs. Sam Wasson is dangerously sick, and not expected to live.

Willis Carey will teach the young ideas how to shoot at McCauley's.

Mrs. R. Chaney pleasantly entertained several young ladies last Friday afternoon.

Walter Horn and family have been visiting at Mrs. Sam. Shutt's during the past week.

A large crowd of young people were entertained at Mrs. Dan Butler's one evening last week.

Scott and Chaney will build a fine dwelling for William Carl near Black Creek church.

The Lutheran Sunday school will give an Easter exercise at the church next Sabbath evening.

The Great American Heron killed by John Hobaugh, has been nicely mounted and is now on exhibition at the gallery.

The sneak thief that broke the glass and stole a watch from Arthur James' window, must be the same fellow that stole the retouching pencil and comb from the gallery.

While the editor of the Owl was attending to his official duties in Indianapolis his bird escaped, but was recovered again by the assistance of a good many men and three guns. The owl came to an untimely death back of J. A's barn.

CONCORD.

Richard Ervin continues to improve in health, but very slowly.

Mrs. Roberts of Butler, was entertained by Mrs. Joseph Koch last Saturday.

Mr. Isaac Meese is doing some good work on our roads, with the new road scraper.

Henry Melton purchased a yoke of oxen of J. B. White, and will hereafter do his own farming.

How does it happen that Jim Ervin and Mart Hull are so intimate? O! Mart has a sister that Jim goes to see.

Last Saturday afternoon Misses Sarah and Laura Lehman and Belle Hildebrand visited with Mrs. Florence Buchanan.

Lew Howey has taken up his abode with G. W. Draggoo and family, and expects to remain during the spring and summer months.

Jim Wyatt thinks that if being a member of one church makes a person good, that to be a member of two or more at the same time will make them better.

It is rumored that we had a wedding in our midst last Tuesday. Wedding or no wedding, the boys

gathered together and Wade(d) into the belling, and played Sherman's march to the sea quite lively for the benefit of the groom.

There is great rejoicing at C. A. Jenkins mansion, over the advent of a fine baby boy. Alotha continues to be the prettiest girl her mother has.

Some of the debaters are becoming alarmed for James Smith, lest he shall have a crippled back, because of the position he assumes in debating.

Last Tuesday a wagon load of ladies, married and single, visited with Mrs. Plattner and daughters, near Butler. They report a very pleasant visit.

We noticed several strangers in the congregation last Sabbath, and they seemed to be giving good attention to the very excellent sermon delivered by our worthy pastor.

"Have you heard the news?" "No, what is it?" "Charley Knight's have one of the nicest little baby girls at their house." "Mort Olds will get to sell some more safty pins, won't he?"

Belle says she wants it understood that the Pigeon Retreat correspondent will not get to see her and Lawrence if they do sit on the front porch during the summer evening, for she is going to train morning glory vines so thickly around that porch, that no one can see through them.

Mr. Sechler made an effort last Saturday evening to organize a singing school at the church, but there not being finances enough raised to justify him in beginning, he gave it up. We know that it is needed badly enough in our midst and do not see why some one should not succeed.

F. Buchanan said that last Friday afternoon he saw Mort Olds and—no, we won't be personal—we mean a buggy full of folks, (some five or six) going towards Auburn, and one of them acted as if he was going crazy, and he supposed they were taking some one over to Auburn to be sent to the insane asylum.

It is beyond our comprehension why one of our young men should go way over to Coburntown to see a girl, when we have so many fair maids in our midst. Nevertheless, such is the case, for the young man was seen wending his way south last Saturday evening about five o'clock, until he reached the railroad and then across the river to Coburntown. Monday morning he was seen coming back looking tired and sleepy, but when he reached the school house of district No. 4, he endeavored to assume an air of cheerfulness, and go through the routine of teaching those under his jurisdiction. We should think her mother would scold(ed) her for staying up so late at (K)night.

Yesbera, the tailor of Auburn, is making some pobby suits this spring.

We done a job of printing for Charlie Grubb of Maysville, this week.

Miss Lizzie Evans returned last Saturday from a few weeks visit with friends at Angola. We understand that she expects to remain at home this summer and teach a class in music.

We overheard Ben Hamilton and Wash Hart talking about making maple syrup one day last week. They said they had been freshening trees, and we found out the way they done it, was to climb up a tree and pore a bucket of water down, and let it run down the tree into the bucket again, and then boil it down into maple syrup. That's the way they freshen trees, you know? We caught on that time.

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## Business Notices.

**H. W. BOWMAN, M. D., Physician and Surgeon, St. Joe, Ind.** Office opposite the Drugstore.

**ST. JOE HOTEL, Wm. Leighty, proprietor.** Special attention given to furnishing teams for commercial men.

**B. S. SIEFFER, M. D., Physician and Surgeon, St. Joe, Ind.** Prompt and careful attention to all business entrusted to his care.

**ST. JOE BARBER SHOP, one door west of hotel, Will Geo. proprietor.** Satisfaction guaranteed. Your patronage is solicited.

**FULEY, LOUNSBERRY AND SHULER, proprietors of the St. Joe Saw and Planing Mill.** All work promptly done. Cash paid for Oak Logs.

**CITY BARBER SHOP, St. Joe, Ind.; John Hall, proprietor.** Shaving, Hair Cutting &c. done in the best of style. Come and see us. Two doors west of Kinsey's Furniture Store.

**SEMON WINELAND, proprietor St. Joe Handle, Shingle and Feed mill.** Feed grinding a specialty. Highest prices paid for second growth White Ash. Enquire at the mill for full particulars.

### LOCALS.

Read R. G. Coburn's new "ad" in another column.

W. C. Pfitter-on had business at Hicksville yesterday.

Wash Woodcox expects to take a trip west next week.

You can expect better weather after Easter, if you want to.

Clarence Widney is confined to the house on account of sickness.

Frank Barney was at Chicago last Monday, laying in a supply of new goods.

Barnes Bros & Son will open up a new stock of goods at Spencerville this week.

We invite your attention to our spring stock of clothing, which arrived this week.

John Leighty is at home on his Easter vacation. He will return to school Monday.

Yesbema, the fashionable tailor, has the finest line of piece goods ever shown in Auburn.

John P. Widney, wife and daughter Cora, are visiting old friends in this neighborhood.

Miss Addie Widney commenced teaching her first term of school this week, at the Carr school house.

There was over three hundred dollars worth of tickets sold at this station, during the month of March.

There will be an Easter service in the Lutheran church next Sunday evening, conducted by the pastor, Rev. Fryberger. All are cordially invited to attend.

Frank Draggoo and wife have gone to Frankfort, Ind., where they expect to remain for several months. Frank will make several deliveries of fruit trees in that vicinity.

Misses Violet Barney, Maud Langley and May Leighty, who have been quite sick with scarlet fever, are all improving. There are no new cases, and it is thought that there will be no further spread of the disease.

Rev. Langley will preach at the Methodist church Sunday morning.

Yesbema of Auburn has fits; that is, he fits people with fine tailor made clothing.

Rev. Thomas did not fill his appointment here last Sabbath evening, on account of sickness.

The first day of April passed off rather foolishly. There was about the usual number of fools.

Some correspondence was received to late for publication last week. Send it in by Wednesday, sure pop.

Persons who think of buying a carpet this spring, should call at J. D. Leighty's and see his fine line of samples.

O. H. Widney went over to the poor farm Monday. It will tickle the Dispatch man to know that "Hold-over" has finally landed at the poor house.

We understand that Charlie and Frank Meek are closing out their business at Avilla, and hereafter they will engage in buying and shipping produce.

The contract for doing the brick work on the new church at Spencerville, has been let to Weis & Callender. The other work will be let to home parties.

Walter Horn made us a pleasant call last Friday. He has sold his farm near Cedarville, and he and his family will spend the summer in Minnesota, with his wife's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Shutt.

An exchange says that a doctor in Detroit successfully amputated a man's tongue a few days ago. It does seem pretty tough for a man to lose his tongue, but just imagine what a woman would do with her tongue sawed off close up. Whew!

We see by the Hicksville News that Wash Hart expects to get out 300,000 rubicund parallelopipeds. What stumps us is to know what Wash is going to do with all them parallelopipeds when he gets them out. They will eat him out of house and home in a short time.

The following slick scheme is being worked in different parts of the country by a set of sharpers. They watch the papers for the advertisements of stray stock that has been taken up. When the notice is given one of the gang goes to the farmer, makes an examination of the stock, but pretends to be sorry that it is not his. He then gives his partner a minute description of the animal, who calls on the farmer, gives a correct description and is ready to take the animal. Before going, he will say that he does not need the stock and will sell it cheap; offers it at a low figure; the farmer buys it and the swindler disappears. In a short time the rightful owner comes along, claims his property and then the farmer realizes that he has been robbed.

"Allan Quartermain; or A Frowning City," the new story by the author of "She," increases in interest in DEMOREST'S MONTHLY for April, and promises to rival its predecessor in wonderful adventure. Enterprise is shown on every page of this Family Magazine. Not only are the best authors secured, but selections are made, so as to make up a Magazine giving information upon every point relative to the household. A lady possessing its valuable aid does not even have to buy her dress patterns for herself and children, as they are furnished free, and in any size required. The small subscription price (\$2) saves hundreds of dollars in waste and worry, and furnishes reading matter that interests the whole family. Published by W. JENNINGS DEMOREST, 17 East 15th Street, New York.

J. H. CONRAD,

DEALER IN

## ROOFING AND SPOUTING

GUTTERING, HOUSE FURNISHING GOODS,

Cutlery, Nails, Paints, Woodenware &c.

MAIN STREET,

ST. JOE IND.

All work and goods guaranteed to give satisfaction. Give me

AT THE

St. Joe

DRUG

STORE.

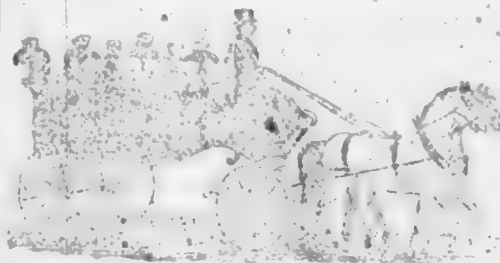
White-wash Brushes.  
Kalsomine Brushes.  
Paint and Wall Brushes.  
Artist's Brushes.  
Marking Brushes.  
Shoe and Hair Brushes.  
Tooth and Clothes Brushes.

AT THE

St. Joe

DRUG

STORE.



A. KINSEY.

Undertaker and Embalmer. Keeps on hand constantly, a stock of Undertaking Supplies, Coffins, Caskets, Burial Robes &c. I can supply as fine goods as can be furnished. Will attend to making all arrangements for funerals. Calls responded to at all hours of the night. Office on corner of Main and Second Streets; residence on corner of Main and Fourth Streets, St. Joe, Ind.

ST. JOE MARKET.  
CORRECTED EVERY FRIDAY.

Wheat	77 cts.
Oats	29 cts.
Corn	40 cts.
Butter	15 cts.
Eggs	10 cts.
Tallow	31 cts.
Lard	10 cts.
Potatoes	10 cts.
Smoked Hams	10 cts.
Shoulders and Side Meat	8 cts.

Baltimore & Ohio R. R.

### WEST BOUND.

No. 9 Mail and Express	11:10 A. M.
3 Chicago Express	10:43 P. M.
35 Local Freight	3:53 P. M.

### EAST BOUND.

No. 10 Express and Mail	2:08 P. M.
1 Morning Express	2:57 A. M.
34 Local Freight	8:00 A. M.

H. K. REYNOLDS, AGENT.

Wes Hart is shipping a car load of brick to Garrett.

We have some of the finest clothing ever shown in St. Joe.

There seems to be quite a good deal of sickness in this vicinity.

Barney Woodcox sold his baby carriage last week. That settles it.

We were mistaken in saying that Jake Gilhausan and Al Evans had presented the Methodist church at this place with a handsome clock. It was presented by Mr. and Mrs. Jake Gilhausan.

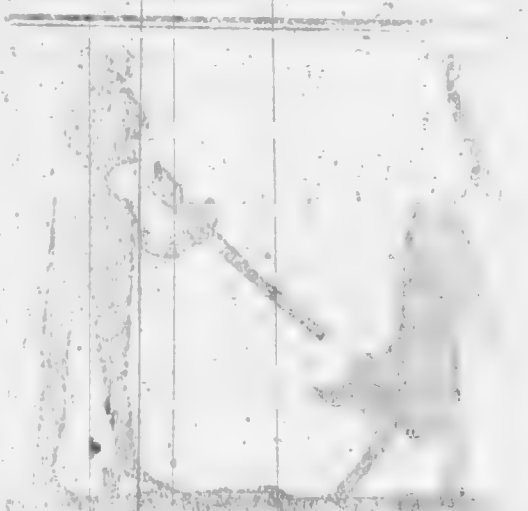
There is a young man near Hicksville who has called on his best girl two hundred and forty times inside of two months, and the result is the young lady is seriously ill. We should think she would be sick; it's a wonder if she don't die. We have heard of boys going to see their girls eight nights out of a week, but when it comes to going four times a day, it is enough to make anybody sick.

## HOUSE PAINTING, and Glazing Paper Hanging.

Ceiling Decorating a specialty. Work guaranteed. B. A. W. Call and see me, or write to the St. Joe Drugstore.

## STAR WIND PUMP, E. A. W.

Manufacturer, agent, Newville. Farmers who think of buying should give me a call before so. The Star Mill is the best price the lowest.



There are lots of funny things in this world, and for sure or another we most awlways have had happens in this immediate hood about as sure as the sun. We heard a pretty good story of a prosperous farmer near Conks station on the b and o railroad. The kars don't stop, Mr. kannon has awlways kousidered himself a crack shot, with a gun, in fact I have heard that he is the only one in that neighborhood that can put the wonderfool feet of hitting the brode side of a barn at a distance of 22 feet and a half. Sun time Mr. Buhannon wanted to kill a fur for his own use, so he got down a faithful old rifle and went out where the beef was and cornered it up, an blazed away. When the smoke had cleared away he found that he had missed the whole busines and the beef was standing ther chawing just as if nothing had happened. He loded up and tried it again, but he eud'nt hit it; finally after several trials he got the muzzle of his gun rite up close to the animals hed an fired, an if he didnt hit it, he skart it to death, for it died rite ther and ther.

Barnes O. Hippenhammer.

Trade off your dog; the assessor is on the tramp.

Russ Kopp is getting material on the ground for building an addition to his house.

The Courier scribe from this place called us a naughty name last week, but he done it according to scripture, and therefore we say, amen!



## WOMEN WHO WORK.

### A SERIOUS SOCIAL PROBLEM SERIOUSLY CONSIDERED.

The Women Who Slave from Morning to Night and the Methods for Improving Their Condition.

There are in the United States 2,647,157 women who earn their own living. Of this number 2,242,252 are laborers (mainly agricultural), mill operatives, seamstresses, domestic servants and teachers—all of them, except the last, menial and poorly paid employments, and the last is poorly paid when the teachers are women.

With the above statistics Ida M. Van Etten opens an article in the last number of the *North American Review*. Continuing, she points out that we thus find a social condition which obliges nearly 3,000,000 women to depend upon their own exertions for a livelihood, and offers them a field of labor so circumscribed as to afford employment for not more than one-tenth of the number. Enormous overcrowding, fierce competition, and a consequent undue pressure of wages necessarily follow.

#### MERE HUMAN MACHINES.

The number of mill operatives, which is given at 152,163, includes only those engaged in the textile manufactures; but the number engaged in other manufacturing would greatly swell these figures. For instance, about 20,000 women and girls are cigarmakers. More than 21,000 work in the boot and shoe factories, where they do the meaner sort of work—binding, sewing on buttons, etc., and are very poorly paid. There is, moreover, no chance of advancement, as the work requires only a certain amount of manual dexterity, which is readily acquired by a child, and thus the wages of the woman are kept at the level of those of a child. Experience and trustworthiness count for naught. "Nothing," says the writer, "is more effectual in producing abjectness of character, and deadening the moral and intellectual nature, than a mean, servile condition which holds out no hope of change or improvement, and in which the compensation is insufficient to afford the means of comfortable living."

#### THE OPPRESSION OF THE WEAK.

Notwithstanding these apparent drawbacks, the fact remains that 45 per cent. of the employees in many manufacturing enterprises are women. That they are in reality mere beasts of burden—part of the machinery—does not deter them from seeking such employment. Carroll D. Wright, United States Commissioner of Labor, calls attention to the fact that in all departments where men only are employed the hours of labor are but ten, but where the women and children preponderate the hours are eleven or more, and asks why it is that the weakest, the most helpless and dependent, are loaded with more hours, while the strong and those better able to bear it have fewer hours to work? This is a question that has bothered many a head, and has been vainly asked over and over again. Ways and means looking to a betterment of the condition of the workingwomen have been discussed; a few of them have assumed tangible shape and have been followed by satisfactory results. These are mainly clubs which look to the amelioration of the social condition of mill operatives, seamstresses and shop-girls, and to bureaus of employment and information. These are excellent in their way, but have no effect in relieving the overcrowded avenues of labor open to women or in protecting them from the demands for excessive hours so often imposed.

#### METHODS FOR A CURE.

As a remedy for this system of oppression the writer in the *Review*, to whom we have referred, suggests that the workingwomen organize trade-unions to determine the hours and wages on the same plan that the trade-unions for men are now carried on. This might, it is true, better their condition in a measure, but the system is beset with difficulties that I fear would be more wearing and tearing to the average woman than the toiling and scrimping that she now endures. The kind of organization that would do away with child-labor in the factories would be more to the point. It would make room for more women and would undoubtedly raise their wages to the level of women's work.

#### WHERE ORGANIZATION MAY DO GOOD.

But sad as is the condition of female

operatives in the mills, that of the women who fight the wolf from the door with the point of a needle is infinitely worse. For them there are no hours, no Sundays, absolutely no time for recreation. I do not refer to the skilled dress-makers, or the accomplished seamstresses who fashion dainty wear for fashion's favorites, but to the sewing-woman who makes a heavy pair of workingman's trousers for 7 cents, or a shirt for 6 or 8 cents. It is easy to see that these poor creatures can hardly find time to eat or sleep, much less for recreation. It is only by unceasing labor, twelve or fifteen hours a day, and seven days in the week, that they are able to ward off starvation and keep the life in their wretched bodies at all. And the condition of the cloakmakers and those who make women's underclothing is not much better. Comparatively few women nowadays have their underwear made at home. After buying the materials scarcely anything is left to pay for the making; they find it much cheaper and quite as satisfactory to buy these garments ready-made. But it is clear that they are cheapened by the heart's blood of the sewing-woman who make them, and not by pecuniary loss to the merchant who sells them. These are hard facts, but they are apparent. Cloakmakers are slightly better off, for their work calls for experience, taste, and skill; but they are wretchedly paid for all that. For this class of workingwomen thorough organization might do much.

#### A BETTER REMEDY STILL.

But there is another way out of the difficulty—a way that requires no system of organization or concerted action. Every workingwoman has the matter in her own hands. There is a constant and ever-increasing demand for domestic servants. The cry of their scarcity and incompetency is heard on every hand. It is folly to say that this branch of employment is overcrowded, although nearly 1,000,000 women in the United States are household workers. We need more and we need better servants. The newly-landed immigrant who has probably worked in the fields all her life, does not fill the bill. We want intelligent women in our houses who, if they do not know how already, are capable of learning how to perform household work acceptably, and at no great outlay of time and experience.

#### POSITIONS OF LEISURE AND PROFIT.

The talk about domestic service and curtailing the privileges of the worker is all sheer nonsense. In all well-regulated households the maid has her weekly afternoon and evening out and her alternate Sunday. In almost every house these regular outings are supplemented by others, so that her life is far from being the life of a prisoner, and infinitely more free than that of the sewing-woman, who must make the most of every available moment or starve. Mistresses are generally kind and considerate if maids be cheerful and willing. Moreover, household work is healthful; it offers a diversity that is of itself a relaxation to mind and body; and, finally, it is better paid than any other branch of labor open to uneducated workingwomen. Indeed, it is doubtful if many of the female teachers can save as much money as the domestic worker in the course of the year.

#### The Book-Keeper Swore.

The head of a firm, whose office is within six blocks of the Treasury building, is a very good and pious man, and the head book-keeper, who is called Sam for short, is also a church member. One day Sam and the chief were in the office alone, and Sam was wrestling with an account which persisted in not coming out as he wanted it to. Finally he became so provoked that he slapped the ledger shut and vindictively muttered: "D—n the thing." The chief was so shocked at first as to be speechless, and he gazed at Sam in horror. Then he spoke.

"Samuel," he said, slowly and firmly, "shut the office door and lock it."

Samuel obeyed, and returned to his desk, wondering what was going to happen.

"Samuel," continued the chief, "let us pray."

Then the door was opened and business was again resumed.—*Washington Critic*.

A MATERIAL called "featherbone," prepared from the quills of geese and turkeys, is said to be largely taking the place of whalebone for many purposes.

#### Shipping Kegs of Gold.

The process of shipping gold across the ocean is thus described by the *Boston Commercial Bulletin*:

Each keg contains \$50,000 in clear gold. It is from the Bank of America at New York that most of the gold is shipped from that city. The foreign steamships sailing from this city now carry little or no gold, although the reverse was the case years ago.

The shipments of gold are not generally on the bank's account. At a first glance persons might well suppose that when the demand arises for gold to send abroad the shipper would only have to send in his order for his hundreds of thousands to the sub-treasury, where millions of specie are on deposit. But there are sufficient reasons why this plan will not work. The sub-treasury can pay out its coin only to creditors of the government. With the Bank of America the associated banks keep on deposit constantly an enormous sum of gold, sometimes amounting to \$40,000,000. To the members of the bank association the Bank of America issues its own certificates against these deposits redeemable on demand. So when there is occasion for making a gold shipment, the coin is prepared for that purpose in the rear office of that bank; here it is bagged and kegged and made ready for shipment.

Kegs in which gold is packed—"specie kegs," as they are called—are made of extra hard wood. They must have an extra iron hoop. Specie is not thrown loosely into a keg; nor, upon the other hand, is it carefully wrapped in tissue paper and piled up one coin upon another. The keg serves only as a protection for canvas bags, into which the gold is placed in the ordinary hit-and-miss fashion of pennies in a man's pocket. Into each bag goes \$5,000, and ten bags fill a keg.

In the interests of security each keg is treated to what is technically known among the shippers as the "red-taping" process. At each end of the keg, in the projecting rim of the staves above the head, are bored four holes at equidistant intervals. A piece of red tape is run through these holes, crossing on the head of the keg, and the ends finally meet in the center. At the point of meeting the tape is sealed to the keg's head by wax bearing the stamp of the shipper.

Gold crosses the ocean very much as does every other kind of freight, without any special looking after. The average rate of insurance is about \$2,000 on a shipment of \$1,000,000. There are shippers who do not insure. Having to ship \$1,000,000, they give it in equal parts to half a dozen different vessels. It is a strict rule with some firms never to trust more than \$250,000 at a time on any one ship.

A certain party furnishes all the kegs for gold and packs them. The man who does this is a monopolist in his way. Shippers of large amounts always lose a few dollars by abrasion, but not exceeding sixteen ounces on a \$1,000,000 shipment. The only protection to be found against abrasion lies in the shipment of gold in bars instead of coin. Gold bars are not readily obtained.

#### The Bee's Eye.

There is the bee's eye, with its hundreds of facets, each presenting the same image. This is proved by separating the many-sided cornea and looking through it with a microscope at a candle-flame. The bee, moreover, besides its pair of faceted eyes, carries on top of its head three simple eyes, very convex, for short-distance vision. Then there are its antennae, whereby it feels its way in the dark hive and which give it, moreover, its exquisite power of smell. Bees can hear, too, though Sir John Lubbock thinks not. They seem deaf because, like wise people, they only attend to such sounds as concern them; their own hive's "roar" the stragglers can hear a very long way off, and Mr. Cheshire thinks that the old key and warning-pang music at swarming time is by no means exploded. Their impassiveness under many kinds of sounds he compares with that of most human beings in a thunder-storm; we are as if we heard not, whereas, if a child cries for help we wake into activity. Bees clearly are not given to waste emotion or nerve force. They have a nervous system, with ganglions—i. e. knots or lumps where the nervy threads meet. A bee's brain is a bigger ganglion placed in its head, divided—like ours—into two lobes. In queens and drones the brain is small. The worker has proportionally twice as much brain as the

ant, and none other twenty times as much as the corkchafer. Intelligent though it is, we need not suppose it to be a high-class mathematician because its cells are hexagonal. Mr. Cheshire says that if you put a soap bubble on a bit of slate one side gets flattened. Put another close to it, and the contiguous walls become quite flat, owing to the equal tension on the two sides. Now add five more bubbles, so that the first occupies the center, a cross-section of this central bubble will now be perfectly hexagonal, all the contiguous walls of the seven bubbles being flat, the free ones curved. This is the case in the hive; the free walls of the comb always running in a sweep, and the hexagonality being simply due to the pressure of one bee against another as they are working.—*All the Year Round*.

#### Parisian Advertising Lists.

There are in Paris about two dozen offices called *bureaux d'écritures* or *maisons de publicité*. Their main business consists in addressing envelopes or wrappers for price lists and wrappers. Their principal clients are the large drapers' shops; financial concerns about the periods of public loans and the launching of joint stock companies; proprietors of patent medicines, dentists and perfumers. But side by side with their principal clientele they have others, special and almost incredible patrons. The *bureau d'écritures*, if it be worth anything, is sure to possess lists of addresses of the various social categories. The advertiser wishes to submit something to a certain class of the inhabitants, to a certain series of traders, to a community of artists. The office invariably supplies him with the list suited to his purpose. Of course, there is nothing surprising in that. With the aid of a directory, intelligently gone through, such documents may be compiled. But there are others the drawing up of which absolutely requires genius—such as, for instance, a more or less complete enumeration of all the stammerers, the lame and the halt, the hump-backed, the over-corpulent, the defective of sight, the buyers of such and such curiosities. Well, these lists are in existence, compiled by men who have made it their special business. I have a friend who has the misfortune to be bald. Twice or three times a year, as regularly as clockwork, he is sure to receive the prospectus of some pomatum that professes to restore the ambrosial locks of his youth, so much regretted. He probably took off his hat one day in a cafe when in juxtaposition to one of these amateur statisticians. From that moment he was a marked man. After all, the clew was not difficult to obtain. But what shall we say for lists of ladies not too plentifully endowed with the charm which staymakers assert they replace by art for all purposes but the natural one? How did the amateur detective get his material for these? It is a mystery, and these lists exist, for I have seen them, together with others of ladies and gentlemen whose teeth departed too soon. Every one of these lists is worth about 100 francs to the manager of an advertising office, and he willingly gives it.—*Paris Correspondence London Globe*.

#### Ahead of Time.

"You can't fight here," said Officer Daily as he came upon two men who were wrangling on Clinton street the other day.

"Who wants to?" boldly demanded one of the twain.

"You seem to."

"No, I don't. I'm simply getting mad now so as to lick this feller when he comes out into the country."—*De-troit Free Press*.

#### The Kind of Ball.

Jackson—Yes, the minnie ball was very destructive; much more so than the round ball.

Billings—I suppose so, but in case our dispute with Canada results in war, a different missile will be used.

Jackson—What kind?

Billings—The codfish ball, I think.—*Arkansas Traveler*.

SAWDUST thrown on a circular saw table will render the hauling of heavy planks quite easy. The grains act as small rollers and reduce friction.

THE London Society of Arts offers two gold and four silver medals for the best electric light motors.

THE man who never committed a folly never appreciated wisdom.



#### Important.

When you visit or leave New York City, save baggage, expressage, and \$3 carriage hire, and stop at the **Grand Union Hotel**, opposite Grand Central Depot.

618 rooms, fitted up at a cost of one million dollars, \$1 and upwards per day. European plan. Elevator. Restaurant supplied with the best. Horse cars, stages, and elevated railroad to all depots. Families can live better for less money at the Grand Union Hotel than at any other first-class hotel in the city.

#### Cleaning Floors.

In cleaning floors never wet too large a space at once. If beyond the comfortable range of the arm, there is almost certain to be a dark circle when dry, showing where you leave off each piece, because, being out of easy reach you have no power to scrub well or wipe dry. Always in using the drying cloth, rub it well beyond the space you are now cleaning over, to the one last done.—*Boston Budget.*

A MAN in Concord, N. H., whose wife was killed while traveling on the cars has accepted \$25 from the railway company and given a receipt in full of all claims against the road for damages. It need not occasion the righteously indignant reader any surprise to meet this man in Heaven. His soul is of such dimensions that it could slip in unobserved through the keyhole.

LEBERT mentions forty-five cases of tumors in the brain, and in most of these cases the mind was not affected, and the mental faculties were retained to the last. Archiv fur Pathologische Anatomie, etc. Band III, p. 475.—*Dr. Foote's Health Monthly.*

#### In Town and Hamlet

The seeds of intermittent and bilious remittent fever germinate and bear evil fruit. No community has altogether escaped it. In populous wards of large cities bad sewage causes it, and in their suburbs stagnant pools in sunken lots breed it. There is at once a remedy and a means of prevention. Its name is Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which is, without peradventure, the most potent antidote in existence to the malarial virus. Fortified with this incomparable, saving specific, miasmatic influences may be encountered with absolute impunity. Disorders of the stomach, liver and bowels, begotten by mismanaged water, or any other cause, succumb to the beneficent corrective named, and rheumatic, kidney and bladder troubles are surely removable by its use when it is given a persistent trial.

"THERE is no proof of the theory that the cultivation of the mind, or one set of faculties can give expansion or increased size of brain. The Teutonic races in their barbarous state, 2,000 years ago possessed brains as large as now, and so with other races." J. C. Nott, in Types of Mankind, p. 278.—*Dr. Foote's Health Monthly.*

THE "old reliable"—Dr. Sago's Catarrh Remedy.

A SCIENTIST says that ducks are large eaters. This fellow must keep an ice-cream saloon.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

#### Northern Michigan Attractions.

No section of the United States is receiving more attention at the present time than what is known as the iron region of Northern Michigan. Laborers and mechanics of all kinds find employment there at good wages, and capital is constantly pouring in for the development of new iron ranges. The richest and most prosperous districts in this section of Michigan are reached by the Milwaukee and Northern Short Line Railroad, trains upon which leave the C. & M. St. P. Union Depot in Chicago daily at 11:30 a. m. and 10:30 p. m., making the trip to Iron Mountain in eleven and a half hours, stopping at Green Bay, Menominee, and other important towns on the route. Parties contemplating a trip to the Northern Michigan iron ranges during the coming season should not fail to purchase their tickets over the Milwaukee and Northern Railroad, from Chicago or Milwaukee.

#### WELLS' HAIR BALSAM.

If gray, restores to original color. An elegant dressing, softens and beautifies. No oil nor grease. A Tonic Restorative. Stops hair coming out; strengthens, cleanses, heals scalp. 50c.

The best thing on earth to add to starch to give a good body and beautiful gloss, is "Rough on Dirt," only washing compound that can be so used. Makes ironing easy and saves the starch. Has dirt removing power double that of any other.

#### Money Makers.

Don't let golden opportunities pass unimproved; there are times in the lives of men when more money can be made rapidly and easily, than otherwise can be earned by years of labor. Write Hallett & Co., Portland, Maine, who will send you free, full particulars about work that you can do and live at home wherever you are located, at a profit of at least from \$5 to \$25 daily. Some have made over \$50 in a single day. All is new. You are started free. Capital not required. Either sex; all ages.

As a raindrop foretells a storm, so does a pimple upon the human body indicate health-detracting virus in the blood, which can be neutralized and expelled only by Dr. Harter's Iron Tonic.

BEST, easiest to use and cheapest. Piso's Remedy for Catarrh. By druggists. 50c.

A BOTTLE of Red Star Cough Cure made a thorough and permanent cure of a cold so severe that I could not talk, says Mr. J. P. Roach, assistant superintendent New York Central Sleeping Car Company.

THE busiest poet will have his idyl moments.

HON. M. A. FORAN, of Ohio, member of House of Representatives, writes that St. Jacobs Oil relieved him of acute bodily pains.

#### As to Woman Suffrage.

There is no doubt that the right of suffrage may properly be, and gradually will be, extended under certain restrictions to women. That process has already begun, and if it be carried on guardedly and with sense it may go a good way. But there is no consideration of justice or expediency requiring Congress to move in the matter in the direction of a sweeping constitutional amendment.—*New York Times.*

Above all other earthly ills, I hate the big, old-fashioned pills; By slow degrees they downward wend, And often pause, or upward tend. With such discomfort are they fraught, Their good effects amount to naught. Now, Dr. Pierce prepares a pill That just exactly fills the bill—A Pellet, rather, that is all—A Pleasant Purgative, and small. Just try them as you feel their need, You'll find that I speak truth, indeed.

The flour of the family is generally in a saque.

MEN'SMAN'S Pentonized Beef Tonic, the only preparation of beef containing its entire nutritive properties. It contains blood-making, force-generating, and life-sustaining properties; invaluable for indigestion, dyspepsia, nervous prostration, and all forms of general disability; also, in all enfeebled conditions, whether the work of exhaustion, nervous prostration, or over-work, or acute disease, particularly if resulting from pulmonary complaints. Caseswell, Hazard & Co., proprietors, New York. Sold by druggists.

LIKE hot weather, the smiles of a lovely woman will at all times wilt a man's choler.

#### Farmers.

Send 10 cents to the PRICKLY ASH BITTERS Co., St. Louis, Mo., and get a copy of "THE HORSE TRAINER."

A complete system, teaching how to break and train horses in a mild and gentle way, requiring no elaborate apparatus, nothing more than can be found in any stable in the country—a rope and a strap. Every one handling horses should have a copy.

A FIRE-PLACE has a grate opportunity.—*Carl Pretzel's Weekly.*

"Rough on Dirt" whitens clothing yellowed by careless washing or use of cheap washing compounds. Washes everything from finest laces to heaviest blankets. There need be no fear in using this article. Does not rot nor yellow. 5 & 10c.

#### Spring Medicine

Is a necessity with nearly every one. This is the best time of year in which to purify the blood, to restore the lost appetite, and to build up the entire system, as the body is now peculiarly susceptible to benefit from medicine. The peculiar medicinal merit of

#### Hood's Sarsaparilla

Have made it the most popular medicine to take in the spring. It cures scrofula, salt rheum, and all humors, biliousness, dyspepsia, headache, kidney and liver complaints, catarrh, and all affections caused or promoted by low state of the system or impure blood.

"I have used Hood's Sarsaparilla as a blood purifier, and am well pleased with it." W. G. WERTH, organist St. Mary's Church, Detroit, Mich.

#### Builds Up the System

"I gladly attest the peculiar building-up power of Hood's Sarsaparilla. For some time I have been unable to attend to business, but finally at the request of a friend I used part of a bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla, which gave tone and strength to my system, and made me feel young as when a boy." GRANVILLE T. WOODS, 64 and 66 Lodge Street, Cincinnati. N. B.—If you have made up your mind to get Hood's Sarsaparilla, do not take any other.

#### Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. \$1; six for \$3. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

#### ELY'S CREAM BALM

I have used two bottles of Ely's Cream Balm and consider myself cured. I suffered 20 years from catarrh and catarrhal headache and this is the first remedy that afforded lasting relief.—D. T. Higginson, 145 Lake St., Chicago, Ill.

A particle is applied to each nostril and is agreeable. Price 50c. at druggists; by mail, 75c. per bottle. Circulars free. ELY BROS., Druggists, Owego, N. Y.

PATENTS R. S. & A. P. LACEY, Patent Attorneys, Washington, D. C. Instructions and opinions as to patentability FREE. Over 17 years' experience.

**PAINT YOUR BUGGY for ONE DOLLAR**  
By using COIT'S ONE-COAT BUGGY PAINT. Paint Friday, run it to Church Sunday. Six Fashionable Shades: Black, Maroon, Vermilion, Olive Lake, Brewster and New Green. No varnishing necessary. Dries hard with a high Gloss. Tip top for Chairs, Furniture, Baby Carriages, Fruit Baskets, Shoe Trunks, etc. Will hold enough to paint your Buggy upon receipt of One Dollar, and warrant it to wear. Discount to the Trade. COIT & CO., 106 & 108 La Salle St., Chicago, Ill.

#### The Morning Dress.

It is said that a lady's standing in society can easily be determined by her dress at the breakfast-table; an expensive, showy costume indicating that the wearer has not yet learned the proprieties. But no one need be afraid of being called "shoddy" if her loveliness is as apparent by daylight as at the hops. Perfect beauty is never the attendant of disease; above all, of those diseases peculiar to women, and which find a ready cure in Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription." Price reduced to one dollar. By druggists.

TO-DAY is a good deal closer than yesterday," said Smith to Jones. "Yes," said Jones, "it's nearer."

THE THROAT.—"Brown's Bronchial Troches" acts directly on the organs of the voice. They have an extraordinary effect in all disorders of the throat.

MOLLIFIED was John when Mary said she loved him.

IF YOU ARE LOSING YOUR GRIP On life try "Wells' Health Renewer." Goes direct to weak spots. For weak men, delicate women.

"BUCHU-PAIBA." Quick, complete cure, all annoying kidney diseases, Catarrh of Bladder, etc. 50c.

If muslins, calicoes, etc., appear to not wear or wash as well as formerly the reason is in the use of inferior alkaline soap washing compounds that destroy the texture and neutralize the colors. Shun them! Use "Rough on Dirt."

The best and surest Remedy for Cure of all diseases caused by any derangement of the Liver, Kidneys, Stomach and Bowels. Dyspepsia, Sick Headache, Constipation, Bilious Complaints and Malaria of all kinds yield readily to the beneficial influence of

**PRICKLY ASH BITTERS**

It is pleasant to the taste, tones up the system, restores and preserves health. It is purely Vegetable, and cannot fail to prove beneficial, both to old and young. As a Blood Purifier it is superior to all others. Sold everywhere at \$1.00 a bottle.

#### \$300 REWARD WILL BE GIVEN

to any person that can furnish an Automatic Swinging Straw Stacker that can do better work than the IMPERIAL STACKER

that we are building. Send for circular and price list which will be mailed free. All are warranted to do good work or no sale.

NEWARK MACHINE CO., Columbus, O.

#### CHICHESTER'S ENGLISH PENNYROYAL PILLS

The Original and Only Genuine.

Safe and always Reliable. Beware of worthless imitations. Ladies ask your Druggist for "Chichester's English" and take no other, or enclose 4c. stamps to us for particulars, in letter by return mail. CHICHESTER CHEMICAL CO., 2818 Madison Square, Philadelphia, Pa. Sold by Druggists everywhere. Ask for "Chichester's English" Pennyroyal Pills. Take no other.

**PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION**  
CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.

We want you as our Agent to sell the Perfection Slate Eraser. It is Attractive, Durable, Indispensable, and sells at night. Every boy and girl wants it. Send 10 cents in stamps for sample and particulars. Write to Wm. G. Co., San Francisco, Cal. Box 341.

**KIDDER'S PASTILLES** Sure relief ASTHMA. Price 30c. Sold by mail. Stowell & Co., Charlestown, Mass.

GREATEST Puzzle out—Thermometers, Embroidery, Silks, Serap Pictures, Magic Knives, Envelopes, etc., by mail. Circulars free. JOLLY BROS., JOHNSTOWN, PA.

**OPIUM FARMS** Morphine Habit Cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till cured. Dr. J. Stephens, Lebanon, Ohio.

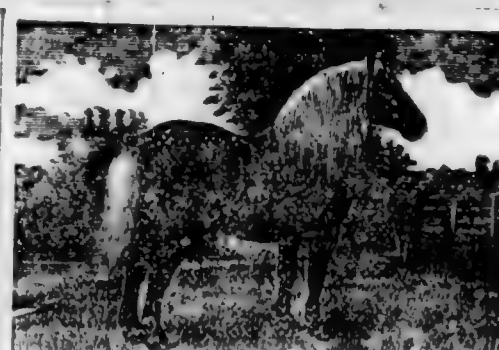
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**OPIUM FARMS** and Morphine Habit Cured in 10 to 20 days. Refer to 1000 patients cured in all parts. Dr. Marsh, Quincy, Mich.

**PENSIONS COLLECTED** and increased by Fitzgerald & Powell, Indianapolis, Ind. Old cases renewed. Send for copy of Laws, free.

**LOTS** New Town of BENJAMIN, Wis. Con. R. R. Plans supply Milwaukee Mining Exchange, Milwaukee, Wis. Goodie St.cks bought and sold.

**\$5** to \$8 a day. Samples worth \$1.50. FREE. Lines not under the horse's feet. Address Brewster's 8 Ely Rein Holder, Holly, Mich.



Imptd. Stallion CHFR. 3079 (222). Winner of Sweepstakes Premium at the Great P. Exhibition Show of the Ills. State Fair, held in Chicago Sept. 1886. Property of

W. L. ELLWOOD,

IMPORTER AND BREEDER OF

#### PERCHERON HORSES.

The Largest Breeding Establishment of Pure Blood Percherons in the United States. Five hundred head of Pure Blood and Grades now on hand, a large number of which were imported in July, 1886, and another large import from France 150 to 200 head will arrive about the middle of October. Visitors always welcome come and see them. I handle nothing but the best, and take pride in showing stock.

Location, DE-KALB, ILL.

1 1/2 miles west of Chicago, on Omaha Div. C. & N. W. R. R. Send for Catalogue.

#### THE GRAND RAPIDS HERD

#### Holstein-Friesians.



About 100 HEAD of both sexes and all ages. Several Head of

#### BULLS READY for SERVICE

Up to two years old. Choice Cows and Heifers bred to my prize service bulls.

Prins Midium and Jonge Carre,

Who have no superiors. A specialty of young pairs not akin for foundation stock. Every Head Registered and Guaranteed Pure-Bred.

Write for Catalogue and prices, and state age and sex desired, or come and see the herd.

M. L. SWEET, Breeder and Importer.

(MENTION THIS PAPER.) Grand Rapids, Mich.

**PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION**  
CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.

HAYNEVILLE, N. J.,

October 15, 1886.

E. T. HAZELTINE,

Warren, Pa.

Dear Sir:

I was taken with a very

severe cold last Spring,

and tried every cure we

had in the store, and could

get no help.

I had our village doctor

prescribe for me, but kept

getting worse. I saw an-

other physician from Port

Jervis, N. Y., and he told

me he used Piso's Cure

for Consumption in his

practice.

I bought a bottle, and

before I had taken all of

it there was a change for

the better. Then I got my

employer to order a quan-

tity of the medicine and

keep it in stock. I took

one more bottle, and my

Cough was cured.

Respectfully,

FRANK McRELVEY.

**PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION**  
CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.

**DETECTIVES**

Wanted in every County. Shrewd men to act under our

instructions in our Secret Service. Experience not neces-

sary. Send stamp for particulars. GUANNAN DETEC-

TIVE BUREAU, 44 Arcade, Cincinnati, O.

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#### Corean Royalty.

The Corean royal family is directly composed of four members—the king, queen, crown prince, and his wife. Their majesties are about thirty-eight years of age, and are very intelligent. It is often remarked with wonder and surprise how well posted the king is on foreign inventions, social customs, and political relations. He is short in stature and seems greatly to admire big men. His face is very pleasing and bright. He has a kind look and manner and doubtless shrinks from some of the penalties he has to inflict. Her majesty is rather tall for a Corean lady; somewhat spare, and with a very determined mein. Her face in conversation is pleasing but one feels that it could soon change if she were crossed. The crown prince is a boy of fifteen, and is as tall as his father. He is at a time of life when not much can be known as to his future development, but he bids fair to fill out and become strong of mind and body. Domestically they seem to be a happy family. The Queen is never seen by any men outside of her own family and the many eunuchs of the palace. They like foreign things and will have only the best. They possess a number of handsome gold watches and finely jeweled works, and cases set with diamonds. They use foreign lamps altogether and eat quite a good proportion of foreign food. All Coreans are fond of champagne. Although the king has been badly deceived at times in foreigners, he still seems to believe in them, and is very friendly to those whose duties bring them in contact with him. Some of them have his confidence to a great degree. Her majesty seems to enjoy seeing foreign ladies. She was very fond of the late lamented Mrs. Foote, and seems quite warmly disposed toward some of the ladies now resident at the capital. Banquets are not infrequently given at the palace in foreign style, and that style is well sustained. At these times the guests first have an audience, and when all have been received the banquet proceeds. The courses are livened by short theatricals, music, and fireworks. The royal hosts are usually sequestered in some convenient place, so that they may enjoy the scene without embarrassing the guests by their presence. The table is usually presided over by one of the heads of departments (Cabinet officers), and messages are sent in by the royal family, to whom many toasts are offered.

#### Salt for Stock.

Salt is not only the savor of the earth, says a Baltimore paper, but of the flesh and every known organism. It is a constant constituent of the blood, keeping it limpid and healthful, and is more universally distributed over the globe and throughout all organized nature than perhaps any other compound. It is also one of the most staple compounds. The waters of the deep are charged with it, and traces of it may be found in the very air we breathe. By inference, then, we may conclude that salt is an essential constituent of all things, especially of all things organized. The instincts of all animals concur in this—wild animals going long distances to prove it. In countries where it is not accessible, men are willing to pay any price for it. Nor is the relish for it an acquired one, but an instinctive craving to satisfy the demands for the animal system. Animals deprived of salt do not thrive, nor wear as sleek coats as those having a full supply. If placed where they have constant access to it no animal will eat too much of it, but if fed irregularly and at long intervals there is great danger of their taking more than enough for the good of the system. Great care should be taken in the manner of feeding it that an overdose be not administered. In order to avoid this, the best way is to allow the stock free access to it all times, and the best form in which to accomplish the object is in the shape of rock salt, that the animals may lick it at will, not overlooking the necessity of placing the same under shelter and out of the way of the rain. As stock of all kinds are now upon grass it is the more necessary that the attention of farmers should be called to the subject, and not by salting irregularly allow the stock to so gorge themselves as frequently to bring on severe cases of purging, and thus endanger the health of the animals.

SIMPLICITY of manner is the last attainment. Men are very long afraid of being natural from the dread of being taken for ordinary.—Jeffrey.

#### Insanity Among Rulers.

De Quincey, in his wonderful study of the early Caesars, the paper in which his power of suggestive narrative and his control over the resources of language are perhaps seen at their best, says the *Spectator*, is, so to speak, driven by wonder at the wild willfulness of his subjects that all the Caesars of the Julian house were mad. Caligula may have been, though his symptoms, as recorded by Suetonius, are rather those of delirium tremens; but the theory which makes of the grand though sinister statesman, Tiberius, who gave the Roman monarchy its final impress, a man of disordered mind in the ordinary medical sense, will not readily be accepted as correct. He was no more mad than Philip II., whose private life was much of the same kind. It would, as we read history, be far truer to say that power when really absolute, so absolute that the volition is executive and the necessity for self-restraint is unfelt, produces of itself a special mental disease, which is not insanity, because it would disappear with the power, but which has at intervals, like the passion of children, many of its external symptoms and effects. Nero, the artist emperor, who was always seeking the impossible, and whom the early Christians believed to be the veritable incarnation of evil, may be said undoubtedly to have suffered from it; so did one or two of the Italian tyrants of the Renaissance; and so, in our judgment, though it is a disputable point, did Ivan the Terrible. Power of that sort, though it does not always injure the mind—for several of the Caesars and some of the emperors of Delhi were men of splendid sanity and judgment—when it happens to fall to a man predisposed by inherited tendency or by drink or by special solitariness of nature, undoubtedly weakens the restraining force of the will and strengthens impulse until many of his acts resemble closely the acts of madmen. Half the great sovereigns of Asia, if their private lives were accurately known, would be seen to have had their characters, so to speak, poisoned by power; as directly as if they had been poisoned with one of the drugs which temporarily disturb reason. Drink, wild and continuous drunkenness with bad brandy, was the predisposing cause in Peter the Great, and it is believed, in Theban, and probably in the Emperor Baber, who, wise by daylight, would in the moonlight occupy himself with jumping from battlement to battlement of his palace, eighty feet from the ground. In Czar Paul the predisposing cause was probably an insane tendency though that is not quite proved; and in Alexander III. it is a solitariness almost beyond example. There is not a man in the world more deeply to be pitied than the present emperor of Russia. The loneliness of king, a loneliness naturally resulting from their place, which hardly admits of friendship and does not admit of equality, is always terrible, and is frequently felt by themselves so severely that they break through all restraints of prudence and moral laws in order to be rid of it.

#### Smoothing the Rough Places.

Black—How do you get along at your new boarding-house?

White—Very well indeed. I am well lodged, well fed, and everything is made comfortable for me.

Black—I am surprised.

White—Why so?

Black—Because I boarded there myself and I was half starved. I can't understand why they treat you differently.

White—I'll tell you. You remember the landlady's baby?

Black—That squint-eyed little brat? I do. I can hear him yelling now.

White—The baby is not handsome, I admit. It cries considerable, I allow, but I can't make it any handsomer nor improve its temper, therefore I make the best of it. I call it a pretty little darling, a sweet little thing. I make excuses for the noise it makes by saying all children are so. The other boarders laugh at me, but the laugh is on my side when they are sawing away at tough round steak and I am luxuriating on tenderloin. It doesn't take much effort to smooth over the rough places of life.—*Boston Courier*.

MANY persons fancy themselves friendly when they are only officious. They counsel not so much that you should become wise as that they should be recognized as teachers of wisdom.

PREJUDICE is charity's greatest foe.

**J. D. LEIGHTY,**

—DEALER IN—

**Dry Goods, Notions,**

**GROCERIES, BOOTS, SHOES, RUBBER GOODS, HATS, CAPS, ETC.**

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**Plug, Smoking and Fine Cut Tobaccos, Canned Fruits, Prunes, Raisins Currants, Etc., Etc.**

**St. Joe, - - Indiana.**

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**LUMBER,**

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**CASE & OLDS,**

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**Dry Goods, Notions,**

**GROCERIES, CLOTHING, BOOTS, SHOES, HATS, CAPS, QUEENSWARE, CLASSWARE, ETC.**

**ST. JOE, INDIANA.**

EXAMINE THE GAINS ON OUR

**5 and 10 Cents.**



# THE ST. JOE NEWS.

VOL. I.

ST. JOE, IND., FRIDAY, APRIL 15, 1887.

NO. 12.

## INDIANA STATE NEWS.

—Patents have been granted Indians as follows: Charles E. Anderson, LaPorte, fence machine; Arnonous B. Austin, Fort Wayne, dust-pan; John B. Bennett and F. W. Samuels, Indianapolis, target trap; George G. F. Boswell, assignor of two-fifths to J. E. Boswell, Indianapolis, stalk harvester; Henry L. Brown, Indianapolis, air pump; William H. Brown, Indianapolis, assignor to C. H. Sparks, Chicago, jail or prison; George S. Claw, North Indianapolis, scythe snath coupling; Mary E. Cory, sleeve-protector; Elizabeth E. Fisher, Delphi, ward-robe hook; George W. Immel, Logansport, door clamp; Francis M. and S. C. Love, Shelbyville, wire fence machine; Amos Mendenhall, Unionport, gold-mining device; James N. Loore and A. L. Minor, Lowell, car-coupling; Orville K. Patterson, Willis Grove, assignor of one-half to J. K. Patterson, Petersburg, combined square and bevel; Charles E. Sweeney, assignor to C. R. Long, M. E. Sweeney, Piercetown, and T. J. Keagy, Kosciusko County, corn-planter; Henry H. Wilson, Huntington, table-leaf support.

—Mr. Wm. Gorham, who has been a guard at the State Prison South for twenty-eight years, and during that time filled temporarily all the official positions in that institution, and recognized as one of the most competent and faithful employes, was asked to resign. Mr. Gorham tendered his resignation at once, which was immediately accepted. From the outlook it is probable that all the employes under the Howard administration will also be set aside. Another guard named Knackley, who is a brother of the Vincennes postmaster, was also discharged, on the ground that there were more men than were needed. The State owes both of these gentlemen under Warden Howard's administration four months' salary, or \$240. Mr. Patton paid Mr. Gorham for his services since he took charge of the prison.

—A pamphlet has been issued by State Fish Commissioner Reed containing the laws in reference to fish. With the laws thus distributed, he says that ignorance can be no longer set up as a defense by those who violate the statutes. The first act of this nature passed in 1852, related to the poisoning of fish and the stretching of nets across the Ohio River within one mile of its mouth. Fifteen years later an act was approved defining the time when fish could be trapped, netted or seined. Following these came amendments and codifications which are set forth in the pamphlet. In connection with this, the Commissioner has sent out a circular asking for the co-operation of all citizens in enforcing these laws. It is his determination to prosecute all violators to the fullest extent the statutes warrant.

—Intelligence of the successful transfusion of blood from the veins of a husband to those of his wife has been received from Elkhart County. Mrs. Daniel Slonder, residing near Goshen, has been very ill for several months of anemia, and her condition became so critical that the operation was decided upon as the last resort. Mr. Slonder consented to supply the blood, and the physician, after placing Mrs. Slonder under the influence of ether, opened a vein in her left arm, inserted the end of a rubber tube, the other end of which was inserted in a vein in the arm of Mr. Slonder. The blood flowed freely for over half an hour, when the tube was withdrawn and the orifice closed. The patient showed signs of improvement immediately, and the doctor is now confident of her recovery.

—The Delaware County Stock-breeders' Association held its annual meeting for the election of officers recently. Lewis Moore, of Hamilton Township, was elected President for the ensuing year. A committee of five was appointed to co-operate with the Muncie Board of Trade for the advancement

ment of the interests of Muncie and Delaware County.

—At Columbus, a colored lad named William Foster, about sixteen years of age, from Gallatin, Tenn., while attempting to steal a ride on a freight-train out of the city, was caught under the wheels and his leg crushed so that it had to be amputated. He was sent to the county poor-house, and is in a precarious condition.

—John Hanses, saloon-keeper at Wana-tah, on the Fort Wayne road, committed suicide by getting down on all fours and thrusting his head on the rail while a freight train was passing. The wheels cut his head off. The cause is unknown, but he had threatened suicide for several weeks.

—Argus Dean and the Hon. J. H. Stotsenberg, who own about fifty thousand peach trees near the boundary line between Clark and Jefferson counties, report the buds all safe so far, and the prospects good for an abundant yield of the fruit next summer.

—John McHale, a fireman on the Pan-handle between Logansport and Bradford, was killed at Amboy. Deceased was a nephew of Patrick McHale, one of Logansport's most prominent Irish citizens, and had only been in America four months.

—As an outgrowth of the Woodworth meetings at Greensburg, the newly-organized "Church of God" has bought a corner lot three squares from the Court-house, and will proceed to erect thereon a neat house as a place of worship.

—A young daughter of John Shenkel, living several miles from Huntington, was playing about a sugar-camp, when her clothes caught fire, and she was so horribly burned that death followed in a few minutes.

—By the bursting of a grindstone in Pratt & Son's carriage works at Elkhart, Henry Stair was struck and so badly injured that death resulted in a short time.

—Louis Lingg, of Logansport, committed suicide by throwing himself under the wheels of a moving freight-train.

—At Columbus Millard F. Gray, an old freight conductor, who had a leg crushed some time ago while coupling cars, has brought suit against the Pennsylvania Company for \$10,000 damages.

—The Bierbusse Manufacturing Company of Morris, have begun to remove the debris from about the old port-house, at Martinsville, preparatory to removing the factory to that city some time in June.

—Property to the value of \$16,000 has been burned at Ligonier, the losses being borne by ten or twelve persons and firms. The cause of the fires is unknown.

—John C. Robinson, of Spencer; Joseph R. Gray, of Hamilton; Eugene Bundy, of Henry, and DeForrest L. Skinner, of Porter, commissioners for the new insane asylums, have been reappointed.

—In the Crawford Circuit Court Samuel Bradley was convicted of manslaughter and sentenced to two years in the penitentiary for the killing of Thomas Nash, at Bird's-eye, last July.

—The trial of Benjamin Smith, charged with the murder of William Real, at English, Dec. 6, 1886, has just been concluded at Leavenworth, the jury bringing in a verdict of not guilty.

—The farm residence of Michael Cayler, situated about three and a half miles north-east of Noblesville, was burned. Loss, about \$1,000; no insurance.

—A young man named Straub, living just east of Martinsville, received serious though not fatal injuries, by falling on a pitch fork.

—Within a few weeks cases of scarlet fever have rapidly increased in the eastern part of Terre Haute.

—A stranger was run over and killed by the cars at Goshen.

TOMATO red is the new shade. A toper's nose is in the height of fashion.

## MECHANICAL.

In Sweden steam engines have hitherto been without any government control whatever, but orders have now been given to the magistrates to send in before March 15, a list of all steam engines in their district, with full report of age, kind, etc. In Norway no steps have as yet been taken in this direction.

A METHOD of producing a screw or bolt, which is adapted to receive a nut, having either a right or left-handed screw-thread, consists of forming a blank having two opposite arc-shaped portions and intermediate flattened portions, in cutting a thread upon such blank, and in subsequently chamfering portions of the thread by means of dies.

THE State of Texas, which is about completing its new capitol, will cover it with copper, using about 800 squares. For buildings owned by the people, not by individuals, copper is said to be far the cheapest roofing; for although more expensive in first cost, it exceeds all other in durability, and does not require painting or other repairs if applied properly.

WITHIN the limits of belting and shafting overhead, or shafting in any direction or all directions, underground power may be readily transmitted, but when the attempt is made to send steam for power or for heating, it is quite probable that it will be found economy to make the coal into gas and transmit that to points to be consumed under boilers and water heaters to supply steam on the premises.—Power.

THE very rapid progress which has been made within recent years in the manufacture and treatment of steel, and in the investigation of other properties of other alloys of iron than those with carbon, and the influence of impurities on the properties of steel, have left all our text-books so far behind that a work intelligently recording our present practice, and collecting and analyzing the scattered information existing in public and private records, has been greatly needed.

TO DETERMINE whether wool is present or absent in a piece of goods, a solution of picric acid may be employed, which instantly imparts a full yellow tint to the wool, but does not in the least affect cotton, linen, or China grass, so that it is only necessary to immerse the fabric in the dye, wring it out and wash well with water; should any portion remain of the yellow color, the presence of wool is indicated. Of course a closer discrimination is afforded by the microscope.

A SERIES of tests have recently been made by Dr. Fischer, the well-known German chemist, showing that in ordinary domestic stoves, in use not more than 20 per cent. of fuel consumed is really utilized for warming the rooms, whereas with stoves burning gas, 80 per cent. and more of the possible effect is obtained. In a sugar manufactory at Elsdorf, it is stated no steam engines have been used for several years. Gas is made at a cost of about 10d per 1,000 cubic feet, and is used for lighting and driving steam engines. At the Essen Works, water gas is made at a cost of 4d. to 8d. per 1,000 feet, and serves both for fire and lighting.

## Sunday in Mexico.

A Sunday in Mexico is one long feast of champagne, without a headache the next day. When the first streaks of dawn appear in the east people bob out from this street and that, hostlers hurry horses off to private residences, gay riders whirl by as if eager to catch the shades of night as they are sinking in the west, and by half-past six it looks as if all Mexico was on horseback. Ladies wear beautiful costumes, dark habits, short skirts, silver and gold buttons and broad sombreros. Men display greater variety of costumes;

some wear yellow buckskin suits trimmed with gold or silver, others have a drab skin suit artistically trimmed, still others wear light cloth suits and high boots, buttoned at the side and reaching the knee. A belt holding a revolver, and a Mexican saddle to which is fastened a sword, complete this beautiful riding suit. And then what riders! It is the poetry of motion; they are as but part of the perfect horse they ride. Take the beautiful horses, artistic outfit, grand eyes glancing at you from beneath a pretty sombrero, and you have a Mexican scene which is irresistible. Even Americans are a thousand times handsomer when they don this outfit, and it is safe to wager that if the men in the States would adopt the Mexican riding suits there would not be a single man left after two months' trial.—Pittsburgh Dispatch.

## A Royal Dinner.

Mr. Granville, in his diary, gives the following account of his interview with Emperor Napoleon III. on the 26th of June, 1885:

Yesterday morning arrived an invitation to dine at the Tuileries the same evening. I went there, was ushered into a room with eight or ten men in it, none of whom I knew except Count Bacciochi, whom I had met at Fould's the day before—three in uniform, the rest in plain clothes. A man, whom I supposed to be the aide-de-camp de service, came forward to receive me, and invited me to sit down. Presently the same, or another man, came and said: "Milord" (they all milorded me), *vous vous mettez a table, s'il vous plait, a cote de l'Empereur a sa droite.* I was then taken into the next room, which adjoins the cabinet of the Emperor. In a few minutes His Majesty made his appearance; he immediately came up to me, bowed very civilly, and asked me the usual questions of when I came to Paris, etc. In a minute dinner was announced, and we went in. As we went in, he said to me: *L'Imperatrice sera bien fachee de ne vous avoir pas vu.* At dinner, which did not last above twenty-five minutes, he talked (a sort of dropping conversation on different subjects, and I found him so easy to get on with that I ventured to start topics myself. After dinner we returned to the room we had left, and after coffee, seeing me staring about at the portraits, he said all his family were there, and he told me who they all were and the history of these portraits, which, he said, had made the four of the world. After this he asked me to sit down, which I did at a round table by his side, and M. Visconti on the other side of me, and then we had a conversation which lasted at least an hour and a half, on every imaginable subject. It was impossible not to be struck with his simplicity, his being so natural and totally without an air of assumption of greatness, though not undignified, but perfectly *comme il faut*, with excellent manners, and easy, pleasant, fluent conversation. I was struck with his air of truth and frankness.

## Simply Disgusting.

Office-seeker—I called, sir, to ask you to request the President to give me a foreign mission or something.

The President's Pastor—Excuse me, sir; but you are the 105th office-seeker who has been here to-day, and I have had to explain to each and all that I have had no influence with the Administration.

"No influence with the President?"

"Certainly not."

"Well, I didn't suppose he was such a heathen as that."—Omaha World.

"I HAVE three children who are the very image of myself." "I pity the youngest," replied the interlocutor. "Why?" Because he is the one who will have to resemble you the longest."



# The St. Joe News.

ST. JOE, INDIANA.

MORT & WILCOX, PUBLISHERS.

## ON THE BELFRY TOWER.

AUSTIN DORSON.

"Look down the road. You see the mound rise on the right, its grassy round broken as by a scar?"

We stood, Where every landscape-lover should, High on the gray old belfry's lead, Scored with rude names, and to the tread Waved like a sea. Below us spread Cool grave-stones, watched by one great yew. To right were ricks; thatched roofs a few; Next came the rectory, with its lawn And nestling schoolhouse; next withdrawn Beyond a maze of apple boughs, The long low-latticed manor-house, The wide door showed an antlered hall; Then, over roof and chimney stack, You caught the fish pond at the back, The roses and the old red wall. Behind, the Dorset ridges go With straggling wind-clipped trees, and so The eye came down the slope to follow The white road winding in the hollow Beside the mound of which he spoke.

"There," said the rector, "from the town The Roundheads rode across the down. Sir Miles—'twas then Sir Miles' day— Was posted further south, and lay Watching at Weymouth; but his son— Rupert by name—an only one, The veriest youth it would appear, Scrambling about for jack-daws here, Spied them a league off. People say, Scouring the tedious turret way, (Or else because the butler's care Had turned the key to keep him there, He slid down by the rain pipe. Then, Arming the hands and serving-men With half-pike and with harquebuses, Snatched from the wainscot's overplus, Himself in rusty steel-cap clad With flapping ear-pieces, the lad Led them by stealth around the ridge So flanked the others at the bridge. There were but six to half a score. And yet five crop-eared, if not more, Sleep in that hillock. Sad to tell, The boy, by some stray petromel, Or friends or foes—report is vague— Was killed; and then, for fear of plague, Buried within twelve hours or so.

"Such is the story. Shall we go? I have his portrait here below: Grave, olive-checked, a southern face, His mother, who was dead, had been Something, I think, about the queen, Long ere the days of that disgrace, Saddest our England yet has seen, Poor child! The last of his race." —Longman's Magazine.

## HER ENGAGEMENT RING.

BY LILY CURRY.

"Goodnight, Paulita, I must go." "You must go?" She fell back a step, as if she detected impatience in his tone. "You can't stay any longer," she said then, more helplessly.

"No, I must be off. Be a good girl, Paulita, and—think of me sometimes." He ended with a laugh that sounded half sarcastic. But she had loosened her hold upon his arm, and she looked at him almost with the calmness of despair.

"Think of me sometimes," he repeated. "Sometimes?" she struck in with quiet intensity. "Always. Night and day, morning and midday and evening and midnight. Every moment; constantly, faithfully, I shall never let your image leave me for an instant. I will wear your ring and I will look at it and see your two blue eyes watching me." "Good-bye, good-bye, good-bye." "Good-bye, good-bye."

He regarded her for a brief moment in silence. He appeared surprised yet relieved at her quietude. He was glad there had been no scene. He had almost expected one. Then he stooped hastily and kissed her forehead, lightly, just brushing it with his lips, and turning hastened away.

Perhaps as he hurried down the quiet street—for it was midsummer and the neighborhood being a fashionable one was deserted—down the strangely quiet street of so great a city, he breathed more easily than for some days. It is highly probable. He was a rich young scapegrace and this was only his latest fancy. He owned to himself that he should have ended the affair somewhat sooner. But then she was such a faithful little creature, and really intelligent for a domestic. And her brown eyes had pleased his own of blue, and her devotion had really been charming. Of course he knew he deserved it all. Else why had he been given the stature of an Apollo, and a countenance a young god might have envied. He knew his own attractiveness, from the tip of his shining golden head to the arch of his royal instep. He was Roger Hastings, the son of wealthy parents; he traced his ancestry back for many generations. He had gotten all out of his college course that he cared for, and he was going to see the world pretty thoroughly for the dozen years to come.

It would be strange if he did not care to gather an occasional flower by the wayside as he went.

And Paulita? She watched him as long as her eyes could tell his shape. Watched him pass briskly off into the twilight. "to the world made for him." Then she faced about and rang the area door-bell, and the kitchen maid came to let her in. Paulita was different. Paulita was no ordinary servant. She was

the seamstress. Yet she must conform to the rules laid down for the servants here.

She climbed all the staircases to the attic where all the servants slept and entered the little chamber that she shared with the chambermaid. Dusk was gathering rapidly. The room was very warm and stuffy. She knelt down by the one little window and rested her face upon the sill. A dreamy fragrance floated up from the trees in the back-yard garden far below. She thought of her childhood in the country; it seemed far off now, very far off and unreal. This life was so different. She wondered when she would see him again. She had asked him over and over during their stroll of the past half-hour, but he had not been able to tell her more than that he would come back "as soon as he could." He had to go thousands of miles away. His father had sent for him to join him.

She put her hand in the bosom of her dress and touched tenderly the ring she wore upon a blue ribbon—the ring that he had given her—the solid band with its quaint setting of twin turquoises, like two blue eyes gazing steadfastly outward. She knew he would be true to her. She knew he loved her—"her Roger!" Then she wondered why he should care for her. Was she so pretty as he had told her? Were her brown eyes softly beautiful? Was her hair thick, soft, and golden-brown? Was she really graceful? If so, she thanked Heaven for these gifts and for her lover's love.

And she would have remained at the window and continued to think tenderly of him she loved, but for the entrance of her room-mate, who lighted the gas and threw herself down heavily on the bed and began to complain of the mistress's latest orders. Here it was July and everybody else out of town, and they not half ready to go yet; and the Newport cottage waiting and waiting for them all, and yet they must still be shut up here.

Then Paulita came back to herself out of a pleasant dream into which she had been drifting, and remembered that she must go to bed at once in order to rise early and finish the fine work in time.

"I never saw that ribbon around your neck before," said the chambermaid, suddenly. "What is it—a 'Gospel' you're wearing?"

Paulita hesitated. "Yes," she said, softly. "It—it keeps harm away."

In a fortnight the family were at Newport.

Paulita wondered how soon she would hear from her lover. She looked for a letter any day. He would write to Newport, or even if he did not, the letter would be forwarded from the city house.

Paulita dreamed a good deal—day-dreams; while she sewed, or while she helped the governess take the children for walks. Paulita dreamed by day and by night. She dreamed as she walked by the ocean and looked out toward the blue horizon rim.

But no letter came.

She wore her ring within her bosom. Sometimes she took it out and looked at it and remembered his voice when he gave it to her; remembered his soft laugh when he warned her not to let acid touch the stones and darken them.

Sometimes—aye, very often—she kissed the ring, and said, "My Roger!"

But the days passed, and the weeks passed, and no letter came, no word or sign of her lover.

At length Paulita's face began to grow thin and pale, her eyes seemed larger, darker,—for great hollows came about them. She did not care for food. She did not sleep at night.

And still she waited for his letter.

One afternoon the mistress bade her do some work that needed the mistress' supervision.

Paulita sat palely watching her stitches and plying her needle. Some strange influence had moved her to take the turquoise ring from her bosom and place it upon her wedding-ring finger. Her hands were very thin and white—to match the pallor of her face, and the blue and heavy gold shone markedly.

Was there any strangeness in this, that a friend of Paulita's mistress, an intimate friend, a brusque, elderly, somewhat eccentric lady should drop in for a chat, and so sit with Paulita's mistress in her boudoir?

Paulita rose with an inquiring glance at her mistress. But the latter only smiled languidly.

"You need not go, Paulita. Continue your work." And to her visitor, "This is my seamstress. She is an excellent little creature. You need not mind her at all."

"No?" said the visitor, good humoredly, but she glanced sharply at the girl. And presently, when she had spoken a little with her friend she appeared greatly interested in what the seamstress was doing.

She was a woman with a heavy, almost coarse voice. And when she suddenly addressed Paulita, the girl started and grew a shade paler.

"That is a very peculiar ring you wear." "Yes, madam," said Paulita in a low voice.

"Will you oblige me by letting me look at it?"

Paulita's breath came hard for a moment. Her cheeks began to crimson. She slowly drew the band from her finger and carried it to the visitor.

"Certainly, madam," she said, but rather indistinctly.

"Ahem!" said the lady. "Yes. Very quaint. Quite *rococo* I may say. May I ask where you got it?"

Paulita's crimson cheeks grew more like scarlet.

"It was—a gift," she answered.

"Ah! And for how much could I induce you to part with it?"

Paulita's head was raised proudly.

"For no money!" she said.

"You really mean you would not like to let it go? It is very valuable, is it not?"

"It is priceless," said the girl, gaining some courage.

Her mistress smiled languidly as she sat watching.

"Do you really fancy the ring?" she inquired of her caller.

The latter nodded briskly.

"I want it very much."

"O well, Paulita," said her mistress, "let Mrs. Van Campen have the ring, if she chooses to buy it from you. Who gave it you, anyway?"

"My sweetheart gave it to me," said Paulita, after a silence, in which she seemed nervy herself for something. "It is—my—engagement ring. Nobody on earth—no money could buy it from me." Her eyes were fixed upon the treasure as she spoke, jealously.

"Ahem!" said the caller. "Engagement ring? I wonder who the thief was? You see this ring is mine. I can identify it by the inside. I haven't looked yet and couldn't read it without my glasses, but I think younger eyes could find the letters 'R' and 'H,' and a date. The ring is older than it looks. People do not wear good turquoises constantly. They are easily discolored."

Paulita stood motionless. No sound came from her lips. The scarlet had faded from her cheeks. A sickness, a deathly feeling had come upon her. What did it mean? Her—Roger's—ring! Stolen! This woman knew, the inscription.

The room seemed going around. She was dizzy, faint.

And then the caller's voice fell upon her again through the darkness.

"Of course I don't doubt you came by it honestly, my poor girl; but nevertheless it is—or was—my ring. Your sweetheart probably bought it at a pawnshop, where it had been left by me—by my scapegrace of a nephew. My favorite nephew, my incorrigible, always into scrapes and always having to be helped out. I suppose," (she was talking to Paulita's mistress now.) "I suppose young men must be young men, and young rascals as well. Only fancy that scoundrel of a Roger—you know my nephew, Roger Hastings—only fancy his pawning my ring. I missed it a good while since. Here, my good girl,"—for Paulita had turned and walked toward the door—walked unsteadily, had they but seen or cared. "Here, my girl; I will not claim the ring, unless you choose to accept a fair equivalent."

Paulita returned, put out her hand blindly and took the ring. Her heart was dead, cold, horrible within her. Was Roger Hastings the real name of her Roger Hardy? Had he deceived her? Yet she took and held the ring in her numb hand, and heard her mistress' murmur:

"You are too good, Mrs. Van Campen. Indeed, I think you are really foolish to be so good."

And Mrs. Van Campen's voice—disregarding her friend's remonstrance—celebrating the follies of her favorite nephew. "At all events he has got to the end of his tether. He is going to be married soon, and I fancy his wife will make him walk very straight. She's a dashing girl and he's completely infatuated. Miss Van Waters—very rich, of course."

"You can go for a while, Paulita," said her mistress, serenely, foreseeing perhaps, some delightful bit of gossip about the coming wedding—since weddings are usually first or last attended with scandal of some sort.

And Paulita obeyed. She went out of the room. She went out of the house. She wore her cap and apron; she seemed neat and modest. No one would have suspected any terrible impending trouble. She went toward the sea.

"O, my God!" She kept saying these three words over and over, helplessly, despairingly.

False, false, false! Her world had come to a sudden, terrible end. Her world had stopped revolving—had collided with huge obstacles, had crashed and smashed and was dropping away from under her feet. She was sinking into an abyss.

It was death! She walked a long distance. She hardly knew where she stopped or what she brought back with her.

She had no money. How could she buy poison in order to end her life?

She did not return to the house until after dark. She crept in like a shadow. No one seemed to see her. Her mistress was whirling, whirling in the delicious dance to delicious music, in costly silks and splendid blaze of diamonds, among others of her set—at the Casino. The chambermaid, Paulita's room-mate, was strolling in the beach, with a chance lover. Paulita crept to her room. She sat down in the chair by the small stand in the corner. She bowed her head upon her hands and did not move. Perhaps she

said a prayer. The wind—the sweet sea breeze stole in upon her.

But she did not stir. At midnight the chambermaid crept in softly, saw Paulita praying there but did not speak to her. The chambermaid crept into bed and slept soundly and selfishly till broad daylight.

And by the broad daylight they found Paulita—dead.

Cold and still and pale. She would never move or speak again.

Did she take her own life? *Quærens vobis?* There was a glass and dregs of something that might have been deadly. And closely clutched in one thin hand—her turquoise ring. And, as if some powerful acid had fallen upon them, the twin stones were turned black—disfigured beyond redemption!

## Dragons' Bones.

In the folk-lore of many of the tribes that live along the borders of northern and eastern Asia are found tales quite as marvelous and wonderful as those handed down to the boys and girls of the warmer and more civilized countries of the South, in which fairies, heroic giants, and gods are the principal figures,—the offspring of vivid tropical imaginations. But in the tales related to the children of the far-away ice country, the main characters are gigantic animals and monsters of strange appearance; and as the northern storytellers are not noted for their imaginative powers, we are led to look for some solid foundation of fact upon which the originators of the myths must have built their wondrous tales. The Chinese legends abound in dragons and unicorns; and in Canton, to-day, may be purchased "dragons' bones and teeth," which form part of the regular stock of the native druggists.

In the "Chinese Repository" is a quotation from Li She Chap, the author of a Chinese medical book. He says, concerning dragons' bones:

"The bones are found on banks of rivers and in caves of the earth, places where the dragon died, and can be collected at any time."

In the far north, "dragons' bones" were very common, but they were usually considered there to have belonged to gigantic birds. To prove their belief, the natives showed the claws, three or four feet long, of these monsters, which, if they had ever existed, must have far exceeded in size the roc of the "Arabian Nights." Quaint tales of these were told on winter evenings, perhaps, to native boys and girls; and little reason had the children to doubt them, for the claws were so plentiful that their fathers used them, as the Chukches of eastern Siberia do strips of whalebone, to make their bows, which they use for hunting, more elastic.

Finally, an English naturalist, while studying Chinese folk-lore, made the discovery that the "dragon's bones and teeth" were no more nor less than the remains of a great extinct rhinoceros. Soon after, a scientist traveling in northern Siberia, heard the natives talking about the gigantic birds I have just mentioned, and being shown a "claw," he saw that it, too, was in reality, a horn of a monster rhinoceros that in past ages had lived in that far-off land of ice.—Charles Frederick Holder, in St. Nicholas.

## Wanted Some on Account.

A few days ago a well-known negro man, who was the fortunate possessor of a fine lot on one of the leading residential streets of the city, sold his property for \$10,000 cash. He was given a check for that amount, which was carried in due time to one of the banks. The paying teller asked the negro how much of the money he wanted in cash.

"I wants all that ar paper calls fur," replied the negro.

"What! You don't want \$10,000 in cash?"

"Jesso, sah."

"All right," answered the man who shuffles the bank bills, and in five minutes he began piling the money on the counter. As he laid the \$500 packages on the counter the negro's eyes began to grow larger, and finally when twenty of the packages were placed before him his eyes looked as large as new moons. The negro looked intently at the stack of money for a moment and then, with a broad grin on his face, said:

"I'se jist paralyzed, boss; gimme \$1.50 and you kin keep de rest of that till I call agin."—Chattanooga Times.

THE man who "can either take it or leave it alone" usually has a little drop in the house in readiness for an emergency.



## PHYSIC-TIPPLERS.

A Plea for Temperance in the Use of Medicinal Beverages.  
(Philadelphia Record.)

One of the most interesting of the papers read before the State sanitary convention, held in this city last May, was in the form of a warning against intemperance in the use of drugs. The writer, Dr. Frank Woodbury, of this city, has permitted the publication of this noteworthy contribution to popular knowledge in advance of the annual report of the convention, and it is certainly worthy of careful study. The habit of taking into the system drugs of whose ultimate effects the partaker is either ignorant or supremely careless has grown very common of late among a large class of people who are usually credited with more than ordinary intelligence. Dr. Woodbury's experience leads him to the conclusion that it has attained to such considerable proportions as to command attention and consideration from all medical practitioners. He finds the physic-tipler and medicine-bibber everywhere not the solicitous and overanxious citizen, who, with every slight cold or sore joint, rushes off to a doctor for a course of constitutional treatment, not altogether the devotees of narcotic and stimulant drugs, but a great mass of people who use almost every description of real or pretended medicament without knowledge and without stint. Even the comparatively harmless and innocuous soda-water fountain has been diverted to the uses of the physic-tipler, for upon inquiry Dr. Woodbury found that numerous powerful tinctures, and elixirs, as well as potassium- and sodium bromide, soda mint, sodium bicarbonate, acid phosphate, and aromatic spirits of ammonia, were regularly served out to patrons of soda-water fountains in the drug stores. Probably very few of the these customers could give a logical or pathological reason for this form of indulgence in extemporized mixtures, which might or might not prove harmless, but which, in any case, could not be classed as remedial agents. For overmedication is a danger against which the physician guards no less carefully than against the earlier stages of an acute disease. He knows when to administer and when to withhold. But the slave of a habit of drugging often persists until an enfeebled digestion and a collapsed nervous system sound imperative notes of warning.

In the immense increase noted of late years in the preparations of narcotic and alkaline drugs, as well as in the continuous accessions to the amount of capital invested in making patent medicines, Dr. Woodbury finds reasons for believing that the practice of medicine-bibbing is more than keeping pace with the growth of wealth and population. Especially has there been increase in the demand for those drugs that act specifically upon the nervous system. But a few years ago the bromides were little known or used; at the present time it is estimated that over 200 tons are annually used in this country. Chloral hydrate has been in use but fifteen years, yet its consumption in Europe and America now amounts to many hundreds of tons each year, while of the opium products, of ether, chloroform, and the iodides, there is a constant flow from a severely-taxed yet apparently-exhaustless source of supply. Dr. Woodbury tells of a formula for a mixture containing chloral which he saw conspicuously posted behind a druggist's counter. It was found on inquiry that the posting was merely a matter of convenience, since the calls for the mixture were exceedingly frequent. Alcoholic mixtures he learned were similarly redemanded, often for months after the occasion for their use had passed away. Intemperance in drugs and medicines, it appears, is no less common than are other forms of self-indulgence.

### They Knew the Flag.

I once saw a young soldier who belonged to a battery of artillery, engaged in patching the holes in his guidon (a marker's flag) with cloth from the lining of his uniform. When I asked him why he spent so much time to mend that old flag, his answer was, that as we are so far from the base of supplies he could not get a new one, and that when the battery went into action with thirty-six horses and six guns, he always stuck the pike of the guidon into the ground where the battery was to form, and even if the man who rode the leading horse was killed or disabled, and the noise of the battle was so great that the

bugle call could not be heard, the horses would wheel around the flag and execute the maneuver known as "By left into line," and bring the muzzles of the six guns on a line with the flag, and then, as soon as the guns were unlimbered, he would again place it about two hundred paces in the rear, and the horses would gallop to the rear with the caissons and halt again on a line with it.—Chicago Journal.

### The Distribution of Earthquakes.

In the present condition of the earth's crust, so far as the brief historic record goes to show, earthquakes of an intensity menacing to man are limited to certain regions which probably do not altogether include more than one-fourth of the area of the lands, though shocks of a less degree of violence appear to be common to every part of the surface of the continents. The regions of recurrent shocks of considerable violence are so irregularly distributed that they cannot be adequately noted in this brief essay. They include, in Europe, Iceland, Portugal, Spain, and Southern Italy; the region of the Lower Danube, and some of the islands of the Grecian Archipelago. In Asia, the larger part of Asia Minor, several limited areas in Hindostan, the greater part of the eastern littoral region of Asia, and the islands of the Japanese and Malayan Archipelagoes are subjected to destructive shocks.

In Africa, there is, save in Egypt, little architecture to suffer from earthquake disturbances, and even little history to record it. Egypt seems to have been, on the whole, singularly exempt from great earthquakes, while the western portion of the Mediterranean face of the continent shares the disturbances from which the Spanish peninsula has repeatedly suffered. The vast Australian and Polynesian district of the Pacific affords a number of regions of great earthquake activity, of which New Zealand is the only one where we have anything like good observations for even a few score years. It may be said, however, that the greater part of this vast area seems to be more exempt from these indications of activity in the crust than any other equally extensive part of the earth's surface.

We now come to the twin continents, North and South America. The obvious resemblances in the physical configuration of these continents lead us to expect a likeness in their conditions of stability. This resemblance in a certain measure exists. The western shore of both of these continents, the seaward face of the great Cordilleran range of mountains, is the seat of the most frequent and, on the whole, the most energetic disturbances which occur within their limits, while the eastern shore of each is comparatively little assailed by shocks. The northern, or Venezuelan, district of South America, which is apparently the seat of an active mountain growth, of which there is no parallel in the northern continent, is a district of recurrent shocks of great violence, such as have never been observed in high latitudes on our own continent. On the other hand, the region from the mouth of the Amazon to the La Plata River, which corresponds to our seaboard Atlantic States, and the provinces of Canada, enjoys an immunity for disturbances probably not exceeded by any other equally extensive area occupied by the Aryan race, while the corresponding region in North America is much less fortunate.—Scribner's Magazine.

### Louis XVI's Last Order.

An interesting document is about to be added to the treasures of the Hotel Carnavalet, Paris. It is the last order signed by Louis XVI, ordering the Swiss Guard on August 10, 1792, to cease firing and abandon the Tuileries. His Majesty and his family had been driven from the palace, and had taken refuge in the National Assembly, holding its sittings in the Salle du Manège. A company of Swiss Guards, under the direction of Capt. de Dürler, was advancing in shooting order to deliver the Royal family, whereupon a number of deputies and citizens begged the King to sign a formal order to put an end to the combat. Louis XVI. signed the document with a trembling hand. Capt. de Dürler preserved the document, which his descendants have now placed in the Musée Carnavalet.—Galignani's Messenger.

Though measured by feet, poetry is the kind of literary gush in which sentimental writers take a hand.

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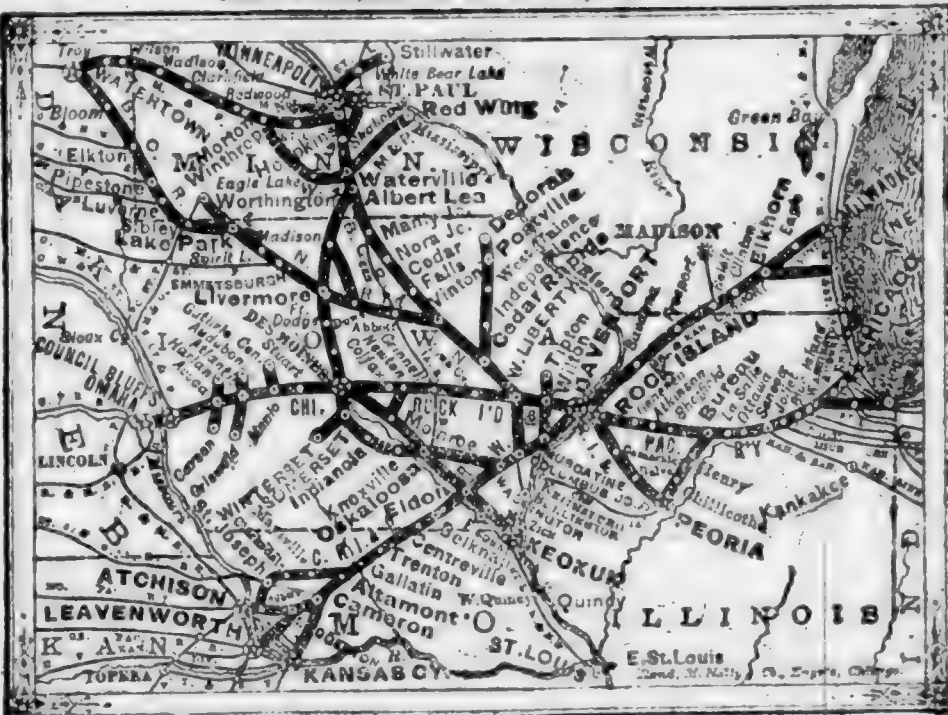


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The Rock Island main line and branches include Chicago, Joliet, Ottawa, La Salle, Peoria, Geneseo, Moline and Rock Island, in Illinois; Davenport, Muscatine, Washington, Fairfield, Ottumwa, Oskaloosa, West Liberty, Iowa City, Des Moines, Indianola, Winterset, Atlantic, Knoxville, Audubon, Harlan, Guthrie, Centre and Council Bluffs, in Iowa; Gallatin, Trenton, St. Joseph, Cameron and Kansas City, in Missouri; Leavenworth and Atchison, in Kansas; Albert Lea, Minneapolis and St. Paul, in Minnesota; Watertown in Dakota, and hundreds of intermediate cities, towns and villages.

### THE GREAT ROCK ISLAND ROUTE

Guarantees Speed, Comfort and Safety to those who travel over it. Its roadbed is thoroughly ballasted. Its track is of heavy steel. Its bridges are solid structures of stone and iron. Its rolling stock is perfect as human skill can make it. It has all the safety appliances that mechanical genius has invented and experience proved valuable. Its practical operation is conservative and methodical—its discipline strict and exacting. The luxury of its passenger accommodations is unequalled in the West—unsurpassed in the world.

ALL EXPRESS TRAINS between Chicago and the Missouri River consist of comfortable DAY COACHES, magnificent PULLMAN PALACE PARLOR and SLEEPING CARS, elegant DINING CARS providing excellent meals, and—between Chicago, St. Joseph, Atchison and Kansas City—restful RECLINING CHAIR CARS.

### THE FAMOUS ALBERT LEA ROUTE

Is the direct, favorite line between Chicago and Minneapolis. This route solid Fast Express Trains run daily to the summer localities and hunting and fishing grounds of Iowa and wheat fields and grazing lands of interior Dakota are reached. A short desirable route, via Seneca and Kanabek, offer to travelers between Cincinnati, Indianapolis, Lafayette, St. Joseph, Atchison, Leavenworth, Kansas City, Minneapolis and St. Paul.

All classes of patrons, especially families, ladies and officials and employes of Rock Island trains protection, and kindly attention.

For Tickets, Maps, Folders—obtainable at all principal Ticket Offices in the United States and Canada—or any desired information, address,

R. R. CABLE, Pres't & Gen'l M'gr, Chicago. E. ST. JOHN, Asst Gen'l M'gr, Chicago. E. A. HOLBROOK, Gen'l Tkt. & Pass. Agt, Chicago.

**TOWER'S FISH BRAND**

# SLICKER

The Best Waterproof Coat.

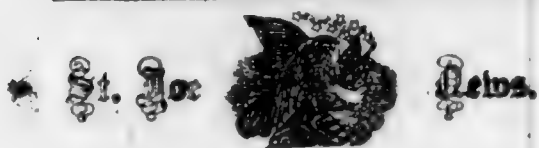
The FISH BRAND SLICKER is warranted waterproof, and will keep you dry in the hardest storm. The new FISH BRAND SLICKER is a perfect riding coat, and covers the entire saddle. Beware of imitations. None genuine without the "Fish Brand" trade-mark. Illustrated Catalogue free. A. J. Tower, Boston, Mass.

## Why did the Women

of this country use over thirteen million cakes of Procter & Gamble's Lenox Soap in 1886?

Buy a cake of Lenox and you will soon understand why.





MORT & WILL OLDS, PUBLISHERS.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:  
One Year, in advance ..... \$0.75  
Six Months ..... 50  
Three Months ..... 25

Entered at the Post Office at St. Joe as second-class matter.

FRIDAY APRIL 15, 1887.

Mr. and Mrs. Will Dilley, well known to almost everybody in this neighborhood, recently lost their only child, a bright little boy, by death, and for the benefit of their many friends here, we clip the following obituary notice from a paper published in the county where they live:

"Died, February 12, 1887, of membranous croup, Ira T. Dilley, aged three years, six months and twelve days. It was an angel who passed this way and took the lovely flower away. This death was very unexpected, as he was the picture of health, giving great promise of comfort to his fond parents. He was a remarkable child, having a mind developed beyond his years, kind and affectionate to his parents. He was the idol of the home, as he was all the child they had, having buried two sweet little girls previous, the last one only last March. The sadly bereaved parents have the heartfelt sympathy of friends and neighbors in this great affliction. May they trust in the sweet promises of God and lean upon His strong arm. We are told in His word that all things work together for good to them that love the Lord. His funeral services were conducted by Mrs. Mackey, at the school house, from a text taken from II Kings, XXVI, 4th Verse.

We received the following letters this week, asking us in regard to "Holdover" breed of chickens. We kindly refer them to O. H. Widney, the originator and patentee of this celebrated breed, who will no doubt be glad to answer their inquiries.

Des Moines, Iowa,

April, 12, 1887.

Dear Sir: Please send sample and price list of your celebrated "Holdover" chickens. Would a 30 foot fence be too high? That is the length of our palings, and we hate to cut them off; it wastes them so, and our saw is awful dull. Send them by telegraph.

David Magozlem

Graceville, April 10, 1887.

Dear Sir: Will you please send 1 dozen eggs of those celebrated "Holdover" chickens. We like that name as it is so cold here we can't get a breed that will holdover these Iowa winters, and we think the "Holdovers" are just the thing we want "eggactly."

William H. Dilley.

Altoona, April 9, 1886.

Dear Sir: Will you send us a price list of your "Holdover" chickens. We like the looks of them, and think they are just what we want for this climate. Is there any roosters in the "Holdover" breed, or will the eggs hatch without a rooster. Please give us all the information you can.

Indiana Poultry Co.

Tiffin, Ohio, April 7, 1887.

Dear Sir: Send me a sample of the "Holdover" chickens. What will you take for the exclusive agency for this state?

John R. Higgins.

#### OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

##### NEWVILLE CENTER.

High taxes is the chief topic of conversation.

A. J. Countryman made a business trip to Auburn, Tuesday.

Mrs. Polly Medert has moved in a house belonging to Isaiah Davis.

On Sunday we went to the residence of William Countryman, where a house full of invited guests had assembled to enjoy a dinner that could not be surpassed.

Jacob Presler returned home from North Baltimore last Tuesday. He reports having a splendid time and seeing grand sights at the numerous gas wells at that place.

Mr. and Mrs. Presler invited in their neighbors and friends to enjoy an Easter supper, on Saturday evening, that will be long remembered. All we could say would hardly do justice to the good things prepared by the estimable hostess; the table almost groaned under its weight of good things. After supper was over the remainder of the evening was spent in singing and pleasant conversation. We all went home feeling that it was good to be there.

##### PLEASANT HILL.

Curtis Washler called on Calvin Saylor last Sunday.

We are glad to say Sam Widney has been improving for the last few days.

White and Culberson have a fine lot of sheep pasturing on the Ed. White farm.

Andrew Jackson talks of plastering his new house next week. Aaron Gaysinger will do the work.

Some of the farmers in this section are working three horses to the plow, the ground being so hard and dry.

Harlo Lockwood, of Auburn, and his brother George of Nebraska, were visiting relatives in this neighborhood last week.

Last Tuesday John Koch not thinking it was dry enough to do any damage, put fire in his swamp. It reached the fence in a number of places burning fifteen or twenty rods of fence before he could get it out.

##### NEWVILLE.

Mrs. Murray is reported as better, but gaining health slowly.

Ida Cottrill commenced school last Monday at Stafford's, No. 1.

Miss Effie Smith is working for Mrs. Countryman this spring.

Wheat looks splendid on the sandy ground, but on the clay it is "thin."

House cleaning is in full blast now and garden making is not far behind.

Spring has arrived at last, as the frogs are singing merrily in the ponds.

What takes O. V. D. toward St. Joe every Saturday evening? Effie please explain.

There has been an improvement made to our village in the way of a meat market.

Lizzie looks lonely lately. Wonder if the departure of Horace had any thing to do with it?

Who ate the greatest number of eggs Sunday? We heard of one person who ate twenty-four.

We understand Mr. Jones intends to leave this place, since John S. won the cigars from him.

Geo. F. DeLong is at home from Pennsylvania, where he has been taking care of his brother A. L., who is very low with consumption.

The M. M. M's met with Miss Charrie Linton last Friday evening and report an enjoyable time.

Uriah Linton has erected a building on the lot formerly owned by Mr. Bartlett, and will supply the town with meat in the future.

A daily scene—A boy with a fish pole on his shoulder and a can full of "bait" in his hand trudging toward the river. School has no attractions for him.

Our schools are progressing finely, although the attendance is not so large as in the winter. J. A. Barber is principal and Mattie May primary teacher.

##### CONCORD.

Sherman Rickett is preparing to go west in a short time.

Orange Herrick entertained friends from St. Joe last Sunday.

Josephus Shilling's little daughter Lelia, is on the sick list.

Mrs. James Baker invited in a few of her many friends to a quilting last Tuesday.

Mrs. Orange Herrick and Miss Arvilla Draggoo were at Auburn Wednesday.

Dan Wyatt is getting the timber on the ground for a barn and expects to build this spring.

The measles continue to rage among us. Belle Milton was taken quite sick with them in Sunday school last Sabbath.

Mrs. Wasson has been dangerously ill, but at the present, writing her physician thinks with good care, she may possible recover.

Mrs. Jones and daughter Lily, of Farmer's Center, visited with her daughter Mrs. John Feters last Monday and Tuesday.

Willis Brown and family, of Auburn, James Hamilton, of Rehoboth, and John Dawson, of Garrett, were the guests of F. Buchanan and family last Sabbath.

"Judge not lest ye be judged," is scriptural injunction; but it seems that some persons will judge others of saying and doing things, whether they are guilty or not.

Grandma Scott continues very feeble, and is a great sufferer nearly all of the time. She often expresses a wish to be at rest, but is submissive to the will of Him who doeth all things well.

Yesbora, the tailor of Auburn, is making some nobby suits this spring.

One of Auburn's big lumber firms shipped fifty-three loads of lumber from there in the month of March.

Garrett is suffering for want of house room. As high as three and four families are living in one house,

G. V. James, of North Baltimore, is H. K. Reynolds' successor as agent at this place. He seems to be a very pleasant gentleman.

Spencerville is agitating the subject of a railroad. Why of course, have one by all means; they are a mighty convenient thing.

At a meeting held last Saturday, M. T. Bishop, Samuel Lawhead and Erastus White were elected trustees of the Lutheran church for a term of five years.

Sam. Johnson will sell his personal property, consisting of 3 horses, 2 cows, 1 wagon, 10 hogs, both sleds, harness, corn, and other articles; one quarter mile north of St. Joe, on Saturday, April 16th, 1887. Sale to commence at 1 o'clock.

M. TUSTISON,

DEALER IN

GROCERIES,

EARTHEN POTS FOR HOUSE PLANTS

PROVISIONS, OYSTERS, LEMONS,

ORANGES, CANDIES, CIGARS &c.

MAIN ST., - - ST. JOE, IND.

WILLIAM CURIE,

PROPRIETOR OF

MEAT MARKET

ST. JOE, IND.

Highest market price paid for Hides,

Tallow &c. Give me a call.

J. F. WALKER,

MAKER AND DEALER IN

Harness, Collars,

WHIPS, HARNESS OIL &c.

ST. JOE, IND.

Repairing done promptly. Prices as low as the lowest. Call and see.

A. KINSEY,

DEALER IN

FURNITURE

BUREAUS, TABLES,

Lounges, Beds, Chairs &c.

MAIN STREET, ST. JOE, IND.

All styles of Better Goods furnished to order at low prices. Thanking you for past favors I solicit your future patronage.

F. A. ZEIGLER,

MAKER AND DEALER IN

HARNESS,

COLLARS,

WHIPS,

FLY NETS,

DUSTERS,

OILS &c.

St. Joe, Ind.

Prices the Lowest. All work guaranteed. Call and see me.

R. G. COBURN,

AGENT FOR THE

ALBION SPRING Cultivator

AND FIELD HARROW.

AND DAISY RAKE.

Farmers will save money by seeing me before buying. I will call on you with a sample in a few days. R. G. Coburn, St. Joe, Ind.



GRAND

OPENING

—OF—

Fine Millinery.

You are hereby cordially invited to attend my grand opening of new Spring and Summer Millinery, at my new rooms over Dr. Bowman's office, on Tuesday and Wednesday, April 20th and 21st. I have taken special care this spring in making my selections, and I think I am safe in saying that I have the finest line of Millinery Goods ever shown in St. Joe. Hats and Bonnets in all the newest and latest styles and shapes. Flowers, Feathers, Ribbons, Plumes, Ornaments, Lace Novelties &c. Call and see. Prices the lowest. Thanking you for past favors, and asking for a continuance of the same, I am

Yours Very Truly,  
MISS S. A. BARTLETT.

Business Notices.

H. W. BOWMAN, M. D., Physician and Surgeon, St. Joe, Ind. Office opposite the Drugstore.

ST. JOE HOTEL, Wm. Leighty, proprietor. Special attention given to furnishing teams for commercial men.

B. S. SHEFFER, M. D., Physician and Surgeon, St. Joe, Ind. Prompt and careful attention to all business entrusted to his care.

ST. JOE BARBER SHOP, one door west of hotel, Will Gee, proprietor. Satisfaction guaranteed. Your patronage is solicited.

FILLEY, LOUNSBERRY AND SHULER, proprietors of the St. Joe Saw and Planing Mill. All work promptly done. Cash paid for Oak Logs.

CITY BARBER SHOP, St. Joe, Ind. John Hull, proprietor. Shaving, Hair Cutting &c. done in the best of style. Come and see me. Two doors west of Kinsey's Furniture Store.

SIMON WINELAND, proprietor St. Joe Handle, Shingle and Feed Mills. Feed grinding a specialty. Highest prices paid for second growth White Ash. Enquire at the mill for full particulars.

LOCALS.

Sam White is learning the painter's trade.

Hugh Maxwell was at Auburn Thursday.

Josh Lounsberry was at Angola this week.

John Hull is having his barber shop painted.

Mrs. John Davis has been quite sick, but is getting better.

Traveling men were thicker than hops in town yesterday.

See our elegant new line of Dress Goods before you buy.

FOR SALE.—A printing press. For particulars inquire at this office.

We are glad to know that Samuel Widney is able to be out again.

Miss Estella Hartman is visiting her grandmother Mrs. Robert Davis.

Miss Bertha Coughanour of Hicksville visited friends in town this week.

There will be an examination for graduation, at the school house tomorrow.

We see by the Hicksville News that the saloons in that place have all been closed.

Fred Jenkins had a large abscess on his back, lanced by Dr. Bowman one day this week.

Yesbera, the fashionable tailor, has the finest line of piece goods ever shown in Auburn.

Rev. Fryberger will preach in the Lutheran church next Sunday morning. All are welcome.

Several of our correspondents are behind time this week. They must have an attack of the spring fever.

Trustee Derrnott has about concluded to build an addition to the school building at this place.

Every lady should call at our store next Wednesday and get one of those beautiful embossed pictures.

Don't forget to go to Miss Bartlett's next Tuesday and Wednesday, and see the new Millinery goods.

We print nearly 400 copies of the News this week, and our circulation is on the increase. Slow but sure.

Don't forget the Grand Millinery Opening at Miss Bartlett's, in St. Joe, on next Tuesday and Wednesday.

The committee for making arrangements for the County Sunday School Convention meets at Auburn tomorrow.

Jud Davis, who has been quite sick at Janesville, Wis., where he has been attending school, was able to return home this week.

It pays to advertise in the News. For proof of this fact notice the orders that O. H. Widney is receiving for his chickens.

H. K. Reynolds, the genial, jolly good natured agent at this place has gone. His hearty laugh, and the patter of his No. 10 boots will be heard no more on the St. Joe pavements. Henry has many warm friends here, who are sorry to see him leave, and we think they all join with us in wishing him success where ever he may go.

Next week we shall place on exhibition one of the finest assortments of spring goods that we have ever shown. We have some special nice things in Summer Dress Goods and Trimmings, White Goods, Shawls and hundreds of new novelties. We will present a handsome embossed picture to every lady who will call at our store on Wednesday, March 21st, and examine our new spring stock. Don't forget it.

J. H. CONRAD,

DEALER IN

ROOFING AND SPOUTING

GUTTERING, HOUSE FURNISHING GOODS.

Cutlery, Nails, Paints, Woodenware &c.

MAIN STREET,

ST. JOE IND.

All work and goods guaranteed to give satisfaction. Give me a call

AT THE

St. Joe

DRUG

STORE.

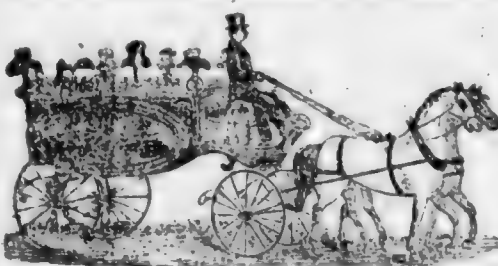
White-wash Brushes.  
Kalsomine Brushes.  
Paint and Wall Brushes.  
Artist's Brushes.  
Marking Brushes.  
Shoe and Hair Brushes.  
Tooth and Clothes Brushes.

AT THE

St. Joe

DRUG

STORE.



A. KINSEY.

Undertaker and Embalmer. Keeps on hand constantly, a stock of Undertaking Supplies, Coffins, Caskets, Burial Robes &c. I can supply as fine goods as can be furnished. Will attend to making all arrangements for funerals. Calls responded to at all hours of the night. Office on corner of Main and Second Streets; residence on corner of Main and Fourth Streets, St. Joe, Ind.

ST. JOE MARKETS.

CORRECTED EVERY FRIDAY.

Wheat	77 cts.
Oats	39 cts.
Corn	40 cts.
Butter	15 cts.
Eggs	10 cts.
Tallow	3 1/2 cts.
Lard	10 cts.
Potatoes	40 cts.
Smoked Hams	10 cts.
Shoulders and Side Meat	8 cts.

Baltimore & Ohio R. R.

WEST BOUND.

No. 9 Mail and Express	11:40 A. M.
3 Chicago Express	10:43 P. M.
35 Local Freight	3:53 P. M.

EAST BOUND.

No. 10 Express and Mail	2:08 P. M.
4 Morning Express	2:57 A. M.
34 Local Freight	8:00 A. M.

G. V. JAMES, AGENT.

Sol Barney was at Fort Wayne last Monday.

Yesbera of Auburn has fits; that is, he fits people with fine tailor made clothing.

The best is always the cheapest, and especially does this apply to farming tools. We were reminded of this by seeing R. G. Coburn on our streets last Saturday with one of those No. 10 Albion Spring Tooth Cultivators and field Harrows, manufactured by the Albion Manufacturing Co. of Albion, Mich. Several of our citizens and a number of old farmers saw it at work on the railroad grounds back of the elevators, and they all speak very highly of it as doing effective work. We would advise farmers to take a look at it and see it work before buying either a cultivator or harrow. There is also a seeder attachment that will sow any kind of grain or seeds.

HOUSE PAINTING. Graining, Glazing Paper Hanging and Ceiling Decorating a specialty. All work guaranteed. B. A. Woodcox, Call and see me, or leave orders at the St. Joe Drugstore.

STAR WIND PUMP, E. A. Wainmaker, agent, Newville, Ind. Farmers who think of buying a mill should give me a call before doing so. The Star Mill is the best and prices the lowest.



The melancholic days have come. The saddest of the year: When cleaning house begins to bore. An men get on their ear. It does seem trying indeed, in a man's sole to think that just after passing thru the ordeal of a severe winter, that he must be again plunged into the depths of despair by the inevitable house cleaning act. When a woman marries a man, she promises to love and protect him, but she forgets all about it this time or the year. They think it awful to hear a man swear, an yet they thro the worst kind of temptations in his way to do so, by asking him to put up stoves, dust carpets and such work. Truly man cumeth up like a shadow, his days are full of trouble, an he fleeth awa; or at least he'd like to flea about house cleaning tyme. Sa, bi the way did yu hear about them fokes over north-east o' here that had triplets. Thasa that when he cum into the room, and seen how many there was it nearly skart him to death; he wanted to know weather ana had got awa. It was enuf to friten ana body that watsent used to it.

Bareus Q. Hippenhammer.

Will Curie is finishing up the inside and outside of his butcher shop in fine shape, and will give it a coat of paint. Nothing adds so much to the looks of a building as to see it tastefully painted.



## HOW THEY WRITE.

The Peculiarities of Some Well-Known Authors.

(From the Philadelphia Press.)

Authors and actors have a time-honored right to be eccentric, and in no way does an author display his or her eccentricity more markedly than in the preparation of the manuscript. Of late years the type-writer is doing much to destroy the individuality of an author's copy, but even here the man will show himself. For instance, Robert Grant's stories are fastened at the corner with a legal rivet, his name and address with his profession (lawyer) neatly printed in the corner, and the title, in true conveyancer's style, is double underscored with red ink, while the names of people in the dialogue have a single red ink line drawn under them. The whole affair is neat and in perfect condition for publication.

Hjalmar H. Boyesen, on the contrary, writes his articles on the green, pink, or blue rosters of Columbia College, where he is professor. His work, as he sends it to the press, is evidently a first draught, scratched and changed no end of times. Prof. Sophocles, the late professor of Greek at Harvard, wrote his entire Byzantine Dictionary on ribbon paper.

Dr. S. Weir Mitchell uses the type-writer and ties the unruly legal-caption which he writes with red tape. May Agnes Tincker writes a neat small hand, and although her pages are unruly, the number of words will average 125 to the page with almost unflinching exactness. Joaquin Miller writes a diminutive hand, spells badly, has a noble disregard for punctuation, and so separates his syllables that it gives his manuscript the effect of writing in a foreign language.

Frank Denipster Sherman's work is as neat and careful as his verse. Written on small and highly-glazed note paper, the writing is so done that it gives the effect of print, and the blue ink which he uses enhances the dainty appearance of his written page.

To turn to another popular poet and look at Ella Wheeler Wilcox's poems before they appear in print you will find an unformed hand, scrawled over a foolscap page, and when the poem does not reach a full two pages the second page is properly reduced to the requisite size with commendable attention to economy.

Edith M. Thompson uses linen note, and in a delicate hand writes her verses, never crowding, and yet always giving the impression of condensation.

John Habberton, whom every one knows as the "Helen's Babies" man, uses large yellow paper with green lines; the first page or so is exquisitely neat, but soon the corrections become more frequent until they reach a perfect fortissimo of scratches.

Brander Matthews writes a flowing, easy hand, and if he has to erase no human being can tell what it was that he changed, for he draws a square around the unfortunate intruder and lines it over and over until it is literally blotted out of existence.

Sidney Lusk (Harry Harland) does not need to resort to any device to cover up his mistakes. From end to end his curious, forcible, jet-black and heavy ink lines run without a correction. He uses common white paper with rough and ragged edges. Henry Greville is just the opposite. One has to pick out the part that is to be printed from the maze of alterations. Julian Hawthorne writes a small, legible hand, and with commercial care marks on the outside of his MS. the number of words it contains.

George Alfred Townsend utilizes the typewriter. The matter is copied in a lump and afterwards properly punctuated and paragraphed by the author in lead-pencil.

Edgar Fawcett writes on journalist's paper in lead-pencil. An occasional smear indicates that the rubber has been used, and on the outside of his copy he usually places the price of his work.

Marchioness Clara Lanza uses large green paper with no lines. Her handwriting is neat and her work is but little corrected.

George MacDonald writes on thin, crossed French paper, a fine, almost feminine hand, and if he needs to change a passage simply draws his pen through it and writes on.

Sidney Lanier wrote on a highly-glazed note-paper in blue ink, and corrected his copy in a curious ink of a brown hue. His work is very legible.

Louise Chandler Moulton, as the amanuensis of Philip Bourke-Marston, writes an almost masculine hand. It is naturally, being dictated, not a little corrected.

### Van Wyck's Trousers.

Senator Van Wyck of Nebraska, is probably the most bow-legged man that was ever in public life, and it is one of the traditions of the country he comes from that he has his pantaloons cut with a circular saw. The result is that those garments are very conspicuous for their baggy appearance and usually attracts attention and comment when he is walking away from a group of his friends.

One day, writes a Washington correspondent, Senator Vance of North Carolina, who is a great wag, was standing with a party of Senators, when Van Wyck passed. Says Vance:

"Do you see those pantaloons old Crazy Horse has got on? I never look at them without being reminded of a story of an old far-heel down in my State who went to the circus for the first time in his life. When he came home he sat around the tavern one night drinking moonshine whiskey and telling his friends what he had seen. He looked down upon them with an air of superiority, and they were rather meekly inquisitive.

One of them says: "Uncle Zeke, did you see the bar at the circus?"

"Yes," says Uncle Zeke: "I seen the bar."

"Well," says the questioner, "what kind of a bar was it, Uncle Zeke?"

"I never seen a bar afore," was the reply, "but it pears to me as if that might be a right smart of a bar."

"Did you see the lion, Uncle Zeke?" put in another one.

"Yes, I seen the lion."

"Waal, what sort of a lion was it, Uncle Zeke?"

"I never seen a lion afore, but it pears to me that it might be a right smart of a lion."

"Did you see the camel, Uncle Zeke?"

"Yes, I seen the camel."

"What sort of a camel was it?"

"Waal, I never seen a camel afore, but it appeared to me that it might be a right smart of a camel."

"Did you see the elephant, Uncle Zeke?"

"Yes, I seen the elephant."

"What sort of an elephant was it, Uncle Zeke?"

"Waal, I never seen an elephant afore, but it pears to me that it might be a right smart of an elephant, barring that he had a good deal of slack leather about his pants."

### Clothes and Hats in Corea.

In the matter of clothing Corea is unique. The prevailing color is what is supposed to be white. A man starting out in the morning arrayed in freshly-laundered clothing presents a remarkably fresh appearance, but on his return at night he may not be spotless. The articles of clothing worn at first, a hat, or rather two, or even three, are worn at one time; a tunic, loose and reaching to the waist; loose, baggy white trousers supported by a girdle; white leggings, white stockings, shoes of various kinds; and over all a coat the sleeves of which are very flowing and reach down to the hips or lower, and are sewed up from the bottom to the wrist, so as to form very capacious pockets, where merchants often carry goods in astonishing quantities. In these pockets the petty official carries his fan, his handkerchiefs, his tablets for writing, and sundry little articles. Not to be forgotten are the purse for coins and knife, and the tobacco-pouch and pipe suspended from the girdle, without which no Corean is dressed. In the case of a man of high rank, however, these latter articles are carried by his servants. Of all lands in the world, Corea is the land of hats. There is some variety, but no change of style. The fashion once set, everybody follows it, and sticks to it. With the exception of the forests of the Amazon, where hats, like umbrellas, are worn to shed the snakes which rain down from the dense overhanging branches, Corea leads the world in the superficial area of headgear. They may be seen there measuring two feet from the rim to the crown. The stockings and shoes are also very peculiar.—*London Figaro*.

BLESSED are the "home-sick," for they have no hospital fees to pay.

A WOMAN'S heart, like the moon, should have but one man in it.

### The Wet Blanket.

There are few of us who have not made the acquaintance of the wet blanket, and have not experienced its chilling effects, and suffered influenzas and pneumonias from its contact. We have often received it, no doubt, from a quarter from which we least expected it, and have, it may be, in our turn bestowed it where it was equally unwelcome. What a tendency it has to kill our little enthusiasms with its frosty touch, to accent our ignorance, to arrest our progress, to annihilate our pet conceits! She who does not know the wet blanket is a fortunate being, perhaps, but she lacks this means of development and discipline, although most of us would vastly prefer to remain undeveloped and undisciplined to the end of our days. It is not cheerful to be matured by misfortune; one would rather submit to the natural process of time. The wet blanket renders us self-conscious and shrinking; it makes us feel as if we were too insignificant, too stupid, to accomplish anything serious or serviceable. It is worse than a narcotic for stupefying the faculties and benumbing the activities; one could no more live under its constant application than under that of a chronic blister; it is a species of torture which, although slight, ends by paralyzing effort, spontaneity and originality. There are instances, however, where the wet blanket has not been applied often enough where it would be rather remediable than otherwise in counteracting self-sufficiency and other deep-seated ailments. It is as good as physic for those whose stomachs are disordered by too sweet an opinion of themselves and contempt for others, or as salicylic acid for the mentally rheumatic. There are wives who have become so docile under its influence that they not only dare not say their souls are their own, but no longer believe the fantasy, who never venture to give an opinion on any subject till they have found out which way the wind blows, who have had their intellect eliminated by this dampening method. Indeed, the wet blanket is largely used in the domestic circle, and one can usually count among one's friends a few who keep it constantly on hand, and do not scruple to use it in order to subdue high spirits, contented minds, and lofty aspirations; like the cold compress, it is a sure means of reducing the temperature and bringing the fever of high emprise down to the normal pulse of commonplace repose. However medicinal this treatment may prove, we all like to swallow our bitters voluntarily, and not have them thrust upon us like greatness; and to whatever school of medicine we may belong, we place little confidence in the saving grace of the wet blanket for our own personal disorders, however we may insist on its efficacy with regard to others.—*Harper's Bazar*.

### Wanted—A Boy with Ten Points.

1. Honest. 2. Pure. 3. Intelligent. 4. Active. 5. Industrious. 6. Obedient. 7. Steady. 8. Obliging. 9. Polite. 10. Neat. One thousand first-rate places are open for one thousand boys who come up to the standard. Each boy can suit his taste as to the kind of business he would prefer. The places are ready in every kind of occupation. Many of them are already filled with boys who lack some of the most important points, but they will soon be vacant. One is an office not far from where we write. The lad who has the situation is losing his first point. He likes to attend the circus and the theater. This costs more money than he can afford, but somehow he manages to be there frequently. His employers are quietly watching to learn how he gets so much extra spending money; they will soon discover a leak in the money-drawer, detect the dishonest boy, and his place will be ready for some one who is now getting ready for it by observing point No. 1, and being truthful in all his ways. Some situations will soon be vacant, because the boys have been poisoned by reading bad books, such as they would not dare to show their fathers, and would be ashamed to have their mothers see. The impure thoughts suggested by these books will lead to vicious acts; the boys will be ruined and their places must be filled. Who will be ready for one of these vacancies? Distinguished lawyers, useful mechanics, skillful physicians, successful merchants, must all soon leave their places for somebody else to fill. One by one they are removed by death. Mind your ten points, boys!

they will prepare you to step into vacancies in the front rank. Every man who is waiting to employ a boy is looking for you, if you have the points. Do not fear that you will be overlooked. A young person having these qualities will shine as plainly as a star at night. We have named ten points that go toward making up the character of a successful boy, so that they can be easily remembered. You can imagine one on each finger, and keep them in mind; they will be worth more than diamond rings, and you will then never be ashamed to show your hand.—*For change*.

### Kind-Hearted Insects.

The Bible has made ants famous for industry and foresight, and modern naturalists find few animals more worthy of study. These insects not only are surprisingly intelligent, but manifest a lively regard for each other's welfare, as the following incident well illustrates. It is taken from Mr. Belt's "Naturalist in Nicaragua."

One day while watching a small column of these foraging ants, I placed a little stone on one of them to secure it. The next that approached, as soon as it discovered its situation, ran back in an agitated manner to communicate the intelligence to the others. They rushed to the rescue. Some bit at the stone, and tried to move it; others seized the prisoner by the legs, and tugged with such force that I thought its legs would be pulled off, but they persevered till they got the captive free.

I next covered one up with a piece of clay, leaving only the ends of his antennae projecting. It was soon discovered by its fellows, which set to work immediately, and by biting off pieces of the clay, soon liberated it. Another time I found a very few of them passing along at intervals. I confined one of these under a piece of clay, at a little distance from the line, with its head projecting. Several ants passed it, but at last one discovered it, and tried to pull it out, but could not. It immediately set off at a great rate, and I thought it had deserted its comrade; but it had only gone for assistance, for in a short time about a dozen ants came hurrying up, evidently fully informed of the circumstances of the case, for they made directly for their imprisoned comrade, and soon set him free. The excitement and ardor with which they carried on their unflagging exertions could not have been greater if they had been human beings.

### Sealskins.

Sealskins are salted and brought to market in barrels, and do not have the color which they have when they are made up into ladies' sacques. A dirty cinnamon is the natural color of the fur, which is tangled and curly before it has been prepared for use. The first work done on the raw skins is to lay them, fur down, on semi-circular beams, and strip off the fat with knives of different shapes. Next they are stretched on hoops and placed in a drying-room. Next comes the business of plucking, or "unhairing," as it is called in the English factories, and this process is kept a secret. The skins are then washed clean and hooped and dried again. Once more they are shaved, then "butter-tanned," and then put into a trampling-tub, where a man in Adamic costume kneads them until the whole mass of skins is impregnated with animal heat. The tanning and trampling are repeated again and again, until good leather has been made. The cleaning machine and the beaving machine come next, and then the skins are taken into the chemical room and the door locked upon the operator. Then comes the smearing, the rubbing, the beating, the smearing again, and so on until the dark-bronze or jet-black color required has been obtained. As may be gathered from this brief outline, the whole process involves a vast amount of labor and skill. Each skin is handled more than 200 times, and at least two months is required to bring the pelt to perfection.

THE strength and toughness that fire-brick acquires in the burning are the result of fritting; the aluminum silicate frits with impurities and with silica, and an excess of the latter prevents the fritting particles from rendering the mass too dense or brittle.

THE world is a comedy to those who think, a tragedy to those who feel.—*Horace Walpole*.



#### Important.

When you visit or leave New York City, save baggage, expressage, and carriage hire, and stop at the **Grand Union Hotel**, opposite Grand Central Depot.

613 rooms, fitted up at a cost of one million dollars, \$1 and upwards per day. European plan. Elevator. Restaurant supplied with the best. Horse cars, stages, and elevated railroad to all depots. Families can live better for less money at the Grand Union Hotel than at any other first-class hotel in the city.

#### Plantation Philosophy.

We l'arn ez much frum de 'zample o' de fool ez we do frum de words o' de wise man.

I's seed men dat didn't hab time ter eat nor ter sleep, but I neber yit seed er man dat didn't hab time ter die.

Er man ken be sich er ole frien' dat be thinks it his right ter 'pose on yer; like er ole famly boss what takes up de idee dat he's got er right ter kick de chillun.

Hope is like er sassafras sprout. Yer mer tramp on it; your mer cut it down ur eben dig it up by de roots; but de fust thing yer know er tender shoot dñn come up.

Er pñsson will sometimes make de same mistake twice, but I ain't foun' de man yit dat eber crowded one dese year laung, hungry houn' dogs up in de corner o' de fence de secon' time.

De rascal may lib wid mo' comfort den de good man, but he doan die half so easy. Ef dar wa'n't no udder argyment, de fact dat de mean man is skeered at de approach o' death would vince me dat dar's er God.—*Arkansaw Trav'ler.*

#### A Life Made Miserable

By dyspepsia is scarcely worth the living. A capricious appetite, heartburn, puzzling nervous symptoms, increased action of the heart after eating, sinking in the abdomen between meals, and flatulence after, are among the successive indicia of this harassing complaint. Two things only are needful for its removal. A resort to Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, and persistence in its use. These remedial measures being adopted, a cure is certain. Taken immediately before or after meals, this great stomachic promotes secretion of the gastric juice, the natural solvent of the food. The nervous and bilious symptoms consequent upon chronic indigestion disappear, as the complaint gradually yields to the corrective and invigorating influence of the Bitters. Appetite returns, sleep becomes more refreshing, and as a sequence, the body is efficiently nourished, muscular power increases, and the mind grows sanguine. Use the Bitters for chills and fever, and rheumatism.

In some of the French glass manufacturing processes are carried on to superior advantage by means of air stored under great pressure, in this way dispensing altogether with the necessity of blowing by the mouth. Glass blowers are known to be peculiarly susceptible to certain disorders, such as diseases of the lips and cheeks, and predisposition to tumors and rupture, these affections being also the more serious because boys are often employed when the system is weakened by rapid growth, the high temperature and dry atmosphere increasing the unfavorable hygienic conditions. The new process now brought forward entirely obviates any blowing by boys, and, with rare exceptions, by adults also. As a result, the manufacture of glassware is found to be ameliorated by rapidity of execution, as well as by the perfection and the large size of the pieces which are produced.

#### Political Temperance Parties.

It would be the most remarkable thing in the history of the world if the little harmless Moxie Nerve Food plant should substitute the use of stimulants, and take the wind out of the sails of the political temperance parties. There is the best of authority for the statement that the drinker is better satisfied with it, and the liquor dealer has to keep it or lose his custom. It is a powerful factor that they can make just as much money on it, and pay no license. Also, the women and churches back it to the utmost. All the dealers say its sale is enormous. The company putting it on the market offer the chemists \$5,000 if they can find anything in it more deleterious than common bitter root and wintergreen. We thank God it can do so well without harm.

It was a very proper answer to him who asked why any man should be delighted with beauty? That it was a question that none but a blind man could ask, since any beautiful object doth so much attract the sight of all men that it is in no man's power not to be pleased with it.—*Clarendon.*

MONEY and time are the heaviest burdens of life, and the unhappiest of all mortals are those who have more of either than they know how to use.—*Johnson.*

\*\*\* Organic weakness or loss of power in either sex, however induced, speedily and permanently cured. Inclose 10 cents in stamps for book of particulars. World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

THE object of a hotel bill of fare, between men, is to prevent you finding out what you are going to eat.

A LEADING physician has made the startling revelation that six thousand people, mostly children, die yearly in this country from the effects of cough mixtures containing morphia or opium. Red Star Cough Cure contains neither opiates nor poisons; purely vegetable.

A COCKNEY punster being asked by a friend his opinion of a new piece of hall furniture, replied that he thought it very hat-rack-tive.

MARCH, 1882, Rev. L. N. St. Onge, P. P. Indian Missionary, Glen Falls, N. Y., wrote: "A single application of St. Jacobs' Oil relieved me of rheumatism." October 29, 1886, he writes again: "It cured me then."

#### The Tree of Death.

On the New Hope battlefield was a tree upon which the soldiers nailed the inscription: "Tree of Death." Seven Federals were killed behind the tree by Confederate sharpshooters. The tree was in advance of the Federal line, and was about three hundred yards from the Confederate works. It was used by Federal skirmishers, who would stand behind it and load and then step out and fire. Confederate sharpshooters went along the Confederate line for nearly a mile in each direction, and then, being so far from the tree that they could see behind it, by a cross-firing made it as dangerous to stand behind the tree as to stand in front of it. Seven Federals were killed behind the tree and it came to be known as the "Tree of Death."—*Atlanta Constitution.*

#### An Offensive Breath

Is most distressing, not only to the person afflicted, if he have any pride, but to those with whom he comes in contact. It is a delicate matter to speak of, but it has parted not only friends but lovers. Bad breath and catarrh are inseparable. Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy cures the worst cases, as thousands can testify.

PERSONS who take measures to enlarge their business—*tailors.*

#### Farmers.

Send 10 cents to the PRICKLY ASH BITTERS Co., St. Louis, Mo., and get a copy of "The Horse Trainer."

A complete system, teaching how to break and train horses in a mild and gentle way, requiring no elaborate apparatus, nothing more than can be found in any stable in the country—a rope and a strap. Every one handling horses should have a copy.

BUT few men can handle a hot lamp-chimney and say there is no place like home at the same time.

A slight cold, if neglected, often attacks the lungs. Brown's BRONCHIAL TROCHES give sure and immediate relief. Sold only in boxes. Price 25 cts.

MOST of the time in hot water—the washerwoman.

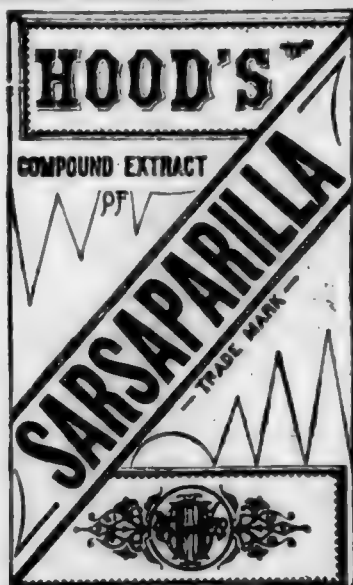
#### Snug Little Fortunes

May be had by all who are sufficiently intelligent and enterprising to embrace the opportunities which occasionally are offered them. Hallett & Co., Portland, Maine, have something new to offer in the line of work which you can do for them, and live at home, wherever you are located. Profits immense, and every worker is sure of over \$5 a day; several have made over \$50 in a single day. All ages; both sexes. Capital not required; you are started free; all particulars free. You had better write to them at once.

#### Posterity vs. Ancestry.

It is no longer questioned, it is admitted, that the blood of man is improving. The children of to-day are better formed, have better muscle and richer minds than our ancestors. The cause of this fact is due more to the general use of Dr. Harter's Iron Tonic than any other source.

If afflicted with Sore Eyes, use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye Water. Druggists sell it 25c.



At this season nearly every one needs a good medicine to purify, vitalize, and enrich the blood, and Hood's Sarsaparilla is the best for this purpose. It is peculiar in that it strengthens and builds up the system and creates an appetite, while it eradicates disease. Be sure to get Hood's Sarsaparilla. Do not take any other.

Hood's Sarsaparilla sold by druggists. \$1; six for \$5. Prepared by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

#### Especially to Women.

"Sweet is revenge, especially to women," said the gifted but naughty Lord Byron. Surely he was in bad humor when he wrote such words. But there are complaints that only women suffer, that are carrying numbers of them down to early graves. There is hope for those who suffer, no matter how sorely or severely, in Dr. R. V. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription." Safe in its action, it is a blessing, especially to women, and to men, too, for when women suffer the household is askew.

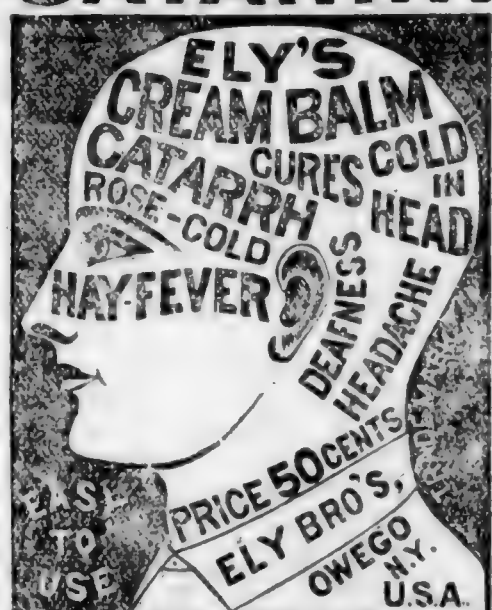
If Adam had taken his home paper, the devil would never have got the best of him.

INDIGESTION, dyspepsia, nervous prostration, and all forms of general debility relieved by taking MEN'SMAN'S PEPTONIZED BEEF TONIC, the only preparation of beef containing its entire nutritious properties. It contains blood-making, force-generating and life-sustaining properties; is invaluable in all feeble conditions, whether the result of exhaustion, nervous prostration, overwork, or acute disease, particularly if resulting from pulmonary complaints. Casswell, Hazard & Co., proprietors, New York.

The earliest mention of neck-wear is that of Job's three comforters.

No opium in Piso's Cure for Consumption. Cures where other remedies fail. 25c.

## CATARRH



## HAY-FEVER

ELY'S CREAM BALM  
Is not a liquid, snuff or powder. Applied into nostrils is quickly absorbed. It clears the head. Allays inflammation. Heals the sores. Restores the senses of taste and smell. 50 cents at Druggists; by mail, registered, 60 cents.  
ELY BROTHERS, Druggists, Owego, N. Y.

The best and surest Remedy for Cure of all diseases caused by any derangement of the Liver, Kidneys, Stomach and Bowels. Dyspepsia, Sick Headache, Constipation, Bilious Complaints and Malaria of all kinds yield readily to the beneficent influence of

## PRICKLY ASH BITTERS

It is pleasant to the taste, tones up the system, restores and preserves health. It is purely Vegetable, and cannot fail to prove beneficial, both to old and young. As a Blood Purifier it is superior to all others. Sold everywhere at \$1.00 a bottle.

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OPIMUM Morphine Habit Cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till cured. Dr. J. Stephens, Lebanon, Ohio.

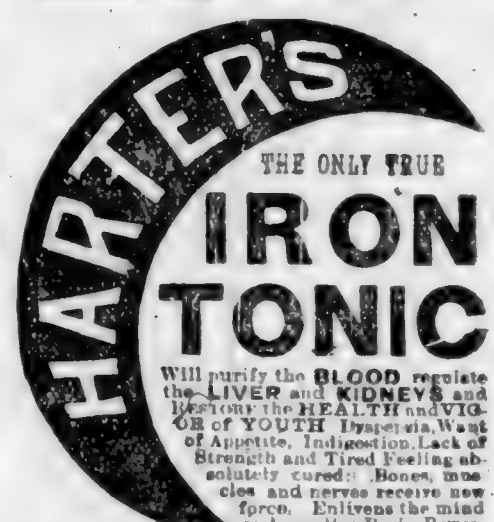
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Will purify the BLOOD, regulate the LIVER and KIDNEYS and restore the HEALTH and VIGOR of YOUTH. Indigestion, Lack of Appetite, Indigestion, Lack of Strength and Tired Feeling absolutely cured. Bones, muscles and nerves receive new force. Enlivens the mind and supplies Brain Power. Suffering from complaints peculiar to their sex will find in DR. HARTER'S IRON TONIC a safe, speedy cure. Gives a clear, healthy complexion. All attempts at counterfeiting only add to its popularity. Do not experiment—get Original AND BEAT IT.  
Dr. HARTER'S LIVER PILLS (Cure Constipation, Liver Complaint and Sick Headache. Sample Dose and Dream Book mailed on receipt of two cents in postage.)  
THE DR. HARTER MEDICINE CO., ST. LOUIS, MO.

## PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION

FOR HORSES.  
CURE A. W. A. L. Nov. 17, 1886.  
Recently I bought a young horse. He was taken very ill with Pleumonia. I tried to think of something to relieve him. Colicaded what was good for man would be good for the horse. So I got a bottle of Piso's Cure and gave him half of it through the nostrils. This helped him, and I continued giving same doses night and morning until I had used two bottles. The horse has become perfectly sound. I can recommend Piso's Cure for the horse as well as for man.  
N. S. J. STRIDER.

## PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION

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G. & C. MERRIAM & CO., Pub'rs, Springfield, Mass.

CHICHESTER'S ENGLISH PENNYROYAL PILLS The Original and Only Genuine. Safe and always Reliable. Beware of worthless imitations. Ladies, ask your Druggist for "Chichester's English" and take no other, or inclose 1c. (stamp) to us for particulars in letter by return mail. NAME PAPERS. CHICHESTER CHEMICAL CO., 2815 Madison Square, Philada., Pa. Sold by Druggists everywhere. Ask for "Chichester's English" Pennyroyal Pills. Take no other.

## CATARRH

Piso's Remedy for Catarrh is the Best, Easiest to Use, and Cheapest. Also good for Cold in the Head, Headache, Hay Fever, &c. 50 cents.

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KIDDER'S PASTILLES. \$5 to \$8 a day. Samples worth \$1.00 FREE. If not put under the horse's feet, Address Brewster's Safety Rein Holder, Kelly, Mich.

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## ARISTOCRATIC SURNAMES.

How to Pronounce Some of the Best-Known English Names.

[London World.]

Phonographers complain that hardly one English word in a thousand is spelt correctly—that is, all its letters are not sounded precisely as they are in the alphabet. And such criticism is perfectly just, though, from the force of habit, we seldom notice the faulty orthography of common words. But if we meet proper names, of persons or places, their eccentric spelling is more observable, and sometimes even puzzling. Highly-educated persons often hesitate in pronouncing a proper name which they see for the first time. This remark especially applies to some aristocratic surnames, as will be seen by the subjoined, with their recognized pronunciation:

Clanranald must be sounded as if written Clanronald. Derby, in speaking either of the peer, the town, or the race, should always be called Darby. Dillwyn is pronounced Dillon, with the accent on the first syllable. In Blyth the *th* is dropped, and the word becomes Bly. Lyveden is pronounced as Liven, and Pepys as Pepis, with the accent on the first syllable. In Monson and Ponsonby the first *o* becomes short *u*, and they are called Munson, Punsonby. In Blount the *o* is silent, and the word is spoken as Blunt. Brougham, whether referring to the late illustrious statesman or the vehicle named after him, should not be pronounced as two syllables Brawham or Brooham, but as one—Broom. Colquhoun, Duchesne, Majoribanks, and Cholmondely—four formidable names to the uninitiated—must be called Cohoon, Dukarn, Marshbanks, and Chumley! Cholmeley is also pronounced Chumley. Mainwaring and McLeod must be pronounced Manering and Macleod. The final *x* in Molyneux and Vaux is sounded, but the final *x* in Devereaux and Des Vaux is mute. In Ker the *e* becomes short *a*, and the word is called Kar; it would be awfully bad form to pronounce it Cur! In Waldegrave the *de* is dropped, and it becomes Walgrave, with the accent on the first syllable. Berkeley, whether referring to the person or place, should be pronounced Barkley. Buchan is pronounced Bunan; Beauchamp, or Beauchamp, as Beaclare, with the accent on the first syllable, and Beauvoir as Beevor. Wemyss is pronounced as Weems, and Willoughby D'Eresby as Willowby D'Ersby; St. John must be pronounced Sinjin as a surname or Christian name; when applied to a locality or a building, it is pronounced as spelled, Saint John. Montgomery, or Montgomerie, is pronounced Mungumery, with the accent on the second syllable. In Elgin *g* takes the hard sound it has in give; in Gifford and Giffard it takes the soft sound as in gin—as it also does in Nigel. In Conyngham the *o* becomes short *u*, and the name is called Cunningham. In Johnstone the *i* is silent. Strachan should be pronounced Strawn; Heathcote, Héthkut; and Hertford, Harford. The *ar* is dropped in Abergavenny, which is called Abergenny; and the *n* in Penrith, which is called Perith. Beauchamp must be pronounced Beecham; Bourne, Burn; and Bourke, Burk. Gower, as a street, is pronounced as it is written, but, as a surname, it becomes Gor. Eyre should be pronounced Air; and Du Plat is called Du Plah. Jervis should be pronounced Jarvis; Knollys, as if written Knowls; Menzies as if written Mynjes; and Macnamara must be pronounced Macnamarah, with the accent on the third syllable. Sandys should be spoken as one syllable—Sands.

### It Startled Him.

He was a clerk in a shoe store, but rather new to the business. When a pretty girl tripped in and asked for shoes he inquired politely:

"What number do you wear?"

"Why, two, of course," she snapped; "how many feet do you suppose I have?"

"I—I—meant what size?" he stammered.

"Oh! size 3, and D— wide," she responded, carelessly.

He fainted before a brother clerk could explain that the width of shoes was regulated alphabetically and no profanity was intended.—*Detroit Free Press.*

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN doubtless referred to good yeast when he wrote: "Early to bed and early to rise."

## RITH AND POINT.

PAGES-IN-WAITING—MSS. held over by the magazine publisher.

PRINTER'S ink is a great thing, yet printers sink much money in it, some times.

A LAD cannot expect to be dressed up like a man until he is through being dressed down like a boy.

A MARRIED man who never took a drink in his life, will see double when his wife presents him with twins.

THE ideal wife gets out of bed, lights the fire and has the breakfast prepared before she calls the ideal husband.

"I KNOW what four o'clock a. m. and four o'clock p. m. mean," said old Beezum to his wife; "but what is this four o'clock t. that we are invited to?"—*Texas Siftings.*

"HENRY," asked the fond wife of her sick husband, "would you not like to see somebody?" and he faintly responded, "No, I'm not see sick."—*Commercial Bulletin.*

WHEN a young lady runs off and marries a coachman a great fuss is made about it; but every day some bride marries a groom and nothing is thought of that.—*Brooklyn Union.*

TRUST him little who praises all; him less who censures all, and him least who is indifferent to all. In fact, don't trust anybody if you can get ready money.—*Shoe and Leather Reporter.*

"THAT fellow calls himself a soldier, and he never smelt powder," said Jones to Smith. "Never smelt powder, eh?" "No, sir." "I think you're wrong, I saw him kissing a society girl the other night."—*Boston Courier.*

### POOR FELLOW.

The man who never advertised his store sat down one night a little while to think, And after meditation rose and swore: This place is deadlier than a roller rink.

—*Boston Courier.*

John and Ida married lived In Idaho forlorn, 'Cause John hung round the tavern And let Idaho the corn.

—*Texas Siftings.*

"WHAT do you consider the most difficult thing in the world?" asked an inquisitive old lady of the President of a college. "Ah," sighed the learned man, who had a family of grown-up daughters, "the most difficult thing, I find, is to convince a woman that she should wear her old stockings on a muddy day."—*Chicago Ledger.*

### PLEASE SING WITHOUT LYING.

Breathes there a man with soul so dead, He does not love to lie in bed, While matin bells are loudly rung And caustic taunts at him are flung? If such there be, go, mark him well, And ring for him the daylight bell, Far happier than that wretch forlorn, With joyous snores I'll hail the morn, And as the sun up-climbing goes, Make the day hideous with my nose.

*Burdette, in Brooklyn Eagle.*

Fogg—I've been writing something here; but I don't know whether to publish it or not. What do you think of it? Brown (after looking over a few pages)—To be frank with you, I don't believe anybody but a fool would buy such a book; certainly nobody but a fool would ever read it. Fogg—Thank you, I'll publish it. The man who writes only for the wise men is a fool; he who writes for fools is a wise man. He has a hundred readers to the other's one.—*Boston Transcript.*

JOHN SMITH, familiarly known as "Shemoka John," formerly of McCalmont Township, now deceased, was a great tobacco-chewer in his day. He would bite off a chunk as large as an elephant's ear, and twist it around with great satisfaction. One day, while mastering a fresh invoice of plug, he noticed that it produced a peculiar crackling and grating sound and tasted nasty. He looked at the plug and saw that a mouse had been embedded in it, and that he had bitten it in two and had half of it in his mouth at that moment. That was his last chew of tobacco.—*Punxsutawney Spirit.*

### Retailing Buffalo Meat.

An Abilene, Texas, correspondent writes: "A wagon was in town a few days ago from which the proprietor was retailing fresh buffalo meat. It is probably the last wagon with such goods that will ever be seen on the streets of Abilene. There have been a few lonesome buffaloes for some years past in the unfrequented wilds of Crockett County. From these wilds they never emerged, seeming to understand that they were hemmed in on all sides by a merciless cordon of fire. Therefore their migratory instinct was forgotten, or at least they never attempted to follow it."

J. D. LEIGHTY,

—DEALER IN—

**Dry Goods, Notions,**  
**GROCERIES, BOOTS, SHOES, RUBBER GOODS, HATS, CAPS, ETC.**

A FULL LINE OF

**Plug, Smoking and Fine Cut Tobaccos, Canned Fruits, Prunes, Raisins Currants, Etc., Etc.**

**St. Joe, - - Indiana.**

**M. T. BISHOP.**

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**LUMBER,**

**LATH. SHINGLES, PINE AND POPULAR LUMBER, LIME, PLASTER, MOULDINGS, ETC., ETC.**

I HAVE AN IMMENSE STOCK AND SOLICIT YOUR PATRONAGE.

Satisfaction Guaranteed.

**YARD NEAR DEPOT, - - ST. JOE, IND.**

**S. & F. BARNEY,**

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**Dry Goods, Notions,**

**CLOTHING, GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS, BOOTS, SHOES, HATS, CAPS, GROCERIES. GENERAL STOCK OF HARDWARE, STOVES AND TRIMMINGS,**

**ST. JOE, INDIANA.**

HIGHEST MARKET PRICE PAID FOR

**Produce, Grain, Seeds, and Wool.**

**CASE & OLDS,**

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**Dry Goods, Notions,**

**GROCERIES, CLOTHING, BOOTS, SHOES, HATS, CAPS, QUEENSWARE, CLASSWARE, ETC.**

**ST. JOE, INDIANA.**

EXAMINE THE BARGAINS ON OUR

**5 and 10c Counters.**



# THE ST. JOE NEWS.

VOL. I.

ST. JOE, IND., FRIDAY, APRIL 22, 1887.

NO. 13.

## INDIANA STATE NEWS.

—A few weeks ago, at Richmond, Jonas Bennett and Jennie Kilmer, who had long been lovers, were married. Early one morning recently she arose, gave her husband an evasive answer that led him to believe she was necessarily going down stairs for a few moments, and proceeded to the bridge across White River, where she leaped about seventy feet; and broke her neck in striking the water, where she was subsequently found by her husband, who became alarmed at her prolonged absence and instituted search. She was crazed by the death of her mother, about five years ago. Developments leave little doubt but the act was premeditated.

—For a number of years Amos H. Mills, of Decatur Township, Marion County, returned for taxation \$9,000 in money, which he said was buried on his farm. He paid taxes promptly on it, but last June he died without giving any information as to where the money lay. The administrator plowed every part of the farm, dug around the dwelling-house and out-buildings without discovering anything of the least value. The widow had no other means, and in time a small judgment was taken against her. Under attachment her buggy and horse were taken away.

—Notices have been received from W. S. Chapman, of the Central Union Telephone Company, by subscribers to the Wabash exchange that, owing to the restrictions imposed upon the business by law, they will be compelled to close the exchange in that city. Mr. Chapman adds that in case any accommodation can be rendered by private line or public toll service the company will cheerfully do so.

—Some years ago the old Board of Tippecanoe County Commissioners contracted with Barnes and Mitchel, County Auditor and County Clerk, to do certain indexing of records. The work was done, and proved more expensive than was anticipated, and the new Board of Commissioners refused to allow the bills. Appeals were taken, and Judge Vinton held that the county must pay.

—On petition of citizens the Richmond City Council has passed a resolution appropriating \$10,000 to be used in boring for gas. The object is to thoroughly test the field near Richmond, and perhaps adjacent towns, and determine whether it is necessary to go to the known field and pipe to the city, as proposed in organizing a citizen's association, with \$200,000 capital, if it proves necessary.

—As the Bradford train was passing through the Panhandle yard at Logansport, Joseph Austin, a resident of Bunker Hill, Ind., fell from a platform against a switch engine moving in an opposite direction. Mr. Austin was knocked under the wheels of the passenger train and instantly killed. Austin was a one-armed man, and was proprietor of a lunch-counter at Bunker Hill.

—A 13-year-old son of John Johnson, of Decatur, while trying to put a belt on the pulley of a grindstone in his father's planing-mill, was caught by the driving-belt of the mill, and carried to the line-shafting, and whirled round and round until every bone in his body was broken. One of his arms was torn from his body at the shoulder. His death was almost instantaneous.

—President Watson, of the Vincennes and New Albany Railroad, says there is no longer any question as to the road being built. He states that the company's surveying party have found an excellent line from New Albany to Paoli, and have prospecting for a route from Paoli to Jasper. The entire line can be built at a very reasonable sum per mile.

—The boy, Jesse Heimbaugh, of Lafayette, who was by many believed to have been killed by his mother during her insanity, has been found at Elwood, where

he had gone to visit relatives. The mother's talk about a strange man killing her boy and her having buried him in a lonely spot, gave rise to the theory of murder.

—The Governor has appointed David W. Chambers, of New Castle, as Trustee of the Deaf and Dumb Institute, in place of Stephen E. Urnstrom, the State Senator who resigned his trusteeship on Jan. 5. Andrew Hagan has been reappointed State Oil Inspector, and Enos B. Reed State Fish Commissioner.

—Dr. K. H. Williams, recently appointed postmaster at Cope, has become disgusted with the position and forwarded his resignation to the Postmaster General. He assigned as a reason for this action that the pay of the office was inadequate to the labor and responsibility. His salary for March last was 15 cents.

—Information received from Warren, Huntington County, states that the impression is abroad that the man recently employed to "shoot" the oil well there was "influenced by an Eastern corporation, and instead of increasing the flow intentionally destroyed the well, which is now worthless.

—Mrs. J. W. Long, a passenger on the Pittsburgh, Fort Wayne and Chicago Railroad train, en route to Englewood, Ill., her home, died within a short distance of Fort Wayne, of consumption. The remains were taken off at that city and prepared for burial.

—Mrs. Philas Seely, of Elkhart, aged 83 years, died recently. She was a pioneer, and one of the best-known characters of that city. She was very prominent in the affairs of the First M. E. Church, of which she had been a member over sixty years.

—The Miller school-house, five miles southwest of Crawfordsville, was destroyed by fire. Loss, \$1,200; insured for \$375. As the house had not been in use for some time, some person must have set it on fire.

—The Washington Common Council has granted to the Washington Street Railway Company an exclusive franchise for thirty years. The company was organized three days ago. J. C. Lavelle is President.

—The Nickel Plate people are building one of the finest wrought-iron bridges in the State over the St. Mary's River at Fort Wayne. The improvement will not be finished before the 1st of June.

—Polly Ward, of Columbus has received a telegram advising her of the death of her brother in Colorado, leaving her the sole heir to his estate, worth over \$1,000,000.

—James McGurdy, aged 35 years, while hunting on the Kankakee in company with Charles Herbert, Jr., and Fred Nelson, of Brazil, shot himself dead accidentally. He left a widow and children.

—At Hartsville, Cash Carter, aged 15, clerk in Self's store, while carelessly handling a revolver, discharged it, tearing a hole through his head above the eye. He died soon after.

—A gas and oil-well association has been formed at South Bend, with John Caldwell as President. It is the intention to prospect and bore thoroughly for gas and oil.

—William Gorham, aged 71 years, an ex-prison guard at Jeffersonville, dropped dead from heart disease at his home, in that city.

—Gen. Lew Wallace and Hon. John Dougherty have both declined to serve on the Soldier's Monument Commission.

—A first-class passenger depot will be built at Kokomo this season for the Lake Erie and Western.

—The telephones are to be removed from Crawfordsville, and all the offices discontinued.

—A natural-gas company has been formed at Ladoga, Montgomery County.

## Gambetta's Duel with M. De Fourton.

The cause of the duel was an exclamation of Gambetta during the sitting of the Chamber of Deputies on November 18, 1878—"It is a lie!" These words were addressed to M. De Fourton, who was making a speech to the Chamber.

After having given the lie to M. De Fourton, Gambetta left the sitting, and went to look for M. Clemenceau in the lobbies of the Chamber. Gambetta asked M. Clemenceau to act as his second, but the latter refused, not caring to accept the responsibility of such an affair, for, naturally, had anything serious happened to Gambetta, the seconds would have had to bear the brunt of public blame. However, Gambetta insisted. "If you refuse," he said to M. Clemenceau, "I shall not be able to find a single man to serve as my second. Theirs fought a duel. I must fight too." Finally M. Clemenceau accepted, and it was he who arranged the whole affair, charged the pistols, and gave the word of command—"Faites, deux, trois!" The adversaries were placed at a distance of thirty paces in an open space on the plain of Chatillon, where there was neither tree nor house nor any object in sight of importance enough to guide the aim; the silhouettes of the combatants stood out against a perfectly clear sky, for the report that the duel was fought in a fog is untrue; the pistols were charged with the regular quantity of powder and with regular bullets by M. Clemenceau himself. M. Clemenceau chose pistols as the arms of his principal, for the simple reason that he did not consider Gambetta to have sufficient agility to fight with swords. As for distance, M. Clemenceau had at first proposed thirty-five paces, but the seconds of M. De Fourton suggested thirty. Gambetta himself would have fought at even five or ten paces, had his seconds ordered him to do so; but there was an excellent reason for separating the adversaries by as great distance as possible, namely, the fact that Gambetta was a very large man and M. De Fourton a slender man.

Throughout this duel Gambetta acted with perfect coolness. On the eve of the engagement M. Clemenceau gave him some hints as to the correct manner of using his arm and aiming. The next morning, when he went to carry him to the rendezvous, he found Gambetta sitting at his window and calmly shooting with a revolver at the sparrows in his garden. While they were riding out to Plessis-Piquet, Gambetta wished to smoke, but M. Clemenceau prevented him, saying that the tobacco would make his hand unsteady. Gambetta's first words, when the duel was over, were, "Ah! now I'll light up a cigar."—Theodore Child, in Harper's Magazine.

## Kindness to Horses.

The National Live Stock Journal, in advocating kindness to horses, says: "Domestic animals are the creatures of circumstances, and the circumstances that make them tractable, or, on the other hand, fractious and difficult to manage, are mainly—almost entirely—within our control. Many men expect an untutored beast to obey a word of command that it has not been taught the meaning of. If the animal goes to the right when the driver wants it to go to the left, this is taken as a piece of wilful stubbornness, and a harsh word, a harsher kick or blow from the whip is the animal's reward; not for doing a wrong thing, but for not doing that which it had not been taught to do. In the case of horses, they are not usually credited with more than a fraction of the intelligence and willingness to obey, that they possess. The work done by the average horse is performed under a feeling of compulsion, as under ordinary management there is no

full feeling of sympathy between horse and master. The deportment of the master toward his animals generally settles the question of the animal's deportment toward the master. Hence, it should be always borne in mind that a link of sufficient strength to bind the horse, through sympathy of feeling, can better be made, and will be immeasurably stronger, if made of kind words and a lump of sugar, than if made of whalebone and rawhide."

## Well Situated.

A traveler in the Missouri River bottoms came upon an old fellow sitting on a log, nodding.

"Halloa,"

"Hy," replied the old fellow, lazily looking up.

"Do you live near here?" the traveler asked.

"Over yan," pointing.

"What, down in that low place?"

"Ah, hah."

"It's a wonder you don't die."

"Would, I reckon, if I didn't keep on er livin'."

"Don't you have chills and fevers?"

"Shake a little sometimes, but er fellow don't mind it ef he ain't got nothin' else to do."

"Yes, but I should think that he would have to do something else in order to make a living."

"Yas, do look er leetle thater way."

"Why don't you move away from here?"

"Look here, whar do you live?"

"In the blue-grass regions of Kentucky."

"Why don't you move away?"

"Because I like the country."

"Wall, I don't move because I like this here country."

"But, my dear sir, there are many things to induce a man to live where he do. One of them—and I suppose it would strike you harder than any of the rest—is that a man does not have to work very hard for a living."

"Podner, that's just the very reason I stay here. It ain't no trouble ter ketch fish enough ter eat."

"Yes, but this bottom overflows. You can't catch fish then."

"No, but then the picnic comes, furrer see, the Government sends us meat an' meal. Podner yer may talk erbout your blue grass an' all that, but thar ain't nothin' like livin' in a country whar the Government makes it er pint ter feed yer. Cattle mount die, cotton mount fail—an' all your work be lost, but thar ain't no danger uv the Government goin' under. Say, whut's ther river doin' erbove?"

"Rising."

"Thank ther Lawd. Nancy," arising, and shouting to his wife, "I b'leve ther Lord's gwine ter answer our prar'."—Arkansas Traveler.

## A Young Financier.

Nellie, whose grandfather began life as a cabin-boy and finished as a millionaire, was paid by her mother 1 cent a dozen for pins picked up from the carpet, to keep the baby from getting them. "Nurse," said Nellie, as her stock of pennies increased, "do you know what I am going to do when I have 6 cents?"

"No," answered the nurse.

"I am going to buy a paper of pins and scatter them over the floor, and then pick them up," replied the young financier, who was barely 5 years old.

## Cause for Absence.

Layman (to minister)—The bad weather keeps a good many people away from church, I suppose, Mr. Goodman.

Minister—Ye-es; but bad weather doesn't keep as many away from church as the contribution-box does, my brother.

New York Sun.

DOMESTICS belong to the hire class of society.



# The St. Joe News.

ST. JOE, INDIANA.

MORT & WILL OLDS, PUBLISHERS.

## A FRATERNAL TRIBUTE.

BY DICK STEELE.

Brother Ned  
Is home from college,  
And his head  
So full of knowledge  
Is that really 'tis an effort to adjust his Derby  
hat.

Full of boating, full of racing,  
Full of base-ball, steeple-chasing,  
Boxing, foot-ball, hare and hounds,  
Putting up the monstrous bell weighing many  
many pounds,  
And all that.

He can leap  
And he can tumble;  
In his sleep  
He talks of "fumble."  
"Half-back," "touch-down," "cushion-carroms,"  
"Sets-to," "going out on strike."

"Umpire's ruling," "even innings,"  
Like his Coney Island winnings,  
And he's followed by a pup  
That at any time can go against its weight and  
do it up,  
If it like.

Such is Ned  
My cultured brother;  
College-bred,  
There's sure none other  
Can compete with him in classics—such as wild  
Olympian games.

He's a boxer, he's a runner,  
He's a short-stop, he's a stunner,  
Always leading, never led,  
Is my short-haired, noseless, careless, broken-  
fingered brother Ned.  
He is Fame's  
Omaha World.

## A HAPPY HOME.

BY EDNA R. RUSSELL.

"Oh, Harry, how beautiful this is!" cried Sophie Garland, clasping her plump little hands with delight. "I never dreamed that you had prepared such a home as this for me!"

"Love in a cottage, eh?" said Harry Garland, looking down with eyes of amused admiration, at his pretty young bride. "But you see, Sophie, I thought this would be so much nicer than a town house. For the summer months, at least!"

Cloverdale was the prettiest of Gothic cottages, all embowered in blooming lilacs, fragrant tresses of honeysuckle and climbing roses. There was a little lawn shorn close as green plush, a running brook bridged over, and the smallest of grottoes, where the drip of cascade was lost among ferns and irises.

"It's most charming," said Mrs. Garland, who had filled both hands with tulips, daffodils, and early roses. "I never dreamed of anything so lovely! And there is a cabinet piano in the drawing-room, and real stained-glass windows in the library, and the quaintest sun-dial I ever saw."

"And plenty of spare-rooms if my mother should wish to spend the summer with us," said Mr. Garland, carelessly.

Sophie's face fell, all of a sudden. The roses and daffodils drifted to the ground; she came close to Harry, and began nervously playing with the middle button of his coat.

"Harry," she said, "I don't want to seem ungracious, but—perhaps it is best to have an understanding on this question at once."

"On what question?" said Harry, somewhat bewildered.

"On the mother-in-law question," courageously answered Sophie.

Harry burst out laughing.

"My dear child," said he, "who has been filling your innocent little head with nonsense?"

"It isn't nonsense," said Sophie. "But I have made up my mind never to let our domestic peace be imperiled by such an element as this. And I—I can't consent to receive your mother here, Harry."

Mr. Garland whistled low and long.

"The deuce you can't!" said he.

"You won't ask it, will you, dear?" coaxed the young wife, in her sweetest accents.

"If you only knew my mother, Sophie—" "But I don't know her," pleaded Sophie, "and I don't want to know her."

"I'm sure you would like her, Sophie; and I am positively certain you could not help loving her."

"As if there ever could be any relationship nearer than armed neutrality between mother and daughter-in-law!" satirically observed Mrs. Garland. "No, Harry, it is too dangerous an experiment to try. You will let me have my own way in this matter, will you not?" she added, caressingly.

"It is the first favor I have asked of you."

"Of course you are the mistress here," said Garland, feigning an indifference that he did not feel. "I do not intend to oppose your wishes in any respect."

And Sophie stood on tip-toe to kiss him, by way of reward.

After this discussion, it is hardly necessary to say that Mrs. Harry Garland was not a little surprised, two or three days subsequently, by the arrival of a cab at the gate, loaded with trunks, and the appearance of a juvenile-looking elderly

lady, very much powdered and frizzed, with an eighteen-year-old bonnet and a parasol which a school-girl might have envied. Sophie started from the cozy nest in the hammock where she was reading Dante.

"Mamma!" she exclaimed.

"Yes, darling, it's me," said Mrs. Percy, her mother. "I was on my way to Brighton, so I thought I would surprise you and dear Harold."

And she gave Sophie a succession of kisses, which were very strongly flavored with rose-powder, and beckoned the cabman to bring in the trunks.

"Four," said she. "And a bonnet-box, and an umbrella-strap, and two traveling bags. I believe that is all. My darling Sophie, what a lovely home you have here! And the Doctor says country air is the very thing I need to set me up."

Mrs. Peregrine Percy was one of those old-young ladies who remind one forcibly of an antique piece of furniture varnished up to look like new. Sophie Garland had never been in sympathy with her fashionable mother. She had married decidedly in opposition to that lady's wishes, and was, to tell the truth, not especially pleased at her appearance on the scene at this particular moment.

"But what am I to do?" she said to herself. "I certainly can't turn her out of doors; though I'm sure I don't know what Harry will say, after all those disagreeable things I said about his mother."

But Harry Garland was too much of a gentleman not to behave courteously under any circumstances. He welcomed Mrs. Percy with genuine hospitality, and did not even notice Sophie's appealing glances when the old lady incidentally let fall the information that, since she liked the situation at Cloverdale Cottage so well, she should, perhaps remain there all the summer, "just to keep Sophie company, you know."

"It is so good of Harry not to fling back my own silly words into my face," she thought, with a thrill of gratitude.

But at the end of a week Mrs. Peregrine Percy sickened.

"I hope it's not going to be anything serious," said she. "Sickness does age a person so. I never had any wrinkles, you know, dear, before that last attack of neuralgia."

But when it transpired that Mrs. Percy's ailment was a severe and contagious form of disease, there was a general commotion at Cloverdale Cottage. The servants gave warning; the neighbors kept away; and poor Sophie was weary, worn out with nursing and fatigue, when one day a gentle little woman in black presented herself.

"She will see you ma'am," said the little charity girl, who alone could be induced to cross the infected threshold, and who loudly declared that "at the asylum she had had everything, and wasn't afraid of nothing!" "I told her to go away, but it was no good."

Sophie, pale and haggard, crept down into the darkened drawing-room.

"I don't know who you are," said she, "or what your business is, but you had better go away. There is terrible sickness here."

"I know it, answered a mild voice, "and that is the very reason that I am here. I am Harry's mother, darling. I have come to help you."

So, like a ministering angel, the "mother-in-law" came into the house, just as Sophie herself succumbed to the fell disease.

No sooner did Mrs. Peregrine Percy recover than she packed her trunks and made off for Brighton as fast as possible.

"One always needs change after illness," said she. "And the atmosphere of a sick-room always was most depressing for me. I dare say that the good Mrs. Garland will do all that is necessary for dear Sophie; and I have my own welfare to think of."

Sophie, just able to sit up in a pillowed arm-chair, her cheeks hollowed by illness, her large eyes shining from deep, purple circles, looked after the departing carriage, and then lifted her glance to the tender nurse beside her.

"Mother," she said, wistfully, "you will not leave me?"

"Not unless you send me away, Sophie," said Mrs. Garland, tenderly.

"And that will be never," said Sophie, closing her eyes with a sigh of relief. "How very good you have been to me! Without you I should surely have died."

And even in her slumber she could not rest peacefully unless she held Mrs. Garland's hand in hers.

That evening, when Harry came home, she opened her heart to him.

"Harry," she said, "can you ever forgive me?"

"Forgive you, dearest?"

"For what I said about our dear, dear mother," fervently uttered Sophie. "She is precious beyond expression to me now. She has saved my life by her courage and devotion. And I feel that I cannot part with her any more. Would she stay here with us always, do you think, Harry?"

Harry smiled gravely.

"I am her only son, Sophie," said he.

"Yes, I think she will—if you ask her."

Sophie made her confession to her mother-in-law at once.

"I was so rude, so selfish," she candidly acknowledged. "But I did not know you then."

And Mrs. Garland's tender kiss was a seal of the most loving forgiveness.

Mrs. Peregrine Percy never has gone back to Cloverdale Cottage.

"I don't fancy that stupid, monotonous life," said she. "And my poor child is given up, soul and body, into the clutches of a mother-in-law! It wasn't for want of warning, either. I told Sophie how it would be, but she never would take my advice."

## Birds That Kill Snakes.

The trumpeter-bird is the rag-picker of the woods and swamps of Guiana, where he is always at work at his trade, with his stomach for a pack and his bill for a hook. He performs a most useful but most extraordinary service, devouring a perfect multitude of snakes, frogs, scorpions, spiders, lizzards, and all the like creatures. But this terrible bird can be made perfectly tame.

On the Guiana plantations he may be seen fraternizing with the chickens, ducks, and turkeys, accompanying them in their walks, defending them from their enemies, separating quarrelers with strokes of his bill, sustaining the young and feeble, and waking the echoes with his trumpet while he brings home his flocks at night.

The trumpeter is as handsome as he is useful. Noble and haughty in his aspect, he raises himself upon his long, yellow-gaitered legs, and seems to say: "I am the trumpeter, the scourge of the reptiles, and the protector of the flocks!"

In Southern Africa there is another great exterminator of reptiles—the snake-eater or secretary-bird, a magnificent creature, who attacks the largest serpents, making a shield of its wings and a sword of its beak. The name "secretary-bird" is derived from the plumes projecting backward from its head, which look like quill-pens carried behind one's ear.

In South America, in the very neighborhood of the trumpeter's home, there lives the kamichi, or kamiki, who wears a sharp horn projecting from his forehead and a murderous spur upon each of his wings. With these three weapons the serpents that he attacks are powerless against him and are easily put to death.

The secretary-bird, the Kamichi, and the trumpeter form a valiant and useful trio. The trumpeter has two merits above the others: the ease with which he can be domesticated and his musical talent.

The natives have a saying that he has swallowed a cornet. Whether promenading or war-making, he fills the air with his trumpet calls, and at the sound of his voice of brass the reptiles take to flight.

Presently the bird arrives, flapping his wings and wielding them like a sword. Having killed the serpent, the trumpeter sounds his blast of victory, as he had sounded his charge.—*Youth's Companion*.

## Does Gold Grow?

Years ago I wrote and published in a London magazine an article in which I undertook to prove that gold grows—grows the same as grain and potatoes or anything else. I reckon I did my work crudely, not knowing anything about chemistry or even the ordinary terms of expression about such matters, and so my earnest and entirely correct sketch was torn all to pieces and laughed to scorn.

Well, I have at last found positive proof of my general statement right here in these mountains by the Pacific Sea. Briefly and simply, I have found a piece of petrified wood with a little vein or thread of gold in it. How did that gold get into this piece of wood? Was it placed there by the finger of God on the morning of creation, as men have claimed was the case with the gold found in the veins of the mountains? Nonsense!

Gold grows. Certain conditions of the air, or certain combinations of earth and air and water, and whatever chemicals may be required, and then a rock, a piece of quartz, or petrified tree, for the gold to grow it, and there is your gold crop. Of course, gold grows slowly. Centuries upon centuries, it may be, are required to make the least sign of growth. But it grows just as I asserted years ago; and here at last I hold in my hand such testimony as no man in this world will be rash enough to question—a portion of a petrified tree with a thread of gold in it.—*Joaquin Miller, in Chicago Times*.

A MAN dying left a thousand pounds to an individual who years before ran away with his wife. He said in his will that he never forgot a favor.

## PITH AND POINT.

A HACK-DRIVER—A cough drop.

A PAIR of slippers—Two toboggans. "Who shall decide when doctors disagree?" Sometimes the undertaker.

"Is THE head of the family in, bub?" asked a washing-wringer, peddler. "Yes," mother's in there," replied Johnny.

AN advertiser in Texas calls for "an industrious man, as a boss hand over 5,000 head of sheep that can speak Spanish fluently."

SMYTH—I see our doctors are having a great boom now? De Forest—Is that so? Smyth—Yes; we're going to have two new cemeteries.—*New Haven News*.

"Men must work and women must weep." This is incorrect. When men work, women smile and are happy. It is when men drink that women weep. Try again, Brother Kingsley.

"You seem to be in the clouds, Mr. Pegasus," said a friend to an absent-minded verse-writer the day after the class dinner. "I certainly do feel like thunder," was the weary reply.

THE success of Sam Jones as a preacher is said to lie in his power of illustration. In this respect Sam stands upon the same plane with the artist who makes pictures for the papers.

BARKEEPERS are men who like to see friendly feelings prevailing among their customers, or, in other words, they like to see their customers treating each other well—and often.—*Boston Courier*.

AN irate female seeks admittance to the editor's sanctum. "But I tell you, madam," protests the attendant, "that the editor is too ill to talk to any one to-day." "Never mind; you let me in. I'll do the talking."

AFTER debating a long time as to the proper inscription to put on the gravestone of a man who was blown to pieces by a powder-mill, his friends decided on the following: "He was a man of excellent parts."—*Burlington Free Press*.

A NEW ORLEANS editor has discovered that fishing is hard work. It was generally supposed that fishing was easy enough, but that it was the lying about the big ones which got away that entailed the hard labor.—*Norristown Herald*.

A NEW YORK judge has decided that "cornering" is a crime. When you return home a few inches after midnight by the clock, and your wife begins to question and "cross" examine you, and finally begins to "corner" you, call her attention to this decision.—*Norristown Herald*.

THE old church in Torrington had a pew for "nigger men" and another for "colored ladies." Also a "high pew for gentlemen visitors," and one for "bachelors" and "old maids," respectively. Stranger still, it is claimed that the last-named was occupied on Sunday. This goes ahead of New Hartford's old church, which had one pew set apart for the widows, one for the deacons, and one in the gallery for Indians.—*Torrington (Conn.) Register*.

OMAHA GIRL—Mercy, me! You certainly don't mean to say that that beautiful Miss Million is going to marry a Chinese laundryman? New York girl—Oh, you misunderstood me, dear; he is not a laundryman, he is a member of the Chinese legation at Washington. "But he is a Chinaman, all the same." "Yes, but he is thoroughly Christianized." "Are you sure?" "Yes, indeed. He is a graduate of an American college and was the best pitcher in the ball club."—*Omaha World*.

## DISILLUSION.

Said a silver shin dadd, with an emphasis rude  
Of a daisel ahead whom he swiftly pursued:  
"Now this rain will I use  
As a clever excuse  
To share her umbrella and capture her mood."

For the style of her dress and her trimmings express  
She's a maiden of taste, and of fashion I guess;  
If it isn't quite grace  
In her motions I trace,  
There is strength which is better I'm bound to confess.

"Now," he said, "will I make a dashing old break;  
Clear the track! Now, I hope she won't give me the shake."

Then he sprang to her side—  
"Great Heaven!" he cried,  
"Excuse me," he stammered, "I've made a mistake."

Cried the maiden, "Whoroo! That's the nather wild you?  
Come as ye like, there be shelter for two;  
I am taking a jaunt  
To the corner beyond,  
To get a few murrhins to put in the shlow."—*Texas Siftings*.

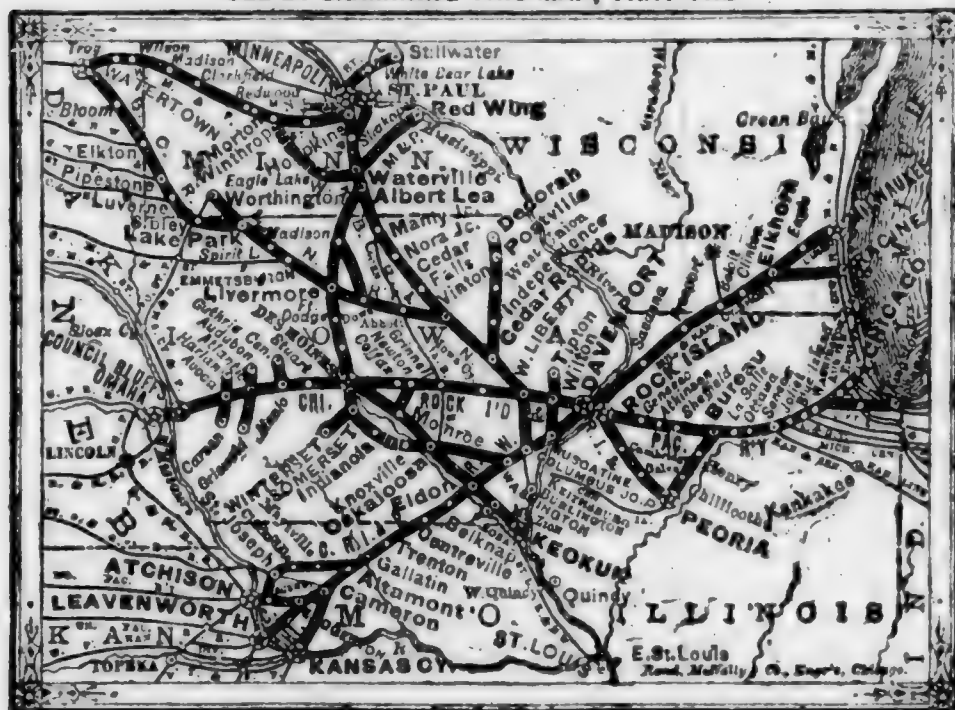


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CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.  
Best Cough Syrup. Tastes good. Use  
in time. Sold by druggists.  
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**PATENTS** R. S. & A. P. LACKY, Patent Attorneys Washington, D. C. Institutions and opinions as to patentability FREE. 15-17 years' experience.

WHO IS UNACQUAINTED WITH THE GEOGRAPHY OF THIS COUNTRY, WILL  
SEE BY EXAMINING THIS MAP, THAT THE



## CHICAGO, ROCK ISLAND & PACIFIC R'Y

travels travel north and south in either direction between the Atlantic and Pacific. The Rock Island has many lines and branches include Chicago, Joliet, Ottawa, La Salle, St. Louis, St. Paul, Moline and Rock Island, in Illinois; Evansport, Muscatine, Washington, Fairfield, Ottumwa, Oakdale, West Liberty, Iowa City, Des Moines, Indianola, Winterset, Atlantic, Knoxville, Audubon, Harlan, Guthrie Centre and Council Bluffs, in Iowa; Galatin, Trenton, St. Joseph, Cameron and Kansas City, in Missouri; Leavenworth and Atchison, in Kansas; Albert Lea, Minneapolis and St. Paul, in Minnesota; Watertown in Dakota, and hundreds of intermediate cities, towns and villages.

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All classes of patrons, especially families, ladies and children, receive from officials and employes of Rock Island trains protection, respectful courtesy and kindly attention.

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<b>R. R. CABLE,</b> Pres't & Gen'l Mgr, Chicago.	<b>E. ST. JOHN,</b> Asst Gen'l Mgr, Chicago.	<b>E. A. HOLBROOK,</b> Gen'l Tkt. & Pass. Agt, Chicago.
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Flange Station Dec 17 1886

Messrs.  
 B. F. Lundebach & Co.  
 773 & 775 Broad St.  
 Newark N. J.

Gentleman. I am happy to inform you  
 that your Catarrh remedy, has I think completely  
 cured me of the Dreadful Catarrh. I have not  
 used near all my money you sent me for  
 my cure was a bad one. I have expended  
 hundreds of Dollars for the past 20 years trying  
 every thing that I could hear of, but all to no  
 purpose, until hearing, or rather seeing your  
 advertisement in the papers... and, as a last resort,  
 I concluded to try once more. Thinking of course that  
 it would prove a failure, same as all others,  
 but to my surprise and astonishment, I found relief  
 immediately the very first day, and now after  
 only about 6 weeks I am now I think entirely  
 clear of the loathsome disease, I was so bad  
 that for the past year I have been unable  
 to sleep, sleep to sit bolted up in my bed  
 could not lay down, on account of the constant  
 dripping in my throat. I my breath was terrible. Now  
 the whole thing is clear and I cheerfully recommend  
 to every one who is troubled with Catarrh to call  
 on you. Knowing from personal experience that your  
 remedy is a sure cure. There is nothing else  
 for your remedy that is in any way disagreeable  
 on the other hand it is pleasant to take. I require  
 no trouble and it only takes from 3 to 5 minutes  
 each day. You are at liberty to use this  
 recommendation as you see fit, knowing that  
 it may influence hundreds of others to use  
 your remedy.

Very respectfully, Yours  
 Moses. Pinkeshoff.  
 R. P. R.  
 Fargo Bt

COMPLETE TREATMENT, \$2.00. If you are unable to obtain it from your druggist, we will mail it upon receipt of price. Sample mailed on receipt of 10-cent stamp. Address  
B. S. LAUDERBACH & CO.,  
771 & 773 Broad St.,  
Newark, New Jersey.



# SLICKER

None genuine unless stamped with the above TRADE MARK.

Don't waste your money on a gum or rubber coat. The FISH BRAND SLICKER is absolutely water and wind proof, and will keep you dry in the hardest storm. Ask for the "FISH BRAND" slicker and take no other. If your storekeeper does not have the "FISH BRAND", send for descriptive catalogue to A. J. TOWER, 20 Simmons St., Boston, Mass.

## 293 COLUMBUS



CHICHESTER'S ENGLISH  
**PENNYROYAL PILLS**

**The Original and Only Genuine.**

Safe and always Reliable. Beware of worthless Imitations. Ladies, ask your Druggist for "Chichester's English" and take no other, or refuse to. (Stamp it on us for particulars in letter by return mail.) NAME AND ADDRESS. **CHICHESTER CHEMICAL CO.,** 8813 Madison Square, Philadelphia, Pa. Sold by Druggists everywhere. Ask for "Chichester's English" Pennyroyal Pills. Take no other.

**C** The Oldest Medicine in the World is  
probably Dr. Isaac Thompson's  
**Celebrated Eye Water** **R**

This article is a carefully prepared physician's prescription, and has been in constant use for nearly a century, and notwithstanding the many other preparations that have been introduced into the market, the value of this article is constantly increasing. If the directions are followed it will never fail. We particularly invite the attention of physicians to its merits.

**John L. Thompson, Sons & Co., Troy, N. Y.**

**LEADY AGENTS** - Article now sells fast. No money to invest. Address, R. P. LICKES, St. Charles, Mo.

# DETECTIVES

Wanted in every County. Threw men to act under our instructions in our Secret Service; Experienced not necessary. Send stamp for particulars. CHANNAN DETECTIVE BUREAU 44 Arcade, Cincinnati, O.

**LOTS** New Town of BENJAMIN, Wis., Con. B. 11  
 Parts apply Milwaukee Mining Exchange  
 Milwaukee, Wis. (Crested) Brought and sold



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Entered at the Post Office at St. Joe as second-class matter.

FRIDAY APRIL 22, 1887.

OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

SPENCERVILLE.

Mrs. Bittenger is on the sick list. Cassius Silberg was at Maysville last Monday.

Grandma Rhodes is slowly recovering from her late illness.

Mrs. Allen and Mrs. Barney visited at Maysville last Thursday.

Mrs. Henry Murray and daughter were at Hicksville Wednesday.

Teacher's meeting at the home of Mrs. Oberholtzer on Saturday evening.

Mr. Henry Fales and wife have been visiting their son at Nappanee during the past week.

Ben Zimmerman organized a singing school last week, to be held every Tuesday evening, at the M. E. church.

ORANGEVILLE.

The assessor is paying the farmers in this vicinity a visit.

The oats are nearly all sowed in this part of the township.

The best is always the cheapest, at least that's what Catharine thinks.

Ad Chubb has some oats that is up nicely. He thinks that if the weather continues cold he will have to blanket them.

William Draper is one among our enterprising farmers; at least we have reason to judge from the fact that he killed his dog before the assessor came around.

Mr. Bartholomew and lady of Waterloo, formerly of this place visited a few days last week with their old neighbors and friends at this place, and by the way, he did not come empty handed either; but brought a full line of fishing tackle. He had all the way from a minnow to a whale hook, and the way he threw out the fish we call pumpkin seed, was a caution.

PIGEON'S RETREAT.

Batdorf's moved to Cedar Creek last week.

George Dilley was the guest of his sister Mrs. Ella Horn Sunday.

Daniel Houk will build a new house on his farm some time this summer.

Miss Nannie Timmerman has been suffering for the past few weeks from an attack of rheumatism.

Gerry Wasson, who has been working for Theodore Kline of the south woods, returned home this week.

Butch Hill will leave in a few days for his uncle's in Steuben Co. with whom he will stay for an unlimited time.

Ben Wasson's missing sap buckets returned to camp, but lo and behold! the syrup had been licked out clean.

Mrs. Gratz of Bryan, Ohio, who has been visiting friends and relatives in this neighborhood, returned home last week.

Will Koch's little daughter Beulah, has been quite sick with malaria fever and canker sore mouth. She is better now.

Mr. Coburntown: Please don't get under the impression that we don't like your style of writing. On the contrary we think your items splendid and always read them first. But "Barcus" is a dutchman, and you must take him as he means and not as he says.

PLEASANT HILL.

John Koch's visited with his brother Wilson last Sunday.

Mrs. Chas. Jackson visited with her parents last Sunday.

Bleeks and Barlett are hauling some large logs from the Saylor farm.

Wonder why Lige goes to Newville to Sunday school when it is nearer to St. Joe?

Henry Hull and wife were the guests of Andrew Jackson and wife last Sunday.

We understand that bird didn't meet Henry Krabill a week ago Saturday evening, where it had intended to sing for him.

We would think that last Monday was a bad day on O. H. Widney's "Holdovers." Especially if they had to lay out.

COBURNTOWN.

Peddlers average about three a day, now.

It is sometimes the case that a little "set to" between neighbors will result in a lasting friendship. So mote it be.

The surveyor or his deputy rather, was in this neighborhood Saturday looking after the interest of the county ditches.

Mort Milliman has set out five hundred raspberry plants of a new variety. Hope he may succeed in raising lots of them, as we like raspberries.

If that young blizzard Monday, and the freeze at night didn't cook the early fruit buds, there is no use in trying to kill them; but I don't think it did.

There is more potatoes planted in this neighborhood than ever was known before so early in the season. Every body that has a swamp is planting it to potatoes.

War Coburn built a chimney for J. M. last week, commencing in the cellar, and now the family can leave home and not be afraid they will find their house in ashes when they return.

What has become of our fair correspondent at Pigeon's Retreat? Have not heard from there for several weeks. By the way, I suppose I owe him, that is I mean her, an apology. I didn't know that he was, or I mean she was a—or I supposed that he was—plague on it I mean that your correspondent was a kicker. I take it all back and won't do so any more.

CONCORD.

Charley Wyatt is quite sick with the measles.

Mrs. Jane Morris afflicted with a very bad sore throat.

Mrs. Vina Johnson entertained friends last Thursday afternoon.

Mr. Dilley and wife of Spencerville, attended church at this place last Sunday.

G. W. Simanton is having his house raised and other necessary repairs are being made.

Misses Maggie Koch and Bertha Meese called on Miss Arvilla Draggoo last Saturday evening.

Mrs. M. Hennesy and Mrs. A. Baker visited with Mrs. John Hull last Thursday.

A few ladies in the vicinity were the guests of Mrs. James Smith last Thursday.

Henry Baker has placed new chandeliers in his store, which are very useful and ornamental.

Belle Hilderbrand is visiting for a few weeks with her sister, Mrs. E. Wyatt near Fort Wayne.

Mrs. Wasson's case is not as hopeful at present as it was last week. Her recovery is very doubtful.

Mrs. McCune, of Auburn, called on Mrs. F. Buchanan Saturday afternoon, and stayed all night with Mrs. P. A. Shurts. She returned home Sunday morning.

James Baker will do nothing more with his fish pond, until after corn planting, when he will again resume work and in a short time have it stocked with fish.

Will Baker must have been thinking of his girl last Thursday afternoon while out on the road selling pumps. For he lost one near N. Wyatt's and did not discover that he had, until he got at the foot of the hill near James Johnson's.

Dan Wyatt raised his barn last Saturday. Quite a crowd were present and there being no accident, every thing went off nicely, and the barn was raised by noon. About as many women were there as men, and after dinner they thought they must raise the cook, but the wonderful feat would never have been accomplished without the aid of James Smith.

The season for house cleaning and garden making has arrived and the ladies are vying with each other to see who will have the nicest garden and the earliest vegetables. But we do not see why the men should look so glum and be so crusty, because they have to take down stoves, or dust and tack down carpets, when they all enjoy a clean house so much, and best of all they have the privilege of eating cold dinners in the wood house, but some people cannot appreciate such privileges.

George Stout, of Hamilton is conducting a writing school at this place.

Wagons are cheap; Patterson is selling a good two horse wagon for only \$1.00.

Yesbers, the fashionable tailor, has the finest line of piece goods ever shown in Auburn.

A. M. Richards was in town Tuesday, making his semi-occasional distribution of insurance blotters.

Wash and Ward Woodcox left this week for the west, where they intend purchasing land. Wash will return about the first of June, but Ward will remain there permanently.

Trustee Dermott informs us that he has decided to build an addition of 26x40 feet, to the north end of the school building. The job will be let as soon as possible, in order to have the room ready for the winter term of school.

August Kinsey has invented a patent Combination Milk Safe and Kitchen Cupboard that for convenience and economy, is bound to take front rank of improved household furniture. It is constructed so that each shelf revolves independent of the other, and always brings the article wanted, to the front. The shelves can be raised and lowered to suit any highth crock or pan, thus giving one third more room than any other safe in the market. It is easily understood at a glance, and at once appreciated by every good housekeeper. Call at Kinsey's Furniture store and examine them.

M. TUSTISON,

DEALER IN

GROCERIES,

EARTHEN POTS FOR HOUSE PLANTS

PROVISIONS, OYSTERS, LEMONS,

ORANGES, CANDIES, CIGARS &c.

MAIN ST., - - - ST. JOE, IND.

WILLIAM CURIE,

PROPRIETOR OF

MEAT MARKET

ST. JOE, IND.

Highest market price paid for Hides, Tallow &c. Give me a call.

J. F. WALKER,

MAKER AND DEALER IN

Harness, Collars,

WHIPS, HARNESS OIL &c.

ST. JOE, IND.

Repairing done promptly. Prices as low as the lowest. Call and see.

A. KINSEY,

DEALER IN

FURNITURE

BUREAUS, TABLES,

Lounges, Beds, Chairs &c.

MAIN STREET, ST. JOE, IND.

All styles of Parlor Goods furnished in order at low prices. Thanking you for past favors I solicit your future patronage.

F. A. ZEIGLER,

MAKER AND DEALER IN

HARNESS,

COLLARS,

WHIPS &c.

FLY NETS,

DUSTERS,

OILS &c.

St. Joe, Ind.

Prices the Lowest. All work guaranteed. Call and see me.

R. G. COBURN,

AGENT FOR THE

ALBION SPRING TOOTH Cultivator

AND FIELD HARROW,

AND DAISY RAKE.

Farmers will save money by seeing me before buying. I will call on you with a sample in a few days. R. G. Coburn, St. Joe, Ind.



Miss S. A. Bartlett,

—DEALER IN FINE—

## MILLINERY

—HATS, BONNETS,--

Flowers,  
Ribbons,  
Feathers,

—ORNAMENTS &C.--

I invite the attention of the ladies of St. Joe and vicinity to my new stock of Spring and Summer Millinery Goods, comprising the newest and latest styles and shapes. I am constantly receiving new goods, and therefore can please everybody. Give me your patronage. Prices as low as the lowest. Call and see my line before making your purchases. Rooms over Dr. Bowman's office, St. Joe, Ind.

MISS S. A. BARTLETT

### Business Notices.

**H. W. BOWMAN, M. D.,** Physician and Surgeon, St. Joe, Ind. Office opposite the Drugstore.

**ST. JOE HOTEL,** Wm. Leighty, proprietor. Special attention given to furnishing teams for commercial men.

**B. S. SHEFFER, M. D.,** Physician and Surgeon, St. Joe, Ind. Prompt and careful attention to all business entrusted to his care.

**ST. JOE BARBER SHOP,** one door west of hotel, Will Gee, proprietor. Satisfaction guaranteed. Your patronage is solicited.

**FILLEY, LOUNSBERRY AND SHULER,** proprietors of the St. Joe Saw and Planing Mill. All work promptly done. Cash paid for Oak Logs.

**CITY BARBER SHOP,** St. Joe, Ind., John Hull, proprietor. Shaving, Hair Cutting &c. done in the best of style. Come and see me. Two doors west of Kinsey's Furniture Store.

**SIMON WINELAND,** proprietor St. Joe Handle, Shingle and Feed Mills. Feed grinding a specialty. Highest prices paid for second growth White Ash. Enquire at the mill for full particulars.

### LOCALS.

M. T. Bishop has on hand a large stock of shingles.

Free Zeigler has sold seven sets of harness in the last month.

Charlie Widney has been quite sick this week, but is better.

Why not have the old settler's meeting at St. Joe this year.

H. R. Babcox returned to this neighborhood last week.

O. H. Widney carries a cane, and it is not a gold headed one, either.

Miss Bartlett has a handsome line of millinery goods this spring.

Come to St. Joe to buy your goods. Big stocks to select from, at bottom prices.

Yesbera, the tailor of Auburn, is making some nobby suits this spring.

Russ Kopp had a dream the other night that was pretty tough on Sol Barney.

Over \$300,000 worth of wall paper was burned up in Chicago, one night last week.

Bill Baker has been catching some fine strings of fish in the river the past week.

Yesbera of Auburn has fits; that is, he fits people with fine tailor made clothing.

Ed White is giving his house a coat of paint, which adds much to its appearance.

The big snow storm of last Monday done no damage; in fact it was a benefit to the county.

The Sullivan-Walters case is set for trial in the Steuben County Circuit Court on April 25th.

Dr. Bowman was at Cherubuseo last Friday looking after the interests of his farm at that place.

We will gladly insert notices of any kind in this paper free of charge. Just see that they are handed in to us by Thursday noon.

Go to Testison's grocery and get some of those earthen pots to put your flowers in. They are cheap and are just the thing.

Gerry Sanders is visiting friends in this neighborhood again. It is rumored that Gerry will take unto himself a wife from among the fair daughters of Springfield township.

There will be a Song Service at the Lutheran church Sunday evening, in which all are invited to take part. Singing will commence immediately after the ringing of the first bell. Bring your Gospel Hymns.

The executive committee of the De Kalb County Pioneer Association is requested to meet at the court house in Auburn, on Monday, May 2, 1887, at eleven o'clock, to make arrangements for holding the next annual meeting.

We are glad to know that the St. Joe band has recently reorganized, and elected new officers, and it is now in a good thriving condition. A band is an important feature in a lively, wide awake town, and our citizens should lend it all the encouragement possible.

A number of the young people of St. Joe met at the residence of Dr. Sheffer on last Wednesday evening, for the purpose of organizing a young people's temperance society. The following officers were elected: Miss Hattie Langley, president; Misses Addie Widney, Vergie Langley and Frank Hart, vice-presidents; Ella Sanders, secretary; Miss Leona Tustison, corresponding secretary; Burt Hull, treasurer. The exercises will consist of literary work in general. The society will meet at the residence of Miss Prudie Lounsberry, on next Monday evening, April 25th.

J. H. CONRAD,

DEALER IN

## ROOFING AND SPOUTING

GUTTERING, HOUSE FURNISHING GOODS,

Cutlery, Nails, Paints, Woodenware &c.

MAIN STREET,

ST. JOE IND.

All work and goods guaranteed to give satisfaction. Give me a try.

AT THE

St. Joe

DRUG

STORE.

White-wash Brushes  
Kalsomine Brushes  
Paint and Wall Brushes  
Artist's Brushes  
Marking Brushes  
Shoe and Hair Brushes  
Tooth and Clothes Brushes.

AT THE

St. Joe

DRUG

STORE.



—A. KINSEY—

Undertaker and Embalmer. Keeps on hand constantly, a stock of Undertaking Supplies, Coffins, Caskets, Burial Robes &c. I can supply as fine goods as can be furnished. Will attend to making all arrangements for funerals. Calls responded to at all hours of the night. Office on corner of Main and Second streets; residence on corner of Main and Fourth Streets, St. Joe, Ind.

### ST. JOE MARKETS.

CORRECTED EVERY FRIDAY.

Wheat	77 1/2 cts.
Oats	28 cts.
Corn	40 cts.
Butter	15 cts.
Eggs	10 cts.
Tallow	3 1/2 cts.
Lard	10 cts.
Potatoes	50 cts.
Smoked Hams	10 cts.
Shoulders and Side Meat	8 cts.

### Baltimore & Ohio R. R.

WEST BOUND.

No. 9 Mail and Express 11:10 A. M.  
3 Chicago Express 10:43 P. M.  
35 Local Freight 3:53 P. M.

EAST BOUND.

No. 10 Express and Mail 2:08 P. M.  
4 Morning Express 2:57 A. M.  
34 Local Freight 8:00 A. M.

G. V. JAMES, AGENT.

Jud Davis is still dangerously sick. April showers have been scarce this year.

Webb & White are doing a job of painting at Butler.

Al Hall now has his blacksmith shop open for business.

The graduation exercises of the St. Joe school occurs some time in May.

The W. C. T. U. met at the residence of A. Evans yesterday afternoon.

Howard Northup has some cane seed which he offers to give away to any one who will call and get it.

Simon Wineland has purchased a portable saw mill, which he will use in connection with his other machinery.

The habit of allowing everybody to carry the mail between here and Spencerville has been done away with. Only authorized persons can carry it.

**HOUSE PAINTING.** Graining, Glazing Paper Hanging and Ceiling Decorating a specialty. All work guaranteed. B. A. Woodcock. Call and see me, or leave orders at the St. Joe Drugstore.

**STAR WIND PUMP.** E. A. Wagoner, agent, Newville, Ind. Farmers who think of buying a pump should give me a call before doing so. The Star Mill is the best and prices the lowest.

### Shingles!

Shingles at \$1.10 per Thousand  
Shingles at \$2.20 per Thousand  
Shingles at \$2.60 per Thousand  
Shingles at \$3.25 per Thousand  
Shingles at \$3.60 per Thousand  
M. T. BISHOP, St. Joe, Ind.



The editor growles a gude deal be caws I take up so much space with mi remarks on chickens, but never the less I cannot refrain from giving the readers of this valuable paper an illustrashun of another nue breed ov chickens discovered recently by P. A. Shurts, ov this stato. He calls them the "Prohibishunests." They differ from the "Holdovers" from the fact that, tha never drink aon thing stronger than watter. They dont favor licens ov ana kind, and tha sa the eggs tha lay wont even maik gude eg-nog. The only particular draw back ther is tu them is tu hav tu put hog rings in ther snouts tu keep them from rooting. For further informashun, inquire ov A. himself.

Barcus Q. Hippenhammer

### NOTICE.

Sealed proposals will be received at the Post Office for carrying the United States Mail from Butler, Ind., via Newville, Ind., to St. Joe Station, six (6) times per week, each way, by a schedule time of three (3) hours each way, distance of 103 miles, from July 1st, 1887, to June 30th, 1888. Bids received for ten (10) days only. For further information inquire at the Post Office. By order of Postmaster General.

Frank Barney, P. M.  
St. Joe, Ind., April 20, 1887.



## PAPIER MACHE.

Method of Its Manufacture and Uses to Which It Is Applied.  
(Pittsburgh Chronicle.)

"A dollar you can't tell me what that match-box is made of," said Dick, handing the object to his friend, Harry Dolt.

"Don't bet, in the first place," replied Harry, "and don't care in the second. Suppose all a man wants to know is if it'll hold matches and isn't too big for his pocket."

"Never saw such a fellow as you in my life. I'm sure that if the last judgment was announced on good authority for noon, sharp, to-morrow, you'd take it as a matter of course."

"Why not? When I run up against the inevitable I try to manage things so as not to get concussion of the brain. Is there anything as startling as your supposed announcement in that match-box?"

"Did you ever see a piece of polished ebony as light as that?"

"Polished pancakes! It's nothing but papier mache. Any child can tell that."

"Perhaps so. But, admitting the fact, there is a child of about six-and-twenty solid winters in front of me who can't tell how papier mache is made."

"I'm very much given to minding my own business, and the making of papier mache is no part of it. But I think it's an open question whether you could accurately describe the process yourself. By the way, why does it interest you?"

"I have the prosperity of Pittsburgh at heart. Some people seem to think that all we can or ought to do here is to make iron, steel, and glass. Now, with our splendid advantages in point of fuel, I think Pittsburgh would be a first-rate place for the manufacture of paper car wheels."

"That's quite another matter. Now, I'm prepared to listen. But you know I love brevity."

"Well, cotton forms the basis of the paper used. The sheets are pasted together with dextrine until the mass is thick enough to go under the hydraulic press. There they are squeezed into any desired form, which, when dry, is as hard as and a good deal lighter, bulk for bulk, than any wood."

"Brief enough; go on."

"This product is poreless, fiberless, seamless, and knotless. It is subjected for twenty-four hours to a high-drying heat. Then it can be worked with any kind of tool. The varnishing of it is a mere detail."

"It is from this substance that are manufactured all those bracelets of large black beads studded with Scotch imitation diamonds, all those necklaces, pins, clasps, and trinkets of all sorts that are taken for pitch coal or some precious wood. Again, those handsome bracelets, composed of semi-lucid and opaline globules, that seem to have been cut out of a stone formed by concentric layers, like certain precious stones, are merely of papier mache, cemented with white varnish and coated with the same. So, too, those beautiful nacreous, painted, and gilded trays, round tables, and caskets that are known as Japanese work are merely of papier mache. The Japanese know but one kind of gilding, while we have two—the dead and the brilliant. We have, likewise, a liquid naere taken from the scales of the whitebait that well imitates the white currant and certain transparent berries. The naere is solidly inlaid by means of the hydraulic press, and finally the surface is finished with pumice stone to make it perfectly even, and covered with a colorless varnish of the first quality."

"Well, that was worth listening to. But if I were as much interested in all this kind of stuff as you are I think I'd try and invent something myself."

"Too many patent sharps around. Wouldn't pay. More fun in letting other fellows do that."

## On Time.

A clerk in an Austin store informed his employer that his sister was going to get married, and he wanted a furlough of forty-eight hours to attend the wedding, which was to take place out in the country somewhere. The merchant could not well spare the services of the young man for that length of time, but he finally consented to let him go on condition that he would return promptly at the expiration of the two days.

"As soon as my forty-eight hours are up I'll be back," said the young man,

hurrying off to catch the train, and that was the last his employer saw of him for six solid days. Then he walked in, grip-sack in hand, and a beaming smile on his face, remarking:

"Back on time."

"Back on time!" roared the exasperated employer. "Do you call six days forty-eight hours?"

"Of course I do. What else do you call it?"

"Have you lost the use of your mental faculties, or are you trying, sir, to take unwarranted liberties with me?"

"Why, I am surprised. I told you I wanted forty-eight hours' recreation, didn't I?"

"Certainly. And I gave it to you."

"Just so. And I work in the store eight hours a day, don't I?"

"Of course."

"Well, eight into forty-eight goes six times, and I have been gone eight hours a day for six days, so you see I'm on time. If there is one thing I know better than another, it is how to be on hand at the appointed hour."—*Texas Siftings.*

## The Whitehead Torpedo.

The torpedo that has been adopted by nearly every naval power of Europe is known as the Whitehead, and belongs to what may be designated as the "projectile class," that is, having been started on its course toward the enemy, no control of it is retained by the operator. Most of the various types of this class are wholly submerged when operated against an enemy, and are generally arranged to run at a given depth below the surface, varying from 5 to 15 feet.

Naturally, one of the main objects of inventors of torpedoes, as well as of those engaged in other fields of invention, is financial profit. The Whitehead is the only torpedo that has yet proved a success in this respect. It is built of thin sheets of steel, is cigar-shaped, like those already described, but without the attached float, and is made in three sizes, the largest being 19 feet long by 16 inches diameter, and the smallest 9 feet long by 11 inches diameter. The motive power is compressed air, carried at a pressure of about 70 atmospheres, in a cylindrical reservoir within the torpedo. The speed attained is about 25 miles per hour for a distance of 450 yards. The torpedo is divided into three sections—"forward," "middle," and "rear"—containing, respectively, the charge of 70 to 93 pounds of gun-cotton; the adjusting mechanism, wherein lies the secret of the inventor, and by which the hydrostatic pressure of surrounding water is made to regulate the depth of immersion; and the air-engines and steering machinery. It is designed to be carried on board a very swift torpedo-boat, capable of overtaking the fast iron-clad, and, when within effective range, to be discharged from the boat with the steering rudder of the torpedo set in such a position as to direct its course toward the enemy. The first motion, or "discharge," is effected through a guide-tube in the bow of the boat, either above or below the surface of the water, usually by means of a very small charge of powder, after which, upon reaching the water, the torpedo is propelled by its own engines. The explosion may be made to take place either upon impact with the enemy or after the torpedo has run a given distance. — *Lieut. W. S. Hughes, in Scribner's Magazine.*

## Adjourned the Bear Hunt.

"Any bear about this neighborhood?" he inquired as he leaned an \$800 breech-loader carelessly in the hollow of his arm.

"The woods is full of 'em," said a citizen. "One of 'em bit my brother's leg off yesterday. Are ye loaded for b'ar, mister?"

"No, sir," replied the young man, hastily boarding the train; "I'm loaded for rabbits."—*Harper's Bazar.*

## How to Turn Their Heads.

"Miss Smith, are you going to the ball to-morrow night?" asked Kosciusko Murphy.

Miss Smith—"Of course I am."

"I supposed as much. Why is it that you are so fond of dancing?"

"You see, it's the easiest way to turn men's heads."—*Texas Siftings.*

A JOLLY-LOOKING Irishman was saluted with the remark, "Tim, your house has blown away." "Deed it's not," said Tim, "for I've the key in my pocket."

## RELIGIOUS SCENES IN CHINA.

A Picturesque Church-Beggar—Carrying Out a Dreadful Vow.

"Church-begging" is very common in China. The temples advertise their wants by posting on walls in the neighborhood square pieces of yellow paper, wherein is the exact Chinese equivalent of the scriptural, "Ask and ye shall receive," together with the name and location of the temple where prayers are always answered.

But there are also more personal forms of begging. The writer of an article in the *Youth's Companion* has seen in Peking a priest whose cheeks had been pierced, and the teeth knocked out so that an iron rod, as large as one's middle finger, could be passed through, to project an inch or two beyond either cheek. An iron half-circle was hinged to each end of this, and passed around the back of the priest's head. Attached to the half-circle was an iron chain, which was so long as to drag on the ground several feet behind him.

His business was to go from house to house, beating a small drum, asking help to repair a temple. Sympathy would be wasted on him. He was a "professional church-debt lifter," who had monthly wages and a commission on his collections, and the rod and chain were his stock in trade.

There is another way, still more peculiar. A priest stands in a small box-like structure, placed in front of a temple, through the boards of which spikes have been driven, so that the imprisoned priest can move no part of his body, except his right arm, without being pricked by a spike. With his right hand he rings a bell to draw attention to his pitiable condition. Charitable persons give so much for the privilege of drawing out a spike.

The highest-priced spikes are those which point at the vital parts of the body. The priest is supposed to stand in his kennel day and night until all the spikes have been bought and drawn, but no one believes that he really does so.

A single incident will show how much hardship and self-inflicted suffering some of these heathen will undergo to fulfill a religious vow. One intolerably hot and dusty afternoon in 1871 the writer was resting at a wayside tea house to the southwest of Peking and saw, approaching a man and a woman. The man would first take one long step, then bring his other foot up and measure his whole length in the road.

Having knocked his head three times on the ground, he rose, took another step, and again prostrated himself. The woman was his wife, and was waiting upon him. In answer to questions, he said that he had made a vow that if Buddha would restore to health his son, who was desperately sick, he would make a pilgrimage to Wu-tai-shan and home again, a step and a prostration all the way.

Not more than three miles could be made in a day. He had traveled about 600 of the 2,000 miles of his double journey, and would be two years longer in completing his vow. As he was 78 years old, and almost worn out, it was easy to see that he would not live to fulfill it. A callous lump as large as an egg projected from his forehead, raised by his knocking his head upon the dusty road. Yet this man was shocked and angry at a suggestion that he should abandon his useless pilgrimage, and passed out of sight measuring the road with his infirm body.

## Jay Gould's Blunderbuss.

A German once called at the office of Mr. Morosini and inquired for Mr. Gould. This man had invented a new method of churning butter. The invention consisted of an immense copper syringe, about two feet long and six inches in circumference. His idea was to supply the great American public with the means of churning their own butter, and thus making every household happy. The cream was to be placed within the syringe and then put into the owner's pocket. The constant walking during the day was supposed to agitate the cream sufficiently to form butter; failing in this, however, a few rapid movements of the plunger would answer the purpose. This could be done by a gentleman when leaving home for business in the morning, and when he returned at night he would have two pounds of fresh butter that would astonish the natives. The idea was certainly economical as well as novel.

On entering the office the man met

Mr. Morosini, who asked him his business. The German replied that he had perfected a great invention, and desired to show it to Mr. Gould. The gentleman in question was standing close by, and on hearing his name mentioned he stepped forward to the pigeon-hole in the office. The outer room at that time was divided by a partition in which was a pigeon-hole, and through this visitors were interviewed. With a wave of his hand Mr. Morosini referred the stranger to Mr. Gould. After looking at the railroad magnate in silence for a moment, the man suddenly made a dash with his right hand into his vest pocket and drew forth this odd butter churn or syringe, which he pointed in a confiding manner and with the blandest of smiles toward the two gentlemen. Visions of an assassination crossing their minds, both Mr. Gould and Mr. Morosini simultaneously dropped tremblingly to the floor, beneath the pigeon-hole, and in the most heart-rending tones shrieked: "Please shoot high."

The wounded feelings of the innocent German may be imagined when he discovered that his great invention was mistaken for a blunderbuss.—*New York Star.*

## How to Live Without Eating.

Henry Howard, explains in his article on "Fasting and Fasting" in the *Cosmopolitan* how it is that some people and animals can get along without food.

Auto-suggestion, or a belief that one is nourished when one is not, is a great thing, and accounts for many phenomena otherwise inexplicable. Sedillot relates an incident to prove its existence in the animal kingdom as well: "A tortoise weighing one kilogramme and a half had been captured and permitted during several weeks to wander around the garden, subsisting on flies and other insects. When weighing two kilograms the creature was recaptured and eviscerated from behind, its head, members, and shell being left intact. It was then restored to its liberty weighing fifteen grammes less than at the time of its first capture, and, although entirely hollow and open in its posterior aspect, it roamed about as before, snapping up flies that, after being swallowed, readily escaped from behind. After two weeks the animal was taken and again weighed, when it was found to be five grammes heavier than at the period immediately after its evisceration. The creature was a *croyant* that is, it believed it was taking into its system an abundance of aliment; it was growing fat. What was this mysterious energy that worked an apparent impossibility if not auto-suggestion?"

On the other hand, this sensation of hunger is, at least, in a certain measure, independent of the state of inanition. In other words, in cases of nervous diseases hunger may be felt acutely, with all its distressing effects, in a body sufficiently nourished. In support of this distinction, M. de Parville says: "We are acquainted with a lean lawyer and a fat engineer, both of them neurotic. If the lawyer does not take a glass of Madeira and a sandwich at 5 o'clock he becomes livid and has an attack of vertigo. The engineer is tougher. For about a year he guarded himself against his indiosyncrasy by smoking, but toward half past 7, when he came home and smelled the odor of the dishes, if he was not served on the instant he could not control himself, and went into a veritable fury. He became positively and in spite of himself furiously ravenous. And yet he was fat, and had no need to repair the losses of the organism that was already too well nourished."

So also numerous stories are found in all ancient medical dictionaries relative to those great eaters whose insatiable stomachs engulphed enormous masses of solids and liquids. Such was the case of Tarras, who went so far as to drink the blood of his patients and eat the flesh of his cadavers, and who was suspected of having devoured a 4-year-old child; yet he had a most sweet disposition when he wasn't hungry.

## An Unexciting Election.

"Have any fun on election day?" queried one as they leaned against the wall.

"Oh, some," replied the other.

"How?"

"Well, I had two fights and got struck on the head by a policeman's club. Pretty dull day, though, take it all around."—*Detroit Free Press.*



## The Sahara Desert.

The Sahara, the largest desert in the world, occupies an area estimated at from 1,500,000 to 2,500,000 square miles. The sterility of the Sahara is largely attributable to the fact that the prevailing northeast trade winds which blow over its surface bring it no moisture, having been almost drained of aqueous vapor in their long continental journey over Europe and Asia. On the mountains south of the Mediterranean they deposit more than they have collected in their brief passage over the sea. When they reach the heated desert beyond, where the absorptive capacity of the air is greatly increased by the access of temperature, they bear away moisture instead of bringing it, and it is not condensed into rain until it reaches the mountains of Central Asia. The Sahara is probably subject to a higher temperature than any other region on the globe; the thermometer has been known to register 133 deg. F. This terrific heat imparts their dreaded characteristic to the simoons and other similar winds blown off the desert. According to Sir Charles Lyell the Sahara was under water between latitude 20 degrees and 40 degrees N. at one time during the glacial epoch, so that there was water communication between the southern part of the Mediterranean and that portion of the Atlantic ocean now bounded by the west coast of Africa. A project has of late been advocated of reconverting the deeper part of the Sahara, an area of about 126,000 square miles, into a sea, by cutting a canal from the Atlantic through the sand hills which form the western border.

"Several ounces of the brain have been lost in consequence of wounds, without death, or the loss of memory or intellect." Sir Charles Bell's Anatomy and Physiology of the Human Body. London, 1816, Vol. II, p. 408. —Dr. Foote's Health Monthly.

## Man Wants a Tonic

When there is a lack of elastic energy in the system, shown by a sensation of languor during the day, and disturbed sleep at night. Hostetter's Kidney Bitters infuses unwonted energy into the enfeebled and nervous, endowing them with muscular energy, an ability to repose healthfully and digest without inconvenience. Nervousness, headache, biliousness, impaired appetite, and a feeble, troublesome stomach, are all and speedily set right by this matchless regulator and invigorant. The mineral poisons, among them strychnia and nux vomica, are never safe tonics, even in infinitesimal doses. The Bitters answers the purpose more effectually, and can be relied upon as perfectly safe by the most prudent. Fever and ague, kidney troubles and rheumatism yield to it.

## War on the Chatterer.

A reform, which has come gradually but quite definitely within the last few years, is the extinction of the race of beings who beat time unconsciously with their feet upon the floor, their fans upon the chair in front, or their fingers upon the arm of the chair in which they sit. I attribute this in great measure to the frequent productions of Wagner's music, to which no creature can beat the rhythm. However this may be, this pulsating evidence of your neighbor's enjoyment is now seldom felt, and I hope it has gone to join the "Bowery tramp," in which the galleries used to take such delight, and which was, indeed, in its day, a soulful demonstration in comparison. But there yet remains the chatterer, and to him—or, quite as frequently, to her—I would suggest that there be next directed the reformatory influence of the dames and demoiselles who have won such a notable victory over the high hats. —Boston Post.

"A LARGE portion of bone may be driven down without any permanent disturbance of the functions of the brain." Practical Surgery, Fourth Edition, London, 1846, p. 43. —Dr. Foote's Health Monthly.

Pierce's "Pleasant Purgative Pellets," Positively Popular; Provoke Praise; Prove Priceless; Peculiarly Prompt; Perceptibly Potent; Producing Permanent Profit; Precluding Pimples and Pustules; Promoting Purity and Peace. Purchase. Price, Potty. Pharmacists Patronizing Pierce—Procure Plenty.

Go to a ball unglowed if you want to bear the palm. —New York World.

## The Strongest Man in Ohio

Is said to be George C. Arnold, of Cleveland, O., who less than one year ago, owing to chronic liver trouble and Bright's disease of the kidneys, weighed less than ninety-five pounds, but by using Dr. Harter's Iron Tonic has gained in strength and weight until now he is admitted to be the giant of Ohio.

## How His Hair Became White.

"Young man to have white hair? Yes, that's so. I'm just turning forty, which is too young to have it so naturally. How did it happen? Well, I don't mind telling you, although the experience was a painful one to me and always makes me shudder when I think of it.

"I was in Boston when I was a young man—that was about twenty—and I wanted to call upon a friend of mine who had an office in one of the Washington street blocks. It was about six stories high, and I found that the room I had to visit was in the fourth story.

"I stepped into the elevator, which, by the way, was not provided with so many improvements and safeguards as at present. A gentleman got on to go up and I followed him. He dexterously started the thing and soon stopped it one story higher and stepped out, leaving me all alone.

"I had never been on one of them before, but noticing the manner in which it was started, gave the wire a pull and was conscious of being slowly taken upward. One, two stories were passed and I caught a glance of the busy clerks in the offices, and then I reached for the wire to stop at the next story.

"I gave a slight pull. It did not stop; I pulled again still harder, but the speed only seemed to increase. I was now just past the fourth floor and rapidly nearing the fifth. I pulled again, but still the thing kept on.

"I could hear the ominous rumbling of the machinery overhead. Would the thing never stop, I thought, or was I to be hurled to death or crushed to nothing by the deadly cogs overhead?

"Past the sixth floor I went, and it commenced to grow darker. The machinery sounded louder, and I could almost see it from the light that struggled through the dingy left window. I tried to cry out, but my voice failed me.

"I determined to make one more effort, and accordingly reached out in the dark. I encountered a wire, and yanked it with force enough, it would seem, to break it. Still upwards I groped further, and found another, and this time with both hands I pulled for dear life.

"Thank heaven, the elevator ceased its upward motion, and slowly descended. As it moved down into the light I saw that I had hold of another wire, which I had overlooked before. I let the elevator run until the lower floor was reached, forgetting all else in my desire to get into the air.

"As I stepped off a small boy, who had seen me go up, looked at me in astonishment, and exclaimed:

"Say, mister, are you the same man that went up a few minutes ago?"

"I thought it must have been a half hour, but answered, 'Yes.'

"Did you go up to buy a wig?" he asked.

"No," said I, "why?"

"Cause yer had black hair when yer started, and now it's white."

"I rushed to a convenient glass and grabbed my hat from my head. The boy was right, gentlemen; my hair was as white as you see it now, turned from fright in the two short minutes I was in the elevator.

"Fact, gentlemen, fact. My parents did not know me when I got home, and I had to show several birthmarks before I could convince them that I was their son. Fact, gentlemen."

And the gentlemen looked at him, wondering whether to call him a liar or a very unfortunate man. —Boston Globe.

## He Was Embarrassed.

The Governor of a Western State is noted for his bland method of public speaking during an electioneering tour. He assumes the ingratiating familiarity of knowing every one, and usually the result is most successful.

On one occasion he visited a town at some distance from his home for the purpose of making a speech. When he rose to address his audience his face was wreathed in smiles, and he began: "Ladies and gentlemen, it affords me great pleasure to meet the old friends here whom I have known so long."

At this point, a shrill voice from the audience shouted: "Name 'em; name 'em, Governor!"

The Governor was so disconcerted by the pertinent request that he did not recover his composure during the entire evening. —Kansas City Star.

HEADSTRONG people invariably think it much pleasanter to give than to receive. —advice.

## "What Is Woman's Worth?"

Asked a fair damsel of a crusty old bachelor. He did not know, so she said: "W. O. man" (double you, O man). But a woman feels worth little if disease has invaded her system and is daily sapping her strength. For all female weaknesses, Dr. R. V. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription" stands unrivaled. It cures the complaint and builds up the system. Send 10 cents in stamps for pamphlet to World's Dispensary Medical Association, 663 Main street, Buffalo, N. Y.

A SKILLFUL horsewoman is always able to hold her roan.

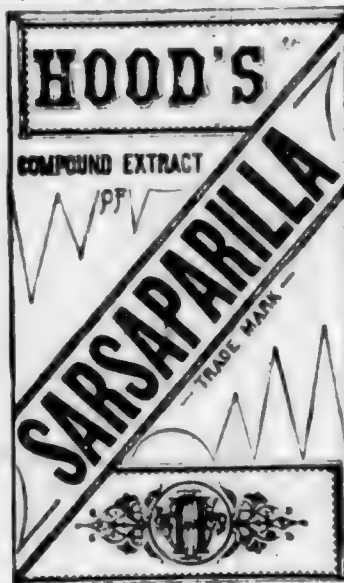
For dyspepsia, indigestion, depression of spirits, and general debility, in their various forms, also as a preventive against fever and ague and other intermittent fevers, the "Ferro-Phosphated Elixir of Calceaya," made by Hazard, Hazard & Co., New York, and sold by all druggists, is the best tonic; and for patients recovering from fever or other sickness it has no equal.

It isn't a great way to the end of a cat's nose, but it's fur to the end of its tail.

## Gold Fields.

That pan out richly, are not so abundant as in the early California days, but those who write to Hallett & Co., Portland, Maine, will, by return mail, receive, free, full information about work which they can do, and live at home, wherever they are located, that will pay them from \$5 to \$25 per day, and upwards. Either sex, young or old. Capital not required; you are started in business free. Those who start at once are absolutely sure of snug little fortunes.

3 MONTHS' treatment for 50c. Pierce's Remedy for Catarrh. Sold by druggists.



Spring is the best time to purify the blood, for at no other season is the body so susceptible to benefit from medicine. The best thing to take is Hood's Sarsaparilla, which by its peculiar combination of proportion, and preparation possesses curative powers unequalled by any other medicine. Be sure to get Hood's. Do not be induced to take any other.

Hood's Sarsaparilla sold by druggists. \$1; six for \$5. Prepared by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

The best and surest Remedy for Cure of all diseases caused by any derangement of the Liver, Kidneys, Stomach and Bowels. Dyspepsia, Sick Headache, Constipation, Bilious Complaints and Malaria of all kinds yield readily to the beneficent influence of

# PRICKLY ASH BITTERS

It is pleasant to the taste, tones up the system, restores and preserves health.

It is purely Vegetable, and cannot fail to prove beneficial, both to old and young. As a Blood Purifier it is superior to all others. Sold everywhere at \$1.00 a bottle.

## ELY'S CREAM BALM CATARRH

when applied into the nostrils will be absorbed effectually, cleansing the head of catarrh, relieving the membrane of the nasal passages from additional colds, completely healing the sore and restoring sense of taste and smell.

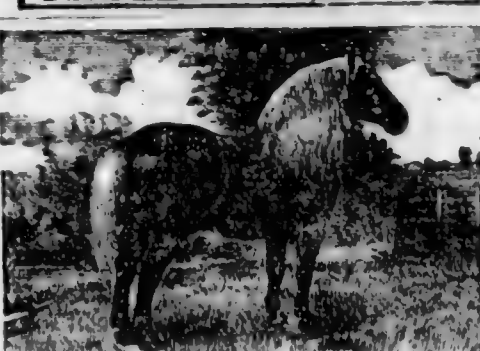
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A Quick Relief

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A particle is applied into each nostril and is absorbable. Price 50c. at druggists; by mail, postpaid, 60c. Circulars free. ELY BROS., Druggists, Owego, N. Y.

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The Largest Breeding Establishment of Pure Blood Percherons in the United States. Five hundred head of Pure Blood and Grades now on hand, a large number of which were imported in July, 1895, and another large importation of from 150 to 200 head will arrive about the middle of October. Visitors always welcome—come and see them. I handle nothing but the best and take pride in showing stock.

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Holstein-Friesians.

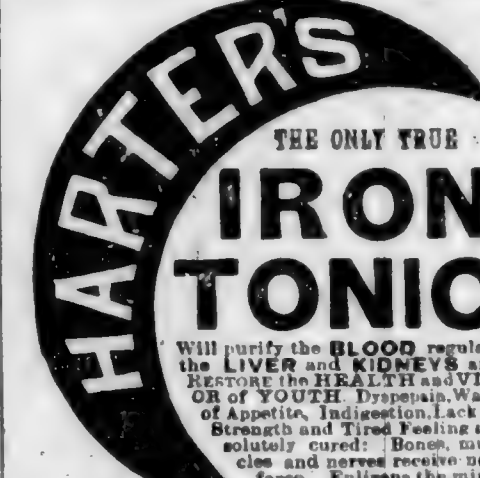


About 100 HEAD of both sexes and all ages. Several Head of BULLS READY FOR SERVICE

Up to two years old. Choice Cows and Heifers bred to my prize service bulls.

Prins Midlum and Jonge Carre, Who have no superiors. A specialty of young pairs not skin for foundation stock. Every Head Registered and Guaranteed Pure-Bred. Write for Catalogue and prices, and state age and sex desired, of course and see the herd.

M. L. SWEET, Breeder and Importer, [MENTION THIS PAPER.] Grand Rapids, Mich.



Will purify the BLOOD, regulate the LIVER and KIDNEYS and RESTORE THE HEALTH AND VIGOR OF YOUTH. Dyspepsia, Want of Appetite, Indigestion, Lack of Strength and Tired Feeling absolutely cured. Bones, muscles and nerves receive new force. Enlivens the mind and supplies Brain Power.

LADIES Suffering from complaints peculiar to their sex will find in DR. HARTER'S IRON TONIC a safe, speedy cure. Gives a clear, healthy complexion. All attempts at counterfeiting only add to its popularity. Do not experiment—get ORIGINAL AND BEST.

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\$5 to \$8 a day. Samples worth \$1.50. Fiddle lines not under the horse's feet. Address: Brewster's Safety Rein Holder, Holly, Mich.

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MONEY and our business for "Savings" Send 10 stamps for outfit. ST. AUGUSTINE, Port Jervis, N. Y.



## THE POHICK CHURCH.

Where Washington Worshipped and Was a Vestryman.

(Cor. Washington Star.)

After a delightful drive through a finely-wooded and well-cultivated country I arrived at Pohick Church, in Virginia, regarded with so much reverence by Americans, as it was here for many years that Gen. Washington worshipped. The sexton unlocked the large gate of the inclosure. The site of the church was selected by Washington on account of its central position and its proximity to Mount Vernon. The contractor was Mr. Daniel French. It was begun in 1769 and finished in 1772. The bricks were made in the county, and the stone was brought from the Isle of Wight. The building was sixty-six and one-half feet in length by forty-five in width, and the walls are twenty feet in height. The entire cost was £887 sterling. The money for the payment was raised by taxation. The walls appear to have been broken, as the repairs have been made of new bricks. The church has an ancient appearance, and is very much larger than is usually seen in the country.

There are two large doors on the western side and one on the south side, and twenty-six windows. The steps are eight in number, built of the same stone as the trimmings and casements of the doors. The church has been thoroughly renovated. There are two aisles and four rows of substantial pews and a beautiful chancel inclosed with a semi-circular railing. During the civil war the regiments stationed at Alexandria quartered their pickets in this church, and the Pennsylvania and Iowa Union soldiers stabled their horses in it. The stone flagging of the aisle was torn up and thrown out, the pulpit and pews broken up, and the pieces sent as mementoes or relics to different States, to relatives and friends. Washington's pew met with the same treatment. The spot on which it stood, on the north side, is pointed out to visitors. The roof of the church was pierced with bullets; all the plastering fell down; holes were chiseled out in the corners of the church, which had stone facings, to find the money supposed to be in the corner-stone, and some members of an Iowa regiment carved their names in the west corner on the stone facings near the door.

The list of the names of the original vestrymen of Pohick Church was kindly furnished me by a Virginia gentleman of Accotink, who is quite an antiquarian and had copied them from the vestry book of 1772, which has been found during the last three months in the State of New York, where it had been treasured and hid away by a Virginia family. The first vestryman's name on the list was that of George Washington, and then followed the names of George Mason, of Gunston, who wrote the bill of rights of the State of Virginia; George W. Fairfax, baronet, collector of the king's customs for the Potomac; Alexander Henderson, Martin Coburn, Col. Daniel McCarty, Gen. William Payne, Thomas Wilber Coffey, and Mr. Elizer.

Near the church is a small grove. There are also many graves. I read the following inscription on a tombstone over a hundred years old:

"To the memory of Mrs. Susanna Mills, wife of John Mills (merchant), who departed this life June 12, 1774, aged 39 years.

"Whatever she was for to say,  
Will best be known on the great day,  
When you and all and every one  
Must give an account of what was done.  
To say no more she lived approved,  
Died lamented and beloved.

As I turned away to return homeward my mind was filled with thoughts of the different scenes which had been enacted on and around the historic spot during peace and war, under the same soft blue sky, with its feathery clouds, and the same beautiful surroundings of emerald green meadows, yellow-tinted green fields, and distant hills flooded with waves of light catching gleams of the sun's glory.

### Besieging a Lunatic.

A crazy man, by name Wetterlind, recently terrorized the Swedish town of Goteborg for more than a whole week. He had locked himself in the top story of a house whence he commanded a wide sweep of street, and marked and fired at any and everybody who approached. After he shot one man dead the firemen attempted to drown him out, but could not get near enough, as the man was a dead shot. They next made iron shields to protect them in the approach, but these

proved too cumbersome. An attempt to dislodge the lunatic by throwing dumbbells charged with electricity at him had to be abandoned. A barricade was then erected around the house by the police and a regular siege laid to it. The lunatic stood it a week before he was starved out, and was then seized by strategy, too weak to defend himself. He had wounded a number of people from his perch during the singular campaign.—*New York Sun.*

### Domestic Training for Girls.

Nothing is more significant of the social condition of a people than the training of its girls in domestic life. In Germany the daughter of the nobleman, of the prince, and of the small shopkeeper learns alike to cook, to sweep, and to keep house. After the training in books is over, Fraulein Lena and her Royal Highness Princess Sophie both begin this home education. There are establishments where they are taken by the year, as in a boarding school. In one month they wash dishes and polish glass and silver; in another they cook meats; in another bake; in the next "lay down" meat for winter use, or preserve fruit, make jellies and pickles, sweep and dust. Plain sewing, darning, and the care of linen is also taught, and taught thoroughly. The German "betrotted" is thus almost always a thorough housekeeper, and spends the time before marriage in laying in enormous stores of provisions and napery for her future home.

In France a girl begins at 12 years of age to take part in the household interests. Being her mother's constant companion, she learns the system of close, rigid economy which prevails in all French families. If there be but two sticks of wood burning on the hearth, they are pulled apart when the family leave the room, even for half an hour, and the brands are saved. The nourishing soup, the exquisite entrees, and dainty desserts are made out of fragments, which in many an American kitchen would be thrown away. The French girl thus inhales economy and skill with the air she breathes, and the habits she acquires last her through life.

English girls of the educated class seldom equal the German and French in culinary arts, but they are early taught to share in the care of the poor around them. They teach in the village classes, or they have industrial classes; they have some hobby, such as drawing, riding, or animals to occupy their spare time with pleasure or profit. Hence the English girl, though not usually as clever or as well read as her American sister, has that certain poise and aplomb which belongs to women who have engrossing occupation outside of society, beaux, and flirting.—*Fourth's Companion.*

### All for a Purpose.

In a conversation drifting toward the many wise provisions of nature, the Rev. Mr. Maxwell said: "The other day in my intellectual excursions, I came across a wonderfully sensible paper treating of the use of snakes. The long black snake is especially useful. He goes into the dense swamps, worms himself among the reeds and flags and devours thousands of scorpions and lizards, which, without his timely interference would become too numerous. So, you see, everything, even the black snake is useful, being created for a purpose."

"That is all very well," one of the reverend gentleman's listeners replied. "We recognize the usefulness of the snake, because he devours scorpions and lizards, but of what use, pray tell me, are the scorpions and lizard?"

"They eat innumerable insects," the minister triumphantly replied.

"All right, but of what use are the insects?"

"The insects? Why er—they serve as food for the lizards."

"Yes, but of what use are the lizards?"

"Why, you must be blind not to see that they serve as food for the snakes."

"Of course I see that, but that only brings up the question of what use are snakes?"

"To eat up the lizards, I tell you. My dear sir," the minister added, "it is not strange that philosophy advances so slowly when we think of man's narrowness of understanding."—*Arkansas Traveler.*

"BRIDGET, this dust upon the furniture is intolerable. What shall I do?"

"Do as I do, marn—pay no attention to it."

**J. D. LEIGHTY,**

—DEALER IN—

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# THE ST. JOE NEWS.

VOL. I.

ST. JOE, IND., FRIDAY, APRIL 29, 1887.

NO. 14.

## INDIANA STATE NEWS.

—John J. Miller, an old and wealthy farmer living near Milford, in the northern part of Kosciusko County, is the victim of a confidence game whereby he is loser \$2,300. The circumstances are almost identical with the case at Warren, and the game was no doubt worked by the same men who robbed old man Lewis. Two men called on Miller, and bargained for his farm. On the road to Milford, accompanied by Miller, to complete the negotiations, they met the customary affable stranger, who induced them to bet a few dollars on a little trick with cards. Miller was easily duped, and the rascals departed with his money. The men were well-dressed and of pleasing address. A reward of \$300 is offered for their apprehension.

—Joseph Butch, of Indianapolis, in the employ of A. Bresner, was killed at Lafayette. Butch had ascended a derrick, intending to tighten the bolts on the cable used on the steam hoisting apparatus at the sewer. Not understanding the apparatus, he did not notice that he was loosening one end of the bolts, thus letting the derrick fall. The heavy timbers struck Butch on the head, causing death soon after. Butch was to have been married soon, and his wedding-suit will be his shroud.

—The elevator at Cooley & Morrison's furniture factory, in Connorsville, dropped from the fifth-story of the building to the basement, caused by the cable breaking. Three men were on it at the time. Robert Hampson, aged 33, was instantly killed; William Burkus was fatally injured, and John McCormick was badly hurt, but will recover.

—The residence of Chris Mills was burned, at Greentown, a small town on the narrow-gauge, east of Kokomo. Mrs. Mills had left her year-old babe asleep in the cradle, and went out to a neighbor's. On returning she saw her house in flames, and only succeeded in securing the charred remains of her little child.

—The State Board of Health has daily reports of the continued spread of measles. In some places the disease is malignant and in others of a mild form. Dr. F. G. Thornton, of Knightsville, Clay County, said he had thus far attended 311 cases. Randolph County has 282 cases, and Laporte 287.

—In a fight between officers and tramps, at South Bend, the police captured eleven of the vagrants, and a twelfth was shot through the heart by Officer John Metz in a struggle. The name of the tramp was given as "Baltimore Ed." He was about 20 years old, and was believed to have been a tailor.

—Samuel Ogborn, who was sentenced to the penitentiary for three years for assault and battery with intent to kill, has been paroled by the Governor on the conditions of good behavior and abstinence from intoxicants. He was convicted in the Wayne Circuit Court two years ago last February.

—The Baptist Church of Greensburg, that has been without a pastor several months, has extended a call to Rev. Sanders, of Columbia City, who has preached at Greensburg several times recently. He is regarded as a very strong minister, and in all probability will accept the call.

—The prospects that the Southwestern Railroad out of Terre Haute will be built brighten. At Terre Haute \$23,000 has already been raised by private subscription to encourage the enterprise, and the soliciting committee have not as yet seen half of the friends of the enterprise.

—Albert Magle, of Columbia City, who had been married only two weeks, committed suicide by banging, in his barn. Cause unknown, as he was living happily with his young wife, who discovered him first. He was but 25 years of age and worth considerable money.

—While Hon. R. P. Effinger, a prominent citizen of Peru, was engaged in taking down a bird-house on his premises, the rotten supports of the structure gave way, and the mass fell on Mr. Effinger, whose ankle was crushed into a shapeless mass, rendering amputation necessary.

—Dr. F. B. Thomas, of Winamac, met with a severe and painful accident. He was shooting rats at his residence with an old muzzle-loading rifle, when the breech-pin blew out, striking him on the forehead, and inflicting injuries which may prove fatal.

—Mr. Patrick Campbell, an aged and much-respected citizen of Shoals, while engaged in his usual vocation, and apparently in good health, suddenly dropped dead, without apparent warning to himself or friends. He was about 60 years of age.

—George Howard, en route from a dance, near Harmony, sat down on the ties and fell into a dose. A freight backing, struck him, fracturing his skull and otherwise fearfully mangle him. He lived but a short time after being found.

—Gas well No. 2, at Frankfort, is now down over 200 feet. The pipe has been driven through quicksand and drift so far, and the contractors do not expect to reach rock under 300 feet. Frankfort is enjoying a substantial boom already.

—J. W. Middleton, of Jennings Township, Scott County, desiring to end his life, made a variation on the usual hakeneyed methods of suicide and went out where wood-choppers were at work and let a tree fall on him.

—John Warnock, aged 93, a resident of Tippecanoe County, has been for a long time without food. He takes an occasional sip of water, but no food enters his mouth. His fasting is not from choice, but necessity.

—The annual Union Sunday-school convention of Montgomery County will be held at Crawfordsville on May 25.

—Preston Dant, aged 23 years, and unmarried, attempted to board a moving freight train on the Ohio and Mississippi Railway at Washington, fell under the wheels, and was almost instantly killed.

—A movement is on foot at Crawfordsville for the erection of a soldiers' fountain in the court-house yard. This fountain is to cost \$1,600, and the most of this sum is to be raised by subscription.

—A Fort Wayne policeman was run over by the fast-line express on the Pittsburgh, Fort Wayne and Chicago Railroad, and horribly mangled.

—J. M. Hill, the Liberty man who had his leg amputated at St. Stephen's Hospital, Richmond, a few days ago, as a last resort, died.

—Forest fires are raging in Brown County, a district about twenty miles in length being in a blaze.

—House-breakers are actively at work in Jeffersonville, and a number of residents have suffered recently.

—Near Wabash, Charles McGinnis was fatally shot in the abdomen while cleaning a revolver.

—Martin Schneider died at Fort Wayne, aged 102. He was a soldier at Waterloo.

—The farm residence of Mrs. Sarah Smith, south of Gasburg, Morgan County, was burned, none of its contents being saved.

THE enormously large hats worn by some very little girls make it difficult to decide which there is the more of—but or child.

PHASISUS imagines the Pension Bureau must be a massive piece of furniture—there are so many drawers.

A CORRESPONDENT wishes to ask how editors spend their leisure hours? They spend them in working.

STRANGE as it may seem, iron is not firm. The market reports say so.—*Lowell Courier.*

## GIVEN UP FOR DEAD,

But Still Alive, and Now Claiming His Father's Distributed Estate.

[Philadelphia Times.]

A case involving a most intricate legal problem, and all the features of a romance, has been brought to the attention of the Court at Huntington, Pa. In 1872 old Jacob Stahley, a man of eccentric habits, died at his home on Shaver's Creek, leaving an estate worth \$30,000. A protracted settlement of the estate reduced this amount to about \$20,000, and over this sum a long and stubborn legal controversy ensued. Stahley left a widow and a son. The widow had been his fifth wife, and the son was supposed to be a child of his second wife, and was also named Jacob. The son left home early in life, and in 1860 he married. He and his wife went to Rebecca, Nebraska, where he was appointed postmaster, but some irregularities occurring in connection with the mails resulted in his being sent to the House of Correction at Detroit, Michigan. He was extravagant and improvident, and it was no doubt his father's knowledge of these qualities that induced him to make his will as he did.

During their absence in the West the will was made. It was executed in December, 1870, and the testator died two years later. It provided that his real estate should be rented and the rents paid annually to his son Jacob, and that, at the latter's death, the real estate should go to his heirs, including Mrs. Jacob Stahley. It also provided that the executor might sell the real estate at his discretion and place the proceeds at interest, and all the moneys at the death of the son Jacob should be equally divided among his heirs. In 1872 Stahley and his wife returned from the West, coming to Huntington to live. He had left creditors in this State, and after his return, as his father's will did not provide that this annuity should not be liable for his debts, his creditors obtained judgments against him, and attached the money in the hands of the executor, so that he never received any of it. Being childless, Stahley conceived the idea of obtaining an heir by adoption, and selected a boy 4 years of age, named George Leightner, son of a very poor man living in Stone Valley.

Stahley continued to live with his family until February 13, 1874, when he suddenly disappeared, leaving a note for his wife, in which he stated that he had determined upon suicide and that his body would be found at a designated spot in the Juniata River. His coat, hat, and other articles of apparel were found at the place indicated, and although the river was carefully searched for several weeks, no tidings of his body was ever heard of. No one could throw any light on the matter, and all accepted the suicide story except several of the attaching creditors. As no witness was ever produced who had seen or heard of Stahley afterwards, the Auditor before whom the case was heard held that the evidence was sufficient to warrant the presumption of death, and in 1881, after the seven years' absence of her husband had expired, Mrs. Stahley took out letters of administration on his estate, and a distribution of the estate of old Jacob Stahley was made under his will equally between her and the adopted son. Mrs. Stahley soon afterward married and located in one of the extreme western States, where she is still living. The adopted son, who is now in his fifteenth year, resides with his natural parents in this county. He expended a considerable portion of his share of the estate on his education.

The strange sequel to this singular story remains to be told. In January last Stahley, whom every one regarded as dead, wrote to Mr. S. Lytle, of this city, under the assumed name of W. W. Williams. He was then living in Boston, but now resides in North Dighton, Mass. He made inquiries after the

Stahley family and particularly about the estate of old Jacob Stahley. Mr. Lytle, who had been Stahley's attorney, recognized the handwriting, and during the correspondence which followed Stahley threw off his disguise and acknowledged his identity. He has never been away from Massachusetts, he says, since his mysterious disappearance from this city thirteen years ago. In his letters he expressed repentance for his wayward course, but says that under his assumed name he has acquired a good reputation. He now desires that his father's estate, distributed between his wife and their adopted son, be recovered to himself, and to this end his attorney commenced the preliminary proceedings before Judge Furst.

## Josh Billings' Scrap Book.

The late Josh Billings told me once, says a Chicago Mail writer, that his first experience on the lecture platform was the making of him.

"I had been writing a good deal," he said, "and the stuff was pretty well received. At least I thought it was. I got it printed, and a good deal of it was paid for. I imagined that I was a little the biggest man in New York, and certainly the best known man outside the city, except Greeley. I had made a scrap-book of my writings, and concluded I would give readings from these. I made an engagement to give such a reading at a small town in New Jersey. I carried my book with me and put up at the one hotel in great style. The landlord did not seem remarkably overawed by my presence, which was somewhat dampening. I gave him a half dozen tickets for the lecture. When I came on the platform there were but seven persons in the hall, six of them being from the hotel, and the seventh a small boy who came in free. When I got back to the hotel I called the landlord into my room and had him bring me all the old newspapers he could find and a ball of cord. I took out my book, wrapped a dozen or so of newspapers around it, and then began winding the cord. I wound the entire ball about the bundle and tied the ends in a double knot.

"The landlord had watched the proceedings intently, and when I had finished my wrapping he inquired what the proceedings meant. I told him I was going back to New York and go to work, and I did not propose to untie that book until I could do so in his town and before an audience that would fill the house. I went back to the city," continued Mr. Shaw, "and struck out on a new lead. Two years after I received an invitation to lecture in this same town. I had been waiting for this. I took my old book and took it along to see how things looked. When I came on the platform I found an audience so tightly packed that the last man had to leave his cane in the vestibule for lack of room. I took out my book and unwrapped it before them, telling the story as I did so. It was this shutting up of the past and beginning again that saved me—or at least made me what I am."

## A Difference.

Judge—"And you say that you did not strike the plaintiff until he had become abusive?"

Defendant—"That's hit, Judge."

Judge—"Well, tell the court what he said?"

Defendant—"He called me a horse thief, Judge."

Judge—"That won't excuse your conduct; a man might call me a horse thief all day."

Defendant (interrupting)—"Yes, but I guess you've never been one, Judge, and you don't know how it riled me!"

—*Detroit Free Press.*

The train of thought leads the pencil, and hence it is a led pencil.



# The St. Joe News.

ST. JOE, INDIANA.

MORT & WILLOIDS.

PUBLISHERS.

## THE SEEKING.

BY J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

### I.

By ways of dreaming and doing,  
Man seeks the bourns of the blest;  
Youth yearns for the Fortunate Islands,  
Age pines for the haven of rest.

And we say to ourselves: "O, surely,  
Beneath some bluer skies,  
Just over our bleak horizon,  
The land of our longing lies!"

Each seeks some favored pathway,  
Secure to him alone;  
But every pathway thither  
With broken hearts is strown.

### II.

The Giver of Sleep breathed also,  
Into our clay, the breath  
And fire of unrest, to save us  
From indolent life in death.

Fair is the opening rosebud,  
And fair the full-blown rose;  
And sweet, after rest, is action,  
And, after action, repose.

But indolence, like the cow-bird,  
That's hatched in an alien nest,  
Crowds out the native virtues,  
And soon usurps the breast.

Better the endless endeavor,  
The strong deed rushing on,  
And happiness that, ere we know her,  
And name her, smiles and is gone.

### III.

We wait for the welling of waters  
That never pass the brink;  
We pour our lives in the fountain,  
But cannot stay to drink.

"To-morrow," says Youthful Ardor,  
Twining the vine and the rose,  
"I will couch in these braided bowers,  
As blithe as the breeze that blows."

"To-morrow," says earnest Manhood,  
Yet adding land to land,  
"I will walk in the alleys of leisure,  
And rest from the work of my hand."

"To-morrow," says Age, still training  
The vine to the trembling wall,  
Till the dark sweeps down upon us,  
And the shadow that swallows all.

### IV.

Ebb-tide chased by the flood-tide,  
Night by the dawn pursued,  
And ever contentment hounded  
By fresh inquietude!

Not what we have done avails us,  
But what we do and are;  
We turn from the deed that is setting,  
And steer for the rising star.

We may wreck our hearts in the voyage;  
But never shall sail or oar,  
Nor wind of enchantment, waft us  
Nearer the longed-for shore.

In vain each past attainment:  
No sooner the bound appears  
Than the spirit, ever aspiring,  
Spreads sail for untried spheres.

Whatever region entices,  
Whatever siren sings,  
Still onward beckons the phantom  
Of unaccomplished things.

—YOUTH'S COMPANION.

## A HEARTLESS FLIRT.

BY BURT BYRNE.

Mrs. La Rue was in sore perplexity and dire trouble as she sat in her cozy boudoir, the prettiest in Ashtown, knitting a snowy "seaside."

She was not accustomed to trouble, although ten years a widow; for Mr. La Rue, many years older than herself, had given and received a calm, quiet affection, and when he died, leaving her a widow at 25, had bestowed upon her his ample fortune, uncontrolled by conditions.

Two beautiful children were but an added happiness in Imogene La Rue's wedded life, being healthy, loving darlings, who gave her no anxieties and many pleasures.

But on this snowy January day, Mrs. La Rue having seen the children well wrapped up and started for school, and Miss Leonie Castlemaine, her cousin and guest, at the piano in the drawing-room, practicing a new fantasia, had gone to her own private sitting-room, for a quiet hour of troubled thought.

"Where is Fred?" Miss Castlemaine had inquired, opening her glorious eyes a little wider at the decided snap in her cousin's reply.

"He has gone over to Mrs. Grant's for me."

Now it was Miss Castlemaine and Fred who were troubling Mrs. La Rue almost beyond that little woman's power of endurance.

Twice she had ventured to hint to Leonie that she was going too far in her coquetting with Fred, and twice that lady's silvery laugh had preceded the answer: "Nonsense, Imogene, he is only a boy!"

Well, he was only a boy, just 19—a precocious, sensitive boy, with an inherited tendency to heart disease.

He was John La Rue's nephew, the son of his only brother, orphaned while very young, and heir to property his uncle had nursed carefully for him until it was a handsome sum, and which, if Fred died

before he came of age, would fall to Mrs. La Rue's John and Imogene.

It was this fact that had made Mrs. La Rue almost morbid in her care of Frederick La Rue from the time when he came to his uncle's, and a big-eyed, pale-faced boy, frail and sensitive, and needing far more care than her own rosy, healthy children.

"If the money would not come to my children," Mrs. La Rue thought, "it would not be so dreadful; but the idea that they will be richer if Fred dies makes me almost crazy. What can I do? I cannot send him away—he is too weak; and Leonie never hints at shortening her visit. What can I do?"

Travel over the ground as her thoughts would, they came back always to the same refrain—"What can I do?"

Leonie Castlemaine was Mrs. La Rue's first cousin, and a belle. No one had ever disputed her claim to the latter title. Beautiful in the richest brunette type, she had been trained by a foolish, fashionable mother for society. She was a splendid pianist, had a rich contralto voice, highly cultivated, danced with incomparable grace, conversed brilliantly, and burst upon society as a star of the first magnitude. Her toilets were marvels of Parisian art, and if her mother's income were stretched to starvation limits to procure them neither murmured over scanty diet to adorn Leonie. She was to make a dazzling marriage; that was understood. Nothing less than a nobleman would win such charms; but the noblemen did not crowd about her. Somehow the artificial in her manner was too apparent. There was too much of the dramatic in her perfect bow; her sweet voice was too well modulated; her attitudes too well posed.

Seasons in London, Brighton, and wherever the society flocked, had drained the maternal purse, and Mrs. Castlemaine had said, with pathos, "We have been living on our capital for two years, Leonie, and you are nearly twenty-seven. I almost wish you had accepted Mr. Dolman."

And Leonie had replied, "Mr. Dolman did not give me an opportunity."

"But what are we to do this winter?"

"I'll tell you! I'll make Cousin Imogene a visit. There is a good society at Ashtown, and at any rate it will save my expense towards a summer at Scarborough."

So, self-invited, this gorgeous butterfly of fashion had fluttered into Mrs. La Rue's quiet home, while Fred was there, invalidated by a course of hard study at college.

Now flirtation was the bread of life to Leonie Castlemaine; and the tall boy who threw his admiration into his voice and eyes in greeting her, was a handsome, refined specimen of an Englishman. His eyes were as beautiful as her own, with this difference, that their expression was dictated by his heart, while hers merely obeyed her will.

It was but natural and altogether proper that Frederick La Rue should place himself at the service of his aunt's guest and cousin. He was her escort to the mild dissipations of Ashtown; drove her in his aunt's pony carriage whenever a mild day tempted her out; practiced duets with her, the piano accompanying his violin; listened to her magnificent voice in song; and, not gradually, but at once and for his life, loved her as only such a passionate, sensitive temperament can love.

Even Mrs. La Rue, watching in fear, did not realize the extent of the mischief done. She saw Fred's infatuation, but seeing, as only a woman could see, through Miss Castlemaine's many affectations, did not see that every well-assumed grace and charm were realities to poor Fred. How could he know that the voice lowered to such exquisite tenderness for him was as well trained for flirtation as for song? He never suspected that the beautiful eyes that drooped under his ardent gaze had practiced that shy drop of the snowy lids with dozens of lovers.

Sometimes he laughed, sometimes he grew indignant over his aunt's well-meant cautions. What if Leonie was older than himself? Love did not pause to count years! What if Leonie had been in society for many seasons? She had come heart-whole out of that fiery ordeal, to find rest and peace in a life of refined quiet.

For Leonie could be so sentimental that no one, least of all poor, infatuated Fred, would divine that she was yawning behind her fan.

"A home of peace and love!" That was Leonie's modest desire, if her own word was to be taken, and Fred imagined her a "ministering angel" therein. She had been with him more than once when the frightful heart-attacks that were his mother's sad legacy had followed some great excitement, and, to do her justice, all the true woman came forward at such times. There was but little to do, but that little was done tenderly and deftly. His necktie and collar loosened, his head raised, Fred would recover to find Leonie fanning him gently, his face wet with her soft handkerchief upon his forehead, and her eyes, full of womanly tenderness, fixed upon his own.

Knowing herself answerable for the attack, by some word of encouragement for his mad passion, Leonie would draw back for a time, only to meet reproaches and the threat of worse trouble by the excitement of despair. She had played with edged tools till she could handle them very skillfully, but these cut her conscience sharply at times.

Yet she would not drop the dangerous game, because, after all, she might do worse than marry Frederick La Rue.

"He cannot live long," she wrote in confidence to her mother, "and £20,000 would be a comfortable fortune for his widow. The trouble is that he will not be of age for nearly two years, and may die before he can make a will. Still, I shall keep him as my 'forlorn hope.' Be sure you keep your eye on Mr. Dolman, if, as you write, you think my absence has really quickened his love. If he proposes, I will return at once, for, as you say, it will not do to let such an offer as that pass now. Six years ago I should have refused him, but, between ourselves, opportunities increase in value as years pass by."

Keeping Fred as a "forlorn hope" meant to give him just enough encouragement as made Mrs. La Rue nearly frantic, and at the same time keeping clear of an actual engagement.

"To tell the truth," Miss Castlemaine wrote, "I am dreadfully weary of Fred's raptures. He is such a boy yet in feeling and words that his love has no shades or refinements, and is as blunt and outspoken as a child's delight over a toy. The least smile, tiniest word of hope, sends him into the seventh heaven of ecstasy, while a frown or cold look reduces him to despair. It was amusing at first, but has become tiresome! Imogene is an agonist; but, really, mamma, if the heart disease is hereditary, I don't see why she should feel so much responsibility. One would think, to hear her, that she was actually answerable for his life."

And poor Imogene would not have denied the statement. "Lookers-on," we are told, "see most of the game," and Imogene looked on until her heart grew sick. She thoroughly understood Leonie's tactics, yet to send her away would probably make matters worse, as Fred was sure to champion her cause, and would probably follow her. Words of warning were wasted; remonstrances were in vain; and the sacred charge her husband had left her had become the misery of the conscientious woman's life.

"Can you not see," she asked Leonie, with all her heart-agonish in her voice, "that you are killing Fred?"

"Don't exaggerate so," was the cool reply.

"I do not exaggerate. He has wasted to a shadow since you came, and his color fluctuates till it terrifies me. I tell you that he cannot bear this strain of excitement."

"How can I help a boy's foolish infatuation? I have had dozens of boys in love with me, and they all got over it. Calm love is ever in extremes, Imogene."

"Fred is a man in feeling, Leonie."

"Bah! He will forget me in a month after I leave."

The winter wore away, and April came; but Leonie said nothing of returning home until the month of showers was half gone. Then a momentous letter came. Mamma had succeeded where Leonie had failed, and Mr. Dolman's heart, hand, and fortune were laid at the feet of Miss Castlemaine.

Exultant, and without one pang of self-reproach, Leonie wrote a maidenly, charming letter of acceptance, and concluded her letter to her mother with the words:

"I will be with you on Thursday. Have my trousseau under way by that time, and do not spare expense. I can soon repay all you spend."

She took the letters to the post herself, and coming back in the dusk of twilight, found Mrs. La Rue and Fred in the porch, the air being soft as June.

"Why did you go alone?" Fred asked, reproachfully.

She laughed, a sweet, silvery laugh, before she answered.

"I must learn to do without you, Fred! I am going home on Thursday."

"Going home!" he faltered, his very lips white.

"Yes, my long holiday is over, and mamma writes that I really must superintend the last touches to my trousseau."

"Your trousseau!" cried Mrs. La Rue, sharply.

"Did I not tell you," asked Leonie, with well-acted surprise, "that I am engaged to Mr. Dolman?"

There was a strange, hoarse cry as Fred started to his feet, with the face of a man who is strangling. Mrs. La Rue's arms were about him in a moment.

"Go away!" she cried, as Leonie loosened Fred's necktie. "You have killed him!"

But Leonie did not go, for in another moment it took the strength of both women to hold the "boy" working in convulsions. Cries brought the servants, and a man was sent for the doctor, but before he came Fred's life-struggle was over; and Leonie Castlemaine knew that her heartless flirtation had killed him.

### Tender and True.

Wife—And you will not forget me, darling, while I am away? You will always think of me every day while I am gone, won't you, dear?

Husband—Yes, my love, I am sure I shall. The bills I get will keep you constantly in mind.—*Somerville Journal.*

It is a question whether a man can ever be an angel. But if men couldn't there is a general belief that women wouldn't want to be.—*Somerville Journal.*

## PITH AND POINT.

FREE lunch for callers—Sponge cake. A MAN of deeds—The country recorder.

A STOPPED-UP-GEYSER is an ex-spurt in its way.

"WHAT would the world do without alcohol?" asks an exchange. Do without, probably.—*New York Graphic.*

THE life of the book-agent is full of wormwood and gall. The wormwood is barely perceptible.—*Merchant Traveler.*

"If misfortune overtakes you, smile," advises a poet. That's all well enough, but suppose misfortune overtakes you in a strictly prohibition town?—*Burlington Free Press.*

A MAINE paper inquires: "Is there more money in heels than in heads?" Yes, in politics, where the heelers get all the money and the head men all the honors.—*Washington Star.*

A PHILADELPHIA firm has published a book called "How to Become a Public Speaker." In the interest of suffering humanity that book ought to be suppressed at once.—*Boston Post.*

A "SEASONABLE-HINT" column says that warm soapsuds is one of the best insect washes. It is well to know this. Insects lose half their unpleasantness when kept nice and clean. Save your suds.—*Life.*

MRS. IKENSTEIN—Ron mit der dootker vick, Solomon! Ter papy is swallowt a silver tollar! Mr. L.—Vos it dot von I left on ter dable? Mrs. L.—Yes, dot vos id; hurry mit der dootker. Mr. L.—Don't ged excited, Rajel, it vos goulder-veid.

A WILD mountain blizzard broke loose in Dakota and started off whooping like a Comanche Indian until it met a Chicago real-estate agent, when it tucked its tail between its legs and sat down and whined like an applicant for a postmastership.—*Newman Independent.*

MR. JEFFERSON was at one time a member of the Legislature and did much good work while there. He was instrumental in abolishing the laws relating to entail and primogeniture. He also greatly improved the existing game laws, making it a felony to turn a jack from the bottom of the pack.—*Bill Nye.*

THE course of true love may be traced in the eight letters produced at the hearing of a breach-of-promise case. The first letter commenced, "Dear Mr. Smith," then followed "My dear John," then "My darling John," "My own darling Jack," "My darling John," "Dear John," "Dear Sir," and all was over. Volumes could not say more.

ALL who remember the late Rev. William Adams, D.D., will be able to appreciate the grace with which, at the Pan-Presbyterian Council in Edinburgh, he rebuked his British Presbyterian brethren for their almost numberless divisions and subdivisions. "Brethren," said he, "you are R. P's., and I. P's., and U. P's. Why don't you call yourself split peas and be done with it?"

THERE is a story of a Chicago man who lost his brother by death, and called on an undertaker. He asked the undertaker how much it would cost to keep the body on ice till after the funeral, and on being told the price, said, "I suppose you will give a discount. My brother had his feet frozen before he died. He was caught out in a blizzard." The undertaker gave the bereaved mourner 20 per cent. off, on account of the feet.—*Peck's Sun.*

### THE APPLE-BLOSSOM.

A little apple-blossom fluttered down  
And lightly came between the lips of two  
Who just that moment would have changed a  
kiss.

But for the warping that the light breeze  
blew.

She started back, and with a nervous laugh  
Refused his kiss, and in her rosy hand  
Gayly held up the dainty cup of pink  
Loosed and set floating by some fairy wand.  
And so she kept it for a little while,  
And in a few short, fleeting months from then  
She sent it to him on his wedding-day,  
Writing, "An emblem of the hearts of men."  
—*Gertrude H. Ring.*

ERSKINE once was prosecuting a stage-coach proprietor in behalf of a gentleman who had suffered from an upset. "Gentlemen of the jury," said Erskine, in opening the case, "the plaintiff is Mr. Beverley, a respectable merchant of Liverpool, and the defendant is Mr. Erison, proprietor of the Swan with Two Necks in Lad lane—a sign emblematic, I suppose, of the number of necks people ought to possess who travel by his vehicles."—*The Argonaut.*



NOVEMBER, 1880. Thomas Tormey, Scott Depot, Putnam Co., W. Va., writes: "In bed with sciatica; am using St. Jacobs Oil." Oct. 25th, 1886, he writes: "Three rubbings with it got me out and cured me. No return."

"DIED for want of one foot of rope," is the suggestive verdict of a lynching party out West.—*Boston Star*.

"We have used Red Star Cough Cure," writes the sisters of the Notre Dame, Goyanstown, Md., for the cure of coughs, oppression of the chest and sore throat." Price twenty-five cents a bottle.

#### Pawned His Glass Eye.

A man must be reduced to sore straits who pawns his glass eye to buy food. That is what a poor fellow at Bromley has done. The pawnbroker to whom he took it valued the singular pledge at the wretched sum of two shillings. No doubt the loss of his ornamental optic is a great disfigurement to its late owner, but he probably consoles himself with the reflection that an empty eye-socket is better than an empty stomach, and that to a hungry man a loaf of bread is of greater worth than a ball of glass, "which is vanity."—*Pull Mall Gazette*.

WHAT funny things we see as we sit by the window, after the lamps have been lighted, and watch the shadow pantomimes on the curtain across the street.

#### The Queen.

If Moxie Nerve Food can take the place of drugging and stimulating, it has come to stay, and many of the doctors say it actually does. After thirteen or fourteen months on the market its sale is said to be the largest ever known. The large cities are talking Moxie forever, and every nervous woman or overworked person thinks it is the last half of everything that has just been found. Poor little Moxie weed, it never dreamed before that it was soon to be queen of the medical world.

In a recent paper on the coincidence of certain solar phenomena with the perturbations of terrestrial magnetism, M. E. Marchand shows, from a comparative study of the solar observations made at the Lyons Observatory in 1855-56 with the curves of the Mascart magnet-recorder, that there exists a direct relation between the terrestrial magnetic disturbances and the displacement of certain solar elements accompanying the spots and the faculae.

#### To Ladies

Suffering from functional derangements or any of the painful disorders or weaknesses incident to the sex, Dr. Pierce's treatise, illustrated with wood-cuts and colored plates (160 pages), suggests sure means of complete self-cure. Sent for 10 cents in stamps. Address World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

THE oyster persistently refuses to respond to an encore.—*Burlington Free Press*.

AMONG the people of to-day there are few, indeed, who have not heard of the merits of Prickly Ash Bark and Berries as a household remedy. Teas and drinks have been made of them for centuries, and in hundreds of families have formed the sole reliance in rheumatic and kidney diseases. Prickly Ash Bitters now takes the place of the old system and is more beneficial in all troubles of this nature.

THE man who ate his dinner with the fork of a river has been trying to spin a mountain top.

PURE Cod Liver Oil made from selected livers, on the seashore, by Hazard, Hazard & Co., New York. It is absolutely pure and sweet. Patients who have once taken it prefer it to all others. Physicians have decided it superior to any of the other oils in market.

SOME men are like an anchor. They are not useful until they are buried.—*Boston Transcript*.

Piso's Remedy for Catarrh is agreeable to use. It is not a liquid or a snuff. 50c.

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#### "Fools Rush In, Where Angels Fear to Tread."

Impetuous youth is often given to folly and indiscretions; and, as a result, nervous, mental and organic debility follow, memory is impaired, self-confidence is lacking; at night bad dreams occur, premature old age seems setting in, ruin is in the track. In confidence, you can, and should write to Dr. R. V. Pierce, of Buffalo, N. Y., the author of a treatise for the benefit of that class of patients, and describe your symptoms and sufferings. He can cure you at your home, and will send you full particulars by mail.

WHEN he sighs for her and she sighs for him, sighin's of the times may be considered auspicious for a wedding.

#### Health Marks.

A bright eye, clear skin, glowing features, animated expression, and a quick, firm step. These are all secured by using Dr. Harter's Iron Tonic.

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Do you feel dull, languid, low-spirited, lifeless, and indescribably miserable, both physically and mentally; experience a sense of fullness or bloating after eating, or of "goneness," or emptiness of stomach in the morning, tongue coated, bitter or bad taste in mouth, irregular appetite, dizziness, frequent headaches, blurred eyesight, "floating specks" before the eyes, nervous prostration or exhaustion, irritability of temper, hot flushes, alternating with chilly sensations, sharp, biting, transient pains here and there, cold feet, drowsiness after meals, wakefulness, or disturbed and unrefreshing sleep, constant, indescribable feeling of dread, or of impending calamity?

If you have all, or any considerable number of these symptoms, you are suffering from that most common of American maladies, Bilious Dyspepsia, or Torpid Liver, associated with Dyspepsia, or Indigestion. The more complicated your disease has become, the greater the number and diversity of symptoms. No matter what stage it has reached, Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery will subdue it, if taken according to directions for a reasonable length of time. If not cured, complications multiply and Consumption of the Lungs, Skin Diseases, Heart Disease, Rheumatism, Kidney Disease, or other grave maladies are quite liable to set in and, sooner or later, induce a fatal termination.

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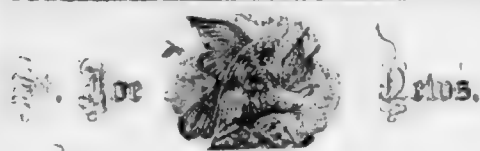
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FRIDAY APRIL 29, 1887.

This issue closes up the first three months existence of the News, and we are gratified to announce that it has proven a success beyond our expectation. Our object was to establish a little paper, devoted to the interests of St. Joe, and for the purpose of supplying her citizens each week with local and home news, as well as to furnish an advertising medium for her business men. That our efforts have been appreciated is attested from the fact that we now have nearly 400 subscribers and have the advertising patronage of all our business men. We have received many words of encouragement, and all have expressed themselves as being well satisfied with the paper. It is small we know, but the price corresponds with the size. It is not always the biggest that's the best. In the future we shall endeavor to make the News better, and we trust it will be a welcome weekly visitor into every household in this part of the county. We have several subscribers on our list who only subscribed for three months; their paper will be discontinued after this week, unless we receive orders to keep on sending it. We have heard it remarked that the only way to stop a county paper was to kill the editor, and while we are anxious to have every body take the News, we have made it a rule to stop all papers when the time expires, unless we receive orders to the contrary.

A man died in Fort Wayne last week who was 102 years old.

Misses Josie Smith and Georgia Van Fleet were at home over Sunday.

Rev. J. A. Thomas will preach in the Lutheran church Sunday evening at the usual hour.

Dan Baker took in the sights of Hicksville last Saturday. We don't know whether he took in any thing else or not.

A petition will be forwarded to Washington this week asking for a daily mail between St. Joe and Spencerville. Just what they ought to have.

The Spencerville Owl of last week puts a pretty low estimate on somebody's soul in this place. While we are aware that there is a sort of a rivalry existing between these two towns, yet we are loath to believe that we have any one here, who is so selfish as to want to deprive the citizens of Spencerville of any of their mail privileges.

The entire class of 1887, of the St. Joe school, consisting of Misses Emma Curie, Virge Langley, Callie Kopp, Edie Hart and Frank Hart passed the graduation examination. These young people are to be congratulated on their success, and while they have no doubt studied hard to attain this end, yet a proper amount of credit should be given their teacher, Miss Eva Shutt, who has labored so earnestly during the past winter for the advancement of those under her care.

#### OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

##### PLEASANT HILL.

Willis Baker plowed some of his wheat crop up and sowed it to oats.

Silas Reasoner's little boy has been quite sick for the last week with the fever.

William Johnson has made an assignment of his property, personal and real estate.

Willie Jackson has been suffering much the past two weeks with an abscess on his leg.

There is a young man in this neighborhood who wants to know when a fellow is qualified to get married. We are unable to answer and if there is any readers of this paper that can, they will please do so in the next issue of the News.

Sam Parson has returned again from the soldiers home. This makes the third winter he has spent there, and he says there was over six thousand soldiers wintered there and he thinks this will be the last winter there for him, as they have started a saloon. He is now employed by Dan Baker of Concord for the summer.

##### COBURN TOWN.

The sick are all getting better.

Charley Tustison is working for Charley Coburn this week.

Charley Coburn has been quite sick but is better at this writing.

Jud Davis after having all the ailments flesh is heir to, is getting well again.

Sell Gee is on the road selling the Albion Spring Tooth Cultivator for R. G. Coburn.

Joseph Scholes is at work for his brother Frank, on some ditches in Van Wert Co. Ohio.

George Wade got his leg broken by the falling of a tree last Monday. Have not heard the particulars.

If any of your readers have any old last years birds nests they will please save them, as there is a demand for them over this way.

Barney Woodcox and Fremont Ables have set out two acres of currants and raspberries in that little muck swamp on the Milliman farm.

Mrs. Libby Tibbitts and son Willie, of Denver, Mich., are visiting with her mother, brothers and sisters and friends in this neighborhood. She will leave for home next week.

##### SPENCERVILLE.

Measles in town.

The owl hooted again last week.

Mrs. Tindall is dangerously sick.

Dr. Murphy was in town Saturday.

Joe Fredrick spent Sunday at this place.

Work has been commenced on the new church.

Gerry Sanders has been visiting in town the past few days.

Teachers meeting at the home of Mrs. Smith on Saturday evening.

Will Tindall has been called home from Valparaiso by the illness of his father.

Elmer Chaney and Will Fales are at work repairing Mr. Simanton's house.

Rev. Curry preaches next Sunday morning, and Rev. Fryberger in the evening.

Mrs. Allen has been at Fort Wayne during the past week selecting a line of millinery goods.

The Missionary Society of the Lutheran church, will be entertained by Mrs. John Beams, Thursday April 28th, 1887. All are invited.

Mrs. A. Miller, of Garrett, was visiting her mother, Mrs. Wilson a few days last week. She left for Nebraska Sunday night to join her husband, where they will make their future home.

##### PIGEON'S RETREAT.

Miss Krist was the guest of Miss Timmerman last Sunday.

Mrs. Wasson is reported a great deal better and improving daily.

We hear that Jim Ervin prefers Hulls to hickory nuts. Jim always was peculiar.

Jack Moody is putting a cellar under his house. Jack always was "big" on having things convenient.

Frank Henderson is almost dead broke. He has only one Shilling, and that is not in his possession.

Mr. Timmerman and wife were caught in the blizzard Sunday while returning from a visit to their daughter's.

We understand that Theodore Kline has purchased a farm of J. D. Leighty. Said farm lies west of the Gill farm and is at present tenanted by William Wyatt.

Spencerville is showing her good taste by inviting quite a number of Pigeon Retreaters to help in the proposed entertainment. Some will accept but the majority will decline the invitation.

That black-eyed widow Martin, Is Bennie's favorite bird. He says "She sings the sweetest Of any I ever heard."

That Martin lives in Bryan, A town in O hi-o.

And regularly twice a month, There Ben is sure to go.

If the Hicksville oil well's a success, 'Twill be a boom to Ben.

He'll sell his shares, invest his coin, Retire from toil, and then

He'll buy himself a cozy cage, And bring his Martin home;

And there forever she will sing, For Ben, and Ben alone.

##### CONCORD.

Will Morr is working for Mr. M. Darling this spring.

What value does Rosa place upon a certain gentleman? One Shilling.

Wesley Hines, of Grove Bethel, attended singing school at this place Saturday evening.

Sherman Rickets started for the west last Monday night, but does not know just where he will locate.

It seems that Louie and Charley greatly admire a certain color we term Brown. At least we thought so last Sunday evening.

Wayne Scott has made some improvements about his house. He has also purchased a new range, so that his wife may be able to cook appetizing meals for him.

We think one of the girls extremely selfish in having so many beaux in one Sunday. She had better divide up with some of the girls that don't have any.

Girls, don't you know why that singing teacher is so determined to have a singing school at this place. The attraction is just north of the church a "loedle vays."

Miss Ida Koch has organized a singing class at this place for the benefit of the little folks. We hope her efforts will be crowned with success, for singing has been sadly neglected for the past few years at this place.

Barcus will not have an opportunity of poking fun at F. Buchanan again soon in regard to butchering. Last Monday morning he was up before daylight and had his porker killed and dressed, and had some of it for his breakfast. He did not try to shoot it, but cut the jugular vein; and let it die a peaceful and painless death. (Ov korse he had tu stick the hogg, he caddent hit the brode side ov a ten aker feld with a shott gun.—Barcus.)

M. TUSTISON,  
DEALER IN

## GROCERIES,

EARTHEN POTS FOR HOUSE PLANTS

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MAIN ST., — — — ST. JOE, IND.

WILLIAM CURIE,

PROPRIETOR OF

## MEAT MARKET

ST. JOE, IND.

Highest market price paid for Hides,  
Tallow &c. Give me a call.

J. F. WALKER,

MAKER AND DEALER IN

## Harness, Collars,

WHIPS, HARNESS OIL &c

ST. JOE, IND.

Repairing done promptly. Prices as  
low as the lowest. Call and see.

A. KINSEY,

DEALER IN

## FURNITURE

BUREAUS, TABLES,

Lounges, Beds, Chairs &c.

MAIN STREET, ST. JOE, IND.

All styles of Parlor Goods furnished to  
order at low prices. Thinking you for your  
patrons I solicit your future patronage.

F. A. ZEIGLER,

MAKER AND DEALER IN

## HARNESS, —

## — COLLARS,

WHIPS, &c.

FLY NETS,

DUSTERS,

OILS &c.

St. Joe, Ind.

Prices the Lowest. All work guar-  
anteed. Call and see me.

R. G. COBURN,

AGENT FOR THE

## ALBION SPRING TOOTH Cultivator

AND FIELD HARROW.

## AND DAISY RAKE.

—000—

Farmers will save money by see-  
ing me before buying. I will call  
on you with a sample in a few days.  
R. G. Coburn, St. Joe, Ind.



Miss S. A. Bartlett,

DEALER IN FINE—

## MILLINERY

HATS, BONNETS,

Flowers,

Ribbons,

Feathers,

TRIMMINGS & C.

I invite the attention of the ladies of St. Joe and vicinity to my new stock of Spring and Summer Millinery Goods, comprising the newest and latest styles and shapes. I am constantly receiving new goods, and therefore can please everybody. Give me your patronage. Prices as low as the lowest. Call and see my line before making your purchases. Rooms over Dr. Bowman's office. St. Joe, Ind.

MISS S. A. BARTLETT.

### Business Notices.

H. W. BOWMAN, M. D., Physician and Surgeon, St. Joe, Ind. Office opposite the Drugstore.

ST. JOE HOTEL, Wm. Leighty, proprietor. Special attention given to furnishing teams for commercial men.

B. S. SHEFFER, M. D., Physician and Surgeon, St. Joe, Ind. Prompt and careful attention to all business entrusted to his care.

ST. JOE BARBER SHOP, one door west of hotel, Will Geo, proprietor. Satisfaction guaranteed. Your patronage is solicited.

FILLEY, LOUNSBERRY AND SHULER, proprietors of the St. Joe Saw and Planing Mill. All work promptly done. Cash paid for Oak Logs.

CITY BARBER SHOP, St. Joe, Ind, John Hull, proprietor. Shaving, Hair Cutting &c. done in the best of style. Come and see me. Two doors west of Kinsey's Furniture Store.

SIMON WINELAND, proprietor St. Joe Handle and Feed Mills. Feed grinding a speciality. Highest prices paid for second growth White Ash. Enquire at the mill for full particulars.

### LOCALS.

Eli Perkins will lecture at Hicksville to-night.

The office at the depot has recently been carpeted.

J. D. Leighty has been at Indianapolis this week.

Everybody reads the News. Those who don't take it, borrow it.

Filley Lounsberry & Shuler shipped a car load of lumber this week.

Cleaning house seems to be a very popular amusement at the present time.

Aaron Thomas went to Ft. Wayne Monday to work for the Flemming Scraper Co.

Eph Boyles spent Sunday in this place, but returned to Butler Monday morning.

Rev. Fryberger will preach in the Lutheran church Sunday morning at half past ten o'clock.

Simon Wineland has rented the railroad farm at this place. He pays \$50 per year for it.

Sam Warner and War Coburn are doing a job of brick work for Mell Davis of Jackson township.

Last Saturday was a cold disagreeable day, and there was not no demand for palm leaf fans at all.

R. G. Coburn has 40 acres of timbered land in Michigan which he will trade for property in St. Joe.

Miss May Topping, formerly a teacher in the schools at this place, visited with friends in town over last Sabbath.

O. H. Widney has been acting in the capacity of a hired girl this week. He has been helping his wife clean house.

Dan Baker can handle grain, and weigh a load of hay, but he can't pitch quoits for shucks, because he ain't built that way.

The W. C. T. U. will meet at the residence of M. T. Bishop, on Thursday afternoon, May 5th, 1887, at 3 o'clock. All are invited.

I. Wyatt brought in one thousand seven hundred seventy dozen of eggs last Saturday for shipment. He is doing a rattling egg business.

C. O. Merica, formerly principal of our schools, and well known to most of our citizens, has become a Methodist minister, and is located at Napoleon Indiana.

They say that Jake Gelhausen of Garrett was so excited last week that he didn't know a cow-catcher from a steam gauge, all on account of a big boy baby that came to their house.

M. T. Bishop tried to kill a rat down at the elevator the other day, but he couldn't make it. The rat seemed to know who had hold of the trigger, and wasn't the least bit alarmed.

Information is wanted of William Vogeler, aged about forty-five years, farmer. When last heard of, he was living at Oxford Michigan. Any person acquainted with his present whereabouts will confer a great favor by communicating the fact to N. Stevens Bryan, Ohio.

Rich Culbertson bought the building just north of Kinsey's Furniture store, and has moved it on to his lot and will use it for a summer kitchen. This is the building in which the wounded prisoner Thompson was taken after he was shot last fall.

The young people of this place have organized a Young People's Temperance Society, which meets once a week for literary exercises. It is a good idea and will no doubt be a profitable way for the young people to spend at least one evening in each week.

J. H. CONRAD,

DEALER IN

## ROOFING AND SPOUTING

GUTTERING, HOUSE FURNISHING GOODS.

Cutlery, Nails, Paints, Woodenware &c.

MAIN STREET.

ST. JOE IND.

All work and goods guaranteed to give satisfaction. Give me a call

AT THE

St. Joe

DRUG

STORE.

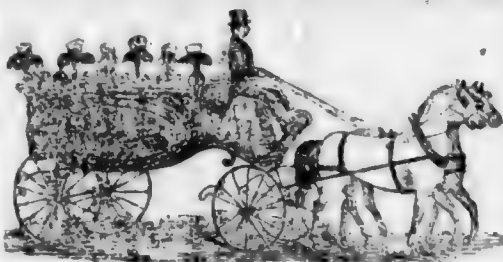
White-wash Brushes.  
Kalsomine Brushes.  
Paint and Wall Brushes.  
Artist's Brushes.  
Marking Brushes.  
Shoe and Hair Brushes.  
Tooth and Clothes Brushes.

AT THE

St. Joe

DRUG

STORE.



A. KINSEY.

Undertaker and Emballer. Keeps on hand constantly, a stock of Undertaking Supplies, Coffins, Caskets, Burial Robes &c. I can supply as fine goods as can be furnished. Will attend to making all arrangements for funerals. Calls responded to at all hours of the night. Office on corner of Main and Second Streets; residence on corner of Main and Fourth Streets, St. Joe, Ind.

### ST. JOE MARKETS.

CORRECTED EVERY FRIDAY.

Wheat	77 1/2 cts.
Oats	28 cts.
Corn	40 cts.
Butter	15 cts.
Eggs	10 cts.
Tallow	34 cts.
Lard	10 cts.
Potatoes	50 cts.
Smoked Hams	10 cts.
Shoulders and Side Meat	8 cts.

### Baltimore & Ohio R. R.

WEST BOUND.

No. 9 Mail and Express	11:10 A. M.
3 Chicago Express	10:43 P. M.
35 Local Freight	3:53 P. M.

EAST BOUND.

No. 10 Express and Mail	2:08 P. M.
4 Morning Express	2:57 A. M.
34 Local Freight	8:00 A. M.

G. V. JAMES, AGENT.

"Peck" Sanders is working on the brick yard.

Sherm Ricket left for the west Monday evening.

George Metcalf of Garrett, was in town Wednesday.

Jacob Sechler has taken up a stray cow; color black, and about twelve years old.

George Wilson and wife, who have been living in the west for the past few years, are visiting with their parents.

Simon Wineland having rented the B. & O. farm for 3 years, requires that all stock that has been in the habit of pasturing thereon, be kept off and thus save trouble.

John Provines gave a free exhibition with his Texas pony on our streets one day this week. The pony didn't want to go, and John was just good natured enough to let him have his own way about it.

### HOUSE PAINTING.

Graining, Glazing, Paper Hanging and Ceiling Decorating a specialty. All work guaranteed. B. A. Woodcock. Call and see me, or leave orders at the St. Joe Drugstore.

### STAR WIND PUMP, E. A. War-

Semaker, agent, Nowville, Ind. Farmers who think of buying a mill should give me a call before doing so. The Star Mill is the best at prices the lowest.



We have always been lead to believe that on the other side of the river there would be no fighting and quarreling, no neck-downs and blood-sheds, but it seems that such is not the case. Only a short time ago, we heard of a little unpleasantness between two fellows on the other side of the river, that resulted in a deal of fashioned fore by six sham battles; and then wasn't so awful much shot about it either. Just what the time was about, we don't exactly know, but as near as we could find out, we think it is something about a ditch. It seems that the ditch got mad and blew up and hit one of the men in the face, which caused the other man to get edgewise, and he up and knocked the ditch down; this made the other man hopping mad and he went for him, and for a few minutes the two things was pretty hot in that vicinity. After it was all over the both felt ashamed of themselves, and then there, upon the gory battle-field, which but a few minutes before had been the scene of a bloody conflict, they buried the hatchet, and agreed from that time forward to be good friends. Barcus Q. Hippenhammer.

Our citizens should examine every one before taking it now days, as there are a number of \$1,000 counterfeit bills in circulation.

Brown & Culbertson, the popular agricultural dealers of Auburn, have recently got out a good advertising scheme, in the way of a map of the state with illustrations of the implements they handle arranged around the border. Its pretty slick, but the picture on the upper right hand corner gives it away badly.



## AN EXODUS FROM THE FARM.

The Young Men of the South Will Not Till the Soil Any More.  
(Savannah News.)

There is a phase of life at the South which not only gives occasion for earnest thought, but for serious alarm. When the war closed, and for a number of years after, the changed condition of affairs led many young men to believe that the cities and towns afforded the best fields for making a living. Farms and farm-houses were in ruins, labor was disorganized, and there seemed to be no profit in tilling the ground. To a very great extent, therefore, young men sought the centers of population, while their fathers rented the farms to negroes. Many found employment as clerks in stores, others entered some one of the learned professions. As a rule the clerks received small salaries, and when the busy season was over their occupation was gone until the return of fall. In the summer months some went back to the farms and engaged in irregular work; but the majority remained upon the scenes of their spasmodic careers as clerks, and kicked their shins in idleness. Those who entered a professional life fared no better than the clerks. A few made fame and fortune, but by far the greater number barely succeeded in keeping up the union between the body and soul.

The example set by these young men was contagious, because the exodus from the farms continues, and every year there is a large increase in the number of poorly-paid clerks and half-starved lawyers and physicians. In recent years the activity in mining, manufacturing, and railroad building has been an additional inducement to young men to seek the centers of population. This was never so apparent as at present. The dazzling stories of rapidly-acquired fortunes in pursuits just mentioned have caused a rush of young men to the cities and towns that is astonishing, and to which there seems no end.

The exodus from the farms has two unfortunate results. One is that the farms suffer, and the other is that the pursuits open to young men in the cities and towns yearly become more crowded, thus lessening the opportunities for acquiring a competency. The exodus ought to stop. It is based upon fallacy. Young men who remain on the farms and cultivate them intelligently and industriously are much more likely to make fortunes than those who seek a livelihood in the cities and towns. Besides, the prosperity of the country depends upon the prosperity of the farming interest, and unless farmers and the sons of farmers do their duty the country cannot prosper.

### Perils of Photography.

In the year 2887 nobody will be proud of his ancestors. There will be no claims of long descent, and people, instead of constantly alluding to their forefathers, the pioneers of 1849, the passengers of the original Mayflower, will carefully avoid all mention of them. Why? Because when any such allusion is made the *nouveau riche* will ask to inspect the family album, and the photographs of this century will simply be discreditable.

Do you ever open the old album and look over the pictures? Well, the old folks—your father and mother—always look well, for don't you know, parents are always old-fashioned. But there's your aunt, with a coal-scuttle bonnet and hoops, and her hair pasted down over her forehead and parted in the middle; with a kind of jaundiced complexion and bright eyes, that show in their pupils nothing but the excited, intense interest of trying to look into the camera for fifty seconds without winking. And you thought she was so pretty then, and you remember as a child when you went and told your mother you saw her being kissed by her beau at the gar-len-gate. Then there's her beau, who afterwards married her. He was so handsome, don't you know. Look at him. He wears a long frock coat with lapels that curl up under his arms; he has a flaming necktie and a shirt front showing down to where the coat looks as if it were tied by a string tight around his waist. His trousers don't fit, and his face is all covered with yellow specks, and he looks as if he had swallowed a fly and it was in dying agonies in his windpipe, while he daren't cough for fear of spoiling the picture. Then there's yourself. Well, that's not so bad. You know you were very pretty as a child, and you remember the dress, and—well—you're not

quite so old-fashioned—to yourself—as the others. And you turn the pages. There's Fred, whom you jilted. You look at him and you're glad you jilted him. He used to be so beautifully pensive. Now he looks like an idiot; and—well—you doubt if he ever could have been so horrid, any way. Then your husband comes along and turns the book over and says: "Do you remember that?" You close it on his fingers; it's fearful. You have an old-fashioned, shapeless, black silk gown that looks like gingham, or something with wide sleeves and big ruffles, and the skirt is gracefully bunched out like a half-exhausted balloon. And you've had the picture painted, and the beautiful red of your cheeks has become mottled, and the neck is yellow, and the hair is a dirty-brown color, and you've got hold most awkwardly of a green chair. And your husband wonders what he ever could see in you, until you show him his own picture. Then he shuts up suddenly, like a knife, don't you know.  
—Peck's Sun.

### London Needlewomen.

The women engaged in the shirt trade are to the full as ill off, as badly paid, and as much to be pitied as were their sisters in the days when Hood sang their sorrows and sufferings. The woman who is solely dependent upon shop shirtmaking starves rather than lives by it. She soon becomes in very deed

The seamstress, lean and weary and wan,  
With only the ghosts of garments on,  
Who,

In poverty, hunger, and dirt,  
Sees at once with a double thread  
A shroud as well as a shirt.

Happily, many of the shirt hands are not wholly dependent upon the earning of their needles. Numbers of the married women of the poorer classes work at the shirt trade with a view to supplementing the scanty wages of their husbands, and the additional income thus gained, though it may be but three or four shillings a week, sensibly increases the comfort of the household. Considering the wretched prices paid for the work, the surprising thing is that the women should earn even so much at it as some of them do. Take the buttonholing—the leading branch of the work is Tenement street. The holes are rough punched in the factories, the work of the outdoor hands being to stitch them round. This buttonholing is admittedly "niggling" work, and yet the rate at which it is paid for by the sweaters is a penny per dozen collars. As each collar has three holes, the hand, who finds her own needle and cotton, has to stitch thirty-six holes for a penny. Even so, some of the experts, by working long hours, by rising early on summer morning and sitting late on winter nights, by living on food that is "ready to be put in the mouth," chiefly bread and butter, and eating as they work; by acting on these lines some of the buttonholers will earn as much as eight or nine shillings per week. The prices paid by the manufacturers who give it out in the first instance are probably such as would enable a skilled and industrious hand to make a living wage, but as matters stand such men are almost compelled to employ middlemen, and the tender mercies of the sweater are cruel.—*All the Year Round*.

### Sweet Potatoes as Stock Feed.

By most Northern people the sweet potato is eaten only sparingly, and, as it has to be bought often at a high price, it is regarded as a rather expensive luxury. But it is very easily grown, and with equal care and culture will out-yield the common potato, especially on poor ground. Its rampant vines choke down weeds, making little culture necessary. In some of the Southern States the sweet potato is planted for stock feed for pigs, which, when the crop is ripe, are turned in and do their own harvesting. The sweet they contain is very fattening, but it does not make very solid pork. The vines of potatoes are greedily eaten by cows, and have none of the poisonous qualities of our common potato, which is of a family containing many poisonous plants.—*Chicago Herald*.

"BETTER late than never" will do very well when applied to a legacy left by some sturdy old uncle whom you had expected to outlive you, but "Better never than late" should be your motto in catching a railway train.

On seeing a house being whitewashed a boy asked, "Ma, if you please, are you going to shave that house."

### Parson Whangdoodle Baxter.

De subject'er which I desire ter call yer attenthun dis ebenin' am gambollin' or de playin' ob keards.

I has reason ter dread dat some ob de mah members ob dis heah Blue Light Tabernackel am in de habit ob playin' poker, an arterwards dey lies ter dar wives when dey comes home late.

Dearly belubbed sistern, when yer husband comes home pertickerly late, an' says in his sleep, "I se dun froze out—is aanty up?" don't yer fer er minit serpose he am a sufferin' for quilts, or am bodderin' his head about his aanty. Hit means dat he has been playin' the sinful game ob draw poker.

Maybe in his sleep de husband will talk about jack pot, and next morning when yer asks what a jack pot am, he will say dat hit am de pot what Jack cooks his whittles in when he camps out. Don't yer berlieve him, for dat ar ain't de right meanin' ob jack pot—so I has been informed by Deacon Snodgrass.

Der am seberal kinds ob games. Some games am healthful an' some am siekly. Hits my idea dat poker am one ob de siekly games, for Deacon Snodgrass, in the amen corner, ober yonder, has ter sit up wid poker all night long most ebery night in de week.

Playin' poker am not confined to de lower elements ob serchity, for I has been told dat at Washington City some ob de congressmen plays de game reg'lar. Not long sence I read in one ob de papers dat Secretary Manning made a call for \$10,000,000. An' yet dar am lots ob folks who am willin' ter play all night long wid a two-dollar limit—so I has been told by Deacon Snodgrass.

De American game ob poker, like de gospel, has spread all ober de civilized world. I was conversin' wid a returned missionary from de Souf Sea Islands, and he tole me I'd be sprised at de spread ob Christianity among de heathens; dat all de natives ob de Souf Sea Islands hab larned ter cuss in English an' play poker, an' dat one ob 'em skinned him outer seventy-five dollars wid a cold deck.

Eben de boys in dis heah age ob progress know more about poker den de boys ob prehistorical times. In former days de boys in de lawdige ob de poek, stood on de burnin' deck, whence all but him had fled, but nowadays de boy has de deck up one ob his sleeves, an' he draws out de face keards as he needs 'em ter make a full han'.

Yer can tell by lookin' at er man ef he plays poker or not, but I has always noticed dat when er man nobber warts an obercoat in winter because hits not heafy, hit am a 'spicious circumstance. He sorter indicates dat he has been bluffin' on a weak han'. Deacon Snodgrass, yer didn't bring yer obercoat wid yer dis Sabbath morn'.

Brudder Sam Johnsing will please pass de hat. I hope yer will ehup in liberally. It takes occasion ter remark dat de habit ob flattenin' out buttons, while hit spiles de button, does not increase his availability as a circulatin' mejum.—*Texas Siftings*.

### How Animals Practice Medicine.

Animals get rid of their parasites by using dust, mud, clay, etc. Those suffering from fever restrict their diet, keep quiet, seek dark, airy places, drink water and sometimes plunge into it. When a dog has lost its appetite it eats that species of grass known as dog-grass, which acts as an emetic and a purgative. Cats also eat grass. Sheep and cows when ill seek out certain herbs. An animal suffering from chronic rheumatism always keeps as much as possible in the sun. The warrior ants have regularly organized ambulances. Latroille cut the antennae of the ant, and other ants came and covered the wounded part with a transparent fluid secreted from their mouths. If a chimpanzee is wounded it stops the bleeding by placing its hands on the wound or dressing it with leaves and grass. When an animal has a wounded leg or arm hanging on it completes the amputation by means of its teeth. A dog, on being bitten in the muzzle by a viper, was observed to plunge its head repeatedly for several days into running water. This animal eventually recovered. A sporting dog was run over by a carriage. During three weeks in winter it remained lying in a brook, where its food was taken to it. This animal recovered. A terrier hurt its right eye. It remained under a counter, avoiding light and heat, although it habitually kept close to the fire. It adopted, by way of general

treatment, rest and abstinence from food. The local treatment consisted in licking the upper surface of the paw, which it applied to the wounded eye; again licking the paw when it became dry. Animals suffering from traumatic fever treat themselves by the continued application of cold water, which M. Delamay considers to be more certain than any of the other methods. In view of these interesting facts we are, we think, forced to admit that hygiene and therapeutic as practiced by animals may, in the interest of psychology, be studied with advantage.

### Jackson's Duel with Dickinson.

In a paper in the *Southern Bironce* the following conversation between Gen. Harding and Gen. Andrew Jackson, relative to Jackson's duel with Dickinson, is given:

"In conversation with Gen. Jackson, one day I said: 'General, is a brave man ever frightened?'

"I don't know that I am competent to answer that question," said he. I replied: 'The world accords you as much bravery as is possessed by any man.'

"If that be so, sir, said the General, I would say I have been badly frightened as a gentleman ought ever to be."

"Said I, 'I presume that was in some of your Indian fights?'

"No," said he, "it was when I went on the field with Dickinson. I knew him to be a cool, brave, determined man, and the best shot I ever saw, and I never expected to leave the field alive. I owe my life to the fashion of the day—the full-breasted coat. This and the peculiar conformation of my much-sunken chest were all that saved me. Dickinson's bullet struck what appeared to be the center of my body under the right arm, and the ball grazed my breastbone. I had gone upon the field determined not to fire at Dickinson, but to discharge my pistol in the air, having no ground of quarrel with him, and not wishing to hurt a hair of his head. My quarrel was with his father-in-law, Ervin; but when I felt myself shot under the impression that I had received a mortal wound, and starting under this belief and the physical pain, I fired the fatal shot, and no act of my life have I ever regretted so much."

"Under the conditions of the meeting we had a right to reserve the fire, because I knew Dickinson could shoot so much more quickly than I could. It has been asserted in the public prints," said Old Hickory, "that I advanced on Dickinson to deliver my shot and that he gave back, both of which statements are false, sir. I stood in my place when I fired and Dickinson remained in his, receiving my shot like a cool, brave man as he was."

General Harding said that at this same interview, which was the last he ever had with Gen. Jackson, the latter said to him:

"The world is greatly mistaken about my having an ungovernable temper. I never gave an exhibition of temper without my judgment approved it. I sometimes found it necessary even to prevent the shedding of blood."

### Toothache Superstitions.

In some parts of Sussex, England, there is a superstition that if you put on your right stocking, right shoe, and right trouser-leg before the left you will never have toothache. To drink out of a skull and wear it round the neck, to apply the tooth to your own living but aching tooth, to put a double nut into your pocket, to pare your finger-nails and toe-nails, and wrap the parings in a paper—all are charms against the toothache. In other parts of England there is a custom of calling the toothache the "love-pain," for which the sufferer is not entitled to any commiseration. Whether he or she fully consents to this may, perhaps, be doubted.—*Iron Times*.

### Willing to Do the Right Thing.

Dumley (calmly)—I understand, Robinson, that you have said that I look like a monkey.

Robinson—I believe I did say something of the sort, Dumley.

Dumley (threateningly)—Well, you will have to apologize.

Robinson—All right, Dumley. The first time I see a monkey I'll apologize.  
*Harper's Bazar*.

A NEWSPAPER correspondent speaks of having lately seen Gladstone when "he was immersed in thought and bathed in perspiration."

THE most precious canine is a diamond setter.



## CHASED BY MEXICAN ROBBERS.

Finding Refuge from Guerrillas in the House of Their Chief.

"I obtained leave of absence to visit some friends in Monterey," said Gen. Doubleday to a New York Mail and Express reporter, telling of adventures in Mexico after the Mexican war. "When the visit ended I started back to Saltillo with a Mr. Miller, of New Orleans. It was dangerous traveling, and we were liable to be attacked by prowling bands of guerrillas at any time, but my leave had expired and I could not wait any longer. I was riding a swift horse, was well armed, and so was my companion. Nothing occurred until one morning when we were several miles to the right of a small town, Santa Maria, forty miles from Saltillo. We were pushing forward at a moderate gait and continually on the lookout for robbers. I had a large pair of field glasses, and frequently surveyed the surface of the surrounding country. I saw a body of Mexican lancers a mile or so distant. They were coming toward us, and our only alternatives were to give fight or retreat. We chose the latter, as the lancers were considerable in numbers. I concluded to make a dash for Santa Maria. I happened to know the alcalde, and he had invited me several times to partake of his hospitality. He was a dandified kind of a man, and put on a great deal of style. My hope was to reach his house and claim his protection, and, if he refused to give it, to demand it with a pistol at his head. The lancers soon saw us and dashed forward at full speed. They were not near as far to the right of Santa Maria as Miller and I, so all they had to do was to cut us off, if possible. We made a bee line, riding at full speed. The robbers saw their chance of cutting us off and took advantage of it. Fortunately Miller and I rode swift horses and managed to reach the town just a few hundred yards ahead of our pursuers. We galloped right up to the alcalde's house, followed by the lancers. I rapped at the gateway in the wall where horses and riders pass through, and the gate opened. Miller and I rode in, leaving our would-be slayers some fifty yards from the house. They came no farther. I told the alcalde that I had come to pay him that visit, and would remain until 6 o'clock the next morning. I also took pains to inform him what route I intended to take for Saltillo. Well, I departed that afternoon at 4 o'clock, and by a different route than the one I had given the alcalde. The strange part of the adventure was explained some months afterward. The alcalde, although Governor of the town, was the chief of a band of robbers, and that very band which chased Miller and myself. The robbers were delighted to see us ride into Santa Maria, for they thought they had us then, sure. But when they saw us boldly ride to the house of their chief and be admitted they were struck with astonishment. They did not understand it, and imagined that we were in collusion or connected some way with the alcalde. The alcalde was arrested by United States troops soon afterward and his connection with robbers thoroughly exposed."

### American Farmers.

Very few people appreciate the importance of American farming interests. We hear the everlasting hum of our manufacturing night and day, and every orator who talks about the splendor of this country refers in the most glowing language to our workshops and mills and looms and forges and trip-hammers. But the farmer is seldom heard of. He sits quietly in the background by the side of his plow and threshing-machine as though he were of little account.

We can easily recognize his value to the nation, however, by a few figures which may startle our readers unless they have already looked into the subject with some care. Of our entire exports 84 per cent comes from the ground and from mines, forests, and fisheries, while only 16 per cent is the product of machinery. The cotton of the South and the grain of the West hold a dual control over our national prosperity. The one keeps the spindles of England busy, and the other feeds the world. Europe has almost as much interest in the products of American soil as we have ourselves. A loss of these two crops for a single season would create a panic throughout the civilized globe.

There are in America over 4,000,000 farms, large and small. They cover 300,000,000 acres of improved land;

their total value is something like \$10,000,000,000. These figures are not, of course, comprehensible. They simply convey the idea of vastness of area and importance. The estimated value of the yearly products is between \$2,000,000,000 and \$3,000,000,000. What America takes out of the ground, therefore, has much to do with the prosperity and happiness of the nation. What helps the farmer helps us all, and what hurts him hurts us all. His well-tilled acres are the heart of the republic, and each pulse drives the products of the country into every market on the planet. Congress has been asked to establish an experimental farm in every state and territory at a cost of \$15,000 each. It will encourage the tillers of the soil and show them the results of methods which they cannot afford to test for themselves. It will be money well spent. By all means take good care of the farmers. —New York Herald.

### Well-Preserved Meat.

The River Vilou, in North Siberia, is frozen a greater part of the year. In the cold season the natives follow its course to the south; and as spring comes on they return. It was during one of these migrations that an entire rhinoceros was discovered. The river, swollen by the melting snow and ice, had overflowed its banks and undermined the frozen ground, until finally, with a crash, a huge mass of mingled earth and ice broke away and came thundering down. Some of the more daring natives ventured near and were rewarded by a sight wonderful in the extreme. A broad section of icy earth had been exposed, and hanging from a layer of ice and gravel was a creature so weird that at first they would not approach it. It hung partly free, and had evidently been uncovered by the landslide. From the head extended a long horn, as tall as some of the children, while behind it was another, smaller one. But the strangest feature of this curious monster was that it was covered with hair.

At first, the astonished discoverers thought the creature was alive, and that it had pushed aside the earth, and was coming out. But the great rhinoceros was dead, and had probably been entombed thousands of years. The body was frozen as hard as stone, and the hair-covered hide seemed like frozen leather, and did not hang in folds as does the skin of living species. Several months passed before the animal was entirely uncovered, and so perfectly had nature preserved it, that it was then cut up and the flesh given to the dogs.

The news of this discovery passed from native to native and from town to town, until it reached the ears of a government officer. He at once sent orders for the preservation of the carcass, but the flesh had already been destroyed; and now only its head and feet are preserved in one of the great museums of Russia. —Charles Frederick Holder, in St. Nicholas.

### Dry Feet and Better Complexions.

Madam, allow me to prescribe for you. I have had a long experience in the management of delicate women and believe I can give you some important advice. For the present I prescribe only for your feet. First, procure a quantity of woolen stockings not such as you buy at the store under the name of lamb's wool that you can read a newspaper through, but the kind that your aunt Jerusha in the country knits for you, that will keep your feet dry and warm, in spite of wind and weather; second, if you want to be thorough, change them every morning, hanging the fresh ones by the fire during the night; third, procure thick calfskin boots, double uppers and triple soles, and wear them from the 1st of October to the 1st of May; make frequent applications of some good oil blacking; fourth, avoid rubber boots, which may be worn for a little time through the snowdrifts or a flood of water; fifth, hold the bottoms of your feet in cold water a quarter of an inch deep just before going to bed two or three minutes, and then rub them hard with rough towels and your naked hands; sixth, now, madam, go out freely in all weathers, and, believe me, not only will your feet enjoy a good circulation, but as the consequences of the good circulation in the lower extremities your head will be relieved of all its fullness and your heart of all its palpitations. Your complexion will be greatly improved and your health made better in every respect. —Medical World.

### The Haughty Burmese.

The Burmese have an exalted opinion of themselves. Their religious, historical, and social traditions, acquired from earliest childhood and kept prominently before them by the almost daily dramatic performances which are a conspicuous feature in the national life, serve to convince them of the validity of their claim to purity of descent and the grandeur of their antecedents. "Does not their very name imply," they say, "that they are descendants of the holy Prahmah who came to earth from the blessed regions of the Rupa, or seventh heaven? Does not their 'Great Chronicle of Kings' indisputably prove that their kings are representative scions of the immortal Mahla Thummada, the first emperor of the universe?" Though this display of overweening pride and self-assertion is, to say the least, far from attractive to even their best friends and well-wishers, still, if kept within reasonable bounds, those eccentricities should be rather encouraged than otherwise, for at this critical period of their national and political life, when many sinister influences are at work calculated to undermine and destroy their commendable independence of character, every indulgence should be meted them rather than they should suffer as regards self-respect, and lose the manly bearing which is so refreshing to Europeans accustomed to the obsequiousness of the mild Hindoo. —International Review.

### The Sun Going Out.

Sir W. Thomson, who is in many respects the most sensational of all our scientists, has declared at the royal institution that the sun is going out at the rate of thirty-five meters a year. In two thousand years its radius would be 100 per cent. less than at present, and in ten million years it will have shrunk so much that life will be impossible on this planet. As this puts the extinction of the race at a date beyond our time, this prophecy will probably attract less attention than Sir William's calculation that the sun can not have existed more than twenty million years. This, if correct, would be a staggering blow to many received evolutionary theories which require much more elbow room than a paltry twenty millions of years. Sir William Thomson, however, is obdurate. He has no compassion on geologists or biologists, who will almost be as hard put to it to reconcile their theories of creation with so brief a span of time as with the Mosaic six days. —Pall Mall Gazette.

### To Dislodge the Enemy.

When it takes the form of disease of the kidneys or bladder, is a task well nigh impossible of accomplishment. Renal and vesical maladies are more obstinate than any others. Counteract, therefore, the earliest indications of inactivity of the many organs with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which possesses, among other excellent qualities, those of an efficient diuretic. The degree of stimulation apparent from its use reaches, but never goes beyond, the bounds of safety. It invigorates always, never irritates. Bright's disease, diabetes, catarrh of the bladder, are diseases successfully combated in their incipency with this benign medicinal stimulant and tonic. Besides re-enforcing and regulating the kidneys and bladder, the Bitters is a specific for fever and ague, constipation and dyspepsia.

The people of Bermuda have a general idea that there is no civilization worth speaking of outside of Bermuda. Not long ago an official of the island fell ill, and hurried home to London to be cured. "Oh, if he had only stayed here! How unwise to go home!" exclaimed a lady, bewailing his fate. "Why stay here?" asked some one in surprise. "Oh, we have such splendid physicians here!" "But don't you think he will find equally good physicians in London?" said her questioner, politely suppressing a smile. "In London? No! How could he? Where would they be educated?"

### The Trouble Is to Be Understood.

The following quaint advertisement appeared in a contemporary recently: "A situation wanted by a steady, settled young Woman of the Established Church, who understands a cow." There's very little Christianity in a cow, according to our country experience. It's easy enough to understand the cow; the sublime difficulty is to get the cow to understand you. —Fun.

### Is There no balm in Gilead?

Is there no physician there? Thanks to Dr. Pierce, there is a balm in his "Golden Medical Discovery"—a "balm for every wound" to heal, from colds, coughs, consumption, bronchitis, and all chronic, blood, lung and liver affections. Of druggists.



This standard preparation has by its peculiar merits and its wonderful cures won the confidence of the people, and is to-day the most popular blood purifier and spring medicine. If you have made up your mind to buy Hood's Sarsaparilla do not be induced to take any other. Be sure to get Hood's Sarsaparilla, which is peculiar to itself. Hood's Sarsaparilla sold by druggists. \$1; six for \$5. Prepared by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

### 100 Doses One Dollar

### The Successful Remedy for Nasal Catarrh

Must be non-irritating, easy of application, and one that will, by its own action, reach all the remote sores and ulcerated surfaces. The history of the efforts to treat catarrh during the past few years demonstrates that only one remedy has met these conditions, and that is Ely's Cream Balm. This safe and pleasant remedy has mastered catarrh as nothing else has ever done, and both physicians and patients freely concede this fact. The more distressing symptoms quickly yield to it, and a multitude of persons who have for years borne all the worry and pain that catarrh can inflict, testify to radical and permanent cures wrought by it. Ely's Cream Balm is perfectly soothing, excites no dread, dissolves the hardened accumulations, lessens the extreme sensibility of the nerve centers to cold and all external irritants, and is followed by no reaction whatever.

### ELY'S CREAM BALM

is not a liquid, snuff or powder. Applied into the nostrils it is quickly absorbed. It cleanses the head, allays inflammation, heals the sores. Restores the senses of taste and smell.

50 cents at Druggists; by mail, registered, 60 cents. ELY BROTHERS, Druggists, Owego, N. Y.

The best and surest Remedy for Cure of all diseases caused by any derangement of the Liver, Kidneys, Stomach and Bowels. Dyspepsia, Sick Headache, Constipation, Bilious Complaints and Malaria of all kinds yield readily to the beneficial influence of

# PRICKLY ASH BITTERS

It is pleasant to the taste, tones up the system, restores and preserves health. It is purely Vegetable, and cannot fail to prove beneficial, both to old and young. As a Blood Purifier it is superior to all others. Sold everywhere at \$1.00 a bottle.



EST'D 1862. Your cigar cases are just the thing, and permit me to say you are the "boss" advertiser. Continue to ship 30, to "Tansill's Punch" on the 1st and 15th of each month. They are the best goods for the money on this coast. G. B. Corwin & Co., San Francisco, Cal. Address

R. W. TANSILL & CO., Chicago.

**\$300 REWARD WILL BE GIVEN** to any person that can furnish an Automatic Sewing Straw Stacker that can do better work than the IMPERIAL STACKER that we are building. Send for circular and price list which will be mailed free. All are wanted to do good work or no sale.

**NEWARK MACHINE CO., Columbus, O.** Buys New Silver-plated Singer Sewing Machine, warranted 5 years. For particulars, address C. G. A. M. M., Chicago, Ill. **\$10**



## MECHANICAL.

A NEW file for band saws has been devised, in which the cross section represents an isosceles triangle, the sides of which are in height more than double the width of the base, and whose corners are curved and rounded.

TO GET a good working speed for a turbine, allow the wheel to run free for a while and then reduce its speed one-third. Fifty per cent. is an allowance that will only work where there is no hindrance to the flow of water or resistance through the wheel.

A CAST iron pot or pipe having a hole or crack in it may be mended as follows: Take two parts sulphur and one by weight of fine black lead; melt the sulphur carefully in an iron vessel over a gentle fire, and then mix the plumbago with it, stirring thoroughly. Pour it on a stone to cool, and when cold break into small pieces. In mending the crack or hole, put a sufficient quantity of the cement over it and use it as a plumber uses solder, melting it into the crack with a hot iron. A small hole can be filled with a copper rivet before the cement is applied.—*Sanitary Plumber.*

SANDPAPER is at present made with powdered glass instead of sand. Glass is readily pulverized by heating it red hot and throwing it into water, and finishing the powdering in an iron frame mortar. By the use of sieves of different sizes of mesh the powder can be separated into various grades, from the finest dust to very coarse, and these should be kept separate. A strong paper is tacked down and covered with a strong size or glue, and the surface covered with powdered glass of the desired fineness; when the glue is dry the surplus glass is shaken or brushed off. Muslin is better than paper and lasts much longer.

IN a large factory in which were employed several hundred persons, one of the workmen carelessly allowed a hammer to slip from his hand which he was wielding. It flew half way across the room and struck a fellow workman in the left eye. The man averred that his eye was blinded by the blow, although a careful examination failed to reveal any injury, there being not a scratch visible. He brought a suit in the courts for compensation for the loss of half his eye-sight and refused all offers of compromise. Under the law the owner of the factory was responsible for an injury resulting from an accident of this kind. The day of the trial arrived, and in open court an eminent oculist retained by the defense examined the alleged injured member, and gave it as his opinion that it was as good as the right eye. Upon the plaintiff's loud protest of his inability to see with his left eye, the oculist proved him a perjurer, and satisfied the court and jury of the falsity of his claim. He did it simply by knowing that the colors green and red combined make black. He prepared a black card, on which a few words were written with green ink. Then the plaintiff was ordered to put on a pair of spectacles with two different glasses, the one for the right eye being red and the one for the left eye consisting of ordinary glass. Then the card was handed him, and he was ordered to read the writing on it. This he did without hesitation, and the cheat was at once exposed. The sound right eye fitted with the red glass, was unable to distinguish the green writing on the black surface of the card, while the left eye which he pretended was sightless, was the one with which the reading had to be done.—*The Pottery Gazette.*

## Not in Style.

It has come at last. Fashion having exhausted every detail of life has turned its attention to funerals.

"Poor, dear Mrs. ———! Wasn't it sad?"

"Awfully sad. I was quite shocked."

"So was I—terribly shocked. It was so sudden, you know."

"It wasn't that that shocked me so much. But she was buried all out of style."

"How? What do you mean?"

"It's all out of style to have flowers at a funeral now, and the coffin was completely covered with them."—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

A SHEET of paper seventeen inches wide and more than seven miles long was recently made at Watertown, N. Y. The leading plumber of the place had a bill to make out.—*Pittsburgh Chronicle Telegraph.*

## ODD THINGS IN CHINA.

BOATS are drawn by horses, carriages are moved by sails.

OLD women, instead of the young, are the belles of society.

OLD men play ball and fly kites, while the children fold their arms and look on.

THE highest recommendation a man can have is the fact of his having a wife.

THE highest ambition of a Chinese gentleman is to have a nice coffin and a fine funeral.

MEN wear long petticoats and carry fans, while the women wear short jackets and carry canes.

PARENTS and spectators, instead of the children, are held responsible for the crimes committed by the latter.

A BACHELOR is likened to a counterfeit coin; he is looked upon with suspicion even by members of his own household.

TO ENCOURAGE honesty and sincerity, confidential clerks and salesmen in all branches of industries receive an annual net percentage of the firm's business besides their regular salaries.

A GIRL is never considered anything else in her own father's house than an honored guest. She is neither responsible for the family's debts nor enjoys a share in its fortunes, as in the case of the sons.

A PREVIOUS acquaintanceship between the male and female prevents them from marriage. For this reason a man seldom weds a girl of his own town. They are likewise prevented from marrying kins or namesakes.

WHEN a Chinaman desires a visitor to dine with him he does not ask him to do so, but when he does not wish him to stay he puts the question, "Oh, please stay and dine with me!" The visitor will then know he is not wanted.

IF a Chinaman desires the death of an enemy he goes and hangs himself upon his neighbor's door. It is a sure cure to kill not only that particular enemy, but members of his entire family will be in jeopardy of losing their lives.

A MAN could borrow money on the strength of having a son, but no one would advance him a cent if he had a dozen daughters. The former is responsible for the debts of his father for three generations. The latter is only responsible for the debts of her own husband.

A RICH man's servant gets no salary, yet many are the applicants; while big salaries are paid to the servants of the common people, but few make applications. The perquisites of the former, often more than triple the salaries of the latter, are the sole reasons for these differences.

WHEN a Chinaman meets another he shakes and squeezes his own hands and covers his head. If great friends had not seen each other for a long time, after the mutual hand-shaking they would rub shoulders until they become tired. Instead of asking each other's health they would say: "Have you eaten your rice, where are you going, what is your business when you get there, how old are you, and how much did you pay for your shoes?"

## Patriotic Southerners.

Major Seecah—If the South had only 30,000 more men at Gettysburg, the confederacy would now be an established fact.

Col. Lordly—I'm glad the South didn't have 30,000 more men at Gettysburg.

"Why, Colonel, I am surprised to hear you talk that way. Didn't you lose two hundred slaves by the war?"

"No; three hundred."

"And two plantations?"

"Four plantations."

"And you were imprisoned for a year on Johnson's Island?"

"A year and a half."

"And you are now a poor man?"

"I am a pauper."

"And your health is broken?"

"I don't expect to live the year out."

"And after all these sufferings you say you are glad that the South did not have 30,000 more men at Gettysburg?"

"I do. What do my sufferings amount to when compared with those the American people would have to endure if 30,000 more magazine articles on the Battle of Gettysburg are inflicted upon them?"—*Texas Siftings.*

It isn't safe to trust the man who makes gold leaf. He is always on the beat.

**J. D. LEIGHTY,**

—DEALER IN—

**Dry Goods, Notions,**

**GROCERIES, BOOTS, SHOES, RUBBER GOODS, HATS, CAPS, ETC.**

A FULL LINE OF

**Plug, Smoking and Fine Cut Tobaccos, Canned Fruits, Prunes, Raisins, Currants, Etc., Etc.**

**St. Joe, - - Indiana.**

**M. T. BISHOP.**

—DEALER IN—

**LUMBER,**

**LATH. SHINGLES, PINE AND POPULAR LUMBER, LIME, PLASTER, MOULDINGS, ETC., ETC.**

I HAVE AN IMMENSE STOCK AND SOLICIT YOUR PATRONAGE.

**Satisfaction Guaranteed.**

**YARD NEAR DEPOT, - ST. JOE, IND.**

**S. & F. BARNEY,**

—DEALERS IN—

**Dry Goods, Notions,**

**CLOTHING, GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS, BOOTS, SHOES, HATS, CAPS, GROCERIES. GENERAL STOCK OF HARDWARE, STOVES AND TRIMMINGS,**

**ST. JOE, INDIANA.**

HIGHEST MARKET PRICE PAID FOR

**Produce, Grain, Seeds, and Wool.**

**CASE & OLDS,**

—DEALERS IN—

**Dry Goods, Notions,**

**GROCERIES, CLOTHING, BOOTS, SHOES, HATS, CAPS, QUEENSWARE, GLASSWARE, ETC.**

**ST. JOE, INDIANA.**

EXAMINE THE BARGAINS ON OUR

**5 and 10c Counters.**

MAY



# THE ST. JOE NEWS.

VOL. I.

ST. JOE, IND., FRIDAY, MAY 6, 1887.

NO. 15.

## Churches.

### DISCIPLE.

SERVICES every alternate Sunday evening, in the Lutheran church. Cottage prayer meeting every Friday evening.

J. A. THOMAS, PASTOR.

### METHODIST PROTESTANT.

SERVICES every alternate Sunday at 10:30 A. M. Prayer meeting every Tuesday evening. Sunday School at 9:30 A. M.

J. M. LANGLEY, PASTOR.

### EVANGELICAL LUTHERAN.

SERVICES every Sunday, one Sunday in the morning at 10:30, and the following Sunday—in the evening. Prayer meeting every Thursday evening. Sunday School at 9:30 A. M.

S. P. FRYBERGER, PASTOR.

## Societies.

### G. A. R.

REGULAR meetings on Saturday evening, on or before the full moon of each month, at their hall over Leighty's store.

O. H. WIDNEY, COMMANDER.

J. M. MILLIMAN, ADJUTANT.

## Business Notices.

H. W. BOWMAN, M. D., Physician and Surgeon, St. Joe, Ind. Office opposite the Drugstore.

ST. JOE HOTEL, Wm. Leighty, proprietor. Special attention given to furnishing teams for commercial men.

B. S. SHEFFER, M. D., Physician and Surgeon, St. Joe, Ind. Prompt and careful attention to all business entrusted to his care.

ST. JOE BARBER SHOP, one door west of hotel, Will Gee, proprietor. Satisfaction guaranteed. Your patronage is solicited.

FILLEY, LOUNSBERRY AND SHULER, proprietors of the St. Joe Saw and Planing Mill. All work promptly done. Cash paid for Oak Logs.

CITY BARBER SHOP, St. Joe, Ind., John Hull, proprietor. Shaving, Hair Cutting &c. done in the best of style. Come and see me. Two doors west of Kinsey's Furniture Store.

SIMON WINELAND, proprietor St. Joe Handle and Feed Mills. Feed grinding a specialty. Highest prices paid for second growth White Ash. Enquire at the mill for full particulars.

## INDIANA STATE NEWS.

—The thirty-third annual convocation of the Indiana Commandry of Knights Templar was held at Indianapolis, and the following officers were elected: Right Eminent Grand Commander, George W. F. Kirk, Shelbyville. R. E. Deputy Grand Commander, Reuben Peden, Knightstown. R. E. Generalissimo, Duncan T. Bacon, Indianapolis. R. E. Grand Captain-General, Henry W. Lancaster, Lafayette. R. E. Grand Prelate, Edward P. Whallon, Vincennes. R. E. Senior Warden, Irwin P. Webber, Warsaw. R. E. Junior Warden, Joseph A. Manning, Michigan City. R. E. Grand Treasurer, Joseph W. Smith, Indianapolis. R. E. Grand Recorder, John M. Bramwell, Indianapolis. R. E. Standard-bearer, James B. Safford, Columbus. R. E. Sword-bearer, Simeon S. Johnson, Jeffersonville. R. E. Grand Warder, Charles W. Slick, South Bend. R. E. Captain of the Guards, William M. Black, Indianapolis.

—Joseph and George F. Boswell, of Indianapolis, have just received a patent on the first fodder and silo harvester ever invented, and are making arrangements to begin the manufacture of the machine in that city. Last year Mr. Joseph Boswell, who is a large farmer, discovered that cheap cattle food could be had by cutting up the green corn, stalk and all, as soon as the grain had matured, and then salting and packing it. From some experiments he learned that one ton of it was worth two of hay. He immediately began work on a machine to cut the corn, and has succeeded in producing a successful one. It can also be used for cutting ensilage. The McCormick Reaper Works, of Chicago, are trying to purchase the right, and the proprietors will probably sell to the company, reserving a royalty on each machine manufactured.

—Patents have been issued for the following Indiana inventors: Charles F. Bassett, Hillsdale, end gate; John W. Culbertson, Indianapolis, inhaler; George Frazer, Williamsburg, wagon jack; Ernest F. Grether and C. Mosher, South Bend, treating raw hides; Adam Hoffmann, Indianapolis, harness; Jesse B. Johnson, Indianapolis, bailing press; Jonathan D. Mawhood, assignor, to Richmond City mill works, Richmond, feeding device for roller mills; Aaron D. Miller, Union City, device for operating window shades.

—A Ladoga man went to Crawfordsville and requested the Mayor to place him in jail, so as to keep from drinking. He was informed that a complaint must be filed against him before he could be sent to jail. Accordingly, the man went out and got a drink of whisky, and finally persuaded a policeman to file an affidavit against him for drunkenness. Then the Mayor sent him to jail for fifteen days. He has a wife and several children.

Major Jonathan Gordon died at his home in Indianapolis, of congestion of the brain. He had at different times filled a large space in the public eye and played a prominent part in affairs. He possessed talent, genius, great capacity for work and many qualities calculated to win friends and capture the populace. His political and professional services made him widely known throughout the State.

—A sad case of poisoning occurred near Stendale, a small town fifteen miles from Huntington. Two sons of J. D. Lampton, one of G. Wilson, and one of J. Moore, while in the woods, found what they supposed to be spinach, but which proved to be that deadly plant, wild parsnip. Three of the boys died in excruciating agony within eight hours, while the other is in a hopeless condition.

—Mrs. Christina Openhoff visited Mrs. Imen, a neighbor, at Fontanet, nine miles east of Terre Haute, and while there fooled with a revolver. The weapon went off:

the ball striking Mrs. Imen in the abdomen. She would have become a mother in a few days. The child was born dead, with a bullet hole through its head. The mother will die.

—The Nickel Plate Railroad has a large force of men and several construction trains in service on the Indiana division, grading and graveling it, and putting in some twenty-five miles of side-track. This supports the statement that the road is to be put in good order, and through passenger as well as freight trains to be run over it.

—One morning recently, when the parents of Miss Anna Scott, living two miles north of Muncie, went to her room they found her dying from a pistol-shot in her head. She had covered herself up with several quilts so the noise would not be heard. She died at noon. Her parents had opposed her in a love affair.

Herbert Mattingly, a young man of Evansville, who has a notorious reputation, while on a drunken spree, attacked John Buchanan, a peaceable citizen, and, in self-defense the latter cut Mattingly twice, below and behind the arm, and through the lungs, inflicting fatal wounds.

—Wm. Reese, of Jamestown, has sued the Western Union Telegraph Company for \$5,000 damages, on account of failure to deliver a message announcing the death of a relative. He claims that he did not receive the message until a month after it had been sent.

—An unknown colored man was killed by an Ohio & Mississippi passenger train while walking on the track near Dillsboro. He was walking in the same direction as the train was going, but did not heed the engineer's whistling. It is thought he was insane.

—Elijah Fox, a young married man, living nine miles north of Bedford, jumped into Salt Creek and drowned himself. He left a note in his hat on the bank of the creek, saying: "You will find my dead body at the bottom of the creek."

—During the Odd Fellows' parade, at Madison, a horse ridden by ex-Sheriff Isaac Wagner was accidentally knocked down, throwing Wagner with great violence on his head, producing concussion of the brain, which, it is feared, will result fatally.

—Fowler has organized a building association with a capital of \$400,000. The stock of the proposed gas well has all been taken, and work will shortly be commenced.

—The store of D. L. Lee, at Crawfordsville, was entered by burglars, and revolvers and ammunition taken valued at about \$75.

—The Governor has appointed Abram F. Wilden, of Goshen, Charles C. Reynolds, of Milford, and William Conrad, of Warsaw, to appraise the county property of Albion, from which it is proposed to remove the county-seat.

—The School Trustees of Lebanon have advertised for bids for the erection of a high-school building to cost not less than \$20,000, and to be completed during the coming summer.

—The New Albany District Methodist Conference will be held at Paoli May 23, 24, and 25. Rev. T. H. Willis, of New Albany, will preach the opening sermon.

—Fourteen orphan children from the Cincinnati Orphans' Home were distributed, at Fowler, to homes with the farmers and residents of that town. The supply did not fill the demand.

—At Hagerstown, on the Vandalia Railway, two tramps threw themselves under a locomotive, and were instantly killed. One of the men was identified as A. Bowsher, of Kingsman.

—Melvin Duffy, aged 16, fell from a feed-wagon, near North Madison, and broke his neck, dying soon after.

—Rev. Simeon Stone, late of Illinois, has been appointed pastor of Ebenezer Church at Madison.

## PITH AND POINT.

How to keep your rooms warm—keep your grates coal'd.

"GIVE every man a chance," says an old adage. And that's just what the proprietors of lotteries, who are said to be enemies of their fellows, are all ways willing to do.

EMPLOYER—James, here is a letter for you from the dead-letter office. James (in agony)—Then it's from my son. He's been sick for weeks, and I've been expectin' this every day.

DEACON HARRIS—Remember that you must give an account of all your actions and deeds when you go to the other world. Old Mose—Waal, boss, I've mighty glad I've got a poor memory.

SERVED HER RIGHT  
A maiden who used to play euchre  
Was wooed by a young man who tucked  
And made her his wife.  
But she lend him a life  
Of misery, and so he forsook her.  
—Boston Courier.

A BENEVOLENT gentleman dropped a coin into a blind man's hat. The man took it, turned it over, and weighed it in his hand. "Do you think it is not a good one?" "Oh, it's all right, sir, only as times go we've to keep a sharp lookout."

SEXTON (to group of travelers)—This, gentlemen, is the highest church steeple in the country. It contains three bells; the largest is rung only on the arrival of the bishops, in cases of fire and floods, and other threatened calamities.

THERE were few Connecticut women of the last century who did not keep a diary. We quote this from a diary of 1790: "We had roast pork for dinner, and Dr. S—, who carved, held up a rib on his fork and said: 'Here, ladies, is what Mother Eve was made of.' 'Yea,' said Sister Patty, 'and it's from very much the same kind of critter.'"  
—The Living Church.

COMMERCIAL TRAVELER—Do you know that one of the regular drummers in this country is a full-blooded Japanese? Omaha merchant—No, I never heard of it. "Well, he is one of the most successful drummers on the road, and we would all like him if it wasn't for one fault." "Eh! What's that?" "Well, you see, he has the Oriental tendency to exaggerate the qualities of his goods."  
—Omaha World.

THE stories of clergymen who go through the service for one auditor reminds one of a case in Eastern Connecticut. The auditor in this case was a young lady, a member of the clergyman's family. He not only went through the entire service for her solo benefit, but read to her the notice of a change in the time of meeting of the Young Women's Guild, which she had herself handed to him.—Waterbury American.

"THIS Transcontinental Quick Dispatch is a soulless, swindling, grinding monopoly, isn't it?" asked Old Hyson. "You bet your life that's just what it is," replied Old Gunnybags. "I've been trying to get into that concern for three years or more, and not a dollar of stock will they sell at any figure. Won't let me have a smell. There ought to be some way of getting at these fellows in the courts. They're afraid to let an honest man into their rascally ring."  
—Burdette.

WE clip the following from the Haycreek (Texas) *Prairiefire* of a late date: "A reporter of this paper witnessed a fine burst of speed yesterday while returning from the funeral of the wife of our estimable fellow-townsmen, Judge Jaybird. Sandy Harrigan, the driver of the hearse, attempted to throw a little dust on the Judge, when the afflicted and grief-stricken widower pulled out in the ditch with his fine bay horse, Three Spct, and easily passed the outfit shouting and a-dying."  
—Dakota Bell.



# The St. Joe News.

ST. JOE, INDIANA.

MORT & WILL OLDS.

PUBLISHERS.

## "WHICH IS TO SAY, THE WIMMIN."

BY REGINE FIELD.

The comely shank uv evenin' has dwindled into mornin'. As the timid light a-peepin' thru the winders gives us warnin'. We've eaten an' we've tumbled 'till the roosters are a-crowin'. And, unless I am mistaken, it is time that we wuz goin'. Now, with glasses, like our hearts, filled full and all a-brimmin'. Suppose we drink, afore we go, a bumper to the wimmin'.

They more than half suspicioned that we couldn't do without 'em. And 'twill tickle 'em all-fired to know we talked about 'em. So I, for one, acknowledge that, with prospects kinder breezy. I favor what'll let me down with the family sorter easy. How can we drown our sorrows when our heads ke p on a swimmin'? It ain't no use—it must be done—let's talk about the wimmin'.

Not one of us but loves to spark, an' court 'em, an' carress 'em. Not one but will respond "amen" when I suggest "God bless 'em!" Why, when the rib from Adam's side was plucked for woman's makin'. I calculate the Maker took about all worth a-takin'. At any rate, since Adam's time, creation's been a-bummin'.

The virtues of the fairer an' the better sex, the wimmin'. An' we—wal, if there is a love we hold afore all oth'rs. It is the tender, sacred love uv sweethearts, wives, an' mothers. No matter where our lots we cast, or though all else abhor us. How glad they are to fight our fights, and die, if need be, for us! Here, Mister Tavern-keeper, fill our glasses all a-brimmin'. We'll drink a toast to those we love—which is to say the wimmin'.

## MY LITTLE SWEETHEART.

"Uncle Harry, may I be your sweetheart?" asked Marian Sterling, lifting her big brown eyes to mine, with all the innocent frankness of her eight years of maidenhood.

"Indeed you may," I cried, stooping to lift her to my knee.

"No," she said, drawing back; "if I am your sweetheart I mustn't sit on your lap, but beside you. You may kiss me, though, all the same, and call me May, and I will call you Harry. Mamma says you are not really our uncle, but we call you so because we love you."

"Quite true," I answered; "but if you are not to love me when you are my sweetheart, I shall retire."

"Oh, but I will! You see, Agnes has Tracy Hill. I tried very hard, but failed, to get Tracy Hill to love me; then I thought of you, and perhaps you would bring me flowers and tell me I added to their beauty by wearing them, and sugar-plums, and say my lips were sweeter than sugar almonds, and take me to walk and to ride, and always, always be lovely to me!"

"But," I asked gravely, "what are you to give me?"

"Oh, I will work you a pair of slippers when I am big enough, and I'll kiss some of the sugar-plums and let you eat them, and I'll wear the flowers, and if there is any song you like very much I will practice it and learn it, if the accompaniment is not too hard."

"All right. It's a bargain. You are my little sweetheart and I your devoted adorer from this day," I cried. "But it seems to me, May, that for a lady of your age you know a good deal about the sweetheart question."

"Well, you see, uncle—no; you're not my uncle any more."

"Dear Harry," I suggested.

"Dear Harry, you see there is the drawing-room and there is the parlor, and if Tom Irving comes while Agnes is in the parlor, she says, 'Run up-stairs, May; that's a good girl; and when I get to the drawing-room I see Tracy Hill kissing Janet, and he mutters, 'There's that child again; and I run into the kitchen, and Molly has John McCoy there; and I can't help seeing them all,' she added, piteously. 'Exactly. And I think you are a very sensible child to start a courtship of your own. Will you allow me to drive you to the Grove this afternoon, Miss Marian?' I added, with my very best society bow."

"Thank you, dear Harry," she said, with demure gravity. "I will go with pleasure."

So we commenced our flirtation, and never had any man a more piquant, lovely little sweetheart than I, Harry Montgomery, had for the three years I remained at Maxwellbrig, the village in which the Sterlings were leading people.

Mr. Sterling and my father had been friends for many years, and when I finished my medical studies, Mr. Sterling let me know there was a good opening for me at Maxwellbrig, and a warm welcome at his house, where Mrs. Sterling and the three girls made me at once "like one of the family."

My calf-love in its entirety and devotion

was given to Janet, until I found she had a previous attachment, and I was dolorously weeping over the fact when Marian generously came to the rescue.

"What pleasant days we do have, dear Harry!" she said to me, when we were picnicking in the woods: "all the the girls think I have the nicest beau in the world. And nobody has an idea who it is who helps me with my French and German, and shows me all about my Latin, and I go up over their heads because you make all my lessons so easy. It's not cheating if I really study all the same and do all my sums and exercises myself, is it?"

"No," I said, truthfully, for the child's own eager thirst for knowledge and hard work gave me only the pleasure of simplifying some of her lessons and defining some of the "hard words."

But when I had been nearly four years at Maxwellbrig my father obtained for me a diplomatic appointment in Germany, and there was a heart-breaking parting.

"It is not the drives and rides, and rowing and flowers and candies I'm crying for," sobbed my little sweetheart, "though Agnes pretends it is. It is because I am going to lose you. You don't believe I love you just for those things, do you, dear Harry?"

"No, my little love," I said; "I believe you love me with all your pure young heart."

"I do! I do! You will come back?"

"Yes, but I shall find you a grown-up lady with dozens of lovers."

"No! I'll have no other lover. If you marry I shall die! And here is my ivory-type and a curl of my hair, and I want yours."

I readily promised the exchange, and went to Germany, the ivory-type and curl set in a locket—the face promising rare beauty of the golden hair, brown-eyed type.

We corresponded, of course. At first the correspondence flourished; then it grew languid, finally died. I was engrossed with business and society; May was working through school, through society, and as a belle. Agnes and Janet, middle-aged matrons, left Marian, the only daughter, at home, and society was exacting. I heard of her a brilliant beauty, a musician of great talent, and a bright, sparkling conversationalist. I tried to fit this to my little sweetheart, and failed. I had lost my childish adorer.

But I was not fond of society, nor devoted to the duties of a cavalier. Perhaps Janet had left too deep a wound to heal, though I did not think so, when, ten years after our first meeting, I found her with a party of tourists, "doing the Continent," a loud-voiced, red-faced woman of fashion, who had left three little children at home while she displayed costly dresses and horrible French and German abroad. Tracy evidently preferred the society of the babies, as he was not one of the traveling party.

"Marian!" she said, when I inquired for all the home circle, "why, Marian is in London. Didn't you know about Marian? Ah! Mrs. Agnew—good evening."

"Tell me," I entreated. "What about Marion? Is she married?"

"Bless me, no! Hasn't even a beau, as far as I know. May is so prim—cut out for an old maid. And she'll be worse than ever now. Excuse me. Mrs. Maitland is moving to the dressing-room, and I go in her carriage. Good night. Do come and see us." And her escort came up, and she sailed away. It was not until ten minutes later I remembered that I had not asked for her address or Marian's.

I tried to repair this omission the next morning by visiting all the hotels and examining their registers. The only result was the assurance that the whole party had left Berlin that morning.

But the fates favored me. I dropped into a nice legacy, quite sufficient for the wants of a family of modest tastes, and I determined to go to England, home! It was a year since I had met Mrs. Hill in Germany. Was Marian still in London? My little sweetheart! Strange how she had lingered always in my memory as the ideal woman of my bachelor fancy!

I determined to go home at once and accept a long-standing invitation to visit my friend, Lord Loring, at his place, Loring Hall. I met with the most cordial welcome, and arriving just before dinner-hour, Lord Loring hurried his own preparations and came into the room assigned to me.

"What good wind," he exclaimed, "blew you into England?"

I told him of my legacy, my resignation of my position, and my return home.

"But you are absolutely your own master for the present?" he asked.

"Yes. Nobody expects me at home, as I was returning on that most idiotic principle—a surprise."

"Join us, then! We all start next week for a jaunt through France, Spain, Italy, perhaps up the Nile. We are not bound by any route, by any promises. We start a party of fourteen, everybody at leave if he prefers another route. We are to be joined by another party in Paris, Mr. and Mrs. Englewood, Dr. Smith, and a Miss Marion Temple, who will probably prove to be bore of the party."

"Why?"

"Oh, she is an old maid, a blue-stocking, and a poet. I forgave her novel, 'Irmine'; but deliver me from a woman who writes verses and calls them 'Water-lilies.'"

"Now I should enjoy all the pleasures of novelty in meeting her," I exclaimed. "I

have not one old maid on my visiting-list, and I never had an hour's converse with a novelist—or is it a novelists, or a poetess. You don't happen to have her books about you, do you?"

"You will find them on the library table, unless some one is reading them. There are several copies about, as most of our guests brought them."

I found them, as promised, on the library table, and after I got in my own room I opened the poems. The more I read, the more I was convinced that no old maid penned them. They were full of fire, the genius, even the faults of youth, and some of them I seemed to have written myself. The leading one, "Water-lilies," brought back to me the lake where May and I had floated upon the transparent water, gathering the great, white, snowy treasures in profusion. I saw her sweet face dip into a great heap upon the floor of the boat and come up laughing, far sweeter than the most glorious blossom there. Then I saw her in the soft white evening dress, with the white lilies trailing from her soft curls upon her pretty, dimpled childish shoulders, dancing gleefully, the only little girl in the room, and with an admirer wearing a mustache—her devoted admirer.

And here it was all in musical verse, with a refrain of regret for the child-love gone for ever.

It was far into the night when I slept, with the volume of "Water-lilies" tucked under my pillow, and at the first daylight I was picking out once more little scraps of memory—a drive we took to Marian's Falls, which Marian gravely assured me were named "years and years" before she was born; a walk we took, when I tucked up her curls in womanish fashion and twisted in sweetbrier, being piteously reproached a few hours later with making her "pull every hair out with those horrid thorns;" a ride we took to Silver Grove, where we pledged mutual faith and love in cups of lilies and vowed eternal constancy. Page after page brought my sweetheart to me, till I reached out my locket from my dispatch box and put round my neck, ready for any emergency—ready to swear with as much truth as most lovers' vows that it had never left my heart since her white hands first placed my treasure round my neck.

To Paris! We were en route at last. I knew my darling a verses by heart. I had read her novel twice, dreadfully disgusted both times by the fact that the heroine, who had brown eyes and golden hair, married a hero who bore not the faintest resemblance to me.

The party had engaged rooms for use at the hotel they were staying at, and one general drawing-room was to serve the entire party. Here, after making my dress an object of the most especial study, I went on the wings of love.

A lady stood by the window looking out, and I went forward timidly. She must be one of our party or she would not be there. Her dress—a Parisian marvel of taste and simplicity—was that of a *jeune fille*; her figure was tall, graceful, and slender, and her golden hair was dressed with all the modern abominations. But she never stirred or turned her full face to me. My darling's face, with all the little baby curls on her forehead, all the sweet innocence in the big brown eyes. It utterly unmanned me. For a moment I could not speak; then I held out trembling hands, almost whispering, "My little sweetheart!"

Her eyes grew soft, lustrous, dewy.

"You have not forgotten?" she said. "I have not forgotten. No other has taken for one hour your place in my heart. But you, beautiful and famous with your talent—"

"Hush!" she said, softly. "Who gave me any of the gifts you call talent? You, who taught me that books were not merely dreadful repetitions invented to torment school-girls, but preparations for future power to intellect; that lessons were not strings of words to be committed to memory, but stores of knowledge to be garnered and cherished. You roused my ambition, my hope, what power I have of expressing what my brain suggests."

"May," I said, gaining possession again of the hands she had released, "you have traveled, seen the world, had your conquests; can I, dare I, hope I may still call you—"

She nestled into my bosom, her big eyes raised frankly to meet mine, and said: "Your little sweetheart, now and ever!"

"How I meant to torment you!" she told me, later, when her soft loving emotion over her sauciness regained sway. "I intended to win you back by all the arts of coquetry, of jealousy—for I have a lover or two, sir—but my heart betrayed me when I saw your love in your eyes and knew that you had been faithful all these long years. Dear father and mother will be delighted; but perhaps I ought to tell you Janet is a widow."

"Then you guessed that secret, too?"

"You big goose; you were the family laughing-stock until I took pity on you."

"I'll believe as much as I please of that," I retorted. "You can never deny that you made the first advances."

NEATNESS and simplicity are the best ornaments, good habits are better than fine clothes, and the most elegant manners the kindest.

A CUP is useless to hold water when it is cracked.

## A Louisiana Sugar Plantation of the Old Regime.

In the beginning of 1798, when Gayoso de Lemos was Governor of Louisiana, the Bore plantation was visited by three illustrious strangers, the Duke of Orleans and his two brothers, the Count of Beaujolais and the Duke of Montpensier, of the royal house of France, who, driven into exile after the death of their father on the scaffold, were striking examples of those remarkable vicissitudes of fortune with which the annals of history are so replete. When a *mousquetaire*, or guardsman, in the household troops of Louis XV., and watching over the safety of the Majesty of France, little did De Bore dream that the day would come when three princes of the blood would be his guests on the bank of the Mississippi.

This plantation was sagaciously and tastefully laid out for beauty and productiveness. The gardens occupied a large area, and at once astonished the eye by the magnificence of their shady avenues of orange-trees. Unbroken retreats of myrtle and laurel defied the rays of the sun. Flowers of every description perfumed the air. Extensive orchards produced every fruit of which the climate was susceptible. By judicious culture there had been obtained remarkable success in producing an abundance of juicy grapes, every bunch of which, however, when they began to ripen, was enveloped in a sack of wire to protect them against the depredations of birds. The fields were cultivated with such a careful observance of the variable exigencies of every successive season that there was no such thing known as a short or half crop, or no crop at all. This was reserved for much later days. But under the administration of Etienne de Bore, during a period of about twenty-five years, from the first ebullition of a sugar kettle in 1795 to the time of his death in 1820, every crop was regularly the same within a few hogsheads. When, however, he ceased to exist, this seat of order and prosperity became a chaos of disorder and ruin, and the estate finally passed away from the family into the hands of strangers.

It was a self-sufficient little domain, exporting a good deal, and importing but meagerly, so that the balance was very much in its favor. It was largely supplied with sheep and their wool, with geese, ducks, turkeys, guinea-fowls, and every variety of poultry without stint. Eggs were gathered by the bushel. Pigeons clouded the sun, and when the small black cherries (called *guirises* in French) were ripe, those feathered epicures ate them voraciously, got royally drunk, and falling from the trees, strewed the ground beneath. A numerous herd of cattle, under the inspection of old Pompey and a black youngster called *Souris* (in English *mouse*), on account of his diminutive figure, pastured luxuriously and grew fat. What a quantity of fresh butter, rich cheese, milk, cream, and clabber! Vast barns gorged with corn, rice, and hay; lives bursting with honey; vegetables without measure, and so luscious; a varied and liberal supply of carriages always ready for use, and horses for the saddle or for driving, all glossy and sleek; spirited mules, well-fed and well-carried—the pride of the field hands; shrimps and fish from the river; multitudes of crayfish from the deep ditches; raccoons and opossums to gladden the heart of the most surly negro. Bore had made of his estate both farm and plantation.

The discipline established on it was a sort of military one. At dawn, when it was time to go to the field and to the other labors of the day, the big bell rang. The whole gang of negroes came to the house, in front of which they all knelt, and a short prayer was said, always in the presence of a male member of the family, who stood up with head uncovered. The same ceremony was performed in the evening before they went to their supper and their rest for the night.—Charles Gayarre, in Harper's Magazine.

## Legislative Requirements.

"Have you a copy of the laws passed by the last Texas Legislature?" asked a stranger of an Austin stationer.

"No, sir, the laws of the last Legislature have not been published, but we have 'Schenck's Handbook on Poker,' pocket-books, and almost every other legislative requirement you can think of."—Texas Siftings.

TO MAKE sure of getting a thing done, do it yourself.



## A FAMOUS DETECTIVE.

James Jackson, the famous State detective, resides in Sing Sing, and is generally in attendance at the prison. His duties are to examine carefully the face of every convict as he enters, and to scrutinize every visitor in order to prevent any discharged convict from seeing his pals. Occasionally he has to make long journeys in pursuit of runaway prisoners or to identify criminals convicted in other States. He never makes a mistake; if once he looks a man in the eye he will know him under any disguise, as he tells his man by the look of his eyes. Once an escaped convict had his nose pared down one-third, but Jackson detected him at once, notwithstanding this remarkable change of feature. Mr. Jackson is about 5 feet 8 inches in height, about 35 years old, of a light and snappy build, with black hair and piercing black eyes, and is altogether remarkably handsome. He knows about 10,000 criminals, and it is simply wonderful that he can distinguish the features of every one. On his long journeys he eats very moderately and always takes one Brandreth pill at night. When much fatigued by the jolting of the cars on his tiresome trips he uses two Allcock's Porous Plasters on the small of the back, which give him renewed vigor and quickly relieve him of all weariness. These are the only two remedies he uses, and he attributes his vigor and remarkable health to Allcock's Porous Plasters and Brandreth's Pills.—*Sing Sing, N. Y., Daily Register.*

### Scientific Rewards.

The prizes which have been bestowed by the French Academy of Sciences form a long list, one of the most important of the number being that given a few years ago to Prof. Bell for his work in connection with the telephone. Those offered for 1887 include 100,000 francs for the discovery of an efficient remedy for Asiatic cholera; 10,000 francs each for the best works on physics, chemistry, and physiology; 5,500 francs for work on general embryology; 3,000 francs for researches on the phosphorescence of animals; 3,000 francs for a comparative study of the hearing apparatus in mammals and birds; 3,000 francs for a comparative study of the fresh-water animal life of Africa, south Asia and Australasia; 2,500 francs for an improvement of the steam engine, or other invention contributing most to the progress of steam navigation; 2,000 francs for any valuable therapeutical discovery; 2,500 francs for work on the distribution of heat over the globe's surface; 500 francs for a theoretical and practical study of progress in aerial navigation since 1880; besides many others, ranging from a set of Laplace's works to 10,000 francs, for specified work in mathematics, astronomy, chemistry, botany, medicine, mechanics, and other sciences, and in aid of scientific students.

### Agony Is Courted

By persons who, attacked by a mild form of rheumatism, neglect to seek prompt relief. Subsequent torture is prevented by an immediate resort to Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. Slight exposure, an occasional draught, will beget this painful malady, where there is a predisposition to it in the blood. It is not difficult to avert the trouble at the outset, but well nigh impossible to eradicate it when matured. No evidence in relation to this superb blood purifier is more positive than that which establishes its efficacy as a preventive and remedy for rheumatism. Not only is it thorough, but safe, which the vegetable and mineral poisons, often taken as curatives of the disease, are not. Besides expelling the rheumatic virus from the system, it overcomes fever and ague, biliousness, constipation, and dyspepsia.

The photographer's lens is more discerning than the naked eye. A recent photograph of a figure painting by an American artist shows that a woman's gown was first painted a hue and texture very different from that finally chosen, the underlying brushwork appearing plainly in the photograph, though not seen by the most attentive observer of the original picture. In like manner photography revealed the stars that to the human eyes are not distinguishable from nebulous matter.

\*\*\* Nervous debility, premature decline of power in either sex, speedily and permanently cured. Large book, 10 cents in stamps. World's Dispensary Medical Association, 603 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

The name France comes from Francis, the land of the Franks. Frank, the generic name of the people, is derived from an old German word signifying a battle-axe.

## Bartholdi's Statue of "Liberty Enlightening the World"

Will be a reminder of personal liberty for ages to come. On just as sure a foundation has Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" been placed, and it will stand through the cycles of time as a monument to the physical emancipation of the human race. By its use, have been relieved from consumption, consumptive night sweats, bronchitis, coughs, spitting of blood, weak lungs, and other throat and lung affections.

WE have heard a stage whisper—Can a gig giggle?

CHAPPED hands, face, pimples, and rough skin cured by using *Jeuneur* Tar Soap, made by Hazard, Hazard & Co., New York.

POLITICIANS are excusable for being on the fence.—They wish to keep posted.

BRONCHITIS is cured by frequent small doses of *Piso's Cure* for Consumption.

## You Need It Now

This is the best time to purify your blood, for at no other season is the body so susceptible to benefit from medicine. The best purifying and renovating qualities of Hood's Sarsaparilla are just what are needed to expel poisons and get the system rid of the debilitating effects of mild weather. Every year increases the popularity of Hood's Sarsaparilla, for it is just what people need at this season.

### Hood's Sarsaparilla

"I have a blood which is much improved. My hair, arms, and face were covered with scurf and pimples, and all the medicine that I could get did not improve me. I was advised to try Hood's Sarsaparilla. After taking four bottles, the sores were all healed up, and after using six bottles, which cost me only five dollars, I was well and healthy as I ever was." *Fred J. M. Watson, Lincoln, Mass.*

### Creates an Appetite

"With the first bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla my headache entirely disappeared, and where before I could not muster up an appetite for my meals, I can now get enough to satisfy my appetite. I am at present taking my second bottle, and feel like a different person." *William Lansing, Post 49, G. A. H. Neenah, Wis.*

### Hood's Sarsaparilla

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100 Doses One Dollar

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IT IS A PURELY VEGETABLE PREPARATION CONTAINING PRICKLY ASH BARK AND PRICKLY ASH BERRIES. SENNA-MANDRAKE-BUCHU AND OTHER EQUALLY EFFICIENT REMEDIES. It has stood the Test of Years, in Curing all Diseases of the BLOOD, LIVER, STOMACH, KIDNEYS, BOWELS, &c. It Purifies the Blood, Invigorates and Cleanses the System.

**PRICKLY ASH BITTERS**  
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BOWELS  
FOR SALE  
BY  
ALL DRUGGISTS  
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About 100 HEAD of both sexes and all ages. Several Head of BULLS READY FOR SERVICE Up to two years old. Choice Cows and Heifers bred to my prize service bulls.

Prins Midlum and Jonge Carre, who have no superiors. A specialty of young pairs not skin for foundation stock. Every Head Registered and Guaranteed Pure-Bred. Write for Catalogue and prices, and state age and sex desired, or come and see the herd.

M. L. SWEET, Breeder and Importer.

[MENTION THIS PAPER.] Grand Rapids, Mich.

## DETECTIVES

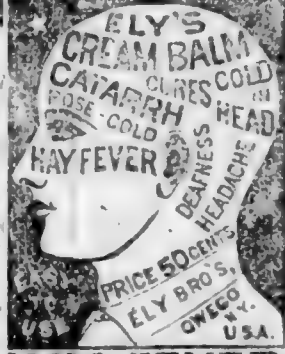
Wanted in every County. Thorough men to act under our instructions in our Secret Service. Experience not necessary. Send stamp for particulars. GWANAN DETECTIVE BUREAU, 44 Arcade, Cincinnati, O.

## PATENTS

R. S. A. P. LACEY, Patent Attorney, Washington, D. C. Instructions and opinions as to patentability FREE. 17 years' experience.

## ELY'S CATARRH CREAM BALM

I was so troubled with catarrh it was only after using Ely's Cream Balm did the work. My voice is fully restored. R. F. Lipsner, A. M., Pastor of Olivet Baptist Church, Philadelphia, Pa.



A particle applied to each nostril is a powerful remedy for Catarrh, Hay-Fever, Croup, Whooping Cough, and all other ailments of the throat and lungs. ELY BROS., Druggists, Owego, N. Y.

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For any machine killing and cleaning fit for market as much Clover Seed in ONE DAY.

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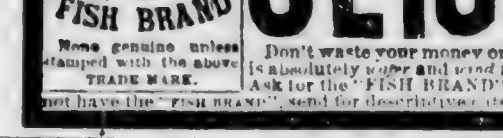
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All classes of patrons, especially families, ladies and children, receive from officials and employees of Rock Island trains protection, respectful courtesy and kindly attention.

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R. R. CABLE, E. ST. JOHN, E. A. HOLBROOK,  
Pres't & Gen'l Mgr, Chicago. Ass't Gen'l Mgr, Chicago. Gen'l Tkt. & Pass. Agt, Chicago.



## CHICHESTER'S ENGLISH PENNYROYAL PILLS

The Original and Only Genuine. Safe and always Reliable. Beware of worthless imitations. Ladies, ask your Druggist for "Chichester's English" and take no other, or include 4c. stamps to us for particulars in letter by return mail. NAME: CHICHESTER CHEMICAL CO., 2215 Madison Square, Philadelphia, Pa. Sold by Druggists everywhere. Ask for "Chichester's English" Pennyroyal Pills. Take no other.



Importation CH. EL. 1075 (1923). Winner of sweepstakes Premium at the Great International Show of the Illinois State Fair, held in Chicago, Sept. 1898. Property of

## W. L. ELLWOOD,

IMPORTER AND BREEDER OF

## PERCHERON HORSES.

The Largest Breeding Establishment of Pure Blood Percherons in the United States. Five Tonnage head of Pure Blood and completely on hand, a large number of which were imported in July, 1898, and another large importation of from 1,500 to 200 head will arrive about the middle of October. Visitors always welcome. Name and address of J. H. Ellwood, nothing but the best, and take pride in showing stock.

Location, DIE KALB, ILL.

Is 5 miles west of Chicago, on Omaha Div. C. & N. W. Ry. Ask agent for Catalogue.

## JONES

PAYS THE FREIGHT 5 Ton Wagon Sealer.

Large, heavy, 5 ton capacity. Brass band, 100 lbs. weight. For description of this and other goods, send for price list.

JONES OF BINGHAMTON, BINGHAMTON, N. Y.

## CONSUMPTION

N. U. F. W. No. 19-87

When Writing to Advertisers, please say you saw the Advertisement in this paper.

## Is The Best Waterproof Coat Ever Made.

Don't waste your money on a gum or rubber coat. The FISH BRAND SLICKER is absolutely water and wind proof, and will keep you dry in the hardest storm. Ask for the "FISH BRAND" Slicker and take no other. If your storekeeper does not have the "FISH BRAND" Slicker, send for descriptive catalogue to A. J. TOWER, 20 Shumway St., Boston, Mass.

## TOWER'S FISH BRAND SLICKER

None genuine unless stamped with the above TRADE MARK.

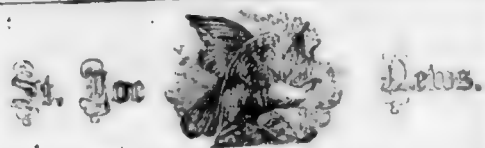
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## CONSUMPTION

N. U. F. W. No. 19-87

When Writing to Advertisers, please say you saw the Advertisement in this paper.





MORT & WILL OLDS, PUBLISHERS.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:  
One Year, in advance ..... \$0.75  
Six Months ..... 50  
Three Months ..... 25

Entered at the Post Office at St. Joe  
as second-class matter.

FRIDAY MAY 6, 1887.

#### TOWNSHIP NOTICES

Parties having sheep killed or damaged by dogs, will bring appraisers to swear to same.

J. E. Dermott, Trustee

Sealed proposals will be received at the school house in St. Joe, on Saturday, May 21, 1887, at 1 o'clock, for the building of an addition to the St. Joe school house. Plans and specifications can be seen at my residence.

J. E. Dermott, Trustee

All scholars of the public schools of Concord Township who wish to enter the reading contest at the Waterloo Fair this fall, are requested to meet at the school house in St. Joe, on Saturday, May 14, 1887, at 1 o'clock, at which time judges will be appointed and two persons each, from the second and third reader grades, will be selected to read at the contest at the fair. Teachers who taught in the schools of the township during the winter are also requested to be present.

J. E. Dermott, Trustee.

The croquet balls began to move here this week.

Flower Pots from 5 to 25 cents, at Testison's grocery.

Alex. Filley and J. D. Leighty drove to Fort Wayne Wednesday.

Jake Dermott made over four hundred pounds of maple syrup this spring.

The mosquitoes of this section held a caucus down in the swamp below here this week, and have concluded to begin operations in about 10 days.

Alex. Filley has a curiosity on the corner of his lot in the shape of a tree. As yet nobody has been able to give it a name. Stop and look at it when you are passing.

The G. A. R. Post meets Saturday evening, at which time arrangements will be made for the proper observance of Decoration Day, which occurs the 30th of this month.

Mell Bishop helped his wife clean house about fifteen minutes last week, and it nearly tuckered him out. Mell says he won't vote for another representative, unless he will pledge himself to work for the passage of a law, prohibiting a woman from cleaning house more than once in two years.

At a meeting of the executive committee at Auburn last Monday it was decided to hold the old settler's meeting at St. Joe this year. A committee of arrangements has been appointed, and at an early date they will arrange a full list of committees to take charge of the various work necessary to make the meeting a success. St. Joe never does things by halves, and when the old settler's get through with this meeting they will find that it has been the largest and best that they have ever held, providing it don't rain.

#### OUR CORRESPONDENTS

##### PLEASANT HILL.

Stephen Baker and wife called on their son Willis last Sunday.

Holly Jackson visited under the parental roof last Sunday.

There will be lots of corn planted this week if the weather prevails good.

Jake Malone has been afflicted with a large boil on his face for the past week.

Miss Maggie Koch assisted her sister Mrs. John Koch in cleaning house last week.

Bub Stilling and his sister Vienna called on their sister, Mrs. John Koch last Sunday.

Joseph Koch planted five acres of corn last week. He always is a head of any one else.

Next Sunday at half-past two is the regular appointment for preaching at the school house.

Charley Jackson has been quite sick for the past few days, and is no better at this writing.

Friday is the last day of our school in District No. 2. The scholars have all enjoyed a good term of school.

##### SPENCERVILLE.

Will Tindall is sick with the mumps.

Arthur Olds has gone to Newville to work.

Gerry Emanuel came home from Dakota last Wednesday.

Mrs. Allen and Mrs. Shutt were at Fort Wayne Wednesday.

Sarah Boger spent Sunday at this place with her grand-parents.

Mark Barney and wife have gone to spend a few days at Larwell.

Becks Erick and wife are visiting his parents at White Pigeon Mich.

George Wilson and wife, of Iowa, are visiting his mother at this place.

The Woman's Foreign Missionary Society will hold their next meeting at the M. E. church, on Saturday afternoon, May 7th, 1887.

The commencement exercises will take place Wednesday evening May, 20th, 1887. The graduates are Minnie Provines, Sarah Boger and Ivan Fryberger.

##### CONCORD.

Belle Milton is on the sick list.

Miss Bell Hilderbrand returned home last Saturday.

Miss Jamie Monroe visited with her parents last Sunday.

Dick Monroe went to Auburn last Monday to study telegraphy.

W. Wyatt contemplates moving to St. Joe in a short time.

Will Koch and family visited under the parental roof last Sunday.

Miss Ida Scholes, of Coburntown, visited with Mrs. Gill last Saturday and Sunday.

Mrs. Gibford, Mrs. Hennessey, Mrs. Rickett, Mrs. James Smith and Mrs. Fotters were the guests of Mrs. F. Buchanan last Wednesday.

"Bub" Stilling took his best girl visiting last Sunday. His sister Vienna accompanied them. They were the guests of Mrs. John Koch.

S. George and F. Buchanan attended the funeral of John Lawrence, last Tuesday, at Auburn. They were in the same company during the late Rebellion.

One night this week, some light fingered chap helped himself quite

## J. D. LEIGHTY,

—DEALER IN—

# DRY GOODS

NOTIONS, GROCERIES

## Boots, Shoes, Hats, Caps &c.

A full line of Plug, Smoking and Fine Cut Tobacco, Cut  
Peppercorns, Raisins, Currants &c. Examine our Carpet Samples.

ST. JOE, - IND.

liberally to Joe Koch's meat and soap, also took wheat from Levi Showalter's granary.

Two ladies a visiting did go. And to get there, they were not slow. When they arrived the lady was cleaning house. She saw them coming but kept still as a mouse.

Then one said (with a terrible frown) "Never mind we'll go on to town." The other one, not wishing to be contrary, said "yes we will go and visit with Sarah."

So to town they went, and the day did spend. Visiting with another dear friend. The next time you a visiting would go, You had better let the people know.

About (this item) there is some contention, And this I would just like to mention, If you cannot take a joke, Do not your fun at others poke.

Mrs. Anna McDonald visited in town Wednesday.

Dan Baker has gone into the banking business. Ask him if he has cashed any checks lately.

Hoffman's teams from Ft. Wayne are hauling logs to this place, which it said are to be shipped to the old country.

Ladies, if you want a progressive magazine, see DEMOREST'S. Published by W. Jennings Demorest, 15 East 14th St., New York city.

Miss Bartlett has the best line of millinery goods in this part of the county. If you need any thing in that line, and of course you do, it will be to your interest to call and examine her stock before making your purchases.

BY PROF. TOMOLIN.

I said last month that my theories had been fore-telling the weather, and many sayings have become also; some claim that frosts are always introduced by rain. Others claim if the sun shines with lowing, others assert a wet spell of weather, and as well never clear up at night. Some lay poolical, as the plain:

If the sun come Then clouds T will rain.

If we have a great tion, yet while that should not lose sight of one there is exceptions to all rules. While these sa been true at certain not follow that they prove true times. It is impossible to without clouds, but it is have clouds without weather for this month follows: 1st to 5th clear, 10th cloudy, 10th to 15th showers, 15th to 20th w sultry, 20th to 25th 31st warm and pleasant.

Billy Leighty is learning phy, nights at the depot Use Prinley's Family for sale at the Drugstore.

Billy Curie's mules were cising themselves the other evening and just for fun, one of them Jim White, who was riding it, off into a fence corner. Jim think it was very funny.

This space is reserved for  
**S. & F. BARNEY.**  
Look out for next week!



Mss S. A. Bartlett,

—DEALER IN FINE—

## MILLINERY

—HATS, BONNETS, &—

Flowers,  
Ribbons,  
Feathers,

—ORNAMENTS &C—

I invite the attention of the ladies of St. Joe and vicinity to my new stock of Spring and Summer Millinery Goods, comprising the newest and latest styles and shapes. I am constantly receiving new goods, and therefore can please everybody. Give me your patronage. Prices as low as the lowest. Call and see my line before making your purchases. Rooms over Dr. Bowman's office, St. Joe, Ind.

MISS S. A. BARTLETT.

**STAR WIND PUMP.** E. A. Wamsley, agent, Newville, Ind. Farmers who think of buying a mill should give me a call before doing so. The Star Mill is the best and prices the lowest.

**HOUSE PAINTING.** Graining, Glazing Paper Hanging and Ceiling Decorating a specialty. All work guaranteed. E. A. Woodcox. Call and see me, or leave orders at the St. Joe Drugstore.

—LOGAN'S—

Charlie Grubb was in town Thursday.

Milo Stafford moved to Newville this week.

Land Plaster in barrels for sale at the St. Joe Lumber Yard.

Some of our correspondents are behind time again this week.

Forepaugh's circus exhibits at Deliance on the 14th of this month.

A chimney sweep caused quite a little amusement in town yesterday.

Mrs. W. B. McClaren is visiting with friends here and at Spencerville.

Miss Lizzie Evans has been very sick the past week but is some little better at this writing.

M. T. Bishop sold one man nearly 5000 feet of lumber Wednesday. He is having a good trade.

Wm. Simanton says there is some kind of a worm working at the wheat, and in spots it is badly damaged.

Little May Leighty has improved wonderfully in the last few days, and will soon be able to be out again.

Commissioners Probst, Bowman and Widney made this office a call yesterday. They are a very pleasant set of gentlemen, and we should be glad to have them come again. They all take the News, which shows that they have good sound sense, and lots of it.

W. C. Patterson was at Butler Tuesday.

Plenty of Lard and Mess Pork at Curie's butcher shop.

Mrs. W. C. Patterson and daughter Bessie visited in Hicksville last Saturday.

The gravel pit track has been filled with brand new box cars for a week past.

Loran Saylor, wife and son, were visiting friends in this neighborhood last week.

One man's opinion is just as good as another man's opinion, in his own opinion.

The first day of May came in with a warm shower, afterward it cleared off and was a beautiful day.

Wm. Stamen will build a fine residence this summer. Smith & Volmer will do the work.

Frank Walker is making a fine set of harness for Milas Rhodes. Frank is doing some fine work and lots of it.

G. V. James, the new agent at this place has moved his family into the house formerly occupied by H. K. Reynolds.

We make some changes in our advertising columns this week. Look them over and see who are the live business men of St. Joe.

G. V. James and Dan Baker went to Hicksville last Friday to hear Eli Perkins lecture. They say that Eli got there in good style.

George Stout closed his writing school last Saturday evening. Miss Mattie White and Leo Shuler carried off the laurels for being the best writers.

O. H. Widney caught a rat last week two feet and a half long. They say they are good to eat, but they look too much like a snake to go down well with us.

Dan Baker shot at a rat the other day and failed to hit it. Dan thinks if the rat had been at the end of the gun that he was, it would have been killed sure.

Miss Bartlett's Millinery rooms were crowded with ladies last Saturday, who were looking for a new hat or bonnet. Miss Bartlett carries a fine assortment of goods, and has a large trade.

John Widney and wife were called to the bed-side of Gus Hull last Sunday, who had a stroke of palsy. His left side was entirely paralyzed, but it is hoped that unless he has another attack, he may recover.

Jake Sechler wanted us to say in our last issue that he had taken up a stray cow. We did so, and before the papers were out, the owner had called and claimed his property. That shows that it pays to advertise in the News.

Bill Smith says he saw a man over south of here the other day who is in a bad condition. He says that the lower half of his heart is paralyzed, and that some times his heart will quit beating for twenty or thirty minutes at a time. Where is that old badge that the boys had last winter. Bring it out and paste it on Bill's coat collar.

Report of school district No. 5, in Concord township, for the month ending April 29th, 1887. Number of pupils enrolled during the month 23, average daily attendance 18, cases of tardiness 1. Names of those neither absent nor tardy during the month: Charley Gibford, Johnnie Elm, Hattie Ricketts, Cora Draggo, Roy Gibford, Belle Milton, Bertha Hennessy, Hattie Draggo, Orange Draggo, Cecil Shilling, Charley Ricketts, Johnnie Draggo, Mary Layman and Walter Elm.

Addie Widney, Teacher.

THIS SPACE BELONGS TO  
SHUTT & WHITE.

AGENTS FOR

## The "Champion" Binder.

They will tell you all about it in a few days. Don't buy, or contract for a Binder until you see them.

The second annual commencement of the St. Joe schools will be held the last week in this month, and of course the children, the Misses and the Ladies will want new dresses. We have a handsome line of White Goods, Fancy Dress Robes, All-over Laces, Seersuckers, Lawns, Kid Gloves, Silk Veiling, and everything necessary for a complete outfit. Call and see. CASE & OLDS.

## Try Primley's Remedies!

Blood and Liver Medicine for a Blood Purifier.  
Speedy Cure for Coughs, Colds and Lung Affections.  
Iron Tonic Bitters for Kidney trouble and General Debility.  
Glycerine and Anise for all ailments of the Throat.

For Sale at the St. Joe Drugstore.

### ST. JOE MARKET CORRECTED EVERY FRIDAY.

Wheat	80 cts.
Oats	29 cts.
Corn	40 cts.
Butter	15 cts.
Eggs	10 cts.
Tallow	3½ cts.
Lard	10 cts.
Potatoes	60 cts.
Smoked Hams	16 cts.
Shoulders and Side Meat	8 cts.

Josh Lounsberry was at Hicksville the fore part of the week.

The young people enjoyed a very pleasant party Tuesday evening at the residence of Simon Wineland, in honor of the twenty-first birthday of John Wineland.

Wash Woodcox writes that he has bought 160 acres of land near Walnut Ridge, Ark. He seems to be well pleased with the country, and thinks he bought land at a decided bargain.

The Young People's Temperance Literary Society will meet at the residence of Miss A. C. Merrill, Monday evening May 9th. The following program has been selected. Select Reading by Miss Addie Widney; Declamation by Miss Cora Dilley; Select Reading by Miss Sake Bartlett; Quartette by Misses Addie Widney, Leona Tustison, Messrs. Frank Hart and Clarence Hull; Declamation by Miss Nina Filley; Instrumental Music by Miss Prudie Lounsberry; Select Reading by Leo Shuler.



Sum men kan write a tupe  
An sum kan pla koka:  
But the best milk cow with a  
suckers.

Bekaws the aint built that wa.  
Sa, did yu hear about Doc  
Boman trading for a cow last week.  
He did, and the sa he got beet pretty  
badley. We wassant along wen h  
traded, butt eved it from a fall  
that knos, that he swopped a hors  
fur sum floats an a row. The row  
iz a butifool crushed rosherry color  
about 6 years old and iz cross-eyed  
She iz a gude milker, and iz no  
afraide ov the kars, or any thing ov  
It iz tru that once in a wile she  
a spel and dose a tall kicking. For  
this hardley ever happens onli at one  
milking tyme. She (the row) iz on  
forth short-horn and three-fourth  
hyena. She iz veri much attached  
tu her nne home bi means ov a  
rope, fastened around her horns se  
kurely and tide tu the manger. She  
iz knot fur sail, however on a pine  
ho wood trade her fur a gude well  
improved farm.

Barcus Q. Hippenhammer



## HOW FICTION BECOMES HISTORY.

People Who Tell a Story So Often They Finally Come to Believe It.

Washington Letter in New York Sun.

The late Col. Scott, of the War Records Office, often confounded many a story-teller. It was he who had the documents at his elbow to furnish the exact truth in regard to every battle and campaign, and every order and report in regard to them. To him went a host of people who wanted light on the war. A few weeks before his death Col. Scott said: "There are innumerable calls on me from officers on both sides for exact information about various movements and engagements. Most of them deal with personal affairs. Some fellow who led a scout wants to hunt up a report where his name is mentioned. A Major General is not often any more sure of facts twenty-five years old than a private, and a dispute with a brother officer sends both here for the record. It not infrequently happens that I unwittingly deal some of my best friends cruel blows. A Western Senator came here a year or so ago and got documents that made Admiral Porter ridiculously imaginative where everybody supposed he was precisely historical, in regard to President Lincoln's visit to Richmond at the surrender, and an alleged interview en route with Duff Green. The greater part of the story turned out to be fiction. One day an old officer came rushing in, and, in an excited tone, exclaimed:

"Have you said I was not in the second battle of Bull Run?"

"No, not exactly that," I said.

"Well, Bob Scott, I was told you said so, and I came in here to put daylight through you if you stuck to it."

"O, no," I replied, laughing. "I never said you were not in that battle. What I said was that you yourself, in an official report dated the day of the battle, said that you were in the Cumberland Valley, 100 miles from Centerville and Bull Run."

"His eyes looked dizzy and his face was a most amusing picture of consternation. What I said was true. I tapped a bell, called a clerk, who brought the officer's official report, and there in his own handwriting, over his signature, in black and white, was his own word that he was not at Bull Run. He read the report through twice in silence so solid you could slice it. Then he took his hat, and, without a word, arose and left the building."

"A prominent officer of my acquaintance has described often in my hearing, with great minuteness, the battle of the Monitor and the Merrimac. He told the story as an eye-witness, described his field-glass and the point of observation. I paid no attention to the matter until I had heard the tale told twice. Then I became curious, and hunted up the official reports made by this officer. I found that if he saw the Monitor and Merrimac in that battle his field-glass was a most powerful one. He never saw the Monitor and Merrimac fight, but was at Falls Church the day of the battle, if his own reports are to be believed. There is a great deal of fiction in our war stories."

"The greatest number of inquiries about war history," said Col. Scott, "come from the South." The Johnnies fought well, and, in the absence of a good deal else to give them satisfaction, take great pleasure in their fighting. Nearly all the prominent Confederate officers have visited this old building, and hardly a day passes that we do not receive half a dozen letters from Southerners asking for information."

### Keen as a Razor.

Countryman—"That feller in the telegraph office up these thought he was mighty smart, but I fooled him."

Policeman—"Oh did? How?"

Countryman—"You, easy enough. You see I went in there yesterday to send a message to St. Louis, and told him what I wanted. 'All right,' sez he, 'seventy-five cents.' So I paid him the seventy-five cents, and I'll be darned if he did a thing but rap that old brass clicker of his fifteen or twenty times, and then hang the message on the hook."

Policeman—"Well do you call that fooling him?"

Countryman—"You just hold on, and I'll tell you. To-day I wanted to send another message to St. Louis, but I'll be gosh-darned if I want to pay another seventy-five cents. So I went up to the office, kinder polite like, an' sez I 'Mister, say I, 'There's a young lady outside as sez she wants to speak to you. I'll tend office while you're gone.' Well,

she, he but right away. Off he went in a hurry and before he got back I had plenty of time to click his 'old brass machine' all I wanted, and hang my message on the hook. Just as he did the day before. I know they got it, too, at the other end, for the minute I got through the old machine went to click-clicking like blue-blazes, 's much's to say. 'All right, old man, we hear you. Oh, I fooled him good, I did. You Uncle Peter lives in Wayback, but he ain't no fool, he ain't, not by a long chalk, 'no-sir-ee!' *Somerville Journal.*

### An Old Mexican Tragedy.

High up in a desolate canon, about forty miles from Monterey, the traveler on the ferro carril (as the steam cars are called) sees the ruins of an ancient casa whose crumbling walls are usually mistaken for one of the many fortifications left in the wake of our General Taylor. But this ghostly place has a sadder history. It was the scene of a midnight tragedy the actors in which, if stories be true, still prow about the premises, though their bodies have been dust more than half a century. The history in brief is this: Some sixty years ago a proud-spurred Spaniard lived there who had inherited all the jealousy, suspicion, and bad blood of his race. His beautiful wife had refused an earlier suitor—a Mexican—in order to marry the Spaniard, whom she devotedly loved, and the rejected lover determined on revenge. He acted the part of Iago, and caused the Spanish Othello's ear to be filled with cunning tales of his own invention concerning the wife's unfaithfulness. Jealousy, once thoroughly roused in Southern blood, knows no bounds but death. The infuriated husband carefully devised his diabolical plans, and when all was ready, he sent his wife to be stationed every five miles along the route. During the silent watches of the night he returned to the casa, murdered his gentle wife in her bed, and accomplished the entire, eighty miles before daylight. Being found in Monterey next morning, nobody suspected him of the crime, but the fiendish Iago could not disguise his exultation, and in the gushing confidence of too much megalomania disclosed the whole plot. When convinced at last beyond doubt of his dead Deademon's innocence, crazed with remorse, Othello plunged his dagger into Iago's heart, and then into his own. The orphaned children were taken to Monterey and cared for by the church, and to-day their descendants represent some of the most prominent families in the State of Coahuila.—*Correspondence San Francisco Examiner.*

### Hints to Penny-Tossers.

Proctor, in his new book on "Chance and Luck," touches upon one point which must at some time have interested everybody. It is the notion that if you toss a coin, say ten times in succession, and it comes down "tails," it is more likely on the eleventh throw to come down "heads" than "tails." The truth appears to be this, that if you toss for an hour "heads" will not exceed "tails" or "tails" "heads" in a greater ratio than twenty-one to twenty. If you toss for a day the inequality will not be greater than 101 to 100. And yet, if during that time you toss "tails" ten times in succession (as you may often do) there will be no more likelihood of "heads" than of "tails" on the eleventh throw.

It is, indeed, obviously out of the question that anything that has previously taken place can have given the coin a tendency to come down in one way rather than in another. The notion is perhaps capable of a reduction to absurdity in this way. Suppose it to be true that a coin which has come down "tails" ten times in succession is more likely at the eleventh throw to come down "heads" than "tails."

Now let the tosser who has thrown "tails" ten times refrain from making the eleventh throw. Let him put the coin in his pocket and toss it a year hence; it is still more likely to come down "heads" than "tails." Or let him not toss at all, but pass it to another, who will toss it five years after. As the probability inheres in the coin it is still more likely to come down "heads" than "tails."

Supposing all this to be true, it would appear that you might take up an old Roman coin and toss it, thinking the chances to be even, whereas the probabilities had really been decided by the last pitcher, who tossed it two thousand years.

### Holding a Seat.

"Will you be kind enough to watch my seat here and allow no one to get into it while I go into the smoking car and take a smoke?" asked the presumptuous passenger in the opposite seat of me.

What else could I do but to answer yes, though I had started out on a pleasure excursion, and this man's condescension quite knocked all the pleasure out of the trip at the beginning, and now that fatal seat lay on my mind like last year's debts—provided I had some.

At the next station a big man came in, and, spying the only vacant seat, pre-empted it on the spot, and proceeded to make himself comfortable. I sat a long time considering how far my responsibility went, but I saw that I must do something, so I mildly whispered to him that the seat belonged to another, and he, scowled and left at the next station, where some ladies got aboard. As a last resort I placed my new hat over, in the seat to preserve it; the seat, not the hat—and two of the females sat down on the hat. They did not appear to notice the hat, or probably thought it was the bustle, and began to make themselves at home. I told them as coolly as I could that the seat was occupied. They said of course it was, I remarked that the owner's hat was under them. They obliterated me with a frown and got up; the hat didn't get up. Its get-up was gone. I tried to straighten out the hat, and felt sick; so did the hat. I indulged inwardly in some strongly secular language, and soon a tall, long-haired fellow got aboard, whose pantaloons were poked into his boots to rest, and whose shirt yearned towards a washtub, and took the fat seat without paying any attention to me waving him away.

I had to do it, though I shuddered. I walked to him and gently and politely told him the seat belonged to another man, when, all of a sudden, he jumped up as if there was a tack in the seat and gave a regular Comanche howl, as I sat back into my seat, wishing there was a trap-door through the floor of the car.

"This seat belongs to another, does it? Where is the duffer? Where are his symptoms? Nothing here. Where are his remains, his silk umbrella, his peanut shells, his tobaccoer spit, his chewing-gum shoes, his fur-collar overcoat, his thirty-eight-caliber valise, and his eyeglass? Show me, if you please, his assets, his liabilities, his heirs, administrators, or assigns! Where is his mortgage, or his lien, or twenty years' lease? I am Charney Bill from Brazos! (and he parenthesized the name with a couple of long-horn revolvers). Are you the ozone, the canned fruit man who is trying to preserve this seat for the coming man, or the rising generation?"

I begged to prove an alibi, insanity, or anything legal that was necessary, or would do any good, and begged him not to mention it, when in came the former occupant and asked the stranger shortly to get out. The stranger got out, and the owner of the seat began to fall all over himself, to explore the ceiling with his feet, to test the floor, to unhandle the neighboring seats, and when the stranger laid him gently down in the aisle and spread him out comfortably to rest, and recuperate, and catch his breath, and get his health back, and try to feel better, and try to be easier, and wait for a doctor, and gather his senses, I had time to think that it was the right way for a man to be served who will ask another to hold his seat during his absence.—*Detroit Free Press.*

### Weather Errors.

Few erroneous notions are spread so readily and cling so tenaciously as those respecting the weather. In noticing common errors of this kind, Prof. Cleveland Abbe, the distinguished meteorologist, urges attention to these facts: That while the moon might well be expected to influence our weather, scientific evidence shows that it does not; that there is no sound reason for believing that sunspots have any appreciable effect in producing storms, or other local changes; that animal instinct ranks greatly below human intelligence as a guide to future weather; that the indications furnished by plants are due to the hygroscopic condition of the air, as are also other "signs," and are less delicate and reliable than the accurate instrumental tests of meteorologists; that electricity and ozone do

not produce the effects often ascribed to them; that thunderstorms do not cool the air, but the cool fresh results, like the storm, from the rise of hot air, at least in many cases; that it has not yet been proven that the removal of forests and the extension of railroads and telegraphs have influenced our climate; that the weather is materially the same as in centuries ago; that scientific records disproving the faulty recollections of the oldest inhabitant; and that severe storms are no more liable to occur at the date of the equinoxes, or on certain days of the week or month, than at other times.

### A Gypsy Beauty.

Under the above title, in the *Century*, Charles G. Leland writes of Charlotte Cooper, one of the oldest and most famous of the Romanies.

"Fifty or sixty years ago the gypsies in England were a much more remarkable race than they are at present. The railway had not come to break up their habits, there were hundreds of lonely places in dell and dingle where they could *batch the tan*, or pitch the tent, their blood had been little mixed with that of the *Gorgio*, or *Gemile*; they spoke their language with greater purity than at present, and still kept their old characteristics unchanged. If they had the faults of Arabs, they had also many of their good qualities. If they stole horses and foraged on farmers, if their women told fortunes, lied, and sometimes cheated a man out of all his ready money by pretending to find a treasure in his cellar, on the other hand they were extremely grateful and honest to those who befriended them, and manifested in many ways a rough manliness which partially redeemed their petty vices. They were all, as are many of their sons at present, indomitable rough riders, of the horse horse, and to a man boxers, so that many of them were distinguished in the prize-ring, the last of these being Jim Mace. At this time there prevailed among the English Romanies a strong, mutual faith, a tribal honesty, which was limited, but all the stronger for that, even as the arms of a man grow stronger when he loses the use of his legs. They were a people of powerful frames, passions, and traditional principles. Their weak children soon died from the hardships of nomadic life, the remainder illustrated olden life by suffering, and the survival of the fittest to fight."

"With such characteristics there could not fail among the gypsies many striking instances of warm friendship, intense love, and the fidelity which endures even till death. This was known of them when little else was known beyond their most apparent and repulsive traits. Walter Scott indulged in no romantic license when he depicted Hayraddin Mangrabin as devoted to Quentin Durward; even at present the incident of a thoughtful gift or any little act of kindness to them will be remembered with a gratitude out of all proportion to its value, and go the rounds of all the Romanies in the United States. And therefore when men fell in love with women there often resulted those instances of intense passion and steady faith, which at the present day are really becoming mythical. The gypsy in this, as in everything else, has been a continuation of the middle ages, or of the romance era."

"Such a passion was inspired more than half a century ago by Jack Cooper, the *Kurumengro Rom*, or Fighting Gypsy, in a girl of his own tribe. Her name was Charlotte Lee, and it was about 1830 that Leslie, the Royal Academician, led by the fame of her beauty, painted the picture, now in New York in the possession of his sister, Miss Emma Leslie, from which the engraving here given was taken. The fame of her charms still survives among her people, and when a few days ago as I was talking of Charlotte to some gypsies of her kin near Philadelphia, I was asked if I meant the *Rinkent*; that is, the Beautiful one."

### Western Journalism.

Western journalism is full of spice and enterprise. Not your ordinary adulterated mustard and pepper, but the genuine article, which makes the tears flow and gives you the whooping-cough. As for instance: "Owing to the death of the editor there won't be any leader to-morrow, but look out for a ripper the day after."—*New York Herald.*

A SOLITARY woman is an unhappy creature—so is a solitary man.



## THE WESTERN BOOM.

St. Joseph, Mo., Still Leading All Competitors in Real Estate Deals and the Acquisition of Substantial Enterprises.

The most noticeable real estate activity continues to prevail at St. Joseph, Mo., says a correspondent of an Eastern paper. Packing houses and other industrial enterprises, among them the Louisiana Tobacco Works, are going in at a lively rate; one of the chief evidences of the growth of the city being the granting of a franchise to a syndicate of Kansas City capitalists for the construction of an extensive system of cable lines, to be completed at once, and to cost \$300,000. The best evidence, however, is in the showing of actual transactions closed in one week recently. W. A. P. McDonald bought 99 lots in Eastern Extension for \$10,500. He sold 54 of them for \$10,700, and sold the balance at an advance of \$20 per foot in cost. Sam Nave and J. S. Britton bought a lot in Patee's addition for \$2,000 and sold for \$3,000 in four days. W. H. Constable bought lot 2, block 54, St. Joseph Extension, for \$300, and sold for \$550. J. Blackwelder, of Chicago, bought eighty feet, southeast corner of Third and Sylvan, for \$14,000, and has been offered nearly double that for it and refused it. J. M. Hill paid \$7,000 for northeast corner of Second and Francis, and has since refused \$18,000. C. W. Brown bought two lots on St. Joseph Avenue for \$1,900, and sold in six days for \$3,000. John Kelly bought two lots in Eastern Extension; he paid \$600; in thirty days he sold for \$900; it has since been resold for \$1,200. J. F. Tyler bought a lot in Eastern Extension for \$125 and sold to Hubbard for \$500, who has since been offered \$700. L. E. Carter bought a lot in January in Kemper's addition for \$700. In three days after he was offered \$1,000, and since then \$2,000. He bought four lots in Robidoux addition for \$1,000; sold for \$6,000, and his purchaser sold for \$8,000. Mrs. N. M. Brewster bought three lots for \$500 and sold for \$1,150 in three days, and in four days they were resold for \$1,400. D. G. Griswold bought six lots in East St. Joseph for \$200 and sold the next day for \$750; also three others for \$200 and resold in three weeks for \$1,000.

One of the publishers of Hoyer's Directory, speaking of the Western cities and the prevailing boom, writes as follows of St. Joseph, where he has just issued the Directory for 1887: "Not only has St. Joseph increased in population at a most satisfactory rate, there being an increase in one year of 5,846, while the total population in round numbers is shown to be 60,000, but she has undergone a spirited revival that augurs the outstripping of all competition. Ten years ago the city had scarcely a dozen manufactories, whereas the year '87 finds her with some 170 of all kinds, with thirteen railroads, the largest stock-yards west of Chicago, some thirteen miles of streets, paved with asphaltum, and as many miles more under contract, with the electric motor soon to be in operation on two of the car lines, and the cable line an assured fact, and new enterprises springing up daily on every hand. The demand for real estate has been steady and active. For the past year St. Joseph has led almost continually the other cities of the United States in bank clearances, the per cent. of increase over 1886 reaching in one case 140.7, and up to date maintaining an average of almost 100. Down to December 31, 1886, St. Joseph's jobbing houses did a business of \$110,539,000, showing an increase in the business of 1886 over that of 1885 of \$23,111,028. A fair indication of the increasing business may be sought in the fact that St. Joseph now employs a force of commercial travelers numbering 1,013 men."

St. Joseph, more than any other Western town, offers the best inducements to men of small capital to commence a manufacturing business, and to mechanics and laborers to find employment and build desirable homes.

### Costly Taffy.

"Now, young lady, you may take the stand," said the lawyer.  
"Yes, sir," she replied, with a beaming smile.  
"That does me up!" whispered a man on one of the benches. "I'm her husband, and she's 49 years old, but the sugar on that lawyer's tongue will cost me \$30 for millinery before the 1st of May."—*D. Mail Tribune.*

## Earthquakes in Massachusetts.

It is to be noted, however, that since the settlement of this New England country there have been several shocks of an alarming nature, which have principally affected the State of Massachusetts. That of 1727 and several following years was one of the most peculiar disturbances which have ever been recorded. The first movements of this long-continued series of shocks disturbed a tolerably large area; but in a short time the shocks became confined to the region near the old town of Newbury, Mass., where from 1727 to 1740 each shock, though the motion was slight, was accompanied by loud and terrifying sounds proceeding from the depths of the earth. We have the story of this strange convulsion from the journal of the Rev. Matthias Plant, the pastor of the Puritan church at Newbury. Although he viewed the matter rationally, many people believed that the tumult was caused by the devil at work in his nether realm.

In 1755, almost coincidently with the great Lisbon earthquake, Central New England was visited by a disturbance of considerable violence, one which, though a single shock, was probably nearly, if not quite, as violent as any of the several movements which have recently occurred in South Carolina. This disturbance, though not hurtful to life or limb, did a good deal of minor damage to the buildings of Boston and vicinity; a good part of the chimneys were overturned, and wherever a heavy weight was supported on a fall, frail base the effects were considerable. John Winthrop, then professor of physics and astronomy, one of the few eminent American men of science of the eighteenth century, states that the bricks from the chimney of his house, in Cambridge, the top of which was thirty-two feet from the ground, were thrown to a point thirty feet from the base of the structure. If we may trust this observation, it is clear that the shock, though not of great violence, was of sufficient force to bring havoc to many flimsy structures of the present day. Since 1755 there has been no earthquake in this district which can be termed menacing in its violence, though movements of slight importance have been numerous.

We may reasonably conclude that while the New England district has probably long been exempt from disturbances of great severity, the Massachusetts district appears to be liable to shocks of a violence sufficient to wreck buildings which are not well fitted to sustain such assaults.—*Prof. N. S. Shaler, in Scribner's Magazine.*

## Benton's Departure from Congress.

The close of the session reminds me of the last night of the Thirty-third Congress in the House of Representatives. The Senate sent over 145 amendments to the Sundry Civil Appropriation bill, and it was 8 o'clock in the morning before they were disposed of by a committee of conference. Mr. Pratt then asked whether it would be in order to have the restaurant servants bring in breakfast.

"Let me amend the question," said Mike Walsh, "by having cocktails and whisky-punches introduced also."

A conversational debate followed, during which some very clever things were said, and at last the Sergeant-at-Arms reported a quorum present. Several bills were then passed under a suspension of the rules, and during the taking of the yeas and nays the Clerk called Mr. Benton's name, when that gentleman appeared at the door of the main aisle, and protested, with violent gesticulation, against his name being called. He said he was an ex-member, and that the session that day was a libel on the Sabbath.

Some confusion followed this episode, when the Speaker, *pro tem*, Mr. Orr, told the gentleman that he was out of order.

"I am not a member," growled Mr. Benton.

"Then," promptly retorted Mr. Orr, "if the gentleman is not a member, the doorkeeper will put him out."

Mr. Benton did not say another word, but taking the package in which he had tied up the contents of his desk he left the House, thus, on March 4, 1855, closing a Congressional career that he had commenced in the Senate on August 10, 1821.—*Ben: Perley Poore, in Albany Journal.*

If just now too harsh a word was uttered, may the immortals make it vain!—*Bryan's Homer.*

A LEADING real estate agent and private banker, Mr. Ira Brown, Chicago, Ill., writes: "I feel it my duty to say of St. Jacobs Oil that I lay on my back three months with rheumatism. I tried it, was cured, and have never been troubled since."

If good bread is to be made woman must be bred to make it.

Mr. T. J. MURPHY, 61 Dehavoise Place, Brooklyn, N. Y., says: "I was afflicted with sciatic rheumatism and found St. Jacobs Oil very efficacious."

## The Pretty Girl.

The intelligence which is brought to bear upon the study of the masterpieces of English literature in the clubs of the land is illustrated often enough, as anybody knows who has investigated the subject; but it is seldom that it takes so discouraging a form as that encountered by a professor who has been conducting a fashionable Shakespeare Club. After he had expended infinite patience and hardly less erudition upon the study of "Othello," the Professor asked, in a glow of self-satisfaction, if there were any last questions any one wished to ask before another play was taken up. His feelings may be imagined when a very pretty girl, who had been very close in her attention throughout the entire course, inquired naively and earnestly: "But Professor—, what did he kill Desdemona for? How could he be angry with anybody so sweet?"

## German Carp.

A farmer residing near Fairfield, Iowa, started a fish pond four years ago with three German carp, about two inches long and very small. He now reports his stock at 12,000, after having sold hundreds for stocking ponds in other parts of the State. The fish are said to be as tame as chickens, and a source of great pleasure to the family. There is food for reflection in this statement for those who like carp.

"That Miss Jones is a nice looking girl, isn't she?"

"Yes, and she'd be the belle of the town if it wasn't for one thing."

"What's that?"

"She has catarrh so bad it is unpleasant to hear her. She has tried a dozen things and nothing helps her. I am sorry, for I like her, but that doesn't make it any less disagreeable for one to be around her."

Now, if she had used Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy, there would have been nothing of the kind said, for it will cure catarrh every time.

Out West when a bear gets into a hog-pen there is trouble brud for the pigs.

Among the people of to-day there are few indeed, who have not heard of the merits of Prickly Ash Bark and Berries as a household remedy. Teas and drinks have been made of them for centuries, and in hundreds of families have formed the sole reliance in rheumatic and kidney diseases. Prickly Ash Bark now takes the place of the old system and is more beneficial in all troubles of this nature.

A BUSINESS outlook. A merchant in his doorway looking for customers.

## Vitality of Great Men

Is not always innate or born with them, but many instances are known where it has been acquired by the persistent and judicious use of Dr. Harter's Iron Tonic.

35 MEDALS AWARDED TO

**BENSON'S**

Cure for Rheumatism, Lumbago, Backache, Weakness, Colic in the Chest and all Aches and Pains.

Be aware of imitations under similar sounding names. Ask for BENSON'S AND TAKE NO OTHER.

**CAPICINE**

**PLASTER**

THE BEST IN THE WORLD.

SOUTHERN FARMS FOR SALE.—Prices from \$5 to \$15 per acre; good lands and climate; cheap labor; work out eleven months in the year; near Petersburg, a city of 22,000 inhabitants; convenient to market or James River; healthy climate; mill property and water power; mineral spa. Write to HARRISON & PADRON, Petersburg, Va.

**PILES** Dr. Williams' Indian Pile Ointment is a sure cure for blind, bleeding or itching piles. Cure guaranteed. Price 50c and \$1. At druggists or mailed by Wm. H. Kinnear & Marvin, Who. & Sale Agents, Toledo, Ohio.

**RUPTURE** If you want relief and cure at once, send for Dr. J. A. Sherman's circular of instructions. 29 Broadway, New York.

**\$350** Will buy a complete Newspaper (not Bt. suitable for publishing a week) in a town of 100,000 or over, inhabitant. Address: FORT WAYNE NEWS-PAPER UNION, Fort Wayne, Ind.

**KIDDER'S PASTILLES** Sure relief for Coughs, Croup, Asthma, Whooping Cough, Sore Throat, Stomach and Bowel Complaints. Sold by all druggists.

**LOTS** New Town of BENJAMIN, Wis. Con. R. R. Point supply Milwaukee Mining Exchange, Milwaukee, Wis. Guaranteed to be bought and sold.

**LADY AGENTS**—Article new; sells fast. No money to invest. Address: R. F. LICKER, St. Albans, O.

The Original

**Pierce's**

PLEASANT LITTLE PURGATIVE PILLS.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS. ALWAYS ASK FOR DR. PIERCE'S PELLETS, OR LITTLE SUGAR-COATED PILLS.

Being entirely vegetable, they operate without disturbance to the system, diet, or occupation. Put up in glass vials, hermetically sealed. Always fresh and reliable. As a laxative, alterative, or purgative, these little Pellets give the most perfect satisfaction.

## SICK HEADACHE.

Bilious Headache, Dizziness, Constipation, Indigestion, Bilious Attacks, and all derangements of the stomach and bowels, are promptly relieved and permanently cured by the use of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets.

In explanation of the remedial power of these Pellets over so great a variety of diseases, it may truthfully be said that their action upon the system is universal, not a gland or tissue escaping their salutary influence. Sold by druggists, 25 cents a vial. Manufactured at the Chemical Laboratory of WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N. Y.

## \$500 REWARD

is offered by the manufacturer of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy, for a case of Chronic Nasal Catarrh which they cannot cure.

**SYMPTOMS OF CATARRH.** Inflammation of the nasal passages, discharges falling from the head into the throat, sometimes profuse, watery, and acid, at others thick, tenacious, mucous, purulent, bloody and putrid; the eyes are weak, watery, and inflamed; there is ringing in the ears, dizziness, hickering or coughing to clear the throat, expectoration of offensive matter, together with scales from the nostrils; the voice is changed and has a nasal twang; the breath is offensive; smell and taste are impaired; there is a sensation of dizziness, with mental depression, a hacking cough and general debility. Only a few of the above-named symptoms are likely to be present in any one case. Thousands of cases annually, without manifesting but of the above symptoms, result in consumption, and end in the grave. No disease is so common, more deceptive and dangerous, or less understood by physicians. By its mild, soothing, and healing properties, Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy cures the worst cases of Catarrh, "cold in the head," Coryza, and Catarrhal Headache. Sold by druggists everywhere; 50 cents.

## "Untold Agony from Catarrh."

Prof. W. H. HARTNER, the famous mesmerist, of Haverhill, N. Y., writes: "Some ten years ago I suffered untold agony from chronic nasal catarrh. My family physician gave me up as incurable, and said I must die. My case was such a bad one, that every day, towards sunset, my voice would become so hoarse I could barely speak above a whisper. In the morning my coughing and clearing of my throat would almost strangle me. By the use of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy, in three months, I was a well man, and the cure has been permanent."

## "Constantly Hawking and Spitting."

THOMAS J. RUSHING, Esq., 202 Pine Street, St. Louis, Mo., writes: "I was a great sufferer from catarrh for three years. At times I could hardly breathe, and was constantly hawking and spitting, and for the last eight months could not breathe through the nostrils. I thought nothing could be done for me. Luckily, I was advised to try Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy, and I am now a well man. I believe it to be the only sure remedy for catarrh now manufactured, and one has only to give it a fair trial to experience astounding results and a permanent cure."

## Three Bottles Cure Catarrh.

ELI ROBBINS, Rutland, P. O., Columbia Co., Pa., says: "My daughter had catarrh when she was five years old, very badly. I saw Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy advertised, and procured a bottle for her, and soon saw that it helped her; a third bottle effected a permanent cure. She is now fifteen years old and sound and hearty."

**HARTER'S**

THE ONLY TRUE

**IRON TONIC**

Will purify the BLOOD, regulate the LIVER and KIDNEYS and Restore the HEALTH and VIGOR of YOUTH. Dyspepsia, Want of Appetite, Indigestion, Lack of Strength and Tired Feeling, absolutely cured. Bones, muscles and nerve receive new force. Enlivens the mind and supplies Brain Power.

Suffering from complaints peculiar to their sex will find in DR. HARTER'S IRON TONIC a safe, speedy cure. Gives a clear, healthy complexion. All attempts at counterfeiting only add to its popularity. Do not experiment—get the Original and Best.

**DR. HARTER'S LIVER PILLS** (Cure Constipation, Liver Complaint and Stomach Headache. Sample Dose and Dream Book mailed on receipt of two cents in postage.)

THE DR. HARTER MEDICINE CO., ST. LOUIS, MO.

*Miss B. Stevenson*

**PENSIONS**, Metropolitan Block, Chicago, Ill.

**PENSIONS COLLECTED** and increased by Fitzgerald & Powell, Indianapolis, Ind. Old cases returned. Send for copy of Laws, free.

**\$5** to \$25 a day. Samples worth \$1.50. FREE. Lines not under the horse's feet. Address: Brewster's Safety Rein Holder, Holly, Mich.



## BOB BURDETTISMS.

### FADING AWAY.

"Don't see so much of you lately as we used to, Dick." "No, no; fact is, I reckon you don't see quite so much of me; you see I've been a little short this month."

### A BED FULL OF CRACKER CRUMBS.

An exchange says: "Europe is sleeping on bayonets." It is well for Europe since she has to lie on such a bed, that she can go to sleep. A country that can go to sleep on a bed of bayonets would regard a Mexican cactus as an eider-down quilt.

### A DEVELOPED MAN.

"Lighthouse," exclaimed his excellent wife, testily, "you are a bigger fool than I took you to be." "Thanks," he said, gratefully, but meekly, "that is to say, I grow on you with longer acquaintance. Ah, my ownest own, you haven't half found me out yet."

### JUST THE THING.

"Want a picture for your dining-room, eh?" said the dealer. "Yes," replied the landlady, "and don't give me some gluttonous subject that will disgust the boarders. Let me see something pretty and appropriate." "Certainly, ma'am; here's the very thing—'The Death of St. Malachi.'" "How did he die?" "He was starved to death."

—Brooklyn Eagle.

### HE KNOWS WHAT HE IS BUYING.

A Chicago drummer, returning from a trip through Iowa, says: "You can find whisky in almost everything you buy in that State." Well—er—ah—just one moment, brethren, before we decide the case against Prohibition Iowa on the evidence of this witness. You will bear in mind that the Chicago drummer never buys anything unless he is dead sure that it has whisky in it. The jury may now retire.

### THE BLIGHT OF LANDLORDISM.

"Reginald" wants to know what is the "blight of landlordism" of which he reads so much. Well, we asked our landlord about it, and he said it was paying a plumber, a carpenter, a painter, and a plasterer \$800 a year to keep a \$600 house in repair, and then have the tenant take out the door bell, chandeliers, and range, and skip with about three months' rent unpaid. He says there are some other blights in the landlord business, which any one may find out by building a few houses to rent.

### INQUIRE WITHIN.

"Husband in?" asked the assessor cheerfully. "No," answered the woman, "he isn't home." "Expecting him soon?" asked the assessor. "Well," the woman replied thoughtfully, "I don't know exactly; I've been lookin' for him seventeen years, and he hasn't shown up yet. You travel around a good deal, and if you see a man who looks as though he'd make me a pretty good husband, tell him I'm still waitin' and send him along. How's your wife?" But the assessor wrote something in his book and without speaking slid softly away, with the cautious haste of a man walking over a thin place in the ice.

### Marrying Money.

When a young man marries an heiress, says a writer in the *Epoch*, the changes in his outward condition are subtle, but none the less interesting. Very soon—miraculously soon, indeed—he becomes a little stouter, and his walk is slower, his feet being planted more solidly and more carefully than they were when they carried a bachelor. His clothes turn darker by one shade at least, and his watchchain is certainly a thought heavier. The handle of his umbrella, also, has become perceptibly bigger, whereas his scarf-pins are undoubtedly more quiet in character—less fantastic or trivial. Observe him on his way to a church wedding, for example, and mark how different is his mode of progression from that of an unattached and miscellaneous youth. The rogue knows that a good seat will be reserved for him at the head of the aisle, and that he has no occasion for hurry. When he drives out it is in a substantial dog-cart or mail phaeton, and he escheweth—not, perhaps, altogether without regret—the sidebar buggy which he used to think the kind of vehicle that he would have if he were rich. He is now a substantial person in the community—a family man, a capitalist by proxy—and he begins to have serious views on political and financial matters, which he is desirous of discussing with older men. In fact, he is rather given to humning his contemporaries, and is not altogether easy in the society of his

former companions. He has deserted their ranks, and, although he has gained in dignity, he has lost in freedom. His chains are golden, to be sure, but they bind with the force of a less costly metal. No longer for him are the delights of a midnight cigar or a refreshing brandy and soda at the club. He is now the victim of times and seasons, and must go discreetly home when the proper hour arrives.

### "Madcap Harry" and Sir John Popham.

It is a curious circumstance—not, as I think, much noticed by Shakespearean critics—that with all our great dramatist's marvelous gifts, his power of delineation and surpassing knowledge of human character, his development of our language, his dramatic force, his poetic feeling, and his wealth of poetic expression—yet he seems to have been singularly deficient in originality, all his dramas, with the exception of "Love's Labor Lost," having been traced to some older tale or play. Now it is well known by students of history that Shakespeare's character of Prince Henry, afterward Henry V., is a gross libel upon one whose personal life was singularly pure and upright. I am not quite clear that the Prince can be exonerated entirely from robbing the King's mails; but he had this excuse, that his father withheld from him his income as Prince of Wales, partly from innate meanness, but more, perhaps, from the jealousy inherent in such natures toward his next heir—one who utterly surpassed him in nobleness of mind and popular gifts.

Who, then, was the original of Shakespeare's "Madcap Harry"? If I mistake not, he is to be found in Sir John Popham, sometime Speaker of the House of Commons and Lord Chief Justice of England. At the time that Shakespeare was writing his plays and residing at Bankside, in Southwark, the circumstances with which he credits Prince Henry were being enacted in the borough, probably, before his very eyes.

Sir John Popham was a native of Somerset. How far his being stolen by gypsies when a child and remaining with them some months gave him a taste for a vagabond or Bohemian way of life, one cannot say. At Balliol College, Oxford, he bore a high character, and is said to have laid in a good stock of classical learning and dogmatical divinity, but on removing to the Middle Temple he appears to have fallen in bad company and utterly neglected his judicial studies.—*Walford's Antiquarian*.

### Too Dignified by Half.

Writing lines is the penance Harrow boys do for all their sins, in and out of school. If a boy is late for school, he writes lines; if he misses "bill," he writes lines. If the lines are not finished at a stated time, their number is doubled. There was one clever boy who escaped writing half the ordered quantity; and the masters tell the story of how he did it to this day. He was an untidy boy and was often taken to task for his carelessness and disorder. One day his master, who had very dignified and impressive manners, and who always said "we" instead of "you" when talking to the boys, found occasion to reprove him.

"We do not look very clean," he said, with much severity. "We have not washed our hands this morning. Have we?"

"I don't know about yours," was the impudent boy's answer, "but I've washed mine."

"Ah!" said the master, "we are very impertinent to-day. We will have to write a hundred lines before the next 'bill.'"

When "bill" time came, the master sent for the boy.

"Have we written our lines?" he asked.

"I've written my fifty," the boy answered very promptly, handing in his paper; "but I don't know whether you've done your half!"—*Elizabeth Robins Pennell, in St. Nicholas*.

A CERTAIN witty bishop was recently asked about a sermon to which he had listened, whether he thought it High or Low. He replied that he did not know about that, but there could be no doubt that it was long.

THE little girl who was disappointed because her name could not be found in the Bible, says, "Never mind! She will be such a good girl that if ever another Bible is written, her name shall go into that."

J. H. CONRAD,

DEALER IN

## ROOFING AND SPOUTING

GUTTERING, HOUSE FURNISHING GOODS,

Cutlery, Nails, Paints, Woodenware &c.

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All work and goods guaranteed to give satisfaction Give me a call.



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St. Joe Meat Market,

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Highest market price paid for Hides, Tallow &c. Give me a call.

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EARTHEN POTS FOR HOUSE PLANTS

PROVISIONS, CYSTERS, LEMONS,

ORANGES, CANDIES, CIGARS &c.

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J. F. WALKER,

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WHIPS, HARNESS OIL &c.

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Repairing done promptly. Prices as low as the lowest. Call and see.

R. G. COBURN,

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## ALBION SPRING Cultivator

AND FIELD HARROW.

## AND DAISY RAKE.

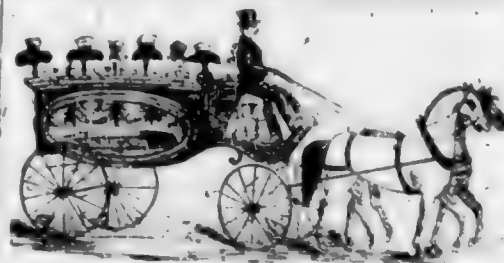
Farmers will save money by seeing me before buying. I will call on you with a sample in a few days. R. G. Coburn, St. Joe, Ind.

## Take Notice!

Having returned from Tennessee, I will assist again in

## Raising & Moving Buildings,

in short all kinds of Rope, Tackle and Jack-screw Work. Having had 15 years' experience, and improved machinery, I feel safe in guaranteeing satisfaction. Heavy and difficult work a specialty. Correspondence solicited. Direct all communications to H. or M. Millman, St. Joe Station, Ind., or A. Monroe, Hicksville, Ohio.

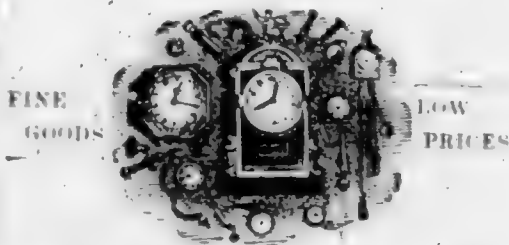


A. HINSEY.

Undertaker and Embalmer. Keeps on hand constantly, a stock of Undertaking Supplies, Coffins, Caskets, Burial Robes &c. I can supply as fine goods as can be furnished. Will attend to making all arrangements for funerals. Calls responded to at all hours of the night. Office on corner of Main and Second Streets; residence on corner of Main and Fourth Streets, St. Joe, Ind.

Arthur James,

DEALER IN



## Watches, Clocks,

AND JEWELRY.

Repairing done promptly and all work warranted. Call and see me at Bair & Son's store, Spencerville, Ind.

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## LUMBER

OF ALL KINDS.

Shingles, Lime, Lath,

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Large Stock and Prices Low. Yard Near Depot, St. Joe, Ind.

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MAKER AND DEALER IN

## HARNESS

COLLARS, WHIPS,

Fly Nets and Dusters,

HARNESS OIL &c.

Prices the Lowest. All work guaranteed. Call and see me.



# THE ST. JOE NEWS.

VOL. I.

ST. JOE, IND., FRIDAY, MAY 13, 1887.

NO. 16.

## Churches.

### DISCIPLE.

SERVICES every alternate Sunday evening, in the Lutheran church. Cottage prayer meeting every Friday evening.

J. A. THOMAS, PASTOR.

### METHODIST PROTESTANT.

SERVICES every alternate Sunday at 10:30 A. M. Prayer meeting every Tuesday evening. Sunday School at 9:30 A. M.

J. M. LANGLEY, PASTOR.

### EVANGELICAL LUTHERAN.

SERVICES every Sunday, one Sunday in the morning at 10:30, and the following Sunday in the evening. Prayer meeting every Thursday evening. Sunday School at 9:30 A. M.

S. P. FRYBERGER, PASTOR.

## Societies.

### G. A. R.

REGULAR meetings on Saturday evening on or before the full moon of each month, at their hall over Leighty's store.

O. H. WIDNEY, COMMANDER.

J. M. MILLIMAN, ADJUTANT.

## Business Notices.

H. W. BOWMAN, M. D., Physician and Surgeon, St. Joe, Ind. Office opposite the Drugstore.

ST. JOE HOTEL, Wm. Leighty, proprietor. Special attention given to furnishing teams for commercial men.

B. S. SHEFFER, M. D., Physician and Surgeon, St. Joe, Ind. Prompt and careful attention to all business entrusted to his care.

ST. JOE BARBER SHOP, one door west of hotel, Will Gee, proprietor. Satisfaction guaranteed. Your patronage is solicited.

FILLEY, LOUNSBERRY AND SHULER, proprietors of the St. Joe Saw and Planing Mill. All work promptly done. Cash paid for Oak Logs.

CITY BARBER SHOP, St. Joe, Ind, John Hull, proprietor. Shaving, Hair Cutting &c. done in the best of style. Come and see me. Two doors west of Kinsey's Furniture Store.

SIMON WINELAND, proprietor St. Joe Handle and Feed Mills. Feed grinding a specialty. Highest prices paid for second growth White Ash. Enquire at the mill for full particulars.

## INDIANA STATE NEWS.

At Wabash, Pat McCoy, a laborer in the trenches of the water company, was fatally injured by the discharge of a heavy blast of Hercules powder. The charge had failed to ignite, and McCoy was instructed to wet it and swab it out. Instead of obeying he began drilling it with an iron bar, and it suddenly let go. McCoy was almost blown out of the trench; his face, neck, and breast were horribly lacerated; his right arm was shattered, and the fingers of both hands were torn off. His breast and neck are literally filled with fragments of limestone. The physicians say he cannot live. McCoy is a married man and resides at Peru.

Patents have been issued for Indians as follows: James W. Cole, Greencastle, multiple subsidiary ground terminal for lightning rods; Joshua J. Collins, assignor to himself, J. S. Collins, and W. D. S. Rogers, Knox, clothes wringer; Andrew J. and G. W. Forsythe, Kokomo, wire-fence machine; Charles Gibson, Mount Vernon, fence; Samuel M. Jackson, Logansport, machine for bundling wall paper; Jesse B. and O. B. Johnson, Indianapolis, baling press; Jacob V. Rowlett, Richmond, roller skate; Francis M. Fribbey, New Albany, combined table and cot; Peter Wahl, North Vernon, razor.

Some five weeks ago W. W. Costancer was put off of a Vandalia freight train by the conductor because he did not have a ticket. Costancer claimed that he could not buy a ticket, because there was no person in the ticket office, and the conductor refused the money he offered as fare to Darlington. Suit was brought at Darlington, and judgment for \$200 was obtained by default. It is understood that the railway company will appeal the case, while on the other side they declare that a locomotive will be chained to the track if necessary to secure the judgment.

Prof. E. T. Cox, formerly State Geologist, and now of New York, furnishes some interesting information relative to the geological formation of Indiana, and the probable sources of natural gas. He does not accept the porous-rock theory. As oil and gas are both found in Trenton rock, which is not porous, he holds that it must exist in large cavities or systems of fissures, furnishing a much greater capacity for storage than the pores of any rock could. It would follow from this, then, that to find gas in any large quantity one of these cavities must be tapped.

Mr. and Mrs. William Kissing, living a few miles from Elkhart, have begun proceedings against some of their neighbors, whom they charge with endeavoring to blow up their house with dynamite. Some one exploded a dynamite bomb so close to the Kissing house that the building was badly wrecked, the window-panes shattered, Mr. and Mrs. Kissing thrown from their bed, and a young daughter frightened so that she was attacked by convulsions.

B. Wilson Smith, of Tippecanoe County; John W. Study, of Rush; John R. Cravens, of Jefferson, and Daniel McDonald, of Marshall, have been appointed by the Governor as honorary Commissioners from Indiana at the Centennial celebration of the settlement of the Northwestern Territory at Marietta. O. W. W. Woollen, of Indianapolis, and R. M. Lockhart will serve as Commissioners to the exposition to be held at Columbus, O., next year.

Elmer Betts, of Portland, while returning from church one night recently, began firing at a scare-crow in a fence corner. Three shots were fired, the last striking Willie Sasser, a companion of Betts, and killing him. Young Betts surrendered to the Sheriff. Coroner Kinsey and Prosecutor Adair held an inquest. After examining witnesses the Coroner was satisfied the shooting was accidental, and rendered a verdict to that effect.

## MECHANICAL.

In the automatic cut-off engine, the governor acts directly upon the cut-off valve, prolonging the period of admission when the work is heavy, and shortening it when the work is light. Engines so governed or regulated are called automatic engines.

A method of making embossed sheet tin and other like material, in imitation of finer grades of material, consists in uniformly applying a yielding lacquer to the sheet to produce the appearance of the metal imitated, and then embossing or impressing the same.

An improvement in steel forgings consists in casting an ingot whose transverse section is greater in one direction and less in another than that of the forging desired, so as to induce a lateral instead of a longitudinal flow of its metal under pressure, and converting said ingot or casting into a forging by reducing it to the desired form by the application of pressure between forming dies.

In steam engines governed by the throttling method, the governor acts upon a valve placed in the steam pipe, admitting more or less steam according to the speed at which the engine is running, more steam being admitted when the engine is heavier loaded, and consequently a slight falling off in speed, and less steam permitted to enter the cylinder when the load is light, and the speed consequently greater. Thus the governor valve acts as a throttle valve, throttling the steam more or less according to the requirements of steam pressure and load.

The bricks for a chimney-top, should be soaked in water a few minutes, so that they will not extract the water from the mortar. In order to have mortar become very hard, it must dry slowly. By laying up wet bricks, the mortar will set slowly, and eventually become almost as hard as the bricks. Every brick chimney should be covered with a copestone, with an arched top or with bricks placed over the flues, like the rafter of a building, for the purpose of turning off the water which would go down the inside, be absorbed by the bricks, and, in some instances, soak through and wet the paper or kalsomining on the inside.

The wonderfully well-colored articles of bronze, now seen in the market, and showing all tints, and adhering thoroughly to the metal, is a French process, but it is no longer a secret. The method of manufacture lies in the use of solutions of sulphides of antimony and arsenic which were applied to the bronze or brass articles. After thoroughly washing them with water, since every trace of acid left in pickling would show black spots, they are thoroughly dried, and then the sulphide solution is applied with a brush. The best way is to begin with a dilute solution of ammonia, giving one application. After drying, the coating is brushed, and then the dilute solution of sulphide of arsenic in ammonia is used, which produces a yellow color. The oftener this sulphide of arsenic is applied the browner will be the color, and a deep tint may thus be finally obtained. By solutions of sulphide of antimony, either in ammonia or in sulphide of ammonia, the tint is reddish, and it is possible in this way to obtain either the most delicate red or the deepest dark red. If some of the parts of the article are rubbed more strongly a high metallic luster is obtained. Ammonia or sulphide of ammonia reabsorbs the bronzing, and in this way defective spots may be improved. It is possible also to use solutions in caustic soda or potash, or the sulphides of either.

An advertiser in Texas calls for "an industrious man, as a boss hand over 5,000 head of sheep that can speak Spanish fluently."

## VARITIES.

We live by faith and faith lives by exercise. As is said of some men, they are never well but at work; so here hinder faith from working and you are enemies to its very life and being.

HEADACHES, restlessness, irritability, and inattention, are the finger-posts which usually point to the commencement of the symptoms of overwork; their warning should be heeded in time to avert serious consequences.

PAIN itself is not without alleviations. It may be violent and frequent, but it is seldom both violent and long-continued, and its pauses and intermissions become positive pleasures. It has the power of shedding a satisfaction over intervals of ease which I believe few enjoyments exceed.

HATE keeps the heart always at full tension. It gives rise to oppression of brain and senses. It confuses the whole man. It robs the stomach of nervous power, and digestion being impaired, the failure of life begins at once. Those, therefore, who are born with this passion should give it up.

We must have a weak spot or two in a character before we can love it much. People who do not laugh or cry or take more of anything than is good for them, or use anything but dictionary words, are admirable subjects for biographers. But we don't care most for these fine pattern flowers that press best in the herbarium.

I HAVE been more and more convinced, the more I think of it, that in general pride is at the bottom of all great mistakes. All the other passions do occasional good; but whenever pride puts in its word, everything goes wrong; and what it might really be desirable to do quietly and innocently, it is mortally dangerous to do proudly.

EVERYTHING that happens to us leaves some trace behind; everything contributes imperceptibly to make us what we are. Yet it is often dangerous to make a strict account of it. For either we grow proud and negligent, or downcast and dispirited, and both are equally injurious in their consequences. The surest plan is just to do the nearest task that lies before us.

### The Man-About-Town.

I fell to thinking of the rounders and men-about-town as I leaned over the edge of a box and saw them file past me in platoons. They go to pieces at a faster rate than any other set of men in the world. Many a head was gray that did not show a sign of age five years ago, and man after man passed by with a careless carriage and blasé face who had not passed 30, but who looked and acted the man of 40 years. Some of the men who were turning gray when I was a boy, and who are perhaps now 40 or 45 years of age, are round-shouldered, bent, and querulous, their faces white and their heads bald and gray. They were admirably dressed, their manners easy and agreeable, and every body knew them; but they were the oldest men in the world that night. The average man-about-town seems to go to pieces all at once. He is suave, well-dressed, agreeable, and apparently healthy for a few years, and then suddenly he goes all to pot. It never changes his manner or his habit. It holds him up as an appalling example to younger men, but I doubt if it ever does any good.—New York Correspondence Argonaut.

In guiding belts on or off, it is best to protect the hand with a piece of cloth held in the hand, but never wrapped around it or the wrist or arm. A stick is liable to be caught by the pulley or belt, drawn between the pulley and belt into other machinery, or thrown swiftly, striking you or some one else.



# The St. Joe News.

ST. JOE, INDIANA.

MORT & WILL OLDS, PUBLISHERS.

## THE SONG OF THE HEADLIGHT.

BY RABBY JACKSON.

When the full moon lays a radiant haze  
From earth to heaven's wall,  
Or the tranquil stars mark the viewless bars  
Whence the arrows of vision fall,  
I send my glance where the quick drops  
dance.

With the pattering call of the rain  
To their comrades asleep in the hidden deep  
Of the subterranean main,  
Or if storms are out and the free winds shout  
With a full and a swell,  
A steadfast glow of light I throw  
On my gleaming parallels.

I guide the train over the level plain,  
A swiftly nearing star,  
And I bend and avert where the mountains  
curve.  
My iron-bound path to bar;  
Up their rocky steep the fleet flame leaps,  
Of flash in their depths below,  
Till the mazes that dress each dim recess  
And the nodding ferns I show;  
I spring to illumine the frowning gloom  
Of precipices gray,  
And waters smile from the deep defile  
In my momentary day.

Where the wood benign, with beck and sign,  
Invites all timid things  
To its shelter, spread for the crouching head  
And its covert for drooping wings,  
I bear my light, till in vain I search  
The doe with her trembling fawn  
And the croaking creek that refuge seek  
In the forest shade withdrawn.  
Press closer yet to the copse dew-wet,  
Or speed through the whispering grass,  
To hide them away from the searching ray  
I shoot through the dark as I pass.

As a meteor flies in star-streaked skies  
By a myriad moveless spheres,  
I hurry along where the lamp-lights throng  
As the sleeping town appears;  
Like the coming of fate, to those who wait  
Till I bear their loved away,  
I seem as I shine down the widening line,  
Ere I pause for a moment's stay;  
But he who feels those rolling wheels  
Laid to rest, to his heart's desire,  
Can half believe his eyes perceive  
The prophet's chariot of fire.

Still on and on till the night is gone  
I follow the vibrant rails,  
Till the East is red, and overhead  
The star of the morning pales;  
As foes may fear the soldier's spear,  
But comrades have no dread,  
The lines of light I hurried at the night  
Pierce not where sublimas spread,  
So I cease my rays when the heaven ablaze  
Proclaims the darkness fled.

## A NIGHT WITH SPOOKS.

BY CECIL STERNE.

"I don't know how I'm to tell her, I'm sure," said Jenny Plumer to herself, as she stirred the plums bricky around in the preserving kettle, and skimmed off the scum as it slowly eddied to the surface. "I wish I'd spoken the truth when first I came to live with her. It would have been a deal easier then. But I knew how set she was against such things, and it might have lost me the place, and there was mother and the children to be considered. Oh, dear, how hard it is to do right in this world!"

And Jenny sighed as she stirred the plums yet once again, for they were the very choicest green-gages, and old Miss Gatchitt was very particular about the quality of her preserves.

At the same moment old Miss Gatchitt herself walked up to the door, looking like a damaged edition of somebody's fairy god-mother, with her red cloak, her poke bonnet, and her gold-headed cane. In her hand she carried a discolored leather bag, filled with papers.

"Well, Jane," said Miss Gatchitt, "how are the plums? They smell exceedingly nice. Be sure there's no mistake in covering 'em up. Take my cloak, Jane. I've been very busy this afternoon. I've bought a new house!"

Jenny Plumer only said, "Have you, indeed?" as she hung up the red cloak and went on with the plums; for Miss Gatchitt was very rich, and bought houses and lands as other ladies buy parcels and pocket handkerchiefs.

"A bargain," said Miss Gatchitt, "a stone cottage, with four acres of ornamental land, and a view of the sea at White Harbor. 'Grayledge' they call it."

Jenny stopped stirring her, and turned around with the spoon suspended in mid-air.

"White Harbor?" she cried. "Grayledge! Why, we used to live at White Harbor. And I've peeped through the fence palings at Grayledge many a time. But—did you know—did they tell you that it was—haunted?"

"Oh, yes, they told me all about it!" said Miss Gatchitt, sorting her papers over. "It was on that account that I got it at a bargain, ghost and all."

"No tenant ever stayed there very long," said Jenny. "Two or three people died there suddenly."

"Very likely," said Miss Gatchitt, jumping up and seizing the spoon from Jenny's hand. "None, you're spoiling the preserves. I never saw such carelessness in my life. People die everywhere, don't they?" she added, going abruptly back to the subject of Grayledge. "Your ghost is bad drainage, nothing more nor less. And to-mor-

row you and I are going down to Grayledge to see what repairs are needed. I'll have the house in the market again, thoroughly renovated and overhauled, before you can say Jack Robinson. You aren't afraid of the ghost, I hope?"

"N-no," said Jenny. "Of course I know it's all nonsense. It is a human head without any body. It looked in at the window after nightfall."

"Well, let it look," said Miss Gatchitt. "It will turn out to be nothing on earth but mist and malaria. I'll drain the land and fill up the fish-pond, and you'll see that the ghost is exorcised fast enough. You may pack the trunks, Jane, and tell old Betty that we shall be away for a month."

"Yes," said Jenny. And then she opened her lips as if to add something more, but lost courage and closed them again.

Jenny Plumer was a sort of seventh cousin of old Miss Gatchitt. The Plumers were a large family, without a penny to bless themselves with, and it was considered great promotion for Jenny when Miss Gatchitt wrote for her to come and be her companion, at a comfortable salary.

"I should have liked it, Jane," said the old lady, eyeing the new candidate critically through her spectacles, "if you had been a trifle older and not quite so good-looking, for I don't want any followers hanging about. No, and I won't have them," she added, stamping her foot. "A girl that comes to live with me has got to give up the notion of getting married. I'll have nothing in the shape of a man about my premises. And I want you to understand that distinctly."

This was the time that Jenny Plumer should have spoken out the fact that she was engaged to Reuben Joyce; this was the time that she unluckily kept silence.

"I was frightened at the way she spoke," Jenny afterwards told her mother. "And I thought of you and the girls, and how much you needed the wages she would pay me. But, oh, mother, Reuben never would have kept still in my place. Reuben would have spoken out his mind whatever happened."

However this might have been, Jenny and Miss Gatchitt went down to Grayledge the next day, with the secret yet unsyllabled. It was a grim, solemn old place, shut in by murmuring pines and draped with ivy. Green mold crept over the stone steps, festoons of cobwebs swung across the barred shutters. It looked exactly like the popular idea of a haunted house.

"Ghosts!" said Miss Gatchitt, elevating her nose as the front door with difficulty opened, and a gust of sepulchral air swept out. "I should think by the smell that there might be a whole churchyard full of 'em. Is this a house or a vault that I have bought? But I'll inaugurate quite a different state of things, see if I don't!"

All the doors and windows were flung wide open to let in the mellow autumn sunlight; great fires were built upon the widest hearths; ancient curtains were torn ruthlessly away, and damp-smelling furniture was moved out of cavernous recesses.

"Why, Jane, you seem to like the place," said Miss Gatchitt, as Jenny came dancing in with a basket of wild plums and a handful of blue asters which she had gathered in the weed-grown garden outside.

"Oh, I think it is beautiful!" cried Jenny, with a face all alight.

"One would think you had just met your oldest friend," said Miss Gatchitt.

Jenny colored scarlet.

"My oldest friend doesn't live hereabouts," said she.

"But you like it?" said Miss Gatchitt.

"Yes, I like it."

"Ghosts and all?"

"Yes; ghosts and all."

Miss Gatchitt chuckled at her own facetiousness, but Jenny looked strangely serious.

"Don't shut a shutter to-night," said Miss Gatchitt, when the twilight fell in soft, purple masses of shadow. "I don't want the churchyard atmosphere back again, and bring the lamp into the big room, where the fire burns the brightest. I'll look over the volume on 'Drainage' to-night. And you may go to bed early, Jane."

"I'm not tired, indeed," pleaded Jenny.

"Go to bed early, I say," said Miss Gatchitt. "If ever girl needed rest, you do."

"Mayn't I walk around the garden first?" said Jenny.

"No," said Miss Gatchitt.

And Jenny obeyed so reluctantly that Miss Gatchitt half believed that her young protégée was afraid of the Bodiless Head.

She was wrong there, however.

Jenny had not been asleep more than an hour or two when she was aroused by a voice at her bedside—Miss Gatchitt's voice.

"Jane—Jane!" cried the little old lady, in accents of mortal terror; "get up! I've seen it!"

"Seen what?" said the bewildered Jenny, sitting up and pushing the hair out of her eyes.

"The head—the head! Looking right in at the windows! Once at the side-lights, as I came across the hall where I had been to get a glass of water—the second time at the very window close to me."

"Are you sure it wasn't burglars?" cried Jenny, with clattering teeth.

"Burglars, indeed! Do you suppose I don't know a burglar when I see him?" screamed Miss Gatchitt. "No, no, child, it was the Bodiless Head, sure enough. Get up, at once, and dress yourself, and come downstairs and sit with me. I won't stay

alone, and I won't go to bed in this house until there's a man here to protect both of us."

"But a man can't keep away ghosts, Miss Gatchitt," stammered Jenny Plumer.

"He can break up this horrible sensation of loneliness, though," retorted Miss Gatchitt, irritably. "What a girl you are for contradicting people, Jane! By the way, you say your people once lived hereabouts. Do you know of any trustworthy man that I could get to stay about the place—some one who is quite reliable?"

"Oh, yes!" breathlessly cried Jenny. "There's Reuben Joyce, down at the Mills!"

"I'll go and see him to-morrow," said Miss Gatchitt. "I'll pass no more nights such as this."

Reuben Joyce appeared quite willing to come and accept the post of general steward to Grayledge. And Miss Gatchitt went back contented.

"He seems a very nice young man," said she. "I don't like the idea of breaking through my lifelong rule, but I really think that Mr. Joyce is to be trusted."

"Oh, dear! oh, dear! Please don't!" cried Jenny, wringing her hands.

"Eh?" said Miss Gatchitt.

"You have been so kind to me!" sobbed Jenny. "And it would be so wicked of me to deceive you!"

"To deceive me!" repeated Miss Gatchitt.

"It wasn't the Bodiless Head at all," said Jenny; "it was Reuben."

"What?" shrieked the old lady.

"Trying to get a glimpse at me," faltered Jenny. "I know it wasn't right, but we had been separated so long, and we've been engaged for two years; and, indeed, he didn't dream of frightening you so terribly. Oh, please forgive us both, and I'll go away to-morrow."

Miss Gatchitt drew a deep sigh, and yet at the self-same moment she smiled.

"No," said she—"no; you needn't go away, Jane. I have got accustomed to you; and he seems to be a very nice young man. And since the head has got a body belonging to it, after all, I'd rather they should be inside the window than outside of it. Anything is better than a ghost."

"And—will you forgive me?" pleaded Jenny, in a voice tremulous with hope.

"Yes," said Miss Gatchitt, rubbing her nose—"yes, Jane. After all, I suppose human nature is stronger than any rule I can make."

And it is probably unnecessary to add that the Grayledge ghost never flattened its supernatural countenance against the windowpanes of the old house again.

## Long Life and Heredity.

One inherits from his ancestors, near or remote, more or less modified by the blending of the male and female lines, not only complexion, features, form, size, intellect, disposition, etc., but the tendencies to particular ailments, and even the germs of positive disease.

Consumption can be traced along in some family lines for many generations, while in others it is almost unknown. So, too, asthma, gout, rheumatism, apoplexy, constantly reappear in some lines, while they are unknown in others. We should expect, therefore, beforehand that heredity would have much to do with the question of longevity, and it is a matter of common observation that it does.

Life insurance companies recognize the fact. Still it has not had the full scientific consideration that it should have, and doubtless will have in time. Meanwhile, it is desirable to accumulate facts.

Says the London *Lancet*, "It would be interesting to study more closely, in the case of centenarians and other aged people, the ages of their near relatives and immediate ancestors." Of Sir Moses Montefiore, who passed his hundredth year, it says, "One parent died at 79, one at 83, his grandfather at 87, his grandmother at 93, a brother at 75, another at 69, a sister at 84, another at 79, another at 82. These nine ages at death give an average longevity of 81 years. The first four—those of the parents and grandparents of Sir Moses give an average of eighty-five years."

A long-lived ancestry, however, does not insure longevity, for many in such a line fail of reaching advanced age. Indeed, vigor of constitution often leads to suicidal violations of physical law. It is therefore a matter of congratulation if one has inherited the long-lived tendency, but the rich gift should be well guarded, for physical vigor is apt to render one thoughtless of the little things that sap the foundations of the grandest constitutions.

Let him, also, who has inherited but a poor patrimony of health remember that, after all, there is nothing like taking good care of one-self. By obedience to the laws of health, he may reverse the hereditary tendency.—*Youth's Companion*.

AN unmix'd devil—w-lskey straight.

## God's Acre.

The old Teutonic and Saxon term, "God's Acre," as applied to the last resting-place, has been the theme of one of Longfellow's most beautiful poems, and is eminently suggestive. The acre or field of God contains the seed hidden in the ground for a while, to ripen into a glorious harvest; and just as we write labels in the spring-time for the seeds we put into the earth, that we may remember what glorious flower is to spring from the little gray, hidden handful that seems so insignificant now, so we put a stone at the head of the grave of our dead. The name "Cemetery" also signifies merely the place where one may lie, slumbering for a while, till the dawn shall come and the trumpet sound.

They who lie there are at rest from head to foot; they have gained what so many have longed for, like Hawthorne when he yearned for a "good long sleep of a thousand years before the resurrection." Men go back to their projects, their successes, their failures, to their money-winning or losing, to their hopes, joys, and fears, their triumphs, and their disappointments. As those whose place knows them no more, so are these; and as the unchanging sea and rocks and everlasting hills speak of the myriads of mankind, who come and go while the earth abideth forever, so do the tempests which beat upon them foretell the storms and struggles, the buffetings and trials, wherein the strong shall triumph and the feeble go down; the bitter sorrows, the empty fantasies, the sore temptations, and the crushing doubts, which shall continue in this weary world long after we, and countless generations of such erring dreamers as we, have gone to rest like these sleepers in their graves.

It is a happy thought that places so many of our lovely cemeteries at easy distances from the centers of activity, and throws them open for the constant visits of the people. No less reverence for sacred things is caused thereby, but the popular views of life and death are insensibly elevated. The tendency of our insane activity is to shut the thought of death altogether from the mind. And this fanaticism for work reverts in a no less destructive fanaticism of meditation, which overlooks this world and lives in ecstatic dreams of a future heaven. A pure and wise philosophy unites time and eternity in one complete view of life, and shows us how our ordinary occupations are not the be-all and the end-all here, but are entangled with the highest spiritual relations which reach forward into the future and yet unseen world.

The sentiment is admirable which places the city of the dead within sight of all the agencies of our new civilization. Walking among its silent graves you can almost hear the hum of the machinery upon the banks of the adjacent stream. The meadows are sown and reaped beneath your eye. In the dim blue distance you may see the gleaming spires and roofs of the city of the living, while the nearer village street is vocal with the music of laughing children. The river flashes in the sunlight, and we see afar off the ocean with here and there the fitting sail. The thunder and the scream of the lightning train startle the echoes, and swift as thought fly tidings of humanity over the glittering wire. All is life around; yes, and there is no death here.

Could we explore the secrets of these green graves, we would discern the resistless laws of nature clamping that which lies within to grass-blade, and flower-cup, and gleaming foliage, life ever rising out of death, till at the last death shall be swallowed up in life. Let every community esteem most holy, and guard with watchful care, the sacred enclosure of its dead. So shall these spots of quiet beauty grow still more lovely as generations pass away, and their gentle and persuasive influence be like sweet fragrance visiting the haunts of business and retirement of home. These acres of God will blossom with a harvest of ennobling influences for the living, proclaiming the equality and dignity of all men, and reconciling the life that now is with the life that is to be.—*Providence Journal*.

"How do you like your new position?" inquired a traveling man of a friend. "O, first rate." "Your employer treats you well, does he?" "Yes, indeed. He has already given me a raise." "What, so soon? When was it?" "Last Sunday night, when I called on his daughter."—*Mechanic's Trade*.



## DAKOTA CHARACTER.

Humor and Pathos of the Settler's Life on the Far-Off Western Frontier.

[Philadelphia Times.]

There are a great many humorous and pathetic incidents in all new countries. Even the gloomy Puritans had their fun. The mingled pomposity and bashfulness of Capt. Miles Standish were not entirely of Longfellow's creation. There were doubtless many sad mishaps about that landing from the Mayflower and possibly a few jokes. The pathetic and heroic features have never been disputed. Dakota is a new country, a pioneer country, however much her externals may seem to disprove the assertion. Her people won't admit it, though they feel it. The word "pathetic" applied to any of their experiences or any suggestion of a parallel between the hardships of the pioneers of the Eastern coast and their own may arouse their resentment. They are sensitive about being laughed at. They mistake a smile of appreciation for a sneer. It must be a broad, open-eyed exclamation of wonder, no paltry "Well done!" that satisfies their ozone-fed aspirations. Putting aside the mood of the observer, an observer insists that there is much that is very funny about Dakota and much that should move a less sympathetic mind to sincere pity—pity that would remove its source—Samaritan sympathy.

The most universal characteristic of Dakotans is their Dakotism. It approaches the ludicrous at times. If a procession of cyclones should go twisting across the whole extent of the Territory from Montana to the banks of the Red River of the North and to the worried current of the Sioux, I believe that the inhabitants, between the furrows of ruin, would rise up and assure any straggling prospectors in the vicinity that their locality was not in "the cyclone belt; the alkali water is positively healthy"—and it is for some; the changes from extreme heat to the coolness of evening would even produce a cold in the head; the air is too pure for that, whatever the doctors may say; the short, wiry grass of a prairie that never felt plow is better for stock than the best clover or herd grass. These are some of the preposterous assumptions of a people who, as pioneers, are the most favored and generally fortunate that the world ever knew. Many came "wanting the earth," and to those who are now coming they promise a world with a barbed wire fence on every section line. The offer is a joke and its dupe is liable to become either a misanthrope or a knave.

The monstrous has an immense mortgage on Dakota. Many of the larger adjectives have been sadly worn down by life here. "Great" is a mere shadow, and "big," short and stocky as he is, is getting thin. Hotels hitch their names on behind. To illustrate—"Hotel Turtle," which may be "on the beautiful Turtle River, nestled among its bluffs, that roll like the gigantic billows of the ocean." Grand, Palaces, Wonders, etc., are "as thick as gophers." Barbers are all tonsorial artists and their shops visions of Oriental luxury. Half the papers of Dakota have something to indicate the magnitude of their future circulation—in their titles. A city or county is too small for them. The truly great here is something that the inversion of Dakota's magnifying process cannot belittle—the stretches of arable land that time and toil will add to the productive area of the United States.

### Curious Clocks.

When the Emperor Charles V. of Spain retired to the Monastery of St. Yuste he took with him Torriano, his clock-maker, in order to while away the time by constructing the movements of clocks. So wonderful were some of the pieces of work which they made that the monks would not believe any one except the devil had a hand in them, until the machinery was shown to them by the ex-Emperor. It was ordered by Charles that when he should die all of these clocks should cease running—and it is said to be a fact that his orders were obeyed.

Another king of Spain came to Geneva to see a clock which had been made by Droz, a merchant of that city. Upon the clock were seated a shepherd, a negro, and a dog. As the hour was struck, the shepherd played upon his flute, and the dog played gently at his feet. But, when the king reached forth to touch an apple that hung from a tree, under which the shepherd rested, the dog flew at him and barked so

furiously that a live dog answered him, and the whole party left in haste. Venturing to return, one of the courtiers asked the negro, in Spanish, what time it was. There was no reply, but when the question was repeated in French an answer was given. This frightened the courtier, who rejoined his companions, and all of them voted that the clock was the work of the evil-one.

Upon the belfry of the Kanthaus, in Coblenz, there is the head of a giant—bearded and helmeted with brass. The giant's head is known as "the man in the custom house," and whenever a countryman meets a citizen of Coblenz away from that place, instead of saying "How are all our friends in Coblenz?" he asks "How is the man in the custom-house?" At every stroke of the bell which sounds the hours upon the clock the mouth of the giant opens and shuts with great force, as if it were trying to say, in the words of Longfellow, "Time was—Time is—Time is past."

[Popular Science Monthly.]

### Substitutes for Hard Coal.

It is possible that the hard-coal barons and their allies, the railway kings, have injured their future prospects by advancing the price of the fuel now generally used in town residences far beyond the cost of mining and transporting it. The great abundance of anthracite coal in this country, the cheapness of mining it, and the low cost of transporting it made it for a long time the fashionable fuel for nearly all our urban populations. In fact, its use was extending into the rural districts very rapidly till the unholy alliance of mine-owners, railway companies and wholesale coal-dealers was formed. That it is possible to get along and to render life comfortable and pleasant without using anthracite coal is certain. It is desirable for the reasons that it is clean to handle, and that it burns without creating smoke. But inventive talent may be able to produce stoves, ranges, and furnaces in which bituminous coal can be burned without the production of smoke, soot, or tar. It may also provide means for compressing peat and straw so that they can be burned in ordinary stoves and grates. Had the country not been well supplied with hard coal a fuel equal or nearly equal to it would have been brought into use long ago. Its abundance and former cheapness stood in the way of finding a good substitute for it.

The country contains enough peat to supply it with fuel for centuries. It is found in almost every township in all the Western States and Territories. It can generally be obtained and put in a condition for burning at the cost of cutting and drying. In the form in which it is generally burned in Ireland it is quite bulky, and requires protection to keep it in good condition. It is, however, clean to handle, and the slight smoke thrown off by it in a stove or grate is not offensive, like the smoke of soft coal or green wood. It can be compressed in the form of sticks of stove-wood, so that it can be burned in an open fireplace or in lumps suitable for stoves made for burning hard or soft coal. During the civil war anthracite coal became so dear that several companies were formed in various parts of the country for pressing peat to be used in locomotive and stationary boiler furnaces, and in stoves and open fireplaces. The fall in the price of hard coal at the close of the war put an end to the operations of most of these companies, but they demonstrated that it was practicable to furnish a substitute for anthracite coal. Had the digging and pressing of peat been encouraged by the Department of Agriculture as the sorghum sugar and silk-raising humbugs have been, people might now sit by their pleasant peat fires and laugh at the operations of the coal barons.—Chicago Times.

### Morning Recreation in St. Petersburg.

First Nihilist (with yawn)—What are you going to do with yourself to-day, good Petroff?

Second Nihilist (with yawn)—Alas, I know not. Time hangs heavy.

First Nihilist (another yawn)—Let's go over and take a shot at the Czar before lunch.

Second Nihilist (wearily)—So be it, but it's dull sport. I wonder that you take to it still.—Macon Telegraph.

The barbers trace their calling back to Solomon, who was the first hair-cutter.

### A Great Engineering Work.

An engineering work that has taken over a century to construct can hardly fail to offer some points of interest and illustrate the march of events during the years of its progress. An instance of its kind is to be found in a tunnel not long since completed, but which was commenced over one hundred years ago. This tunnel, or adit, as it should be more strictly termed, is at Schemnitz, in Hungary. Its construction was agreed upon in 1778, the object being to carry off the water from the Schemnitz mines to the lowest part of the Gran Valley. The work is now complete, and, according to the *Bauzeitung für Ungarn*, it forms the longest tunnel in the world, being 10.27 miles long, or about one mile longer than St. Gotthard, and two and a half miles longer than Mont Cenis. The height is 9 feet 10 inches and the breadth 5 feet 3 inches. This tunnel, which has taken so long in making, has cost very nearly a million sterling, but the money appears to have been well spent—at least the present generation has no reason to grumble, for the saving from being able to do away with water-raising appliances amounts to \$15,000 a year. There is one further point, however, worth noticing, for if we have the advantage of our great-grandfathers in the matter of mechanical appliances they certainly were better off in the price of labor. The original contract for the tunnel, made in 1782, was that it should be completed in thirty years, and should cost £7 per yard run. For eleven years the work was done at this price, but the French Revolution enhanced the cost of labor and materials to such an extent that for thirty years little progress was made, and then the work dropped for twenty years more until the water threatened to drown the mines out altogether. Finally the tunnel was completed in 1878, the remaining part costing \$22 a yard, or more than three times as much as the original contract rate.—Engineering.

GEN'L SAMUEL L. GIVEN, Ex-Chief of Police, Philadelphia, Pa., writes: "Years ago I was permanently cured by St. Jacobs Oil. I have had no occasion to use it since. My family keep it on hand. Its healing qualities are wonderful." Sold by Druggists and Dealers everywhere.

AGE before beauty—A piece of spring chicken on a pretty girl's plate.

THE proprietor of the *Plain Dealer*, Fort Madison, Iowa, Mr. J. H. Duffus, writes: "Two years ago I was cured of rheumatism in my knee by St. Jacobs Oil; have had no return; two applications did the work."

### Easily Satisfied.

Dogs naturally have a great deal of curiosity, but a dog who has happened to wonder once how a bite of porcupine would taste, seldom feels the same curiosity another time.—Journal of Education.

THE first asylum for idiots in this country was established in a wing of the Perkins Institution, Boston, in 1848. New York followed with a similar asylum in 1851. The first lunatic asylum in the country was established at Williamsburg, Va., in 1773; the second at Somerville, Mass., in 1818.

We heard, with a grin of joy, of the *Working Woman*, a woman's paper at Washington, D. C., last week. We are always glad to exchange with such papers; for full well we know that female labor is no disgrace.—Sunny Clime.

### Over-Worked Women.

For "worn-out," "run-down," debilitated school-teachers, milliners, seamstresses, housekeepers, and over-worked women generally, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the best of all restorative tonics. It is not a "Cure-all," but admirably fulfills a singleness of purpose, being a most potent specific for all those Chronic Weaknesses and Diseases peculiar to women. It is a powerful, general as well as uterine, tonic and nerve, and imparts vigor and strength to the whole system. It promptly cures weakness of stomach, indigestion, bloating, weak back, nervous prostration, debility and sleeplessness, in either sex. Favorite Prescription is sold by druggists under our positive guarantee. See wrapper around bottle. Price \$1.00 a bottle, or six bottles for \$5.00.

A large treatise on Diseases of Women, profusely illustrated with colored plates and numerous woodcuts, sent for ten cents in stamps.

Address, WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, 663 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

ENGLAND, the land of the Angles, takes its name from one of the chief tribes of Low German invaders, and the term Anglo-Saxon as applied to the language represents the union of dialects of the Angles and Saxons.



The treatment of many thousands of cases of those chronic weaknesses and distressing ailments peculiar to females, at the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, Buffalo, N. Y., has afforded a vast experience in nicely adapting and thoroughly testing remedies for the cure of women's peculiar maladies.

**Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription** is the outgrowth, or result, of this great and valuable experience. Thousands of testimonials, received from patients and from physicians who have tested it in the more aggravated and obstinate cases which had baffled their skill, prove it to be the most wonderful remedy ever devised for the relief and cure of suffering women. It is not recommended as a "cure-all," but as a most perfect specific for women's peculiar ailments.

**As a powerful, invigorating tonic,** it imparts strength to the whole system, and to the womb and its appendages in particular. For overworked, "worn-out," "run-down," debilitated teachers, milliners, dressmakers, seamstresses, "shop-girls," housekeepers, nursing mothers, and feeble women generally, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the greatest earthly boon, being unequalled as an appetizing cordial and restorative tonic.

**As a soothing and strengthening nerve,** "Favorite Prescription" is unequalled and is invaluable in allaying and subduing nervous excitability, irritability, exhaustion, prostration, hysteria, spasms and other distressing, nervous symptoms commonly attendant upon functional and organic disease of the womb. It induces refreshing sleep and relieves mental anxiety and despondency.

**Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription** is a legitimate medicine, carefully compounded by an experienced and skillful physician, and adapted to women's delicate organization. It is purely vegetable in its composition and perfectly harmless in its effects in any condition of the system. For morning sickness, or nausea, from whatever cause arising, weak stomach, indigestion, dyspepsia and kindred symptoms, its use, in small doses, will prove very beneficial.

**"Favorite Prescription" is a positive cure** for the most complicated and obstinate cases of leucorrhoea, excessive flowing, painful menstruation, unnatural suppressions, prolapsus, or falling of the womb, weak back, female weakness, anteversion, retroversion, bearing-down sensations, chronic congestion, inflammation and ulceration of the womb, inflammation, pain and tenderness in ovaries, accompanied with "internal heat."

**As a regulator and promoter of functional action,** at that critical period of change from girlhood to womanhood, "Favorite Prescription" is a perfectly safe remedial agent, and can produce only good results. It is equally efficacious and valuable in its effects when taken for those disorders and derangements incident to that later and most critical period, known as "The Change of Life."

**"Favorite Prescription"** when taken in connection with the use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, and small laxative doses of Dr. Pierce's Purgative Pellets (Little Liver Pills), cures Liver, Kidney and Bladder diseases. Their combined use also removes blood, jaundice, and abolishes cancerous and scrofulous humors from the system.

**"Favorite Prescription"** is the only medicine for women, sold by druggists, under a positive guarantee, from the manufacturers, that it will give satisfaction in every case, or money will be refunded. This guarantee has been printed on the bottle-wrapper, and faithfully carried out for many years.

Large bottles (100 doses) \$1.00, or six bottles for \$5.00.

For large, illustrated Treatise on Diseases of Women, (100 pages, paper-covered), send ten cents in stamps. Address,

World's Dispensary Medical Association, 663 Main St., BUFFALO, N. Y.

**HARTER'S**  
THE ONLY TRUE  
**IRON TONIC**

Will purify the BLOOD, regulate the LIVER and KIDNEYS, and cure the HEATH and VIGOR OF YOUTH. Dyspepsia, Want of Appetite, Indigestion, Lack of Strength and Tired Feeling absolutely cured. Bones, muscles and nerves receive new force. Enlivens the mind and supplies Brain Power. Suffering from complete prostration to their sex will find in DR. HARTE'S IRON TONIC a safe, speedy cure. Gives a clear, healthy complexion. All attempts at counterfeiting only add to the popularity. Do not experiment—get ORIGINAL AND BEST.

**DR. HARTE'S LIVER PILLS**  
(Cure Constipation, Liver Complaint and Sick Headache. Sample Dose and Dream Book mailed on receipt of two cents in postage.)

THE DR. HARTE MEDICINE CO., ST. LOUIS, MO.

**HUSBAND WANTED**

I am 25 years of age, height 5 feet 2, weigh 180 pounds, have a turn-up nose and am planning to marry a good, honest affectionate man. On our wedding day I will give my husband \$1,000 in cash, and one year later, if we are still living together, I will make over to him the balance of my property which consists of \$10,000 in government bonds and twice that amount in real-estate, etc. No mill-and-water man need answer, etc. Address, etc. Send the answer for illustration paper printing the above advertisement (overseas) and 250 similar advts from both sexes. Address Publisher CLIMAX, Chicago.

**BEST ROOFING**  
Any one can apply it. Catalogue & samples Free.

ESTAB. 1866. W. H. FAY & CO. Camden, N. J.  
ALSO ST. LOUIS, MINNEAPOLIS, OMAHA, NO. 10



MORT & WILL OLDS, PUBLISHERS.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:  
One Year, in advance .....\$0.75  
Six Months ..... 50  
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Entered at the Post Office at St. Joe as second-class matter.

FRIDAY, MAY 13, 1887.

**TOWNSHIP NOTICES.**

Parties having sheep killed or damaged by dogs, will bring appraisers to swear to same.

J. E. Dermott, Trustee.

Sealed proposals will be received at the school house in St. Joe, on Saturday, May 21, 1887, at 4 o'clock, for the building of an addition to the St. Joe school house. Plans and specifications can be seen at my residence. I reserve the right to reject any and all bids.

J. E. Dermott, Trustee.

All scholars of the public schools of Concord Township, who wish to enter the reading contest at the Waterloo Fair this fall, are requested to meet at the school house in St. Joe, on Saturday, May 14, 1887, at 1 o'clock, at which time judges will be appointed, and two persons each, from the second and third reader grades, will be selected to read at the contest at the fair. Teachers who taught in the schools of the township during the winter are also requested to be present.

J. E. Dermott, Trustee.

**OUR CORRESPONDENTS.**

**PLEASANT HILL.**

Miss Jennie Widney was the guest of Miss Viola Widney, Sunday.

Laten Lake and wife were the guests of John Koch and family last Sunday.

John Tappin and wife and two ladies from Butler, were the guests of Jay Tappin, Sunday.

John Groff who is working for Byron Widney, has been very sick for three weeks with catarrh fever.

It makes most of men feel big to become grandpa, but we don't know how it was with Wm. Johnson, but naturally suppose it had the same effect on him.

The stock notices has't done much good in this neighborhood yet. It appears that the people who have the least land live up to the law, the best in that respect.

There was quite a congregation listened to the excellent sermon delivered by Rev. Langley last Sunday afternoon. We noticed a number of St. Joe citizens present.

**PIGEON'S RETREAT.**

The measles are still spreading. Ollie Pervines has them now.

Will Rudy will commence building John Gill's house this week.

Cora Dilley is staying with grand- ma Dilley, who has been sick for the past few days.

Ben says we are mistaken about going to Bryan to see Mary Martin. He says it is another girl, so we will have to give up beat, for of course Ben ought to know.

What district with the same number of inhabitants can ladle up a

bigger dish full of bachelors than No. 11? We have six now but one of them will soon lead a fair bride to the altar, if reports are true.

**COBURNTOWN.**

Wheat is looking pretty fair over this way.

Mrs. Lydia Beaber, of Hometown, is visiting with friends here this week.

Coburntown against the world, at least that is what John Milliman thinks since he got to be daddy.

Wils Beaber got a pinch in the eye by being to friendly with his horse. He looks now as if he might have had an interest in the Baker ditch.

Barney Woodcox's cow was knocked off the track by a passing train, and made into mince meat in short order. That is the way we raise beef over this way.

Mrs. Philona Maxwell returned home last week from a visit to her son A. Benjamin of Smithfield township, where she had been nursing him through a spell of the measles.

Mort Milliman undertook to pull a post hole out of the ground, when it flew up and hit him on the head. he was knocked sensible for a little while, but has got all over that now.

There was quite a string of accidents in Coburntown last week. Charley Tustison got a whack across the nose from a limb which flew back and hit him on that organ. He says he prefers blowing his own nose in the future.

Walter Able's little boy came near being trampled to death and then plowed under, one day last week. It seems the boy was driving while his father had hold of the plow, and the colts, with which he was plowing, became frightened, wheeled around and run over the boy dragging the plow onto him before they could be stopped. The boy was some hurt but not seriously.

**CONCORD.**

Miss Sadie Hilderbrand visited at home last Sunday.

Miss Rilla Wade is now staying with Mrs. Grill of St. Joe.

Miss Hattie Langley, of St. Joe, and Mrs. F. Buchanan visited in Auburn last Tuesday.

Grandma Wyatt is in very feeble health this spring. She had a slight stroke of palsy one day last week.

Now that Belle has come home, Tuck is a regular attendant at singing school on Saturday evenings.

Mrs. James Gibford bears the palm in our midst for garden making. She has had her cabbage plants out for some time.

Wayne Scott went fishing last Saturday evening, and caught an eel 16-feet long, (so says Will) and not not knowing what it was, when he got home, he routed the neighbors out of bed to tell him what it was.

The friends and neighbors of Mrs. Manerva Baker went in last Thursday and assisted her in sewing carpet rags. She is so much afflicted with her eyes that she is not able to do much of any thing, and it was a kindly deed to help her.

We forgot to mention last week that C. A. Jenkins fell in the ditch on his way to church, and missed Sunday school entirely. He stopped at James Johnston's to get dry and managed to get to church in time to hear the reading of the text.

# WANTED 50 CUSTOMERS

To Buy Our Carpet Samples.

We have a large line of Tapestry, Walton and Bely Brussels, Ingrain and Hemp Carpet Samples which we are closing out for Rugs. We carry a full line of E. P. Reel & Co's and Gokey & Son's Ladies' Misses' and Children's Fine Shoes. Secure a pair of those 75 cent Fine Slippers before they are all gone.

J. D. Leighty, St. Joe, Ind.

## Ditch Notice.

In the matter of the petition of Frank P. Hart of Concord township, notice is hereby given that a petition has been filed with the Auditor of De Kalb County, State of Indiana, and viewers have been appointed who have viewed and reported said view which is on file in my office. The hearing of said petition upon its merits will be on

Tuesday, the 7th Day of June, 1887, the same being the second day of their June term, 1887.

The prayer of said petition is that a ditch be constructed on the following route, to-wit:

Beginning nineteen hundred and (1900) feet west and ten hundred and seventy-five (1075) feet north of the south-east corner of section sixteen (16) township thirty-three (33) north range fourteen (14) east, State of Indiana, De Kalb County and from thence as follows:

South 36 1/2 degrees, East 100 feet  
South 89 degrees, East 100 feet  
South 89 degrees, East 115 feet  
South 52 degrees, East 585 feet  
South 22 degrees, East 100 feet  
South 11 degrees, East 100 feet  
South 30 degrees, East 600 feet  
South 11 degrees, East 100 feet  
South 5 degrees, East 100 feet  
South 18 degrees, West 100 feet  
South 22 degrees, West 100 feet  
South 13 degrees, West 180 feet  
South 32 degrees, East 420 feet  
South 47 degrees, East 100 feet  
South 60 degrees, East 570 feet  
South 16 degrees, East 30 feet  
South 3 degrees, East 160 feet  
South 63 degrees, East 840 feet  
South 35 degrees, East 200 feet  
South 50 degrees, East 400 feet  
South 79 degrees, East 60 feet

Ending in the St. Joseph river on the east and west line between land owned by Christopher Curie and John W. Dills, situated in the north-west quarter of section twenty two (22) township thirty-three (33) north range fourteen (14) east, State of Indiana.

De Kalb county.

And also the following lateral ditch, commencing thirty five (35) rods south and twenty (20) rods east of the north-west corner of section twenty-one (21) township thirty-three (33) north range fourteen (14) east and from thence as follows:

South 60 degrees, East 280 feet  
South 73 degrees, East  
South 58 degrees, East  
South 65 degrees, East  
South 75 degrees, East  
South 60 degrees, East  
South 61 degrees, East  
South 70 degrees, East  
North 82 degrees, East  
North 87 degrees, East  
South 82 degrees, East  
East  
North 81 degrees, East  
South 87 degrees, East  
North 80 degrees, East  
North 73 degrees, East  
North 69 degrees, East  
North 50 degrees, East  
North 70 degrees, East

On curve  
South 80 degrees, East  
Ending in the main ditch, seventy-five (75) feet below stake twenty five (25) on land of John Y. Davis.

The proposed work will affect the lands of the following persons:

Heirs of Isaac C. Culbertson,  
Alexander and George Culbertson  
Franklin P. Hart,  
Robert Davis,  
James W. Hart,  
Jacob T. White,  
Christopher Curie,  
Abraham Depew,  
John Y. Davis,  
William L. Hollabaugh,  
David Knisely,  
Lydia Myers,  
William H. Saylor,  
John and Jacob D. Leighty,  
Emilus Case,  
Henry H. and Orange Fales,  
Emanuel Chin,  
Solomon Shearer,  
Dennis D. Barley.

CYRUS C. WALLER,  
Auditor De Kalb County

# WOOL WANTED!

100,000 Pounds of Wool Wanted, for which we will pay the highest market value. Also all kinds of country produce wanted. Call and see us.

S. & F. BARNEY.



Miss S. A. Bartlett,

DEALER IN FINE

## MILLINERY

HATS, BONNETS,

Flowers,

Ribbons,

Feathers,

ORNAMENTS &c.

I invite the attention of the ladies of St. Joe and vicinity to my new stock of Spring and Summer Millinery Goods, comprising the newest and latest styles and shapes. I am constantly receiving new goods, and therefore can please everybody. Give me your patronage. Prices as low as the lowest. Call and see my line before making your purchases. Rooms over Dr. Bowman's office, St. Joe, Ind.

MISS S. A. BARTLETT.

**STAR WIND PUMP.** E. A. Wankmaker, agent, Newville, Ind. Farmers who think of buying a mill should give me a call before doing so. The Star Mill is the best and prices the lowest.

**HOUSE PAINTING, Graining, Glazing Paper Hanging and Ceiling Decorating** a specialty. All work guaranteed. B. A. Woodcox. Call and see me, or leave orders at the St. Joe Drugstore.

LOCALS.

Butler's gas well is down over 300 feet.

There are 666 school children in Auburn.

Now let everybody boom the old settler's meeting.

Wash and Ward Woodcox returned home from the west this week.

A band of gipsies have been encamped near this place this week.

Dr. Gerry Emanuel has returned from Dakota, and will resume the practice of medicine at Spencerville.

Trustee Dermott lost a valuable mare the other day. He was offered two hundred dollars for her only a few days previous.

Samuel Flint made us a pleasant call Monday. He subscribed for the News, and also sends a copy to his daughter at Minneapolis.

Some effort ought to be made to provide a cemetery at this place. It is a matter of necessity, and our citizens should at once give it their attention. Certainly we do not desire to always bury our dead away from home; but on the contrary, we would be glad to have the forms of our loved ones laid to rest near-by, where we could visit them often, and see that their graves are properly protected and cared for.

Willis Brown, of Auburn, was in town Monday.

The click of the corn planter is heard in the land.

Case & Olds have the finest line of summer dress goods in St. Joe.

We have a few gallons of good maple syrup for sale at a low price.

Mrs. Everett and Miss Merrill spent last Sunday with friends in Waterloo.

Barney Woodcox is doing some fine inside decorating for Josh Lounsberry.

The leading question now among the young ladies is "what are you going to wear to commencement?"

Case & Olds are selling lots of summer dress goods. The reason why is that they have a large line to select from.

Remember the old settlers, as well as the young settlers and everybody else, will meet at St. Joe on Thursday, June 16, 1887.

Mrs. Everett and Miss Merrill have moved, and now occupy the rooms over Tustison's grocery. They kindly solicit the patronage of any who are in need of sewing or dress making.

Joseph M. Barr died at this place last Sunday morning, at the residence of his Uncle Mart Bodoy. He was twenty-two years old and has had very poor health for a long time. His funeral occurred at Newville, on Monday afternoon.

The Central Conference of the Lutheran church will be held at Maysville, Ind., commencing on next Tuesday evening, May 17th, and continue until Friday evening. An interesting programme has been prepared, and a cordial invitation is extended for all to attend.

While at Hicksville last week we had a short talk with H. H. Ackley, who has just returned from the west. He seems to think that while a good many have done well and made money by going west, that a man with moderate means can do equally as well here. He has bought out a candy store, and will remain in Hicksville.

Stouffer, one of the burglars who tried to rob Sol Barney at Spencerville several years ago, and who with two others, was sentenced to a term of 10 years in the penitentiary, was released last week, and returned to his home near Bryan. For some extra work he had performed, he was given his liberty before his full term had expired.

The other day Dan Baker was sitting in the office at the depot, when an old gentleman stepped up to the window and asked him if the local was on time? Dan said he would find out, so he reached over and took hold of the ticket stamp, and acted as if he was telegraphing to find out. After a few seconds he turned and said "she's just 40 minutes late," and the old gentlemen went off happy, thinking that he knew all about it.

The Young People's Temperance Literary Society will hold their next meeting at the home of Miss Hattie Langley, on Monday evening, May 16th. The following programme has been arranged. Select Reading by Miss Mattie White; Declamation by Frank Hart; Quartette by Misses Nina Filley, Mattie White and Burt Hull and Frank Hart; Dialogue by Misses Hattie Langley, Nina Filley and Elsworth Sanders; Impersonation by Virginia Langley; Declamation by Miss A. C. Merrill; Select Reading by Miss Sake Wineland; Duett by Misses Virgie Langley and Nina Filley.



The Champion Binder takes the lead of all others, and don't you forget it. Call on Shutt & White for full particulars.

## Try Primley's Remedies!

Blood and Liver Medicine for a Blood Purifier.  
Speedy Cure for Coughs Colds and Lung Affections.  
Iron Tonic Bitters for Kidney trouble and General Debility.  
Glycerine and Arnica Salve for all purposes where a salve is needed.

For Sale at the St. Joe Drugstore.

### ST. JOE MARKETS.

CORRECTED EVERY FRIDAY.

Wheat	82 cts.
Oats	29 cts.
Corn	40 cts.
Butter	10 cts.
Eggs	10 cts.
Tallow	34 cts.
Lard	10 cts.
Potatoes	60 cts.
Smoked Hams	10 cts.
Shoulders and Side Meat	8 cts.

### REGARD OF THANKS.

I wish through your paper, and in this public manner to return my thanks to the kind friends and neighbors, who gave me their sympathy and assistance during my recent illness.  
C. M. Coburn.

### ARRANGEMENT.

A Gospel Temperance Meeting combined with a Memorial Service, in memory of our departed sister, Miss Lizzie Evans, under the auspices of the W. C. T. U., will be held at the Lutheran church in St. Joe, on Sunday evening, May 15th, 1887.

At a meeting of the executive board last Saturday, the following committees were appointed to make arrangements for the old settler's meeting:

Committee on grounds: James H. Ables, John Widney, J. M. Lounsberry, Henry Hull and Geo. Bleck.  
Committee on Music: J. W. Dills, M. T. Bishop, B. H. Hadsell, Mrs. Frank Barney, Mrs. M. E. Olds and Miss Ida Scholes.

Committee on Finance: W. C. Patterson, G. A. Bishop and Mort Millman.

Committee on Speaker: J. D. Leighty, S. S. Shutt and Dr. B. S. Sheffer.

Committee on Printing and Programme: Frank Barney, Chris Curie and August Kinsey.

These committees as well as everybody else, who are interested in the success of this meeting are requested to meet at St. Joe, on Monday, May 16, at 2 o'clock, to make further arrangements. Let there be a good turn-out.

Ernest Brown, clerk for Henry Coburn of Newville, was in town Wednesday.

Nothing for many a day has cast such a deep gloom over our village as did the death of Miss Lizzie Evans, which occurred last Tuesday at 12 o'clock. Although she has been in poor health for some time, and it was feared that she would not recover, yet when the solemn tones of the church bell announced that her spirit had departed, many a heart beat faster, and many a tear glistened in the eye, as they realized that a place had been made vacant that could never again be filled. Miss Evans has been closely identified with all the social and religious interests of this place; and especially has taken an active part in the development of our village. She was a graduate of music and seemed especially fitted and adapted for the work of teaching. She was ever ready and willing to lend her assistance to any and all of the musical interests of the town, and for the service she has rendered as a community we owe her a debt of gratitude that ought never to be forgotten. But alas! that voice that we have been so accustomed to hear is forever hushed; those hands that have always been prompt and willing to do an act of kindness are folded in the cold and silent embrace of death. She is gone, but not forgotten; her memory will long be cherished by the people of St. Joe. The funeral was one of the largest and saddest ever held in this place; it was held in the new Methodist church, of which she was a prominent member. Rev. Frank Hussey, her former pastor, and an intimate friend of the family, preached the discourse. The floral tributes were beautiful. Her friends at Garrett sent a cross made from white flowers, the Y. P. T. A. of this place presented a handsome wreath made from home flowers, and the W. C. T. U., of which she was an active member, sent to Fort Wayne for a pillow of moss roses, with the name "Lizzie" in the center, which was a very beautiful tribute indeed. Thus did our people do honor to one who was in every way worthy of it.

Drayman White now drives a span of mules.

Why not celebrate the Fourth of July at this place?

Uncle Joe Shutt was in town yesterday. He seems to like Spencerville better than St. Joe.



## "THE SILENT PARTNER."

A Lesson to Men About Their Wives—  
What a Good Wife Really Is.  
Detroit Journal.

In many a firm, with only a single name or even with a double name, there is a silent partner. He lends his capital or his credit; he gives the council of long business experience, but he never appears to the public except in a modest notice of the copartnership or under the uninforming name of "company." These mercantile partnerships are not the only associations where there is a silent partner. They are frequently formed in youth and formed for life. A magnificent structure of fame, of renown, even of wealth, may be erected, and the success achieved be wholly attributed to the name on the sign which the world can read; to the active, bustling member of the firm who is always at the front of the establishment; who sells its wares, who comes in contact with the people; who is associated with every enterprise and applauded for every great stroke that it makes. But back of it all stands the silent partner.

In the splendid life work accomplished by Beecher, he is now in the literal sense of the words the silent partner. But up to his death the brave, quiet, steadfast woman on whom all eyes are now turned, was for fifty years the silent partner of the concern. How much of its success was due to her, it is impossible to compute. From what blunders and errors her good sense and less impulsive nature may have saved him can only be guessed by counting those which, in spite of her restraint, his impulsive nature succeeded in perpetrating. But more than that probably he owes a large measure of his achievement to her thousand thoughtful attentions and cares; his health to her skillful feeding of him; his leisure for work to her making herself disliked and censured, by standing between him and the public, who are always flocking about a famous man and eating away his time; to her strong, sensible temper, which more than once strengthened his own judgment and protected his masculine vanity from the fumes of flattery, which ascends as an acceptable offering to the hero and denigrates which many delight in making of distinguished and popular men.

They often have a hard time of it—these silent partners, trying to keep up with their dashing companions. They are the servicable vehicle that has to follow the spiritual animal wherever it goes, bounding over the rough places in life, jumping out of the beaten paths, shying and running and galloping away with many a snort of impatience, perhaps, at the lumbering, hampering attachment from which it cannot get free. But it is the proud steeds' salvation, notwithstanding. It keeps them straight, it makes them useful.

These silent partners are in these modern times becoming more and better known. They are the "mascots" of many a great man, are so recognized. Mrs. Disraeli, Mrs. Gladstone, Mrs. Carlyle, Mrs. Grant, Mrs. Garfield, Mrs. Logan, and Mrs. Hendricks are only a few of this gracious and beneficent sisterhood to whom the world owes more than can be reckoned, for what it is accustomed to credit to the active, ostentatious and prominent personages of those happy partnerships.

Private life as well as public life abounds with them. In many a home there goes forth to the counting-house, the lawyer's office, the pulpit, the judge's court, the hundreds of occupations, an influence of not only love and devotion, but of affection seasoned and toned by the strong, wholesome common sense, the worldly shrewdness, the foresight and insight, the corrective judgment and the deserved admonition of "the silent partner."

### Noses as a Science.

The nose, we all know, forms a prominent feature in everybody's career, but it has been left to M. Sophus Schack, a Danish disciple of Lavater, to find out that it is an infallible index to human character. He tells us in a book just published that his discovery is the result of a long and patient study of this facial organ among peoples of all nations. According to his experience the moral and physical nature of a person can be gathered from the formation of his nose. A well-developed nose, he says, denotes strength and courage; a little, turn-up nose indicates cunning and artfulness; a delicate, straight nose, taste and refinement; a

curved nose, judgment and egotism; and a thick, misshapen nose, dullness and want of tact. But this is not all. "The nose," proceeds our physiognomist, "discloses to the intelligent observer the faculties possessed by the owner. It also indicates the intensity of his intellectual activity and the delicacy of his moral sentiment. Finally, the nose, which belongs both to the mobile and immobile parts of our visages, reflects faithfully the fugitive movements of our inclinations." If all this be true it is evident that people who desire to disguise their character or dissemble their passions must in future beware of their noses, or rather, they must wear false ones.—*Full Mall Gazette.*

### Jealousy.

The old adage that "jealousy is as cruel as the grave," is, to my way of thinking, wrongly put, for were the grave one half as cruel as this taunting fiend, no one would desire, with the longing which at some time or other in life comes to poor jaded humanity, to fly to its sheltering arms for rest.

Were I asked to diagnose this passion, it would be as the chill of despair, the sting of envy, the fire of lunacy, and claim for it precedence in the celebrated box presented by Jupiter to Pandora, but with hope left out. I would call it a monster greater than the python of old, for where is the hand that can stay its ravages when once its hydra head is lifted? Step by step it makes progress to the verge of the madhouse where lie so many wrecked barques which started on life's journey with such fair freight of hopes and promises; withering the freshness of the heart and narrowing the judgment, it makes a pandemonium of home and happiness; like the swallow, goes and comes then finally takes a farewell flight.

Not the least contemptible phase of this many-sided evil—and often displayed when least expected—is that which makes one envious of another's personal influence or position. If the hitherto dearest friend of such a person is unfortunate enough to arouse this antagonistic feeling, he or she will not hesitate to resort to the meanest subtleties and innuendoes; especially is this the case where the offending party has the least claim to good looks or fascinating manners. At once they become the target for invidious remarks, and branded by their suspicious natures as designing; everything to them is tinged with a lurid light. With such persons friendship counts for nothing, for the slime of the serpent is trailed over all the hitherto pleasant relations. Envy and doubt are allowed to creep in and blind the eyes to true merit and motives. Sacred confidences are laid bare and put to such base uses as would cause friendship to veil her face in shame and make the very name a by word.

No one who studies the vagaries of this passion and notes its influence on various temperaments, but has abundant food for moralizing over the strange and often ridiculous amusements—like wine it seems to bring out the idiosyncracies of character and runs the entire gamut of feeling. Caused after all by that "spasm of the heart" so graphically described in Chesbro's *Victoria*.

I have seen persons under the influence of this emotion do the most unnatural things; love, fatal consequences, pride, the one thing only that holds many a strong nature in check, are swept away by its mighty power.

I am aware of the wrecked reputations blasted, and tragedies enacted through this insane passion that fills our lunatic asylums and prison cells with its victims. I doubt if Heaven's shining messengers stood with flaming sword at the portals of this monster's keep they would have power to stay its course, for with the strength of the attachment comes the intensity of the fever that consumes.

I believe that jealousy is one of the component parts of all human nature. A latent germ, perhaps, in many who are unconscious that the least taint lurks within their veins until some circumstance forces it to the surface, and they are suddenly awakened to the fact that there is a slumbering volcano in their breasts, ready to throw out the deadly lava which withers everything it touches.—*Mary V. Stiles, in St. Louis Magazine.*

A POULTRY authority says "hens will lay a certain number of eggs in a year." Our experience is that they will lay an uncertain number.

### The Sense of Humor.

There is somewhere in George Eliot a remark to the effect that a dissimilar taste in jokes is a great strain upon affection, and innumerable families might serve as melancholy instances of the truth of the observation. Many a marriage has come to an unhappy ending from the lack of a sense of humor to serve as a lubricating oil to the wheels of daily life. There was a profound practical wisdom in the advice given by a shrewd and worldly-wise old woman to her granddaughter on the latter's wedding day: "Feed your husband well and learn how to amuse him;" and it is safe to say that if the bride succeeded in filling these two injunctions her married life moved on with smoothness and happiness. Somebody has described humor as the sixth sense, and certainly the unfortunate mortal who lacks this is deprived of as large a part of the pleasure of life as a man who has lost one of the five which are reckoned the rightful inheritance of all humanity. It is true that a majority of mankind are more or less lacking in this respect, and that a genuine and delicate appreciation of humor is rarer even than a musical ear; yet it is fortunately true that in most of us exist the rudiments which may be cultivated into a very respectable capability of enjoying the ludicrous. Only one man in a thousand can compass a philosophical superiority which shall enable him to regard the accidents of life with undisturbed equanimity; but if one can cultivate the habit of discovering in all things a subject for laughter or for smiles, there are few lots which may not be very comfortably endured. Upon him who persistently smiles at fate, she is very apt to bestow the opportunity of smiling with her. The sense of humor, moreover, serves as a common meeting-ground for natures which without it must forever remain separate. It is the password to a secret brotherhood in which the good-fellowship is perfect. Those who possess it are never strangers after occasion has brought a recognition of this powerful bond of sympathy. No matter how diverse the tastes, the circumstances, the ambitions, the sixth sense makes of one race all who are endowed with it, and the fact that the exquisite delight they enjoy must forever remain a mystery to ordinary mortals increases the strength of the bond that unites them. A comforter in sorrow and misfortune, a lightener of life's burdens, a quality that heightens joy and lightens misery, there are few human qualities so well worth cultivation as a sense of humor; and there is no other which does so much to render its possessor pleasant to live with or so much aids him to avoid the sharp corners and ungracious characteristics of his fellow-mortals who go through life endowed with but five senses.—*Boston Courier.*

### Needles, Pins and Fish Hooks.

According to the most recent estimate says the *American Analyst*, the present production of needles in Redditch, England, is not less than fifty million per week, and, as may be inferred from the enormous aggregate, machinery has been brought to bear upon the trade in a most extensive degree, and with marked success. The pointing of needles, one of the most delicate of all the operations, is now almost exclusively done by machinery, and so is the cutting, skimming, stamping, eyeing, tempering, counting, heading and tailing, bluing, blurring, finishing, assorting, and sticking. New and improved machines for all these processes have been successfully introduced during the last twenty years or so, and, unlike the experience in other trades, the machine work about needles is not only cheaper but better. The latest novelty, and one pronounced success, is the "grooving machine" machines for making sewing-machine needles, the old stamping process being thereby superseded. Work done by "grooving" machine is better and truer, besides being more economical. The old process of ether-gilding has been been almost entirely superseded by the newer and improved method of electro-gilding. Redditch is becoming a rival of Birmingham in the manufacture of pins, the ordinary common household pin being supplemented by shawl and scarf pins with glass and steel heads. About two tons weight of pins of all sorts are made at Redditch weekly. According to the latest phase which ingenious enterprise has taken in this trade, the production ought to increase by "leaps and bounds," for an attempt

is being made to so reconstruct the machines that they may produce two pins at a time instead of one. Redditch produces every week an average of 20,000,000 fish-hooks of all descriptions from that required by the angler of minnows in the streamlet to that adapted for pike and salmon fishermen. Machinery is very largely used in the manufacture of fish-hooks, and, in connection with the smaller class of sea-hooks, electrotyping is being extensively adopted. Fishing-rods, floats, and swivels, constitute important branches of Redditch industry, and a considerable trade is growing up in the production of artificial flies, which are exclusively hand-made.

### A Left-hand Fur Glove.

In a quiet village on the Connecticut River, in Massachusetts, where the good people have been in the habit of sending a "missionary box" to the West every year for half a century or more, this very remarkable incident occurred: The usual notice was given from the pulpit requesting the families to send their contributions of clothing, etc., to a family named, to be appraised and arranged for shipment to a clergyman's family in the West. The received, and among them was a very fine fur glove for the left hand, the right-handed glove having been lost. The lady donating the glove accompanied it with a note explaining why she sent it, and asked the ladies in charge of the "box" to exercise their judgment as to the propriety of putting it with the rest. The matter was discussed by the ladies who packed the box, and they finally decided to send the odd glove, attaching the donor's note to it.

At due time the clergyman sent his letter of acknowledgment, stating that the articles were very nice and acceptable, just what they needed, and they were made happy and warm by the generous gifts of their Eastern friends, adding: "I want to thank you especially for the left-hand fur glove. During the late war I lost my right hand, and this glove is my great comfort, as I drive over the prairies when the thermometer ranges far below zero. Please thank the donor for her opportunity gift." I know these are facts. No one knew anything in particular about this minister, not that he had been a soldier even. It is a remarkable coincidence, and may interest those who notice providences. "Those who notice providences" will have providences to notice." So says Matthew Henry.—*Evangelist.*

### The Lady-Killer of To-Day.

The old type of society man, says a New York correspondent, was giddy, talkative, and more or less effeminate. He was a lady-killer, masher, and a swell, danced as often as the opportunity offered, and affected a spirited manner and great animation in telling small talk and gossip. He was not a being who commanded admiration from men of sense and importance; but he pleased the ladies, and that was considered quite enough. He has broadened wonderfully now. He is dignified in manner, quiet, monstrously exclusive, and he affects a single club where he knows outsiders cannot intrude upon him. He drives heavy horses to ponderous English carts, seldom attends the theater, and does the opera only on important nights. As a rule he does not dance unless the occasion is one of great importance. His hair is clipped short, parted carelessly, and there is about his whole attire and manner an air of ease and negligence, which is so finely assumed that it seems thoroughly natural. From the artful and animated creature of a few years ago the society man has grown into the most simple and unostentatious of New Yorkers. To men whom he believes to be below him in the social scale he is an absolute snob, in the sense that he will have absolutely nothing to do with them, and refuses to recognize them under any circumstances. To those in his own set he is thoroughly natural, unaffected, and entertaining. There are few such men in town—perhaps not over 200 at the outside—but they are invited everywhere, and the more important of them have it in their power to make or mar the success of any entertainment to which they are invited, or make the reputation of a beautiful woman by a single word.—*San Francisco Argonaut.*

An Irishman says he can see no earthly reason why women should not be allowed to become medical men.



**Seemingly Eradicated**  
With repeated and powerful doses of quinine, chills and fever, in some one of its various forms, springs into active existence again, often without the slightest apparent provocation. To extinguish the smoldering embers of this obstinate and recalcitrant malady, no less than to subdue it when it rages fiercely in the system, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is all sufficient. When every resource of the pharmacopoeia has been exhausted against it in vain, the Bitters conquer it; will remove every lingering vestige of it. Nay, more, the Bitters will protect those brought within the influence of the atmospheric poison that begets malarial disease, from its attacks. Disorders of the stomach, liver and bowels are among the complaints to be apprehended from the use of miasma-tainted water. These are both cured and prevented by the Bitters. Rheumatism, constipation and renal complaints yield to its action.

**Literature at the Hub.**  
Boston is credited with buying more of the popular monthly magazines than any other city in the country, and numerous foreign publications also are purchased, the demand for the class of literature growing constantly with regular subscribers. The counters of the leading news stands have at least 100 different periodicals on sale. This collection of literature embraces a wide range, all the arts, sciences, theologies, educations, etc., being covered by the list. Prominent among others, publications devoted to speculative philosophy, theosophy, etc., find a ready sale. The purely literary magazine or paper is, of course, always most in demand. The prominent literary lights usually invest in the *North American Review*, the *Nation*, *Atlantic Monthly* and the *British reviews*. The last new addition to the list of popular monthlies is *Scribner's*, which starts off well. The *New York Life* comes nearest to *Punch* of any light reading paper. Still, only one periodical of note, the *Atlantic Monthly*, is published at the Hub, which claims to be the head-center of advanced thought and all that sort of thing.—*San Francisco Call*.

**From Boston.**  
One of the most eminent physicians in Boston gives his opinion that the extent of the Moxie Nerve Food plant, now so rapidly substituting stimulants and recovering the nervous system, will probably become one of the great trade staples of the country, because its place cannot be filled. Most of the dealers so consider it now, and even the grocers deliver it to their customers as they do eatables. When we consider it has been on the market but fourteen months, and that it can now be found in almost any part of the country, and that the company are selling it at the rate of 7,200,000 bottles per year, it must have a most marvelous power over the people.

**The Only Uncaptured Capital.**  
Albany is the only capital of the original thirteen States which was not captured during the revolutionary war. It stood like a Gibraltar of the colonial cause, when Boston, New York and Philadelphia had fallen. Enemies endeavored to capture it from the north, but melted away by the time they reached Saratoga. Time and time again did the English troops attempt to force their way up the Hudson, with ill success. During the war of 1812 the attempt was again made to capture Albany from the north. But though the capital of the nation was pillaged Albany remained in security. Even in the dark days of the seventeenth century the French and Indians did not come closer than Schenectady.—*Albany Express*.

When all so-called remedies fail, Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy cures.

The chestnut bell is proving a great annoyance in the public schools. A chestnut switch might be a good preventive.

**MENSMAN'S** Peptonized Beef Tonic, the only preparation of beef containing its entire nutritive properties. It contains blood-making, force-generating and life-sustaining properties; invaluable for indigestion, dyspepsia, nervous prostration and all forms of general debility; also, in all enfeebled conditions, whether the work of exhaustion, nervous prostration, overwork or acute disease, particularly if resulting from pulmonary complaints. Hazard, Hazard & Co., proprietors, New York. Sold by druggists.

SEVERAL deaf persons in a Massachusetts rural community are circulating a petition praying the Legislature to give them a hearing.

AMONG the people of to-day there are few, indeed, who have not heard of the merits of Prickly Ash Bark and Berries as a household remedy. Teas and drinks have been made of them for centuries, and in hundreds of families have formed the sole reliance in rheumatism and kidney diseases. Prickly Ash Bitters now takes the place of the old system and is more beneficial in all troubles of this nature.

HEAVEN help the duke in an emergency. He lacks presence of mind.

EVERY wide awake town of 500 inhabitants or more should have its local newspaper. Full particulars regarding the cost of an outfit, and how to run it and make money, can be had by addressing Practical Printer, box 421, Fort Wayne, Ind.

**DR. PIERCE'S "Pleasant Purgative Pellets"** cleanse and purify the blood and relieve the digestive organs.

QUEEN ELIZABETH style is expected to come in again about 1888. This is indeed ruff.

**America's Pride.**  
True American men and women, by reason of their strong constitutions, beautiful forms, rich complexions, and characteristic energy, are envied by all nations. It is the general use of Dr. Harter's Iron Tonic which brings about these results.

If afflicted with Sore Eyes, use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye Water. Druggists sell it 25c.

RELIEF is immediate, and a cure sure. Piso's Remedy for Catarrh. 50 cents.

## Biliousness

Is more general at this season than any other. The bitter taste, offensive breath, coated tongue, sick headache, drowsiness, dizziness, and loss of appetite make the victim miserable and disagreeable to others. Hood's Sarsaparilla combines the best anti-bilious remedies of the vegetable kingdom, in such proportion as to derive their best medicinal effects without the least disturbance to the whole system. This preparation is so well balanced in its effects that it brings about a healthy action of the entire human organism, restores the appetite, and overcomes that tired feeling.

## Dyspepsia and Malaria

"I had been sick for several years, being troubled chiefly with dyspepsia and malaria. I had medical attendance, but only grew worse, until one day in February my wife brought me a bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla, which seems to have entirely cured me, as I have not been troubled by any ailment since taking it." JOHN BASKIN, Chillicothe, Ohio.

"I have taken not quite a bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla, and must say it is one of the best medicines for giving an appetite and regulating the digestive organs that I ever heard of. It did me a great deal of good." MISS N. A. STANLEY, Canastota, N. Y.

## Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists, \$1; six for \$5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

## PRICKLY ASH BITTERS

IT IS A PURELY VEGETABLE PREPARATION CONTAINING PRICKLY ASH BARK AND PRICKLY ASH BERRIES, SENNA-MANDRAKE-BUCHU AND OTHER EQUALLY EFFICIENT REMEDIES. It has stood the Test of Years, in Curing all Diseases of the BLOOD, LIVER, STOMACH, KIDNEYS, BOWELS, &c. It Purifies the Blood, Invigorates and Cleanses the System.

**PRICKLY ASH BITTERS**  
CURES ALL DISEASES OF THE LIVER, KIDNEYS, STOMACH AND BOWELS.  
FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS  
PRICE 1 DOLLAR  
DYSPEPSIA, CONSTIPATION, JAUNDICE, SICK HEADACHE, BILIOUS COMPLAINTS, &c disappear at once under its beneficial influence.  
It is purely a Medicine as its cathartic properties forbid its use as a beverage. It is pleasant to the taste, and as easily taken by children as adults.  
PRICKLY ASH BITTERS CO.  
Sole Proprietors, ST. LOUIS AND KANSAS CITY

## WARREN'S FEATHERS Dress Stay!

The only Dress Stay in the world. Absolutely unbreakable. Price 15 cents per yard. For sale everywhere. Also, just prepared for the market, new, elegant Satin-covered Featherbone, ready for attaching to the finest dresses. Price 25 cents per yard. Colors: Black, White, Cardinal, Blue, and Pink. If your dealer has not yet secured it, any amount desired will be sent, postpaid, on receipt of price. Address WARREN'S FEATHERBONE COMPANY, Three Oaks, Michigan.

**EST'D 1862**  
We have your "Tansill's Punch" cigar to be the best in America for the money. W. B. SEXTON & Co., Jamaica, N. Y.  
"Tansill's Punch" is the best cigar in the market. C. M. TOWNSEND, Wallingford, Vt.  
Address  
**P. W. TANSILL & CO.,**  
Chicago.

**PENSIONS,** Officer's pay, bounty procured, deserters relieved, or no fee. Write for circulars and new laws. L. W. McORRICK & SON, Washington, D. C., & Cincinnati, O.  
**\$350** Will buy a complete Newspaper Outfit, suitable for publishing a weekly paper in town of 1000 or over, in habitants. Address FORT WAYNE NEWS-PAPER UNION, Fort Wayne, Ind.

**KIDDER'S PASTILLES** Sure relief for ASTHMA, Hay fever, Croup, Stomach and Bowel troubles. Sold by mail, Stowell & Co., Boston, Mass.

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**\$225** A Month and a Gold Watch free to every Agent selling Biddle's Furniture Polish, Finest in the world. Free money. Send for sample bottle and terms. C. L. Biddle & Co., New York, Mich.

**\$10** Buy New Silver-plated Singer Sewing Machine, warranted years. Particulars, address C. G. A. M. M., Chicago, Ill.

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**35 MEDALS AWARDED TO**  
**BENSON'S**  
Cures Pleurisy, Rheumatism, Lumbago, Backache, Weakness, Colds in the Chest and all Aches and Pains.  
**CALCINE PLASTER**  
Beware of imitations under similar sounding names. Ask for BENSON'S AND TAKE NO OTHER.  
**THE BEST IN THE WORLD.**

## CREAMERY

### MACHINERY FOR SALE.

The entire outfit of the TUSCOLA (Ethiopia) CREAMERY, consisting of: Boiler, Engine, and all the apparatus for the manufacture of butter and cheese, will be sold very cheap, either with or without the Engine and Boiler. This machinery is entirely new, having been used only a few weeks. For particulars address HENRY T. CARAWAY, President First Nat'l Bank, Tuscola, Ill., or D. R. PATTERSON, Pur. Agent C. & E. I. R. R., 125 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

**ADVERTISERS** or others who wish to examine this paper, or obtain estimates on advertising space when in Chicago, will find it on file at 45 to 49 Randolph St. the Advertising Agency of **LORD & THOMAS.**

## A MAN

WHO IS UNACQUAINTED WITH THE GEOGRAPHY OF THIS COUNTRY, WILL SEE BY EXAMINING THIS MAP, THAT THE



## CHICAGO, ROCK ISLAND & PACIFIC RY

By reason of its central position, close relation to principal lines East of Chicago and continuous lines at terminal points West, Northwest and Southwest—is the only true middle-link in that transcontinental system which invites and facilitates travel and traffic in either direction between the Atlantic and Pacific.

The Rock Island main line and branches include Chicago, Joliet, Ottawa, La Salle, Peoria, Geneseo, Moline and Rock Island, in Illinois; Danville, Muscatine, Washington, Fairfield, Ottumwa, Oskaloosa, West Liberty, Iowa City, Des Moines, Indianola, Winterset, Atlantic, Knoxville, Audubon, Harlan, Guthrie Centre and Council Bluffs, in Iowa; Galatin, Trenton, St. Joseph, Cameron and Kansas City, in Missouri; Leavenworth and Atchison, in Kansas; Albert Lea, Minneapolis and St. Paul in Minnesota; Watertown in Dakota, and hundreds of intermediate cities, towns and villages.

## THE GREAT ROCK ISLAND ROUTE

Guarantees Speed, Comfort and Safety to those who travel over it. Its roadbed is thoroughly ballasted. Its track is of heavy steel. Its bridges are solid structures of stone and iron. Its rolling stock is perfect as human skill can make it. It has all the safety appliances that mechanical genius has invented and experienced proved valuable. Its practical operation is conservative and methodical—its discipline strict and exacting. The luxury of its passenger accommodations is unequalled in the West—unsurpassed in the world.

ALL EXPRESS TRAINS between Chicago and the Missouri River consist of comfortable DAY COACHES, magnificent PULLMAN PALACE PARLOR and SLEEPING CARS, elegant DINING CARS providing excellent meals, and—between Chicago, St. Joseph, Atchison and Kansas City—restful RECLINING CHAIR CARS.

## THE FAMOUS ALBERT LEA ROUTE

Is the direct, favorite line between Chicago and Minneapolis and St. Paul. Over this route solid Fast Express Trains run daily to the summer resorts, picturesque localities and hunting and fishing grounds of Iowa and Minnesota. The rich wheat fields and grazing lands of Interior Dakota are reached via Watertown. A short desirable route, via Seneca and Kankakee, offers superior inducements to travelers between Cincinnati, Indianapolis, Lafayette and Council Bluffs, St. Joseph, Atchison, Leavenworth, Kansas City, Minneapolis, St. Paul and intermediate points.

All classes of patrons, especially families, ladies and children, receive from officials and employees of Rock Island trains protection, respectful courtesy and kindly attention.

For Tickets, Maps, Folders—obtainable at all principal Ticket Offices in the United States and Canada—organ desired information, address,

**R. R. CABLE,** Pres't & Gen'l M'gr, Chicago. **E. ST. JOHN,** Asst Gen'l M'gr, Chicago. **E. A. HOLBROOK,** Gen'l Tkt. & Pass. Agt., Chicago.

**TOWER'S**  
**FISH BRAND**  
**SLICKER**  
The Best Waterproof Coat.  
The FISH BRAND SLICKER is warranted waterproof, and will keep you dry in the hardest storm. The new PONSIL SLICKER is a perfect fitting coat, and covers the entire saddle. Beware of imitations. Name remains without the "Fish Brand" trademark. Illustrated Catalogue free. Address: Boston, Mass.

**CHICHESTER'S ENGLISH PENNYROYAL PILLS**  
The Original and Only Genuine.  
Safe and always reliable. Beware of worthless imitations. Ladies, ask your Druggist for Chichester's English Pills and take no other. Or write to us for particulars, in letter by return mail. \$2.50 PER BOX.  
**CHICHESTER CHEMICAL CO.,**  
2518 Madison Square, Philadelphia, Pa.  
Sold by Druggists everywhere. Ask for "Chichester's English" Pennyroyal Pills. Take no other.

## OAKLAWN

The Great Nursery of

## PERCHERON HORSES.

200 Imported Brood Mares of Choicest Families.

LARGE NUMBERS, All Ages, both sexes, IN STOCK.



300 to 400 IMPORTED ANNUALLY from France, all recorded with extended pedigrees in the Percheron Stud Books. The Percheron is the only draft breed of France possessing a stud book that has the support and endorsement of the French Government. Send for 120-page Catalogue, illustrations by Rosa Boschar.

**M. W. DUNHAM,** Wayne, DuPage Co., Illinois.

Piso's Remedy for Catarrh is the Best, Easiest to Use, and Cheapest.

## CATARRH

Sold by druggists or sent by mail. 50c. E. T. Hazeltine, Warren, Pa.

**\$5** to \$4 a day. Samples worth \$1.50. FREE. (Lines not under the horse's feet. Address: New York - Safety Remedy, Bells, Mich.)

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**CHICHESTER CHEMICAL CO.,**  
2518 Madison Square, Philadelphia, Pa.  
Sold by Druggists everywhere. Ask for "Chichester's English" Pennyroyal Pills. Take no other.

**RUPTURE** If you want relief and cure at your home, send for Dr. J. A. Sherman's circular of instructions. 254 Broadway, New York.

**PENSIONS COLLECTED** and increased by Dr. J. A. Sherman's circular of instructions. Send for copy of laws, free.

**N. O. F. W.** No. 20-87

When Writing to Advertisers, please say you saw the Advertisement in this paper.



#### Russian Tea-Gardens.

The Oriental domes and mosque-like pinnacles of Odessa suggest Constantinople or Bagdad, and the filthy beggars who lounge within the court-yards of the sacred edifices make the illusion disgustingly real. It is in this great wheat-market city, called "the Chicago of Russia," that the stranger gets his first glimpse of Eastern life. The stately public buildings, the lazarelike shop-windows, the abject appearance of the beggars, the ferocity of the fleas, and the infinite number of dogs are more real than the "Arabian Nights" to an imaginative mind. The summer nights are cool, but during the day the sun floods the earth with its scorching rays. The evenings are usually spent at the tea-gardens, which are a feature of all Russian towns. They are like the large beer-gardens of Germany, only tea is drunk instead of beer. It is called "chai" (pronounced "chi"), and served in Bohemian cut-glass "tumblers," with lumps of loaf-sugar and slices of lemon. Chai is the universal drink, and the samovar in which it is made is a symbol of Russian hospitality. This curious teapot is a brass or copper vessel, shaped not unlike an urn. The ordinary household samovar is from one to two feet high, and ten inches in diameter, polished in the highest style of art. It is so ingeniously constructed that, with a hot charcoal fire burning in its little furnace, it may stand on a table for hours without scorching the cloth. Some of the very expensive samovars are as large as a barrel and as high as a man's head, but all are made on the same principle; that is, a straight pipe or flue runs perpendicularly through the center of the vessel, which is filled with water. The flue projects at the top of the samovar like a little round chimney. When the charcoal is well kindled and the water boils a few spoonfuls of black tea are put in a small china teapot, which is filled with hot water drawn from the faucet of the samovar. Then the teapot is set over the chimney, in which a series of holes just below its mouth prevents stoppage of the draught. When the tea is thoroughly "steeped" and the liquid very dark, a little is poured into the guest's glass, which is then filled with boiling water from the samovar. There is a saying in Russia that hospitality never ceases while there is water in the samovar. The water in the teapot is never allowed to boil, and only the best tea that the host can afford is used. It costs all the way from \$1 to \$30 a pound, and merchants make a business of bringing it overland across the deserts from China by expensive tea caravans. It is generally believed in Russia that a sea voyage destroys the peculiar flavor of the chai. The best quality—such as is used for the imperial table—is transported in leather bags inclosed in carefully sealed cases, to prevent contact with the atmosphere. This kind of tea is worth from \$30 to \$40 a pound. Various grades of Russian tea are sold in Paris, where also samovars of beautiful designs can be purchased for \$20 or \$30 apiece. The ordinary tea of Russia is far superior to any tea drunk in this country or in England; in fact, its delicious flavor is unknown and cannot be imitated by the most skilful preparation of English tea. Crystallized white sugar is used by the Russian tea-drinkers, and a slice of lemon gives the liquid an exquisite flavor, but cream or milk is never seen on a tea-table. Wealthy people often use jellies. From six to twenty glasses of chai are often drunk by a single person at a sitting, and at private parties the guests remain until very late. In the tea-gardens bands of musicians play regular programs during the evenings, while the fashionable ladies and gentlemen of the city drink tea and discuss the gossip of the hour.—*Ralph Meeker, in Harper's Magazine.*

In Cuba a woman never loses her maiden name. After marriage she adds her husband's name to her own. In being spoken of she is always called by her Christian and maiden names. To a stranger it is often quite a task to find out whose wife a woman is. Never hearing the wife called by the husband's name, one naturally does not associate them together. The children take the names of both parents, but place the mother's name after the father's.

LAUNDREYMEN are the most humble and forgiving beings on earth. The more cuffs you give them the more they will do for you.—*St. Paul Herald.*

#### Caravansaries in India.

Many years ago traveling in India was anything but pleasant, as hotels or other places of entertainment for man and beast were seldom met with. On this account the Government put up buildings for the accommodation of Europeans at many places, and called them dawk bungalows, the Indian name for post-houses. To-day hotels can be found in any important town in India, but the dawk bungalow still remains, being conducted in the same manner as originally. An agent, appointed by the ruling authority of the district, manages the establishment, and is held responsible by the appointing power. Any traveler can stop at a dawk bungalow if there is room for him. The manager assigns vacant apartments to travelers in order of priority of arrival, preference always being given to ladies. No guest can retain a room longer than twenty-four hours if it is needed for a new arrival. The charge for the occupancy of the room is one rupee (about 36 cents) a day, and guests can have meals or not, as they please, and if they have them, at such hours as they please. A printed card in each room gives the rules regulating the establishment, and a Government scale of prices for food, wines, etc. On departing from one of these places guests are expected to enter the length of stay, amount charged, and their impression of the place. A dawk bungalow differs from a hotel in allowing guests a greater amount of freedom in regard to time of meals. Both places have about four servants to wait on each guest, all of whom expect a gratuity when the guest leaves. The morning after our arrival I was aroused by a Mohammedan servant who brought me my chota hazere (little breakfast) of tea and toast. Prior to this the sweeper, the lowest caste of the Hindoos, had cleaned out my bath-room, and a Hindoo water-carrier had prepared my bath from goat skins filled with water. Each one of these servants had his own particular work, and religious and caste prejudices would not permit either to do the work of the others.

#### The Lime-Kiln Club.

"De case of Brudder James Warren, of Miner Hill, Tenn., will be fust taken up," said Brother Gardner as he opened the meeting and winked to Elder Toots to push another empty herring box into the stove. "Brudder Warren claims dat he am bewitched, an' he has writen to dis club to ask it to do sunthin' to drive de evil speerits away. It has got to sich a pass dat de witches take his ole mule outer de ba'n at night an' ride him all ober de kentry, an' Brudder Warren feels speerit hands passin' ober his face an' pullin' his h'ar o' nights. Dis club will do sunthin' fur him. If he war a local member we'd cure him in about ten minits. As he am an honorary, an' fur away, we shall cross his names off de books an' send him offishul notis dat he am a bounced man. "I hev repeatedly referred to dis matter of superstishun, an' if members can't be enlightened dey kin be fired out. De day of ghosts, hobgoblins an' witches has passed away, an' de cull'd man who, can't belive it has no bizness in dis club. Mebbe dar' was a time when witches went chasin' round de kentry on an ole raw-boned mule, scarin' people half to death an' leavin' a trail of fiah an' smoke, but things hev changed. De wedder hain't right fur 'em now, an' de purleeces giv' 'em de collar an' send 'em to de work-house. "Mebbe speerit hands hev bin laid on Brudder Warren, but I doubt it. I guess Tennessee whisky had a good deal to do wid it. All o' you jist listen to me when I say dat de fust complaint of speerit hands in Detroit will be folered by a scene to make somebody's heart ache! Be keeful how unknown hands pull yer h'ar. De member of dis club who sees a witch had better keep powerful quiet about it or he'll be turned ober to de Kickin' Committee to be dealt wid. De Seckretary will write to Brudder Warren dat we hev dun sunthin' fur him, an' notify our branches at Chattanooga an' Knoxville dat he has been fired."—*Detroit Free Press.*

#### He Will Never Get Her.

"Do you think," she asked, dreamily, as he sat beside her at the circus, "that this is the same elephant I saw when I was a child?" "No," he answered, with scornful candor, "you know elephants only live to be 200 years old."—*Detroit Free Press.*

J. H. CONRAD,

DEALER IN

## ROOFING AND SPOUTING

GUTTERING, HOUSE FURNISHING GOODS,

Cutlery, Nails, Paints, Woodenware &c.

MAIN STREET, ST. JOE IND.

All work and goods guaranteed to give satisfaction. Give me a call.



WILLIAM CURIE,

PROPRIETOR OF

## St. Joe Meat Market,

ST. JOE, IND.

Highest market price paid for Hides, Tallow &c. Give me a call.

M. TUSTISON,

DEALER IN

## GROCERIES,

EARTHEN POTS FOR HOUSE PLANTS

PROVISIONS, OYSTERS, LEMONS,

ORANGES, CANDIES, CIGARS &c.

MAIN ST. ST. JOE, IND.

J. F. WALKER,

MAKER AND DEALER IN

## Harness, Collars,

WHIPS, HARNESS OIL &c.

ST. JOE, IND.

Repairing done promptly. Prices as low as the lowest. Call and see.

R. G. COBURN,

AGENT FOR THE

## ALBION SPRING Cultivator

AND FIELD HARROW,

AND DAISY RAKE.

—000—

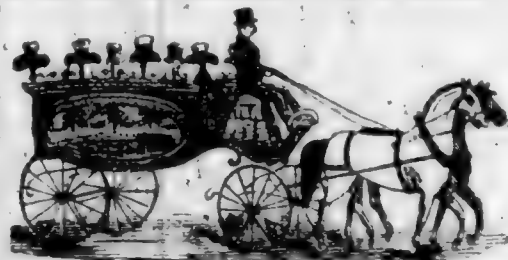
Farmers will save money by seeing me before buying. I will call on you with a sample in a few days. R. G. Coburn, St. Joe, Ind.

## Take Notice!

Having returned from Tennessee, I will assist again in

## Raising & Moving Buildings,

in short all kinds of Rope, Tackle and Jack-screw Work. Having had 15 years experience, and improved machinery, I feel safe in guaranteeing satisfaction. Heavy and difficult work a specialty. Correspondence solicited. Direct all communications to H. or M. Milliman, St. Joe Station, Ind. or A. Monroe, Hicksville, Ohio.

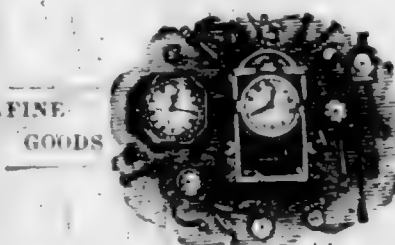


A. KINSEY,

Undertaker and Embalmer. Keeps on hand constantly, a stock of Undertaking Supplies, Coffins, Caskets, Burial Robes &c. I can supply as fine goods as can be furnished. Will attend to making all arrangements for funerals. Calls responded to at all hours of the night. Office on corner of Main and Second Streets; residence on corner of Main and Fourth Streets, St. Joe, Ind.

Arthur James,

DEALER IN



## Watches, Clocks,

AND JEWELRY.

Repairing done promptly and all work warranted. Call and see me at Bair & Son's store, Spencerville, Ind.

M. T. BISHOP,

DEALER IN

## LUMBER

OF ALL KINDS,

Shingles, Lime, Lath,

MOULDINGS &c.

Large Stock and Prices Low. Yard Near Depot, St. Joe, Ind.

F. A. ZEIGLER,

MAKER AND DEALER IN

## HARNESS

COLLARS, WHIPS,

Fly Nets and Dusters,

HARNESS OIL &c.

Prices the Lowest. All work guaranteed. Call and see me.



# THE ST. JOE NEWS.

VOL. I.

ST. JOE, IND., FRIDAY, MAY 20, 1887.

NO. 17.

## Churches.

### DISCIPLE.

SERVICES every alternate Sunday evening, in the Lutheran church. Cottage prayer meeting every Friday evening.

J. A. THOMAS, PASTOR.

### METHODIST PROTESTANT.

SERVICES every alternate Sunday at 10:30 A. M. Prayer meeting every Tuesday evening. Sunday School at 9:30 A. M.

J. M. LANGLEY, PASTOR.

### EVANGELICAL LUTHERAN.

SERVICES every Sunday, one Sunday in the morning at 10:30, and the following Sunday in the evening. Prayer meeting every Thursday evening. Sunday School at 9:30 A. M.

S. P. FRYBERGER, PASTOR.

## Societies.

### G. A. R.

REGULAR meetings on Saturday evening on or before the full moon of each month, at their hall over Leighty's store.

O. H. WIDNEY, COMMANDER.

J. M. MILLMAN, ADJUTANT.

## Business Notices.

H. W. BOWMAN, M. D., Physician and Surgeon, St. Joe, Ind. Office opposite the Drugstore.

ST. JOE HOTEL, Wm. Leighty, proprietor. Special attention given to furnishing teams for commercial men.

B. S. SHEFFER, M. D., Physician and Surgeon, St. Joe, Ind. Prompt and careful attention to all business entrusted to his care.

ST. JOE BARBER SHOP, one door west of hotel, Will Gee, proprietor. Satisfaction guaranteed. Your patronage is solicited.

FILLEY, LOUNSBERRY AND SHULER, proprietors of the St. Joe Saw and Planing Mill. All work promptly done. Cash paid for Oak Logs.

CITY BARBER SHOP, St. Joe, Ind., John Hull, proprietor. Shaving, Hair Cutting &c. done in the best of style. Come and see me. Two doors west of Kinsey's Furniture Store.

SIMON WINELAND, proprietor St. Joe Handle and Feed Mills. Feed grinding a speciality. Highest prices paid for second growth White Ash. Enquire at the mill for full particulars.

## INDIANA STATE NEWS.

—Attorney General Michener has filed a suit against H. C. Timney, Clerk of Tippecanoe County, to compel him to pay over \$1,300 claimed by the State. The money is the unclaimed residue of the estate of Annie Gwimp, deceased, and the law provides that such moneys shall be paid to the State, to be held in trust for future claimants. Mr. Timney claims that the law only requires him to pay the money to the County Treasurer, and that official to the State. He wants to find out to whom he must pay it, and has refused to pay, so that it may get into Court and bring a decision which can be used as a precedent. It is a test case.

—The Auditor of State asked for the Attorney General's opinion regarding the right of a County Treasurer to retain 5 per cent. of delinquent taxes collected by prosecuting attorneys under Section 649L of the Revised Statutes. Attorney General Michener holds that a county treasurer, under Section 5928 of the Revised Statutes, is entitled to retain 6 per cent. of all delinquent taxes collected. There are no words of limitations in the Statute. On the contrary, the law expressly says that the treasurer is entitled to 6 per cent. of the collections no matter by whom they are made.

A man was taken from his bed by a band of masked men and tied to a tree in his yard, and unmercifully whipped. He is a young married man, and lives about five miles south of Corydon. Just before orders were given by the captain of the gang to lay the lash to his bare back, he was informed that he was about to be whipped for general cussedness. But the true reason of the whipping he received is supposed to be that he had denounced the Knights of the Switch, and had accused a number of parties of belonging to the organization. His dose was a terrible one.

—In the Allen County Circuit Court judgment in foreclosure was rendered in favor of H. B. Hollins against W. K. Vanderbilt and the Nickel Plate Railway for \$281,667. The property affected, and which will be sold by the Sheriff at Fort Wayne, is the bed of the old Wabash and Erie Canal from the Ohio State line to LaGro, Ind., a distance of thirty-three miles, except five miles constituting the Nickel Plate right-of-way through Fort Wayne.

—While standing conversing on the pavement in front of a two-story building on the north side of the public square at Greencastle, Hon. J. G. Drubar, and Mr. Artie Call, of Madison Township, were struck about the head and neck by portions of a falling brick cornice and dangerously, though it is thought not fatally, injured. Had not the fall of the brick been broken by an awning both men would doubtless have been killed instantly.

—Not long since a man at Crawfordsville lost his false teeth, and, as he was to make a public speech the next day, he was in an awkward predicament. But he was not long in solving the question what to do, and he soon persuaded a neighbor woman to loan him her teeth for the special occasion. The speech was delivered, the teeth returned, and no person was the wiser.

—A curious phenomenon resulted in Harrison County a few days ago from a bolt of lightning striking a tree standing in the yard of William Alstott, near Nevin. Near the stricken tree was a large pond, which had been used for watering stock. Shortly after the lightning stroke, the pond began sinking, and has, in the few days since that time, disappeared entirely.

—The State Medical Society, in session at Indianapolis, elected the following officers: President, S. H. Charlton, Jackson County; Vice President, C. W. Burckett, Kosciusko; Secretary, E. S. Elder, Marion; Assistant Secretary, John Nixon.

Randolph, Treasurer, C. B. Higgins, Miami.

—Wm. Pogus, a young man, 22 years old, residing at Anderson, a brakeman on the Panhandle Railway, was instantly killed at Duareith, by falling from a west-bound freight train while the cars were in motion. He was cut to pieces, his head being severed from his body.

—The Battle-ground Camp-meeting will begin on the 27th of July, this year, and continue over two Sundays. It is understood that the Louisville, New Albany and Chicago Railway will run Sunday trains this year—something that has not been done for some years.

Mrs. Wm. Gates, an eccentric old lady who died at Elkhart, was found to have \$5,000 sewed up in her skirt—\$300 in small change, \$200 in one-dollar bills, and the remainder in bills of various other denominations. She was wealthy, but had no confidence in banks.

Mrs. William St. John, of Martinsville, fell down a stairway into the cellar of her residence, striking her head against the steps, and died in a few hours. She was an estimable lady, about fifty-five years of age, and the wife of one of the leading citizens.

—Levi Thomas, who was sent to the Michigan City prison for two years, was visited by his wife, who walked two hundred miles to see him. She has engaged as a domestic in a family near the prison that she may be near him during his incarceration.

—Martin Bout, while plowing on his farm near Michigan City, exploded a dynamite bomb which had been placed there by unknown parties. His arm was blown off, both legs broken, and he was otherwise terribly mangled. He will hardly recover.

—Oliver Linsey, of Alamo, was stricken with apoplexy at Crawfordsville, and fell from his wagon to the ground, and now lies in a serious condition.

The Vincennes Board of Trade has guaranteed the bonus asked by the Enterprise Stove Works, and that institution will remove to Vincennes from California, O., at once. They employ about one hundred men. The bonus was raised in a few days.

—Lon Drake, of Fairbanks, fatally shot himself in the right side by the discharge of one barrel of a shotgun, which slipped off the seat of a buggy in which he and a companion were riding.

—Frank Kuhn, aged 22, a well-known Madison butcher, shot his brains out, owing to despondency, caused by consumption.

—Orrin Hendricks, residing near Lexington, was out hunting recently, and by some unknown cause the shot-gun he was carrying was discharged, the load taking effect in the left arm, tearing the member completely off.

—Henry Price, a miner, was killed Tuesday night by a premature blast in Wilson's mine, near Brazil. He was an Englishman, 31 years old, and left a wife and two children.

—The newly-incorporated suburb, just southeast of Crawfordsville, has been named Englewood, and contains about twenty voters.

—Thousands of fish in the Ohio and Mississippi Railroad Reservoir, at Milan, are dying from some mysterious disease.

—Mrs. Nathan Aldrich died at her home in Logansport, aged 82. She had been a resident of that city fifty-two years.

—A friend of Hanover College has just given \$1,000 cash to the endowment fund, and intends to give more.

THE devil is a cobbler who is always pegging away at souls.—*Whitehall Times.*

It is to be hoped the bonnet has about reached the height of its ambition.

MOTTO for a corset factory—"We have come to stay."—*Cleveland Sun.*

## USEFUL AND SUGGESTIVE.

FREE your stoves and flues from soot by throwing a piece of zinc on a bed of hot coals.

STEEL, when hardened, decreases in specific gravity, contracts in length and increases in diameter.

A POUltICE of salt and the white of an egg is a powerful resolvent, and if applied in time will disperse a felon.

ASPHALTUM dissolved in oil of turpentine is recommended as one of the best varnishes for smoke-stacks and steam-pipes.

A SOLDERING fluid composed of a teaspoonful of chloride of zinc dissolved in two ounces of alcohol will not rust and tarnish and has no bad smell.

SAWDUST thrown on a circular saw table will render the hauling of heavy planks quite easy. The grains act as small rollers and reduce friction.

PLASTER busts may be cleaned by dipping them into thick, liquid starch—that is clear starch mixed with cold water—brushing them when dry.

STEEL plates in the fire-box can be prevented from cracking by washing out with cold water after being blown out. Hot water will produce a crack.

Six parts of sulphur, six of white lead and one of borax, thoroughly mixed and wetted with strong sulphuric acid, make a strong cement for connecting iron work.

In the healing of burns and scalds, where there is danger of contracting scars, rub the new skin several times a day with good sweet oil. Persist in this rubbing until the skin is soft and flexible.

According to a French industrial paper a mixture of oil and graphite will effectually prevent screws becoming fixed, and, moreover, protect them for years against rust. The mixture facilitates tightening up, is an excellent lubricant, and reduces the friction of the screw in its socket.

To POLISH plate glass and remove slight scratches, rub the surface gently, first with a clean pad of white cotton wool, and afterward with a pad covered over with cotton velvet which has been charged with fine rouge. The surface will, under this treatment, acquire a polish of great brilliancy, quite free from any scratches.

A BELT has been known to refuse to do the work allotted to it, and continue to slip over pulleys two feet in diameter, but from the moment the pulleys were changed to three feet in diameter there was no further trouble. These observed facts seem to be at variance with and to contradict the results of the experiments that have been made.

### Buffalo Bill in England.

Buffalo Bill, in going to England, deviated from the usual custom of less illustrious travelers. Instead of putting himself at once into the hands of London's tailor, Poole, as soon as he arrived, he chose to supply himself with a liberal outfit in America, and he landed on the other side with any amount of "store clothes." One suit, in which he intends to pay his respects to the Queen, is of dark gray; another, in which he will appear at the Queen's jubilee as Nebraska's representative, is two shades of blue, while a gorgeous hunting costume, which, perhaps, will be seen in Windsor forest, consists of blue corduroy jacket, gray corduroy trousers, and scarlet and brown waistcoat.—*New York Sun.*

POETRY is not made out of the understanding. The question of common sense is always: "What is it good for?" a question which would abolish the rose and be triumphantly answered by the cabbage.—*Lowell.*

In London side-whiskers are called "side-wings."



# The St. Joe News.

ST. JOE, INDIANA.

MORT & WILL OLDS, PUBLISHERS.

## HIS SECOND WIFE

In silence she rises  
Her low drooping head  
To list while he praises  
The wife who is dead;  
And ever he echoes the old refrain,  
"Oh! what was life  
With such a wife,  
Poor Susan Amanda Matilda Jane."

She never was idle,  
She never would tire;  
Her temper could bridle,  
Her servants inspire,  
And ever her virtues he sang again:  
"No one could be  
Like her to me,  
Poor Susan Amanda Matilda Jane."

She never spent money,  
Was ever content;  
To have a new bonnet,  
Would never consent;  
Yet summer or winter, or shine or rain,  
Would never stay  
From church away,  
His Susan Amanda Matilda Jane.

Was never too early,  
Was never too late;  
Her dinner was ready,  
Or ready to wait,  
But ah! he never should see again  
With mortal eyes  
Such peerless pies—  
Poor Susan Amanda Matilda Jane.

Could sew on his buttons,  
Darn, back-stitch, and hem,  
Each button a picture,  
Each darn a gem,  
A vision of beauty, a pearl without stain,  
When she was there,  
His woes to share,  
Poor Susan Amanda Matilda Jane.

In silence she listens,  
Till sudden the re-echo  
An ember that glimmers  
Deep down in her eyes,  
"To praise her yet farther to me is vain:  
No one" quoth she,  
"Rejoice like me  
Poor Susan Amanda Matilda Jane,"  
Harper's Magazine.

## A MAIDEN'S WOES.

BY E. H. L.

It is evening, on the Lake of Geneva, and I am sitting on the shore, my eyes on the beautiful prospect before me, and my thoughts far away in the sad, sad past.

A boat is crossing the gleam of moonlight that silvers the ripples that stretch far away into distance, and from it I hear a soft, girlish voice singing an English song, "I remember, I remember."

The voice has a faint resemblance to one long hushed. Ah! how it recalls to me all that I, too, remember! The scenes of my life float through my mental vision, and this is what I see:

Another summer evening, painfully like the present, but here the sun has set on an English wood, and the last rays linger softly on two figures that stand by a rustic gate. One, a girl—myself—is listening tremblingly to a voice that has grown strangely dear to her.

It says, "Mildred, my darling, to-night I claim your promise. The only barrier, your father, that has ever stood between us is no more, and it is my right and my happiness to take you to my home—you as a fondly-loved wife, and little Lena as a dear sister, and then nothing but death can ever separate us again!"

And Maurice Deignville has passed his arm round me, and I know that never again can I feel the bitter loneliness that has been mine since my father's death left little Lena and me orphans, thrown almost penniless on the cold mercy of the world, and the love that has so long been mine will shelter us from all harm.

As the stars steal one by one into the summer sky, and the nightingale's sweet note comes softly on the air, I know we must part for a few hours; and so, with fond promises and sweetest words lingering in my ear, I turn to go.

What is that slight sound that suddenly stops and sends me back to Maurice's side again? A faint, low sob it seems to me, quite close to where we stood, and then a sound of footsteps softly treading on the grass.

"Look!—oh, look, Maurice! What can it be?"

"Nothing—nothing, dear little love! You are nervous and fanciful. Hasten in, my darling! Again good night! Good night!"

After this, the days pass rapidly, gladly; and the day draws near which will make me Maurice Deignville's wife. Happy, peaceful days, yet with one small cloud daily growing larger in my life's cloudless sky. My sister, dear Lena, hitherto my constant companion and dearest friend, seems to care for me no longer. For hours she roams through the woods and fields, returning later and later each day. Vainly I expostulate, and try, by every means in my power, to win her back to me; but my words, kind and gently as I try to make them, seem but to irritate her, and more and more she avoids me. It is a trial to me, but I fancy it is but a little jealousy of my love for Maurice; and she thinks, perhaps, poor darling, that I, having him, may care for her less.

To Maurice himself she is simply in-

different, and seldom seems to notice him; and yet how fondly I had once hoped she might regard him as a dear brother! I reproach myself with the thought that perhaps I, in the new hopes opening out before me, may have neglected her, and I do try honestly to be all to her that I have ever been.

"Mildred, my love, to-morrow will be our wedding-day! Look up, sweet one, for almost I thought I saw sadness in your eyes." I look up into the dear eyes, gazing so fondly upon me, and their tenderness seems but to make it more impossible to keep back the tears that rise unbidden to my own.

"What is it, dearest? What can make you sad on such a day as this?"

"Maurice, forgive me! I cannot shake off a sad foreboding of evil that seems almost to overwhelm me."

"But why, dear child?"

"I hardly know, but it seems connected with Lena; and she has been away all day by herself, and it is now almost 10 o'clock—later than she has ever stopped before."

"The beauty of the night has tempted her, little one. She must soon be back."

And Maurice, trying to cheer me, goes on to paint, in glowing colors, the happiness of our future.

I try to listen, but my thoughts are with Lena; and, as the chimes from the village clock strike ten, I start.

I can bear the suspense no longer; and Maurice, ever watchful of me, seeing the sorrow I cannot suppress, says, "Come, Milly, I see how anxious you are. Come with me, and together we will find Lena."

So together we wander through the woods—to all her favorite haunts—to the fields beyond—sometimes calling her name. But no answer comes back but the echoes from the hills around us—"Lena! Lena!"

Together we stand by the river, and listen vainly for the slightest sound that may tell us she is near. Together we wander on and on, keeping still by the river side, and once faintly through the gathering darkness I think I hear a cry.

Following the sound, we hasten on, I trembling with an unknown dread; and then, how can I ever recall the misery, the terror that overwhelmed me!

In the water, almost at our feet, something white is gleaming, and I seem to know all at once what I am to see. Oh, Lena, my darling, my darling, before I saw your dear white face lying among the clustering water-lilies, I seemed to know it was there!

I close my eyes with an earnest prayer for strength, and, when I open them, I see Maurice kneeling by the white figure he has laid upon the grass, trying by every means in his power to stay the life that is ebbing so fast away.

"Lena," I cry, wildly, "why is this?"

I am on my knees beside her, and have drawn the fair, drooping head against my breast.

Slowly, gaspingly, the faint words come. "Milly, dearest sister, forgive me! Did you not guess I loved him—too?"

Again the blue eyes closed, and fainter and fainter came the breath.

A mist seemed to gather over all my senses, and I remember no more.

Of the dark, dreary days that followed I can write nothing. I seemed to live in a dream—nothing real, nothing tangible, except the firm resolve that never, never could I be Maurice Deignville's wife.

Of the continued reasoning, the tender pleading that strove to alter my determination, I will say nothing, except to say that all was in vain. Between me and my happiness stood out clearly my darling's dead face.

Wearied at last with the struggle, I left England, seeking a refuge with an aunt who lived on the shores of the Lake of Geneva, living a lonely, uncared-for life, my thoughts ever with the dear ones I have lost. And so passed three long years, which have brought me to this evening when I am watching the gleaming rays upon the water.

The evening shadows fall darker, darker, and, with a sigh, I rise to go. The sigh seems echoed close by me, and hastily turning, I see a tall figure standing with anxious eyes looking into mine, and arms outstretched towards me.

"Come to me, my loved one. Oh, Milly, do not send me from you!"

With a glad, low cry, I go to him; and as his faithful arms close round me, Maurice Deignville knows that never, while life is given me, can I send him from me again.

## Caught Him Foul.

McPeters—Mr. Sontag, you gave me a punched quarter this morning through mistake.

Sontag—Oh, no, I didn't.

McPeters—Oh, you didn't? It wasn't a mistake? Then the sooner you make it good the better! And Sontag had exchanged with him before he could frame an apology.—*Detroit Free Press.*

BARBED-WIRE fences are now used by many English farmers to protect their premises from the depredations of hunters, who seemingly delight in trampling down the crops and destroying fences.

COACHING is no longer the proper thing in England.

## The Rappites.

These people are known as the Rappites. Their founder, George Rapp, was born in Wurtemberg, Germany, in 1770. During the last decade of the century an unusual religious excitement prevailed in that locality, and Rapp became imbued with the idea that he had received a divine call to restore the Christian religion to its original purity. He, therefore, organized a sect on the model of the primitive church, all of whose members were pledged to strict celibacy of life, and to a common ownership of property. Having some difficulty with the Wurtemberg authorities on the subject of worship, he came, in 1803, to America to find a home for his flock. He purchased 5,000 acres of land in Butler County, Pennsylvania, and in 1804 his flock of disciples, 600 in all, came over the ocean and joined him. They soon had built up a flourishing village, which they called Harmony, and their diligence made the surrounding wilderness bud and blossom as the rose. In 1814, desiring a better location for business, they sold their Pennsylvania property and moved to Indiana, where, on the banks of the Wabash, they built a second village called Harmony. Here they prospered more than ever, and new members swelled their number to nearly a thousand. In 1824 they again became dissatisfied with their location on account of bad neighbors and malaria. They again sold out all their property, disposing of the entire town, its houses, mills, factories, and 30,000 acres of land for \$150,000. This was an immense sacrifice of their valuable labor on the property, but they consented to the loss in order to get away from their distasteful surroundings. The property was purchased by Robert Owen, who had just come over from England in search of a good locality for a socialist community. The Rappites, in the meanwhile having through their leader purchased a location in Beaver County, Pennsylvania, on the Ohio River, built a steamboat, and removed in detachments to their new and final place of settlement. There they built the town of Economy, and there what are left of the original colony of the Rappites still reside. George Rapp died in 1847. The community has always been very prosperous, but while it has grown steadily in wealth, it has decreased in numbers by many secessions on the part of the younger and deaths of the older members. At one time, soon after the founding of Economy village, the sect numbered about 1,800; there are now less than 100 living in the neat little village, and nearly all of these are old men. They own much property in real estate, in coal mines, and factories, aside from their property in Economy Township. The colony has always used the German language almost exclusively. In religion they are strict Protestants, accepting the commands of the New Testament literally as their code of conduct. Members of both sexes have always been admitted into their church, but marriage has been positively prohibited among them. Their reputation has always been that of a moral, intelligent, and industrious community.—*Inter Ocean.*

## The Favorite Food at Buda-Pesth.

The goose, as I have several times had occasion to remark, is a bird that, after it is dead, constantly thrusts itself on the stranger's attention in Austria. Its apparition is frequent on the tables and hotels at Vienna, and it reappears more frequently as you descend the Danube. It is the most chosen viand at Buda-Pesth. Here it achieves its apotheosis. But it is not so much to the bird itself as to that important organ, its liver, that I desire to direct attention. The local commerce in this delicacy is considerable. On certain streets the attention of the pedestrian is attracted by the counterfeit presentment of a goose dead and cooked, beside which is a painted object so nearly like that he is aware it is the liver of the deceased bird. This sign indicates a shop whose sole business is to sell roasted goose cut in pieces, goose livers, and a sort of biscuit made of chopped goose and flour. Here is a temptation to those who are fond of *paté de foie gras*. On entering the dealer is discovered standing behind a huge tray filled with livers arranged in rows, armed with a fork resembling Neptune's trident. He passes the trident mystically over the livers, and names the prices—20 kreutzers, 25 kreutzers, 30, 40, 50 kreutzers, the lat-

ter being from giant birds and weighing nearly a pound. You take one of the smallest as a starter, and a biscuit, and adjourn to a neighboring wine shop, properly adjust your digestive apparatus to the metuous viand with a "fourth" of white Hungarian wine. No bad result follows, as with the artificially fattened livers that cost their weight in gold in America. Your digestion continues excellent. What is the effect? The next day you come back and buy a liver twice the size, take two rations of biscuit, and wash the repast down with a "half" of the same wine, and so on. As this ratio of increase cannot go on forever, you find yourself obliged to leave town a day or two sooner than you intended, to subdue a growing appetite, taking with you in your valise a few pounds of goose livers to satisfy the pangs of hunger and soothe the regret of parting, for you know when you have left the Danube you can see this luxury no more. *Cor. San Francisco Chronicle.*

## Interest in Study.

In all pedagogy the great thing is to strike the iron while hot, and to seize the wave of the pupil's interest in such successive subject before its ebb has come, so that knowledge may be got and a habit of skill acquired—a headway of interest, in short, secured, on which afterward the individual may float. There is a happy moment for fixing skill in drawing, for making boys collectors in natural history, and presently dissectors and botanists; then for initiating them into the harmonies of mechanics and the wonders of physical and chemical law. Later, introspective psychology and the metaphysical and religious mysteries take their turn; and last of all, the drama of human affairs, and worldly wisdom in the widest sense of the term. In each of us a saturation-point is soon reached in all these things; the impetus of our purely intellectual zeal expires, and unless the topic become associated with some urgent personal need that keeps our wits constantly whetted about it, we settle into an equilibrium, and live on what we learned when our interest was fresh and instinctive, without adding to the store. Outside of their own business the ideas gained by men before they are twenty-five are practically the only ideas they shall have in their lives. They cannot get anything new. Disinterested curiosity is past, the mental grooves and channels set, the power of assimilation gone. If by chance we ever do learn anything about some entirely new topic we are afflicted with the strange sense of insecurity, and we fear to advance a resolute opinion. But, with things learned in the plastic days of instructive curiosity, we never lose entirely our sense of being at home. There remains a kinship, a sentiment of intimate acquaintance, which, even when we know we have failed to keep abreast of the subject, flatters us with a sense of power over it, and makes us feel not altogether out of the pale.

Whatever individual exceptions might be cited to this are of the sort that "prove the rule."

To detect the moment of the instinctive readiness for the subject is, then, the first duty of every educator. As for the pupils, it would probably lead to a more earnest temper on the part of college students if they had less belief in their unlimited future intellectual potentialities, and could be brought to realize that whatever physics and political economy and philosophy they are now acquiring are, for better or worse, the physics and political economy and philosophy that will have to serve them to the end.—*Prof. William James, in Scribner's Magazine.*

## The French Crown Jewels.

The official catalogue of the French crown jewels, which Tiffany & Co., of New York City, agents of the French Government to further and assist in their sale, have lately received, presents a list of more than 30,000 brilliants and 2,700 rose diamonds, of an aggregate weight of over 8,000 carats, with a large variety of pearls, rubies, sapphires, and other precious stones. The largest single diamond weighs twenty-seven carats, and in one set are over 6,000 brilliants. The jewels, which are now on exhibition, will be sold at auction in the palace of the Tuilleries, beginning on May 8, and their proceeds turned over to the public treasury. Good judges estimate the market value of the entire collection at not less than 10,000,000 francs.—*Frank Leslie's.*



## QUEER DISHES FROM ALL LANDS.

Bears' Paws, Elephants' Feet, Deer's Noses, and Odd Parts of Other Animals.

The New-Brunswick find a special charm in the loose nose of a moose deer, says *Household Words*. Sharks' fins and fish-maws, unhatched ducks and chickens, sea-slugs, and birds' nests are all prized by the omnivorous Chinese. The Parisians eat horse-flesh; and at the exhibition of 1851 a M. Brocchieri showed and sold delicious cakes, patties, and bon-bons of bullock's blood, rivaling the famous marrons glaces of the confectioners of the boulevards. This seems almost a triumph of art. In Havana the shark is openly sold in the market, and the Chinese ascribe special invigorating virtues to its fins and tail. The Gold Coast negroes are all fond of sharks as they are of hippopotami and alligators, and the Pygmies are also very fond of shark's flesh, quite raw.

Caymans and crocodiles, lizards and frogs are all eaten and enjoyed by certain people. The typical crocodile is like veal; but some species have a strong flavor of musk, and some are like young, juicy pork, while others resemble lobster. Others, again, have a powerful fishy taste, very disagreeable. On the whole, therefore, crocodile is uncertain eating, and not to be ventured on with rashness. Alligator is supposed to be invigorating and restorative, and at Manilla is sold at high prices, the Chinese clutching at the dried skin, which they use in their awful messes of gelatinous soup. Alligator is likened to sucking pig, but its eggs have a musty flavor.

The French are notoriously addicted to frogs, which command a high price in New York also, where they sell the large bullfrog, sometimes weighing half a pound, as well as the tender little green animal (*rana esculenta*), whose hind legs taste so like delicate chicken when served with white sauce in restaurants and hotels of Paris and Vienna. Of course, frogs do not escape the Chinese, who devour everything with blood and fiber; and the negroes of Surinam eat the loathsome Surinam toad. Monkeys are also considered good eating in some countries. African epicures are never more charmed than when they can dine off a highly-seasoned, tender young monkey, baked gypsy fashion in the earth. The great red monkey, the black spider monkey, and the howling monkey are all eaten by the various peoples among whom they are found. The flesh of the monkey is said to be both nutritious and pleasant.

One species of bat is considered good eating by the natives of the islands of the Indian archipelago, Malabar, etc.; it is called by naturalists the edible bat, and it is said to be white, tender, and delicate; but for all that, it is a hideous beast, like a weasel, with a ten-inch body, covered with close and shining black hair, and with four-foot wings, when stretched to their full extent.

In some countries even the fox is considered a delicacy; in the arctic regions, where fresh meat is scarce, when judiciously made into a pie it is considered equal to any rabbit, under the same conditions, ever bred on the Sussex downs. But, strange to say, the Esquimaux dogs, which will devour almost everything else, will not touch fox. Cats and dogs readily find purchasers and consumers in China, where they are hung up in the butchers' shops, together with badgers—tasting like wild boar—and other oddities of food.

In the South seas, too, a dog is a favorite dish, and a puppy stew is a royal feast in Zanzibar; but it is only fair to say that where dog is eaten it is especially fattened for the table and fed only on milk and such like cleanly diet. The Australian native dog or dingoo is eaten by the blacks, but by no one else; and a South African will give a cow for a good-sized mastiff.

Elephants' feet, pickled in strong odd vinegar and cayenne pepper, are considered in Ceylon an Apician luxury. The trunk is said to resemble buffalo's hump, and the fat is so highly prized by the bushmen that they will go almost any distance for it. Hippopotamus is also considered a treat; when killed it is thought superior to our best breakfast bacon, and the flesh is both palatable and nutritious, the fat being used for all the ordinary uses of butter.

It is difficult to distinguish between iron and steel tools. They have the same polish and workmanship; use will commonly show the difference. To

make the distinction quickly, place the tool upon a stone and drop upon it some diluted nitric acid (four parts water and one part acid). If the tool remains clean, it is iron; if of steel it will show a black spot where touched with the acid. These spots can be easily rubbed off.

### Queer Things About Money.

A woman who bought an old-fashioned bureau at a second-hand store in Cincinnati discovered a secret drawer in it which contained \$1,300 in gold and bank bills.

Money was so scarce in certain counties of Southwestern Texas during the earlier part of the winter that in some instances the skins of javelina hogs were used as a circulating medium, and possum skins were frequently offered in liquidation of grocery bills.

Squire Royal, the tax collector of Taylor County, Pa., took out a well-worn overcoat to sell to an old-clothes man a few days ago, and found \$100 in bills rolled up in a sheet of note-paper. The Squire is confident that the money is his own, but he has no recollection of having placed it in the pocket.

John Monroe, a young man living with his widowed sister in the northern part of Georgia, was digging a hole for a potato bin in his cellar the other day, when his spade broke open an earthen pot containing \$1,180 in gold. The coin had been buried by his sister's husband during the war and subsequently forgotten.

A young farmer in Des Moines County, Iowa, who had saved up \$200 in bank bills, wrapped a piece of paper around them and stuck the roll up the chimney in his bedroom for safe-keeping. One cold afternoon his mother put a stove in the room and built a roaring fire in it, and when the young man returned to supper only the charred remains of the notes could be found.

A lady living in Butler, Ga., through fear of the depredation of tramps, put \$110 in bank-notes in a paste-board box and buried it in the yard near the wood-pile. Some months afterwards she went out to get it, and found that the box and bills had been badly mutilated by wood-lice. She has sent the notes to the banks which issued them for redemption.

The pet cat belonging to Mrs. Lucy Cain of Hannibal, Mo., brought a mouse into the parlor and with it a small piece of paper money. Mrs. Cain thought nothing about the occurrence until one day last week, when she discovered that a roll of bills had been missing from her bureau drawer. Then she put two and two together and began a vigorous search of the premises. The missing bills were finally unearthed in a corner in the cellar, where a colony of mice had made a nest of them.

### Their Literary Tastes.

Senator Ingalls likes old English novels and is well up in scientific literature.

Senator Hear is regarded as the best authority on American history in the body.

Senator Hale has one of the finest libraries in Maine and is well read in general literature.

Senator Eustis speaks and reads French like a native, and is fond of yellow-covered novels.

Senator Ransom runs to Latin and dates, especially in Horace, whom he is fond of quoting in his speeches.

Senator Beach is fond of poetry and can repeat the "Lady of the Lake" without a slip from beginning to end.

Senator Joe Brown, of Georgia, spends most of his time pursuing musty volumes of public records and documents.

Among the Senators who write for magazines or other periodicals are Sherman, Hoar, Ingalls, Ransom, and Hale.

Senator Vest is a great reader of the Bible, and knows whole chapters by heart. All scriptural facts in dispute are referred to him.

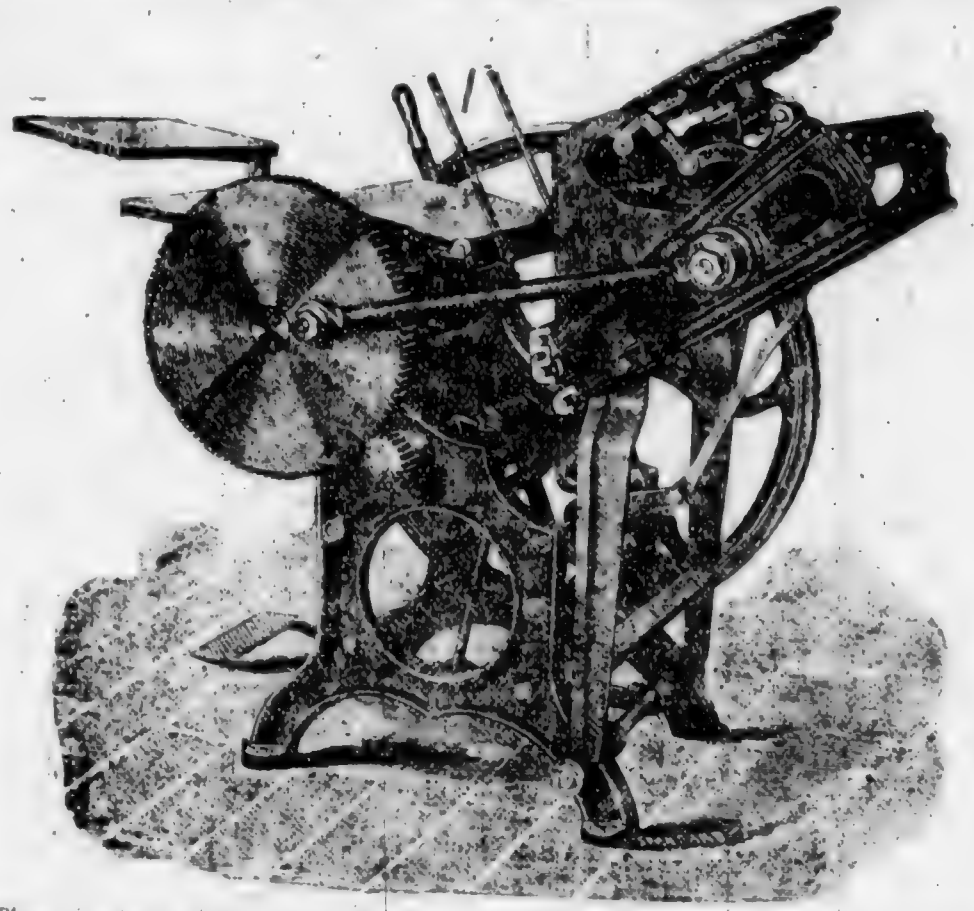
Senator Sherman is a classical scholar and reads French. He scans the newspapers, but does not believe in reading a book until time has tried it.

Senator Joe Blackburn is well-informed on sporting matters, and can tell the record and pedigree of every fast horse in Kentucky without looking it up.

Senator Payne is not noted for his literary attainments, but he is fond of biography and travel, and has more reminiscences to tell than most any man in the Senate. — *New York Graphic*.

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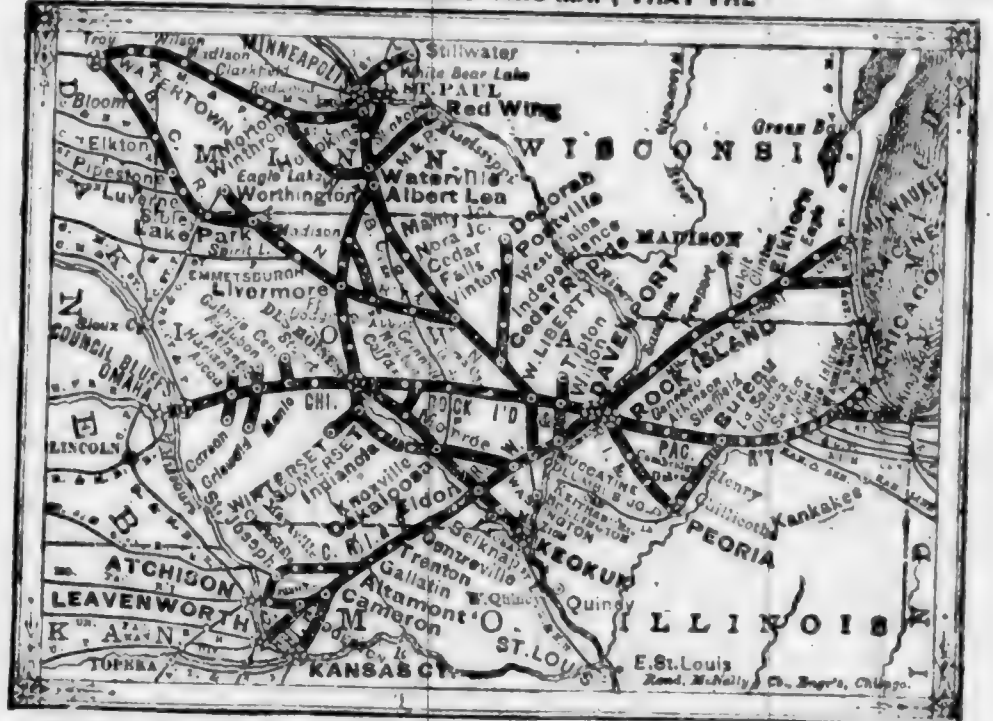
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FRIDAY MAY 20, 1887.

TOWNSHIP NOTICE.

Sealed proposals will be received at the school house in St. Joe, on Saturday, May 21, 1887, at 1 o'clock, for the building of an addition to the St. Joe school house. Plans and specifications can be seen at my residence. I reserve the right to reject any and all bids.

J. E. Dermott, Trustee.

The Lutheran Sunday school voted last Sunday to buy new singing books.

Wm. Hart is getting material on the ground for an addition to his residence.

Everybody should make their arrangements to be at St. Joe on the 16th of June.

W. C. Patterson and Dr. Bowman went over to see the Auburn gas well last Wednesday.

The contract for building the addition to the school house will be let Saturday afternoon.

Miss Bartlett has a new sign over the entrance to her millinery store. It is the best looking sign in town.

Chris Curie has built a fine fence in front of his farm residence. Chris displays a good deal of taste in the way he has things arranged.

The contract for carrying the mail between here and Butler was awarded to Jonathan Bair for \$300.00. Jonathan will begin his travels on the first day of July.

The resolutions adopted by the W. C. T. U. of this place upon the death of Miss Lizzie Evans were handed in to late for publication this week. They will appear next week.

The residents of the west end of St. Joe are fixing up in fine style. Houses are being painted, new fences built, yards cleaned and a general improvement of things. This shows enterprise on their part that is highly commendable.

John Leighty will go to Washington next week, to participate in the national drill, to be held there. The company of which John is lieutenant are making a special effort to win the one thousand dollar prize, offered to the best drilled company.

Decoration services will be observed on Monday, the 30th day of May, by the John C. Carnes Post of St. Joe, as follows: Appropriate services at the cemetery near Howard Northrup; at the cemetery known as the Jinken's cemetery, and at the cemetery at Bear Creek in Jackson township at 9:30 A. M. There will be appropriate speeches made at each place. Rev. Fryberger at Bear Creek, Rev. Langley at Jinkens, and Rev. Thomas at Northrup. In the afternoon, at 2 o'clock, services will be held at Spencerville; an oration will be delivered by Rev. Fryberger. The citizens are respectfully invited and urged to take part with the Post in observing the decoration of the graves of our honored dead. Let all turn out and show the respect that is due the men who gave their lives that the nation might live.

OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

PLEASANT HILL.

Isaac Meese lost a valuable cow last week.

John Koch and wife visited with her parents last Sunday.

Charley Jackson and wife visited with friends and relatives at Leo over Saturday and Sunday.

Aaron and Thomas Guisinger are going to do a job of plastering for Mrs. Liddy Rickett. They are doing good work.

The women of this neighborhood are a little more than common, for the most of them are through cleaning house and are helping to plant corn.

SPENCERVILLE.

School closes this week.

Ed Chapman has moved to town.

P. Bishop is visiting at Van Wert Ohio.

Mr. Tindall is improving very slowly.

Mrs. Hays, of Maysville spent a few hours in town Saturday.

Miss Rallie Murphy, of Leo, spent Sunday with Miss Maud Murray.

Grace Zimmerman and Ella Provins are sick with the measles.

Rev. Hussey and daughter spent a couple of days in town this week.

The stone work on the new church was commenced the first of the week.

Henry Dove and Emma Rhodes were united in marriage Sunday May 15th, 1887.

The Nut Social given by the ladies of the Lutheran church last Saturday evening was a success. But not as many were present as would have been, had it been more widely known.

CONCORD.

Miss Amanda Koch is very much indisposed.

F. Buchanan made a flying business trip to Auburn this week.

Nelson Tustison and wife visited with her parents, Mr. James Baker's last Sunday.

Mr. Green Brown and wife entertained Mr. B. Moffatt and family of Jackson township, last Sunday.

Mrs. Feters has gone home to visit for a few days with her mother, Mrs. Jones, of Farmer's Center.

John Feters is coming out in grand style. He has recently purchased a top buggy, harness and lap robe.

Rev. F. Hussey and daughter Ella, of Kendallville, were the guests of F. Buchanan and family for a short time last Monday.

If you want a pattern of a scare crow to put in your garden just go to Vill Draggoo. She has the latest style, and we should think it would scare most any thing.

The girls are all wondering where the jeweler of Spencerville goes every Sunday evening. Just stand at the cross-roads and see if he goes any farther north than Koch's. He'd like to tell you all about it.

In honor of J. Baker's thirtieth birthday, about fifty of his friends went in last Saturday morning and gave him a genuine surprise. He was always opposed to birthday parties, but he enjoyed this one hugely. The dinner was such as only the "gude wife" of that house can prepare, and the friends left the table regretting they could eat no more. The presents were numerous and useful, and it seems that that day did not complete the surprises that were in store for him, for the next morning upon opening the front door, he beheld an elegant rocking chair on the porch. May he live to enjoy many more such happy birthdays. One sad feature of the occasion was, Mrs. J. Hull was quite badly hurt. Children should be careful in romping.

# WANTED 50 CUSTOMERS

## To Buy Our Carpet Samples.

We have a large line of Tapestry, Walton and Body Brussels, Ingrain and Hemp Carpet Samples which we are closing out for rings. We also carry a full line of E. P. Reed & Co's and Gokey & Son's Ladies' Misses and Children's Fine Shoes. Secure a pair of those 75 cent Fine Slippers before they are all gone.

## J. D. Leighty, St. Joe, Ind.

### Ditch Notice.

In the matter of the petition of Frank P. Hart of Concord township, notice is hereby given that a petition has been filed with the Auditor of De Kalb County, State of Indiana, and viewers have been appointed who have viewed and reported said view which is on file in my office. The hearing of said petition upon its merits will be on

Tuesday, the 7th Day of June, 1887, the same being the second day of their June term, 1887.

The prayer of said petition is that a ditch be constructed on the following route, to-wit:

Beginning nineteen hundred and (1900) feet west and ten hundred and seventy-five (1075) feet north of the south-east corner of section sixteen (16) township thirty-three (33) north range fourteen (14) east, State of Indiana, De Kalb County and from thence as follows:

South 36 1/2 degrees, East 100 feet  
South 80 degrees, East 100 feet  
South 84 degrees, East 115 feet  
South 52 degrees, East 585 feet  
South 22 degrees, East 100 feet  
South 11 degrees, East 100 feet  
South 30 degrees, East 600 feet  
South 11 degrees, East 100 feet  
South 5 degrees, East 100 feet  
South 18 degrees, West 100 feet  
South 22 degrees, West 100 feet  
South 13 degrees, West 180 feet  
South 32 degrees, East 420 feet  
South 17 degrees, East 100 feet  
South 60 degrees, East 570 feet  
South 16 degrees, East 30 feet  
South 3 degrees, East 160 feet  
South 63 degrees, East 840 feet  
South 35 degrees, East 200 feet  
South 50 degrees, East 400 feet  
South 79 degrees, East 60 feet

Ending in the St. Joseph river on the east and west line between land owned by Christopher Curie and John W. Dills, situated in the north-west quarter of section twenty-two (22) township thirty-three (33) north range fourteen (14) east, State of Indiana,

De Kalb county.

And also the following lateral ditch, commencing thirty-five (35) rods south and twenty (20) rods east of the north-west corner of section twenty-one (21) township thirty-three (33) north range fourteen (14) east, and from thence as follows:

South 60 degrees, East 280 feet  
South 75 degrees, East 395 feet  
South 58 degrees, East 305 feet  
South 65 degrees, East 170 feet  
South 75 degrees, East 150 feet  
South 60 degrees, East 100 feet  
South 61 degrees, East 200 feet  
South 70 degrees, East 200 feet  
North 82 degrees, East 100 feet  
North 87 degrees, East 100 feet  
South 82 degrees, East 200 feet  
East 400 feet  
North 81 degrees, East 350 feet  
South 87 degrees, East 150 feet  
North 80 degrees, East 100 feet  
North 73 degrees, East 100 feet  
North 60 degrees, East 400 feet  
North 50 degrees, East 170 feet  
North 70 degrees, East 130 feet  
On curve 100 feet  
South 80 degrees, East 116 feet

Ending in the main ditch, seventy-five (75) feet below stake twenty-five (25) on land of John Y. Davis.

The proposed work will affect the lands of the following persons:

Heirs of Isaac C. Culbertson.  
Alexander and George Culbertson.  
Franklin P. Hart.  
Robert Davis.  
James W. Hart.  
Jacob I. White.  
Christopher Curie.  
Abraham Depew.  
John Y. Davis.  
William L. Hollabaugh.  
David Knigely.  
Lydia Myers.  
William H. Saylor.  
John and Jacob D. Leighty.  
Emilus Case.  
Henry H. and Orange Fales.  
Emanuel Uhn.  
Solomon Shearer.  
Dennis D. Burley.

CYRUS C. WALTER,  
Auditor De Kalb County.

# WOOL WANTED!

100,000 Pounds of Wool Wanted, for which we will pay the highest market value. Also all kinds of country produce wanted. Call and see us.

## S. & F. BARNEY.



## To the Ladies!

I have received this week some elegant new millinery goods, such as Gause Trimmings in different shades of color, new novelties in Ribbons, Tips, Laces, &c. Also some of the latest shapes in Hats and Bonnets. I hav'nt time to tell you all about the many new things that I have, but come and see for yourselves. Don't forget the place, and come as early as possible, while you can have a full line to select from. Prices always the lowest. Miss S. A. Bartlett, St. Joe, Ind.

**STAR WIND PUMP,** E. A. Wanmaker, agent, Newville, Ind. Farmers who think of buying a mill should give me a call before doing so. The Star Mill is the best and prices the lowest.

**HOUSE PAINTING.** Graining, Glazing, Paper Hanging and Ceiling Decorating a specialty. All work guaranteed. B. A. Woodcox. Call and see me, or leave orders at the St. Joe Drugstore.

### LOCALS.

The price of wheat is slightly on the boom.

No preaching in the Lutheran church Sunday.

Fine assortment of summer shawls at Case & Olds.

S. and F. Barney have a quantity of good corn for sale.

George Bloeks is giving his house a new coat of shingles.

For all kinds of agricultural implements call on Shutt & White.

Mrs. J. D. Leighty spent a few days in Fort Wayne last week.

Mart Engle and family are visiting friends near Montpelier, Ohio.

Auditor Walter was in town last Saturday, posting ditch notices.

Don't fail to call at Miss Bartlett's and see the new millinery goods.

When you are looking for a nice suit of clothes call on Case & Olds.

There is some talk of having a boat race here on old settler's day.

W. B. McClaren left for his new location at Findlay, Ohio, yesterday.

Ras Wanemaker says that there are 10 calf buyers and 5 peddlers in Newville.

Everybody is requested to meet at the old orchard on Friday, May 27th to clean off the ground for the old settler's meeting. Turn out.

The Second High School Commencement of the St. Joe school will take place on Thursday evening, May 26th, in the Lutheran church.

Kite flying is all the rage among the small boys.

There will be an abundance of cherries this year.

The first batch of wool was marketed here this week.

For millinery goods go to Miss Bartlett's, every time.

Try Primley's Family Remedies, for sale at the Drugstore.

Jud Davis was in town Saturday. He looks pretty thin after his long siege of sickness.

Mell Bishop sold four car loads of lumber for the new church at Spencerville last week.

Finest line of 5 cent Lawns in St. Joe at Case & Olds. Call in and examine them.

The Spencerville High School commencement took place last evening, at the M. E. church.

Forepaugh's show passed through this place last Sunday morning, on its way to Chicago.

It is reported that the strawberry crop will be a large one this year. The more, the better.

Dr. Sheller and Josh Lounsberry with their wives, attended church at Edgerton last Sunday.

We printed the programmes for the St. Joe and Spencerville school commencements, this week.

Land Plaster is one of the very best of manures. Try it; for sale at the St. Joe lumber yard.

Wes Hart shipped another car load of brick to Garrett this week. That makes five car loads in the last few weeks.

William Leighty and Charlie Bartlett took in Forepaugh's show at Defiance last Saturday, or else the show took them in; one of the six.

The shade trees that have been set out along our streets are beginning to make a nice appearance, and add much to the beauty of our village.

Joe Shilling forgot to tie his team the other evening, and they took a lively ramble around some of our streets. St. Joe is getting to be a noted place for run-a-ways. People sometimes forget what a hitching strap is for.

Bring your wool to St. Joe if you want to get the highest market price. It might also be well enough for us to state right here, that you can buy goods in this town cheaper than any other place in the county. Auburn and Garrett papers please copy.

The Memorial services held at the Lutheran church last Sunday evening, was largely attended. Mrs. Jones of Garrett, was present and offered a beautiful tribute of words to the memory of the departed sister. Rev. Thomas also made some appropriate remarks.

Frank Walker has moved his present harness shop back, and has begun the erection of quite a large addition to it. It will have a square front, and when completed it will make a nice looking building. Frank shows a good deal of push and enterprise, and that's just what a town needs.

The Y. P. T. L. A. will meet at the residence of Bert Hull, Monday evening, May 23rd, 1887. The following program has been prepared. Impersonation, Miss Anna Merrill; Select Reading, Clarence Hull; Quartette; Misses Mattie White, Nina Filley, Frank Hart and Bert Hull; Declamation, Clarence Hull; Select Reading, Addie Widney; Instrumental music, Leona Tustison; Select Reading, Hattie Langley; Impersonation, Emma Tustison; Instrumental music, Prudie Lounsberry.



The Champion Binder takes the lead of all others, and don't you forget it. Call on Shutt & White for full particulars.

## Try Primley's Remedies!

- Blood and Liver Medicine for a Blood Purifier.
- Speedy Cure for Coughs Colds and Lung Affections.
- Iron Tonic Bitters for Kidney trouble and General Debility.
- Glycerine and Arnica Salve for all purposes where a salve is needed.

For Sale at the St. Joe Drugstore.

### ST. JOE MARKETS.

CORRECTED EVERY FRIDAY.

Wheat	84 cts.
Oats	29 cts.
Corn	40 cts.
Butter	10 cts.
Eggs	10 cts.
Tallow	34 cts.
Lard	10 cts.
Potatoes	60 cts.
Smoked Hams	10 cts.
Shoulders and Side Meat	8 cts.

### WORD OF THANKS.

To the people of St. Joe who so kindly assisted us, during the recent sickness and death of our daughter Lizzie, we would tender our sincere and heartfelt thanks. Furthermore that our thanks be extended to the choir who furnished the beautiful singing; also to her friends and scholars at Garrett, and to the Y. P. T. A. and W. C. T. U. of this place, for the honor and respect shown to her, as one of their number, by the presentation of such beautiful floral tributes. Words cannot express how much they were all appreciated by the family. May the Lord bless and reward you all for the many acts of kindness which you have shown to us, is the prayer of her grief-stricken father and mother.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Evans.

The following resolutions were adopted by the Y. P. T. A. of this place, upon the death of Miss Lizzie Evans:

Whereas, Our Heavenly Father in his infinite providence, has called from our midst one of our number, our beloved friend and founder of our society, Miss Lizzie Evans,

Resolved, that we feel with deep regret the loss of this one of our members.

Resolved, that the memory of Lizzie is endeared to us on account of her uniform kindness and christian character.

Resolved, that we tender to her parents our condolence in this their affliction.

Ellsworth Sanders,  
Clarence Widney,  
Miss Anna Merrill.

Committee on Resolutions.

Rev. Langley will preach in the Methodist church Sunday evening.



I went down to mi farm last week, to set out sum cucumber vines, and I diddent git back in tyme to rile peace fur the last paper, but ile be on hand after this, unless it gits to sulphurios hot. Bi the wa I hav herd ov sevrul pretty gude thing lately, but the ritcheest thing was about those two young fellers that went up north last Saturday to see a cupel ov gurls that used to be twins. The boys went to gude deel ov extra trabel to git their mustaches colored (bekaws if tha haddent, it wood hve ben impossibel to hav seen them) and after tha had got rigged out in fine style, tha started out, and walked the whole wa up ther a distance ov frum six to six and a half miles. Wen tha got ther tha rapped at the dore expecting ov korse the gurls wood open it and bid them weleum, but instead ov that the old gentleman came to the dore, and told them boys that he wood jist giv them three sekonds to git out, ov that yard or he wood turn the brode side ov his boot loose on them. The boys diddent stop to argue the qestshun, but tha jist got rite out hence forth and forever moor.

Barcus Q. Hippenhammer.

Case & Olds have an elegant line of Parasols.

The Sunday schools were both well attended last Sunday.

Aaron Thomas came home from Fort Wayne last Saturday, to go to church or to see his girl, or perhaps a little of both.

O. H. Widney says something is taking his "holdover" chickens. He don't know whether the animal that is doing the mischief has two legs or four.



## SONGS OF THE OLD DAYS

Replaced by Modern Trash—Working the "Mother" Theme Too Freely.

In the mass of trash that has been adopted by the singing public, what has become of the good old songs of a decade, a score of years, or even a generation ago? "I cannot sing the old songs," affirms one of Claribel's plaintive ballads, but with the singers of the present it would seem to be less "cannot" than "will not" that keeps the "old songs" in the background "unmourned, unhonored, and unsung," save by those who cannot reconcile their musical consciences to the crimes against poetry and harmony committed by the writers of the imbecile lucubrations now in active demand. "The sweetest melodies," says Wordsworth, "are those by distance made more sweet"; and the distance seems to apply more to the space of time through which the music is heard in memory than to material space. What is sweeter than the memories called up by one of the old songs of our youth? The melody may be heard after intervals of years, and at a place thousands of miles from the home where it was made dear and familiar, but its notes have power to bridge over time and distance, and old scenes and associations come before us as in a picture on memory's wall. It may be a lullaby; and then we hear a mother's tender voice lulling us to rest or crooning softly to some younger brother or sister. It may be a love song, and the associations are almost as dear and have about them the glamor of romance.

Song-writing was never so profitable as at the present time, and yet the large profits are all made by the authors of insipid and stupid rubbish. The art of music was never the object of so many admirers as now, yet the taste of the masses inclines to favor the trash turned out by ignorant tyros rather than the many good old songs or the few good new ones.

The theme of maternal affection—the purest and tenderest of sentiments—is harped upon by modern song-writers, until it is almost turned into ridicule. Those "mother" songs should be tabooed. They flood the market. Go into a music store and you will find dozens of them strewn upon the counter. Evening and the breeze will bear them to your ear from the mansions of the unblest, where young women sing of their love for young maternal parents while the latter are skirmishing around doing the housework, or mending the raiment of the family musician. The melodies of these songs are plagiarisms and the words are too absurd to be anything but original. "Mother" has been slandered lyrically and she should be allowed a respite. Everything about her has been sung about from her eyes to her shoes.

Any one guilty of writing or singing a song of this kind should be considered a conspirator against the public weal. If people want to apostrophize the mother-familias let them sing one of the old-time favorites. Where will you find a sweeter ballad on this subject than "Rock Me to Sleep," which was written by Elizabeth Akers Allen?

Backward, turn backward, O Time, in your flight,  
Make me a child again, just for to-night!  
Mother, come back from the echoless shore,  
Take me again to your heart as of yore,  
Kiss me from my forehead the furrows of care,  
Smooth the few silver threads out of my hair;  
Over my slumbers your loving watch keep—  
Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep.

Backward, flow backward, O tide of the years!  
I am so weary of toil and of tears—  
Toil without recompense, tears all in vain—  
Take them, and give me my child-deed again!  
I have grown weary of dust and decay—  
Weary of frowning my soul-wealth away;  
Weary of sowing for others to reap—  
Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep.

Who has not felt the regret and the longing expressed in that song! It is genuinely poetic and yet simple enough to have sung its way down to the hearts of a generation. How does "Stick to Your Mother, Tom," compare with this? If we are to have "mother" songs, let there be a renaissance of "Rock Me to Sleep." John Howard Payne's "Home, Sweet Home," is one of the songs that is old and yet ever new. It was originally written for an opera, which was produced at Drury Lane. The piece failed, but the song succeeded. One hundred thousand copies were sold in a year and the publishers made a fortune. Payne never received any royalties worth mentioning, but as he has a very nice monument in Oak Hill cemetery he probably feels quite content.

Moore's songs seems to have been

driven out by the driveling ditties of minstrel makes and variety fakirs. No one, however, will question the superiority of "The Last Rose of Summer" or "The Meeting of the Waters" over "The Land Where the Shamrock Grows," and other latter-day lyrics of Erin. Some of the ballads sung on the stage lamenting the oppression of the green isle are the acme of the ridiculous. Patriotic Celts can do no better than cling to Tom Moore when they are desirous of vacally demonstrating their love for the sod. Let us have less of "The Wearing of the Green" and more of—

The harp that once through Tara's halls  
The soul of music shed,  
Now hangs as mute on Tara's walls  
As if that soul were fled,  
So sleeps the pride of former days,  
So glory's thrill is o'er,  
And hearts that once beat high for praise  
Now feel that pulse no more.

### Fishers' Superstitions.

Before very rough weather there occasionally comes a strange calm, a hush—like to nothing save the holding of a breath before a furious outburst of rage. It has a weird effect, coming, as it often does, at nightfall. After this a dull, wailing, muffled sound creeps out of the darkness—a sound as lamentation and entreaty heard from afar. "The sea is calling," they say here; and when this happens the fishermen expect a gale before morning.

When the sea has got hold of its prey, and there is a house or houses desolate in the village, they hold that it mourns, making quite a different sound to any other time.

About funerals there are odd observances and ideas. It is unlucky either to meet or cross a funeral train.

There are girls in the village who are sort of professional mourners (though unpaid) for children and young women who die unmarried. They are dressed in black, with white hoods, and shawls of white spun silk on their shoulders. Six of these mourners is the mystic number, and when one is married another is selected to fill her place. Probably it is considered a post of honor, for there never seems a vacancy, though I do not know how the selection is made. They are grave-looking damsels, so it may be by their fitting appearance.

At a young man's funeral there are only two of these girls, who walk before and are called "servers."

The Dissenters have a custom of singing a sort of dirge over their dead, not unlike in effect the chanting of the monks at a funeral in Rome. But when the sad duties are done comes a time of feasting. Their pride forbids them to have anything but a "menseful funeral." Another peculiarity is that when the people are asked to attend, it is by men and the girls named "bidders" (not necessarily relatives of the deceased).—*Ari Journal*.

### The Language of Nails.

He who has white spots on his nails is fond of the society of ladies, but is fickle in his attachments. He who keeps them well rounded at the tips is a proud man. He whose nails are detached from the finger at the further extremities, and when cut showing a larger proportion of the finger than usual, ought never to get married, as it would be a wonder if he were master in his own house, for short nails betoken patience, good nature, and above all, resignation under severe trials.

Nails which remain long after being cut level with the finger end are a sign of generosity. Transparent nails with light red mark a cheerful, gentle, and amiable disposition. Lovers with transparent nails usually carry their passion to the verge of madness. If you come across a man with long and pointed nails you may take it for granted that he is either a player of the guitar, a tailor, or an attorney. He who keeps his nails somewhat long, round, and tipped with black is a romantic poet.

The owner of very round and smooth nails is of a peaceable and conciliatory disposition. He who has the nail of his right thumb slightly notched is a regular glutton, even nibbling at himself, as when having nothing eatable at hand, he falls to biting his own finger-nails. And, lastly, he who keeps his nails irregularly cut is hasty and determined. Men who have not the patience to cut their nails properly generally come to grief; most of them commit suicide or get married.—*Baltimore News*.

HEAVEN opened wide her ever-during gates, harmonious sound! on golden hinges turning.—*Milton*

### Southern Mountaineers.

Among these mountaineers the purity of old English nomenclature and traces of English dialect barbarisms are singularly well preserved. Occasionally there is a strong Welsh infusion in a "neighborhood," which has been existent longer than current memory. In the West Virginia mountains there is a singular race of dwarfish people whose origin nobody can suggest. They have been held in contempt by their neighbors ever since they appeared, and are even yet regarded as menials little better than slaves. They intermarry among and perpetuate themselves, now and then getting fresh, but not better. blood, from those outside whose condition renders harmless the contempt that they will invite by marriage with the dwarfs. In the North Carolina range there is a strong Turkish reminiscence directly traceable to fugitive piracy. Constantine is there a commonly recurring surname, being a corruption of the Turkish Constantine, a name borne by the merciless John of that ilk, who, for some years before the war, was an outlawed highwayman and murderer infesting the swamp lands of Carolina, levying terror and tribute upon the same surrounding country. So great was the dread of his name and the traditional infamy attributed to him that he had seemed to protect him on many occasions, that even after he had been pursued into a swamp and killed by avenging planters, the negroes firmly believed in his ability to triumph over death, and for years were confident that he would again appear in the majesty of his gigantic person and wield his celebrated one-fingered hand with more than his destroying skill. Of the British refugees who took to the mountains for liberty's sake, many were enslaved convicts but not all were felons. With the connivance of the corrupt officers of the Georges there were many instances of kidnapping. The slave trade with Africa, which was then precarious and slight, could not furnish the colonies with enough labor. Even the efflux of felons from English parsons, filled, as they were, with men accused and convicted on slight grounds, could not supply the terrors of the coast climate and the severity of the toil imposed killed off the penal slaves rapidly. Resort was had to force, and kidnapping Englishmen to be sold as slaves in Virginia became almost as frequent as the impressment of American seamen for British ships at a more historic period. Many of those who escaped from the coast plantations by flying to the mountain fastnesses were therefore innocent, unfortunates, and deserving men. Embittered by their fate, made self-reliant by their solitude and the terrors and dangers of their surroundings, all these confused yet distinct elements grew up imbued with wild courage, an instinctive disregard of life, and a character that was Puritanic in some directions, while it was singularly loose and reckless in others.—*The Southern Bironae*.

### Perils of Photography.

In the year 2887 nobody will be proud of his ancestors. There will be no claims of long descent, and people, instead of constantly alluding to their forefathers, the pioneers of 1849, the passengers of the original Mayflower, will carefully avoid all mention of them. Why? Because when any such allusion is made the *nouveau riche* will ask to inspect the family album, and the photographs of this century will simply be discreditably.

Do you ever open the old album and look over the pictures? Well, the old folks—your father and mother—always look well, for, don't you know, parents are always old-fashioned. But there's your aunt, with a coal-scuttle bonnet and hoops, and her hair pasted down over her forehead and parted in the middle; with a kind of jaundice complexion and bright eyes, that show in their pupils nothing but the excited, intense interest of trying to look into the camera for fifty seconds without winking. And you thought she was so pretty then, and you remember as a child when you went and told your mother you saw her being kissed by her beau at the garden gate. Then there's her beau, who afterward married her. He was so handsome, don't you know. Look at him! He wears a long frock coat with lappets that curl up under his arms; he has a flaming necktie and a shirt front showing down to where the coat looks as if it were tied by a string tight around his waist. His

trousers don't fit, and his face is covered with yellow specks, and looks as if he had swallowed a fly while he was dying agonies in his wind-spoiling the picture. Then turn to yourself. Well, that's not so bad. You know you were very pretty child, and you remember the dress—well, you're not quite so old-fashioned—to yourself—as the others. You turn the page. There's Fanny whom you jilted. You look at him. You're glad you jilted him. He to be so beautifully pensive. No, looks like an idiot, and—well, doubt if he ever could have been horrid, anyway. Then your husband comes along and turns the book and says: "Do you remember the day you close it on his fingers; it's fear. You have an old-fashioned, shapely black silk gown with wide sleeves or something with looks like gloves, big ruffles, and the skirt is graceful bunched out like a half-exhausted loon. And you've had the picture painted, and the beautiful red of your cheeks has become mottled, and your hair is yellow, and the hair is a dirty brown color, and you've got hold awkwardly of a green chair. And your husband wonders what he ever could see in you, until you show him his picture. Then he shuts up suddenly like a knife, don't you know?"—*Francisco Chronicle*.

### Up a Tall Tree in Borneo.

The Hill Dyaks of Borneo are expert climbers. Mr. Hornaby, while collecting specimens of natural history, saw a Dyak ascend a large tapang tree, 100 feet in diameter at the base, straight to a ship's mast, and without the smallest limb or knot for 120 feet up.

The man went up the tree to see a bees' nest hanging from the underside of the lowest limb. The nest was simply a large, naked, triangular piece of white comb.

A Dyak "ladder" had been put up the previous year, and reached from the ground to the branches. It consisted of seven 20-foot bamboo poles held almost end to end alongside the trunk by sharp pegs driven into soft wood about two feet apart.

The pegs were driven first on one side of the poles and then on the other, and to them the bamboos were lashed by rattans, which held them first about eight inches from the tree. The pegs served as the rungs of the ladder.

The builder must have been a bold man, with nerves of steel. He was obliged to let the ends of the poles overlap a few feet in order to build the ladder with safety to himself.

The completion of the ladder was most difficult. Clinging to the slight bamboo pole, 100 feet from the ground, he hauled up the last bamboo, twenty feet long, drove in the peg, lashed the lower end of the pole to it, and then ascended that shaking bamboo to fasten it at the top.

The Dyak honey-hunter fastened to a basket to receive the honey. Making up his torch-wood, with which to smoke the bees out of the nest, and away from himself, he ignited it, slung it by a cord from his neck, and that it would hang below his feet, and started up the slender "ladder."

Hand and foot he went up, peg after peg, with a nonchalant ease which would have done credit to the most daring of sailors. Even that sailor would have been pardoned if he was a little shaky while climbing, a tall factor chimney by the lightning-rod.

On reaching the lower limb, 120 feet from the ground, he took his torch in one hand, waved it to and fro until it smoked freely, and then crawled on along the bare branch until he was in reach of the coveted nest.

Examining it first on one side, and then on the other, he shouted down at cheerfully as if his climb had been nothing. "No honey!"

Leaving the comb untouched, he descended with a smile, and reached the ground without the least tremor.—*Youth's Companion*.

### The Men to Interview.

The man who wants to be interviewed is the man the reporter does not want to interview. He will show his ax to grind. Find a man who has to be sought, one who knows something and has not talked out all he knows, and he is a treasure.—*New Orleans Picayune*.

WHAT it is our duty to do we must do because it is right, not because any one can demand it of us.—*Whewell*.



### A Seaside Passenger.

On the ocean, care a little about a storm. He is positively indifferent whether he is washed overboard or not. But, set right by a wine-glassful or two of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, he feels renewed interest in his personal safety. This fine corrective neutralizes brackish water—often compulsorily drunk on shipboard, to the grievous detriment of health—the brackish impurities which give rise to disorders of the stomach, liver, and bowels. To the mariner, the tourist, the Western pioneer and miner, the Bitters is invaluable as a means of protection against malaria, when its seeds are latent in air and water. The effects of overwork, mental or manual, it is a most reliable antidote, and, to the debilitated and nervous, it affords great and speedily felt relief and vigor.

Nym Crinkle says we have morphine girls who use this drug to drown mental trouble; belladonna girls who employ this powerful herb to dilate the pupil and give brightness to the eyes; the arsenic girl who employs this mineral to improve her complexion; the nitrate of silver girls, who employ this poisonous wash to the hair, to obliterate gray hairs; and the nicotine girl who smokes her cigarettes privately because she enjoys the habit. Nym Crinkle is right so far as the girls are concerned, but how is it about the men?—Dr. Foote's Health Monthly.

At Bieber, Lassen County, Cal., resides Mr. Thomas P. Ford, who writes: "I can truthfully say I have used St. Jacobs Oil in my family for years, and find it a never failing remedy for all painful complaints."

The dude's collar is said to be getting lower. Is this one of the effects of the decline in stocks?

MR. F. E. HUSH, Adrian, N. Y., says: "My father was very lame with rheumatism. Now after using St. Jacobs Oil he is no lammer than I am. He was cured." Price 50 cents.

### She's Here Already.

Dr. Mary Walker says the coming woman will wear pants. If Dr. Mary Walker had been a married man she would have said regarding the pants business that the woman is here, and she wears the pants by a large and most enthusiastic majority.—Boston Courier.

According to the Austrian Consul at Yokohama, the earthquakes of Japan destroy a city every seven years on the average.

What can be more disagreeable, more disgusting, than to sit in a room with a person who is troubled with catarrh, and has to keep coughing and clearing his or her throat of the mucus which drops into it? Such persons are always to be pitied if they try to cure themselves and fail. But, if they get Dr. Sassa-Catarrh Remedy there need be no failure.

THE memorable assembly known in English history as the Long Parliament is so called because its sessions continued for thirteen years. This was the Parliament that arrayed itself against Charles I., precipitating the civil war between the Cavaliers and Roundheads, and eventually bringing the monarch to the block.

Rupture radically cured, also pile tumors and fistula. Pamphlet of particulars 10 cents in stamps. World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

THEY are trying to suppress the whip factories on the ground that they deal in lickens.

INDIGESTION, dyspepsia, nervous prostration and all forms of general debility relieved by taking MENSA'S PEPTONIZED BEEF TONIC, the only preparation of beef containing its entire nutritious properties. It contains blood-making, force-generating and life-sustaining properties; is invaluable in all enfeebled conditions, whether the result of exhaustion, nervous prostration, overwork, or acute disease, particularly if resulting from pulmonary complaints. Hazard, Hazard & Co., proprietors, New York.

THE "I deal" man will usually be found presiding over a faro bank.

AMONG the people of to-day there are few, indeed, who have not heard of the merits of Prickly Ash Bark and Berries as a household remedy. Teas and drinks have been made of them for centuries, and in hundreds of families have formed the sole reliance in rheumatic and kidney diseases. Prickly Ash Bitters now takes the place of the old system and is more beneficial in all troubles of this nature.

SLAVE of the still—servant in a deaf and dumb asylum.

Excursion to Ottawa, Kansas. The Great Rock Island Route announces an excursion rate of one first-class fare for the round trip to Ottawa, Kan., and return, on account of the annual meeting of the German Baptist brethren. Tickets good for going passage May 25 to 29 inclusive, and for return passage thirty days from date of sale. Free chair cars, magnificent Pullman palace-sleeping cars, elegant day coaches, unequalled dining cars. Two daily trains each way. For further particulars address E. A. Holbrook, General Ticket and Passenger Agent, Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific Railway, Chicago, Ill.

The best cough medicine is Pico's Cure for Consumption. Sold everywhere. 25c.

### A Sad Case of Poisoning

Is that of any man or woman afflicted with disease or derangement of the liver, resulting in poisonous accumulations in the blood, scrofulous affections, sick headaches, and diseases of the kidneys, lungs or heart. These troubles can be cured only by going to the primary cause, and putting the liver in a healthy condition. To accomplish this result speedily and effectually nothing has proved itself so efficacious as Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery," which has never failed to do the work claimed for it, and never will.

THE pugilist who was struck foul said man wants but little here below—the belt.

### A Husband's Greatest Blessing

Is a strong, healthy, vigorous wife, with a clear, handsome complexion. These can all be acquired by using Dr. Harter's Iron Tonic.

EVERY wide awake town of 500 inhabitants or over, should have its local newspaper. Full particulars regarding the cost of an outfit, and how to run it and make money, can be had by addressing Practical Printer, box 921, Fort Wayne, Ind.

### A Good Appetite

Is essential to good health; but at this season it is often lost, owing to the poverty or impurity of the blood, derangement of the digestive organs, and the weakening effect of the changing season. Hood's Sarsaparilla is a wonderful medicine for creating an appetite, toning the digestion, and giving strength to the whole system. Now is the time to take it. Be sure to get Hood's.

### Hood's Sarsaparilla

"I have taken Hood's Sarsaparilla, and am pleased to say it has cured me of a very severe pain in the small of my back. I also gave it to my little girl. She had very little appetite, but Hood's Sarsaparilla has increased it wonderfully, and from our experience I highly recommend this excellent medicine." Mrs. A. B. L. L. Van Horn Street, Jersey City.

### Makes the Weak Strong

I must say Hood's Sarsaparilla is the best medicine I ever used. Last spring I had no appetite, and the best work I did fatigued me over so much. I began to take Hood's Sarsaparilla, and soon I felt as if I could do as much in a day as I had formerly done in a week. My appetite is voracious. Mrs. M. V. Bayard, Atlantic City, N. J.

### Hood's Sarsaparilla

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100 Doses One Dollar

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It is purely a Medicine as its cathartic properties forbid its use as a beverage. It is pleasant to the taste, and as easily taken by children as adults.

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Not a liquid or snuff.

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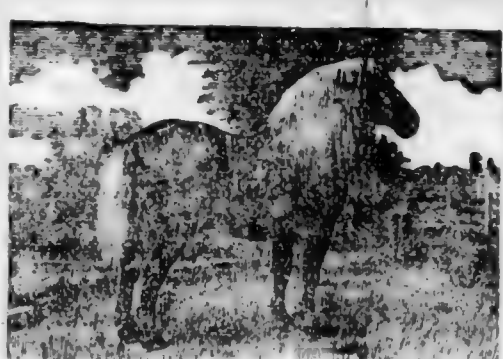
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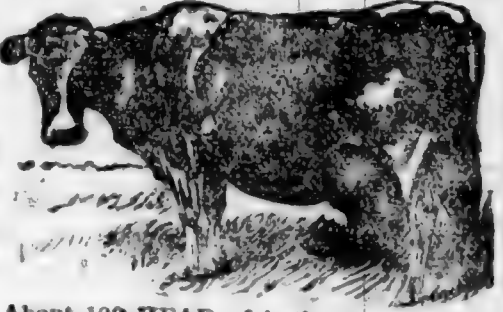
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Will purify the BLOOD, regulate the LIVER and KIDNEYS and restore the HEALTH and VIGOR OF YOUTH. Dyspepsia, Want of Appetite, Indigestion, Lack of Strength and Tired Feeling absolutely cured. Bones, muscles and nerves receive new force. Enlivens the mind and supplies Brain Power. Suffering from complaints peculiar to their sex with D.B.R. HARTE'S IRON TONIC safe, speedy cure. Gives a clear, healthy complexion. All attempts at counterfeiting only add to its popularity. Do not experiment—get ORIGINAL AND BEST.

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Do you feel full, languid, low-spirited, listless, and indiscreetly misanthropic, both physically and mentally; experienced a sense of fullness or bloating after eating, or of "grogginess," or emptiness of stomach in the morning; tongue coated, bitter or bad taste in mouth, irregular appetite, dizziness, frequent headaches, blurred eyesight, "floating specks" before the eyes, nervous prostration or exhaustion, irritability of temper, hot flushes alternating with chilly sensations, sharp, biting, transient pains here and there, cold feet, drowsiness after meals, wakefulness, or disturbed and unrefreshing sleep, constant, indescribable feeling of dread, of impending calamity?

If you have all, or any considerable number of these symptoms, you are suffering from that most common of American maladies—Bilious Dyspepsia, or Torpid Liver, associated with Dyspepsia, or Indigestion. The more complicated your disease has become, the greater the number and diversity of symptoms. No matter what stage it has reached, **Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery** will subdue it, if taken according to directions for a reasonable length of time. If not cured, complications multiply and Consumption of the Lungs, Skin Diseases, Heart Disease, Rheumatism, Kidney Disease, or other grave maladies are quite liable to set in and, sooner or later, induce a fatal termination.

**Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery** acts powerfully upon the Liver, and through that great blood-purifying organ, cleanses the system of all blood-taints and impurities, from whatever cause arising. It is equally efficacious in acting upon the Kidneys, and other excretory organs, cleansing, strengthening, and healing their diseases. As an appetizing, restorative tonic, it promotes digestion and nutrition, thereby building up both flesh and strength. In malarial districts, this wonderful medicine has gained great celebrity in curing Fever and Ague, Chills and Fever, Dumb Ague, and kindred diseases.

**CURES ALL HUMORS,** from a common Itch, or Eruption, to the worst Scrofula, Salt-rheum, "Fever-sores," Scaly or Rough Skin. In short, all diseases caused by bad blood are conquered by this powerful, purifying, and invigorating medicine. Great Eruptions rapidly heal under its benign influence. Especially has it manifested its potency in curing Tetter, Eczema, Erysipelas, Boils, Carbuncles, Sore Eyes, Scrofulous Sores and Swellings, Hip-joint Disease, "White Swellings," Gouty or Thick Neck, and Enlarged Glands. Send ten cents in stamps for a large Treatise, with colored plates, on Skin Diseases, or the same amount for a Treatise on Scrofulous Affections.

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**CONSUMPTION,** which is Scrofula of the Lungs, is arrested and cured by this remedy, if taken in the earlier stages of the disease. From its marvelous power over this terribly fatal disease, when first offering this now world-famed remedy to the public, Dr. Pierce thought seriously of calling it his "Consumption Cure," but abandoned that name as too restrictive for a medicine which, from its wonderful combination of tonic, or strengthening, alterative, or blood-cleansing, anti-bilious, pectoral, and nutritive properties is unequalled, not only as a remedy for Consumption, but for all Chronic Diseases of the

## Liver, Blood, and Lungs.

For Weak Lungs, Spitting of Blood, Shortness of Breath, Chronic Nasal Catarrh, Bronchitis, Asthma, Severe Coughs, and kindred affections, it is an efficient remedy. Sold by Druggists at \$1.00, or Six Bottles for \$5.00.

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## PITH AND POINT.

### ON THE RACQUE.

When she hasn't a racquet in her racquet. The maiden is very unhappy, alasque.

A WRITER in *Tid-Bits* says: "You don't can buy anythings for dher soul mit money." Just wait till the pew rent collector comes around and see.—*Boston Courier*.

THE man who wants the earth and can't get it should not despair. He will get six feet of it by and by, providing he is not drowned in mid ocean.—*Boston Courier*.

"Ergo," remarked the professor to his class, after a long preamble; "Ergo," then he stopped to take breath. "Well, let ergo," sung out one of the students, and the conclusion was ruined.

"A MAN can get nothing without labor," said a woman to a tramp who declined to saw some wood in exchange for a dinner. "I know better than that," he replied as he turned away; "he can get hungry."

YOUNG housewife (consulting with cook about the dinner for a party)—As a second course we will have eel. Cook—How many ought I to get, ma'am? Young Wife—I fancy ten feet will be sufficient.

FATHER of Stupid Boy—Professor, I want you to teach this boy German and French. Professor—Why do you want the Germans and French to know what an ass he is? Isn't it enough that the English-speaking races should know it? *Texas Siftings*.

SHE—Where are you going, Charley? He—Going to the theater. She—Ah, I understand. The ballet. But why don't you go to the dog show instead? I think you will like it ever so much better. The dogs, you know, have four—twice as many as the ballet-dancers.—*Boston Transcript*.

OLD lady to street urchin—Wouldn't you like to be a good little boy and go to Sunday-school and be taught not to swear or say wicked things? Little boy—No'm. Me fadder's goin' to git me a job on de canal to drive mules, an' I musn't do anythin' to interfere wid de bizness.—*New York Sun*.

HE was an ardent but an economical lover, and had been courting her for three months. "When do you think, dearest," he said, as they sat near the moonlit window one evening, "that the moon appears at its best?" "I think," she replied, "that the moon always looks the loveliest when one is returning home from the opera."—*Dry Goods Chronicle*.

OMAHA husband—Now, I think this is going too far. You promised me you would countermand your order for that dress. Omaha wife—I wrote to the firm that very day. "But here is the dress and the bill for it—enough to bankrupt me almost. How do you explain that?" "I gave you the letter to mail and I suppose you forgot it, as usual."—*Omaha World*.

"JANET," said her mother, "young Mr. Piebiter comes to the house now very frequently, and often stays very late; have you any reason to think his intentions are serious?" "I should think so," she replied; "he says he has no conversational powers, and so he wants to sing all the time, and he knows nothing but church music. Serious? I should groan."—*Burdette*.

GENTLEMAN—Two dollars you will charge for carrying in that coal, Uncle Rastus? Why, you never charged me but one dollar before. Uncle Rastus—I know dat, boss; but labor has riz. Gentleman—I would rather carry it in myself than pay that extra dollar. Uncle Rastus—All right, boss. Yo' kin give me one dollar and carry de coal in yo'self ef yez wan's ter. I'se satisfied.

"How DELIGHTFUL it will be, Cicely, my dear. Of course you have an invitation to the theater party, and we are all to leave off our hats," said her friend, excitedly, as she dropped in for her morning call. "Yes, I have an invitation, to be sure, but I hardly think it worth while to join in the hat-reform movement myself." "Certainly not. I ought to have remembered that your hat is 'all new,' for the first time in two years." There was no "applause" when that theatrical party came in.—*Hartford Post*.

DAYTONA, Fla., ships on an average of 250 boxes of oranges a day to Northern markets.

ONE Montana stock-raiser lost 20,000 head of cattle last winter, out of a herd of 26,000.

## Feminine Stenographers.

Did you ever have anything to do with a woman stenographer? If so, you know that where there is one, self-respecting, work-respecting, money-making, successful, acceptable servant in that line, as we are all servants in some line, there are a dozen who, forgetting themselves, forgetting their occupation, forgetting the object for which they are sought, utilize their unquestionable art far up along the line of intellectual endeavor, simply as a hinge on which to turn for flirtation, for a boy and girl give and take intimacy, so that men of real industrious habits and end-seeking desire say nearly every time, "Oh, thunder! I would a darned sight rather do the work myself than be bothered with a woman." I wonder if I make myself clearly understood. I wonder if I draw the line between the women who do work industriously, conscientiously, intelligently, honestly, and successfully, and those who, like my friend in the telegraph office, are surly and indifferent and unpleasant, and others too, who are equally objectionable and don't know the difference between a woman who is sought for herself and a woman who is sought for her art.

I have utilized stenographers for ten years and I have utilized telegraphers for over twenty years, and the conclusion I have come to about women in both lines is this, that, take them by and large, many of them are no use, and the why and wherefore is very simple and plain. It is, because, first, they expect to get married, and regard their work as a mere means to that end; and second, they insist upon being regarded as women rather than as employees. I concede there mental superiority as a rule. I insist that they have certain special physical advantages in the way of manipulative facility, but I am compelled to recognize what is forced before me, their utter inability to recognize the supreme authority of duty and work over the charms of personality. I suppose there are three thousand stenographers in New York city, women, and there are twice as many telegraphers. Their ranks are depleted every year by matrimony, and the one-third who get married of course instantly forget all the troubles of life and swim out in the paradisaical sea of enjoyment, and alleged bliss. The other two-thirds sulk and grow older and think it is confounded mean that they too have not the chance that has been granted their more favored sisters, and the public has to suffer for it.

The public is not to blame, the public can't marry everybody, and if there are more women than there are men, so long as the laws against bigamy are enforced what can the poor fellows do? If women would only regard themselves as entities, put into this world for a purpose, and that purpose not matrimony alone, matrimony being but a simple incident to them as well as to their masculine companions, and having chosen a life of work to adhere to it, being quietly molded, directed, swerved, as the case may be, by matrimony, as by misfortune, or by good fortune, or by one of the 10,000 incidents liable to happen, they would then have just as good a chance in working life as any man has; but until they learn that when they sit as receivers in a telegraph office they are not there as girls, not as women to be flirted with, to be talked to, to be joked with, or if in the operating room they are to be held as rigidly to account as the man who sits next them, or if in the practice of that marvelous art of stenography they sit quietly at their desk and do as they are told without the quick glance of the bright eye, without the pretty ways, without any of these infernal attentions which characterize so many women, but simply conduct themselves as the machine a true stenographer is, turning out from the hand what they take in at the ear, there is no reason why they should not succeed as well as the man who operates by their side.—*Boston Globe*.

A NEWLY-CONTRIVED, turbine water wheel has a water-supply chamber and a bearing or step, the latter having a convex bearing surface. The water-wheel shaft has a concave lower end, and is provided with a water channel leading from a point in the water-supply chamber through the concave lower end of the shaft, and is supplied with a second outlet opening a short distance above the lower end. A strainer covers the inlet opening, and a brush is adopted to free its meshes.

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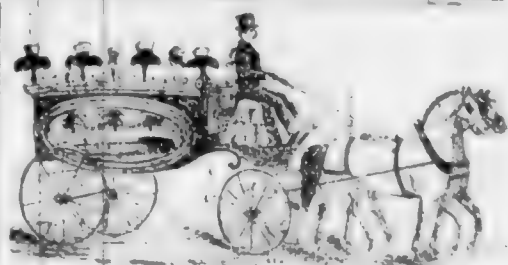
Farmers will save money by seeing me before buying. I will call on you with a sample in a few days. R. G. Coburn, St. Joe, Ind.

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Having returned from Tennessee, I will assist again in

Raising & Moving Buildings,

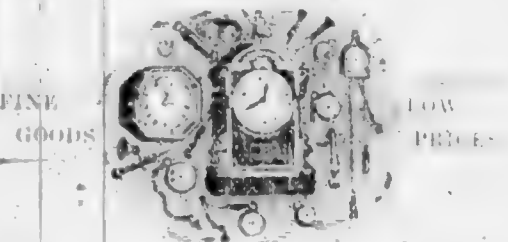
in short all kinds of Rope, Tackle and Jack-screw Work. Having had 15 years experience, and improved machinery, I feel safe in guaranteeing satisfaction. Heavy and difficult work a specialty. Correspondence solicited. Direct all communications to H. or M. Milliman, St. Joe Station, Ind., or A. Monroe, Hicksville, Ohio.



Undertaker and Embalmer. Keeps on hand constantly, a stock of Undertaking Supplies, Collins, Caskets, Burial Robes &c. I can supply as fine goods as can be furnished. Will attend to making all arrangements for funerals. Calls responded to at all hours of the night. Office on corner of Main and Second Streets; residence on corner of Main and Fourth Streets, St. Joe, Ind.

Arthur James,

DEALER IN



Watches, Clocks,

AND JEWELRY.

Repairing done promptly and all work warranted. Call and see me at Bair & Son's store, Spencerville, Ind.

M. T. BISHOP,

DEALER IN

LUMBER

OF ALL KINDS,

Shingles, Lime, Lath,

MOULDINGS &c.

Large Stock and Prices Low. Yard Near Depot, St. Joe, Ind.

F. A. ZEIGLER,

MAKER AND DEALER IN

HARNESS

COLLARS, WHIPS,

Fly Nets and Dusters,

HARNESS OIL &c.

Prices the Lowest. All work guaranteed. Call and see me.



# THE ST. JOE NEWS.

VOL. I.

ST. JOE, IND., FRIDAY, MAY 27, 1887.

NO. 18.

## Churches.

### DISCIPLE.

SERVICES every alternate Sunday evening, in the Lutheran church. Cottage prayer meeting every Friday evening.

J. A. THOMAS, PASTOR.

### METHODIST PROTESTANT.

SERVICES every alternate Sunday at 10:30 A. M. Prayer meeting every Tuesday evening. Sunday School at 9:30 A. M.

J. M. LANGLEY, PASTOR.

### EVANGELICAL LUTHERAN.

SERVICES every Sunday, one Sunday in the morning at 10:30, and the following Sunday in the evening. Prayer meeting every Thursday evening. Sunday School at 9:30 A. M.

S. P. FRYBERGER, PASTOR.

## Societies.

### G. A. R.

REGULAR meetings on Saturday evening on or before the full moon of each month, at their hall over Leighty's store.

O. H. WIDNEY, COMMANDER.

J. M. MILLIMAN, ADJUTANT.

## Business Notices.

H. W. BOWMAN, M. D., Physician and Surgeon, St. Joe, Ind. Office opposite the Drugstore.

ST. JOE HOTEL, Wm. Leighty, proprietor. Special attention given to furnishing teams for commercial men.

B. S. SHEFFER, M. D., Physician and Surgeon, St. Joe, Ind. Prompt and careful attention to all business entrusted to his care.

ST. JOE BARBER SHOP, one door west of hotel, Will. Gee, proprietor. Satisfaction guaranteed. Your patronage is solicited.

FILLEY, LOUNSBERRY AND SHULER, proprietors of the St. Joe Saw and Planing Mill. All work promptly done. Cash paid for Oak Logs.

CITY BARBER SHOP, St. Joe, Ind., John Hull, proprietor. Shaving, Hair Cutting &c. done in the best of style. Come and see me. Two doors west of Kinsey's Furniture Store.

SIMON. WINELAND, proprietor St. Joe Handle and Feed Mills. Feed grinding a specialty. Highest prices paid for second growth White Ash. Enquire at the mill for full particulars.

## POPULAR SCIENCE.

PROF. TYNDALL says the sky is indebted for its blue color to the particles floating in the air.

It is reported that a depth of over 5,200 feet has been reached in boring at Schladerbach, near Halle.

A new adulteration of butter has been invented. By adding gelatine, which absorbs ten times its weight of water, the consistency of the butter is retained and the water adulteration is not noticeable.

OUT of 15,000 earthquakes observed on coastlines, the German seismologist, Kluge, found that only 124 were accompanied by sea waves, although a very large proportion of the shocks had probably originated under the sea.

OUT of some 10,000 species of birds recognized by ornithologists, there are 853 species and sub-species which make their home in North America. There are also eighty-two others which find their way to this continent as stragglers from other countries.

AN English company has perfected its arrangements for providing sick chambers with telephones. The object is to give persons suffering from contagious diseases a chance to talk with their friends. Speaking tubes are inadmissible on account of the infectious nature of the breath.

It is stated that the specimens of clay from the Royal Society's borings in the Nile delta have not at present yielded any but "derived" fossils; but beds of gravel found at a depth of 120 feet show that the whole surface was formerly 120 feet higher, and was that of an ordinary river valley.

AN English physicist has, it is said, made a perfect pendulum by suspending a lead shot by a single fiber of cocoon silk in a vacuum produced by a Sprengel pump. The shot, one-sixteenth of an inch in diameter, weighs one-third of a gram, is suspended by a two-foot fiber, and is placed in a tube three-quarters of an inch internal diameter. It has a vibrational range of a quarter of an inch on each side of mid-position, the vacuum being equivalent to one-tenth of a millionth of an atmosphere.

M. LEON ESQUILLE has perfected a marvelous invention in electricity and photography. By speaking into a photophone transmitter, which consists of a highly-polished diaphragm, reflecting a ray of light, this ray of light is set into vibration, and a photograph is made of it on a traveling band of sensitized paper. Now comes the wonderful part. If the image of this photograph tracing is projected by means of an electric arc or oxyhydrogen light upon a selenium receiver, the original speech is then heard. It is evident that there is no limit to the development of this peculiar combination of methods.

RECENT weather charts of the British Meteorological Council show that during the entire autumn a permanent area of high barometer is situated in the mid-Atlantic south of the parallel of forty degrees. North of this, low-pressure tracks are very frequent. Many of the storms originate over the United States, and they often gather force after starting on their eastward course over the Atlantic, sometimes even entirely crossing the ocean. The vicinity of Newfoundland, where hot and cold waters meet, and there are great differences of air-temperature in a very small area, has a great influence upon the weather of the Atlantic and of the British Islands. Here are formed many storms, while some are here stopped and suddenly broken up.

A COUNTRY paper in a notice of a lecture given by a phrenologist said: "Behind the platform is a large gallery of life-size portraits twelve feet high."

## SOME SINGULAR ANNOUNCEMENTS.

A HANDBILL put forth at Exeter was headed: "Wanted a few healthy members to complete a sick society."

Is the extreme West a shanty bears the sign: "Here's where you get a meal like your mother used to give you."

A PICTURE dealer announced in an Irish journal that, among portraits, he had a representation of "Death as large as life."

A NOTICE said to have been seen over the entrance-gate to a French burying-ground was as follows: "Only the dead who live in this parish are buried here."

AN Irish provincial paper inserted the following notice: "Whereas, Patrick O'Connor lately left his lodgings; this is to give notice that if he does not return immediately and pay for the same he will be advertised."

A COUNTRY sculptor was ordered to engrave on a tombstone the following words: "A virtuous woman is a crown to her husband." The stone, however, being small, he engraved on it: "A virtuous woman is 5s. to her husband."

A COUNTRY notice is said to be given by a minister in Salem County, New Jersey, namely, that he will perform the marriage ceremony on the most accommodating terms: "Those who are not blessed with cash can pay the fee in cordwood, bacon, or corn."

IN a number of the *London Magazine* of 1767 was this curious announcement, addressed to all foreigners and others: "This is to give notice that the English vulgar tongue is taught at Billingsgate by a company of qualified fish-women, upon very reasonable terms."

AT Dieppe, that famous bathing-place, there are police established, whose duty it is to rescue persons from danger. This notice is said to have been recently issued to them: "The bathing-police are requested, when a lady is in danger of drowning, to seize her by the dress and not by the hair, which oftentimes remains in their grasp."

A LIVERPOOL furrier informs "those ladies who wish to have a really genuine article that he will be happy to make them muffs, boas, etc., of their own skins." This is matched by the proprietor of a bone-mill, who announces that "Parties sending their own bones to be ground will find their orders attended to with punctuality and dispatch."

THERE are many curious signs and business announcements to be found in London, of which a few are: "Sick Dogs Medically Treated by the Week or Month. Birds to Board. Ladies' and Gentlemen's Feet and Hands Professionally Treated by the Job or Season. Round-Shouldered Persons Made Straight. Babies or Children Hired or Exchanged. False Noses as Good as New, and Warranted to Fit. Black Eyes Painted Very Neatly."

AN old farmer employed a son of Erin to work for him on his farm. Pat was constantly misplacing the end boards in the cart—the front board behind and the tail board in front—which made the old gentleman very irritable. To prevent blunders he resolved to distinguish each board by some sign or notice thereon. Accordingly, he painted on both boards a large "B," then, calling Pat to him and showing him the boards, he said: "Now, you block-head, you need make no mistake, as they are both marked. This," pointing to one board, "is 'B' for before, and that," indicating the tail board, "is 'B' for behind." Whereupon the old gentleman marched off with great dignity.

A PRINTING-PRESS by which blind persons are enabled to print the raised letters, now universally used by them, has been invented.

—Clem, the 10-year-old son of Elwood McGuire, was almost frightened to death and badly hurt by a black Newfoundland dog at Richmond. It chewed up the boy's arm frightfully and then maimed him for life by completely biting off the end of his nose. McGuire borrowed a rifle and dispatched the dog, but the end of the child's nose could not be restored.

A 15-year-old boy, named Arby Hewitt, living near Danville, was kicked to death by a farm horse, which he tried to mount. His foot caught in the gears, causing the horse to take fright and run off. The horse ran a quarter of a mile, and when caught had kicked and bruised the lad until he was in a dying condition. He expired in half an hour.

The Christian Church congregation at Crawfordsville have been for some time talking about building a new church, and now the new edifice is an assured fact. At a meeting held recently about ten thousand dollars was subscribed, and it is now the intention to obtain that much more, and proceed at once to erect the new church.

—Greedy Palmer, a lad who has been working at Boyce's bagging factory, Muncie, had his clothing caught in the machinery of a carding machine, and before assistance could reach him his left arm was terribly mutilated to the elbow, and the ends of the fingers on the right hand were torn off.

—Harvey Hines and Alfred Stevens, both colored, aged respectively 13 and 15, became involved in a difficulty at Cannelton, in which Stevens stabbed his playmate in the throat, cutting the jugular vein. Hines died almost instantly. No cause is assigned for the bloody deed, as they were friends.

—Walsh College, at Crawfordsville, has just received another bequest from the Sabin estate at LaPorte, which has given the institution \$85,000. Mrs. Sabin has given \$5,000 to be devoted to the endowment of an alcove of books in the college library in memory of her son Chancey.

The jury in the case of Blair Mock, of Huntington, who has been on trial at Marion for the murder of Harry Vandevender, returned a verdict charging Mock with manslaughter and fixing the penalty at fifteen years in the penitentiary. Mock's father is a rich physician of Huntington.

The monument erected by the Odd Fellows of Indiana to the memory of the late Vice President Schuyler Colfax, in commemoration of his services in establishing the degree of the Daughters of Rebekah, was formally unveiled at Indianapolis with imposing ceremonies.

William Kruezer, in West Union, was practicing with a Flobert rifle, shooting at a target, when one ball passed through the crack of the fence, lodging in the thigh of Rudy Johnson, colored, inflicting a severe wound.

—Charles Ostrander, a brakeman on the L., N. A. & C. was killed at Salem, the caboose of a freight train running over him. He was on top of the car next to the caboose and slipped and fell on the track below.

—Louis Prenatt, aged 7, accidentally impaled himself on an iron fence at Madison. His injuries caused death.

—Lee Shields, near Elizabeth, Harrison County, died of lock-jaw, resulting from a gunshot wound accidentally received, recently, while killing rats.

—The brickmakers of Terre Haute, have decided to introduce molds into the union brickyard that will leave upon each brick the union imprint.

—Michael Rooney, aged 10 years, was drowned at the dam, near Crawfordsville, while bathing.

—Mrs Calvin Brown, of Kokomo, committed suicide by setting fire to her clothing.



# The St. Joe News.

ST. JOE, INDIANA.

MORT & WILL OLDS, PUBLISHERS.

## THE WELL'S SECRET.

BY JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY.

I knew it all my boyhood; in a lonesome valley meadow.  
Like a dryad's mirror hidden by the wood's dim arches near;  
Its eyes flashed back the sunshine and grew dark and sad with shadow,  
And I loved its truthful depths, where every pebble lay so clear.

I scooped my hand and drank it, and watched the serpents quiver  
Of the rippling rings of silver as the drops of crystal fell;  
I pressed the richer grasses from its little trickling river  
Till at last I knew, as friends know, every secret of the well.

But one day I stood beside it, on a sudden, unexpected,  
When the sun had crossed the valley and a shadow hid the place,  
And I looked in the dark waters, saw my pallid cheek reflected,  
And beside it, looking upward, met an evil, reptile face.

Looking upward, furtive, startled at the silent, swift intrusion;  
Then it darted toward the grasses and I saw not where it fled.  
But I knew its eyes were on me, and the old-time sweet illusion  
Of the pure and perfect youth I had cherished there was dead.

Oh, the pain to know the perfidy of seeming truth that blossoms  
My soul was scared like sin to see the falsehood of the place;  
And the innocence that mocked me; while in dim, unseen recesses,  
There were lurking fouler secrets than the furtive reptile face.

And since then, ah, why the burden?—when joy is faces greet me  
With eyes of blithe innocence and words of art;  
I cannot trust their seeming, but must ask what eyes would meet me  
Could I look in sudden silence at the secrets of the heart.

## FATE DID IT.

BY CHARLES WETHERILL.

"Ethel," said Mrs. Fleming, "whatever happens, you must dine at the Laramies. You made a great impression on Dr. Laramie last week, and he's a catch. I can tell you. Already he is making a name in his profession; and then he has a fortune of his own. His mother took a fancy to you also; and, really, I've quite congratulated myself on doing so much for you. When poor sister died I made up my mind to take you and marry you well. Of course, I have given up a good deal of time, and spent much money, but you're a grateful girl, I know, and I shall probably make a second marriage very soon, and naturally want you off my hands. Plain English, but you don't mind."

"I'm used to it, Aunt Myra," said Ethel, as she was usually called, "but I'm not sure Dr. Laramie is tremendously smitten as you think he is; and I can't be married as you would sell a goose—like it? Have it at the market price, or with a reduction, because I want to sell out and go home—Oh! I'll go as a governess first, auntie."

"I forget how many thousand young women want governess' places," said Mrs. Fleming—"want them because they want bread, and can't get them. It's better to marry well."

"But young women want husbands, too, and can't get them," replied Ethel. "Quite as many, perhaps."

"There you are right," said Mrs. Fleming; "but you have a husband in view. Really, I don't see how you did it. You are very ordinary. Like your papa's people. You ought to thank Fortune, and take her gifts."

"First the man must offer, then I must love him," said Ethel. "As yet, neither thing has happened."

But in her heart she felt that she could like Dr. Laramie very much indeed; and he had seemed to like her, only it might be his manner to all women.

"But about the dinner," said Mrs. Fleming. "Amber silk, and your amber pins in your hair. You have handsome black hair and natural crimps; that's one good point. Of course, amber earrings and black lace, and some Marochal Niel roses. I'd have made my fortune as a modiste. I can always see a costume ready made before it is even begun. I'll shop for you, and you must put on gloves, with *crème du rose* on them, at once, and sleep in them; your hands get so frightfully rough. White hands are the greatest boon. The Colonel thinks mine perfection; but I'm so particular, I'm not satisfied with the wrists. What are you laughing at me for when I'm just doing my very best for you?"

"For joy, auntie," said Ethel. "I'm so glad to be married off, you know. But, really, I can't make myself helpless for three days and nights for the sake of white hands. If I go to bed in grained gloves I shan't sleep, and if I do nothing all day I shall lose my mind."

"Then you can wear mits which you need not remove at table," said the aunt. "It is the style, but I don't like it."

With this compromise the aunt vanished, and revealed in shopping for the rest of the day. Then solid hard work began. A costume such as Ethel wore is not simply "sent home from the modiste's." To be sure, a celebrated French cutter did the fitting, but the complete thing was done at home. A fine seamstress and the eye of an artist in gowns (Mrs. Fleming had not said a word too much about herself) was necessary to produce that elegant effect. And Ethel stood two hours, not quite impatiently, to be "draped."

The modiste drapes on a "figure" of hops, or utilizes the girl nearest the size; and draping can only be artistic if done upon the figure of the person to wear the costume.

"It did not cost much, after all," said the delighted aunt; "but Worth never did better."

And Ethel was dressing in her room, and was all ready save for the roses, when an awful sound was heard through the house, evidently some one tumbling down stairs.

Into the hall all rushed. It was cook, who had gone up to her room in a flapping pair of loose old shoes, and had slipped on the polished stairs. Her ankle was sprained; and, when laid upon a lounge, she uttered awful moans and sighs, until Ethel, arriving with a bottle of liniment, and a towel pinned about her waist, assuaged the anguish.

"Ethel," cried her aunt, "you'll spoil your clothes and your nails."

But Ethel never heeded. She ministered to cook, who gradually grew black and blue all over, until at last that happened which Aunt Fleming had prophesied.

Over went the bottle, and down the side breadth of the amber silk poured a greasy flood of most unpleasant odor.

"I told you so! It is done for! What will you do?" cried Aunt Fleming. "How you look! and, oh, how you smell! I could taste black lace over it in what-do-you-call-cum; but the smell! And your hair is all crooked."

"Oh, go on applyin' of it. It don't hurt when you apply it," moaned cook, with the utter selfishness of a suffering person. "Put more on. There's a deary, do."

Ethel put "more on" both on her patient and her gown.

Mrs. Fleming began to cry.

"Don't do that," said Ethel, warningly.

"The Colonel won't praise your eyes if you do; and go to the dinner and say anything you like in the way of excuse for me. I do smell dreadfully of liniment. Perhaps the truth would be best; no one could eat near me."

"More, deary—on my back," said the cook, "just below the shoulder blade."

"The Colonel, mum," said Maria, the maid, looking in at the door, "and would I remind you it's getting late."

"Go, auntie," said Ethel. Mrs. Fleming lifted hands and eyes to heaven, but remarked: "If you are not going I might as well take your Marochal Niel roses with black velvet. I might mix them with the Jacques, and you can't have too many flowers this winter."

The carriage rolled away; they were gone.

At the hour when fashionable dinner-guests return home Mrs. Fleming reappeared. She looked very much as though the Colonel had been saying sweet things to her, and she was very amiable.

"I'm so sorry for you, dear," she said to Ethel, "but I think the cleaners can take the spots out; or, when it doesn't smell so, black lace or a new side breadth might be bought. Where is cook?"

"In bed, asleep," said Ethel, looking very bright and sweet. "And the doctor has put her to sleep with some little pills, and—"

"I never thought that peach-colored wrapper so becoming," said Mrs. Fleming. "Or have you grown prettier? Was the liniment the elixir of youth? Oh, the doctor! What doctor did you send for?"

"I didn't send. He came of his own accord. I thought you had sent him," said Ethel.

"No, I had not time," said Mrs. Fleming. "By the way, you didn't lose much of Dr. Laramie's society. He went out—called away, his mother said. So—well—you laugh so at nothing. I told him you were ministering to an aged and faithful servant. We have had cook a year, and I think she's honest. Well?"

"I hadn't quite finished, auntie," said Ethel. "The doctor was Dr. Laramie. He said he had heard how I was detained."

"Yes?" cried Mrs. Fleming, breathlessly. "Why, what is that on your finger—a ring?" "It is Dr. Laramie's ring," said Ethel. "We are engaged. He loves me, auntie, and as soon as he told me so I knew that I loved him."

"Of all awful creatures!" cried Mrs. Fleming; "but you have done it, and I am content."

"Fate did it," said Ethel; but this her aunt has never been quite brought to believe.

## He Didn't Complain.

Jinks—Don't you object to your wife wearing such an enormously high hat, Binks?

Binks—No, not at all. I complained of it once, and she said she would take off an inch for every drink I refused.

Jinks—No wonder you don't complain any more.—*Till Bits.*

## The Man and the Hen.

Your mission is to make the world about you a little brighter and happier. If you haven't thought of any other way of doing this permit me to suggest, if you have a little place in the country, that you should keep hens. By all means keep hens. I don't keep any myself; I am rather fond of easy missions, but my neighbor does, and the amount of sunshine that man throws across my daily path would be hard to estimate. Many an hour that would otherwise drag heavily away is lightened with smiles by the amusing and at times thrilling and exciting drama of "The Man and the Hen." To watch him come out of the house to drive an old brown hen into the henery—I made up my mind that she was an old imbecile the first time I saw her fly upon the fence to lay an egg—to note the delicate shadings of thought and action, from easy, graceful confidence to sober earnestness, thence into calmness, thence to seriousness that deepened into dead earnestness, which passes into deep-rooted and eternal resolution, with indications of conscientious indignation, giving place to irritability and human anger, which in turn and at last sweeps away into one wild, chaotic cyclone of blind and destructive wrath that darkens the April day with bricks, clods, and other language, as the old brown hen, a magnificent blur of squaks and feathers, goes hanging with a cloud of dust into every door and window on the reservation except the one to which her attention is being most earnestly directed—to sit at the easement of my lair and watch this instructive drama of life and its varied possibilities, is reading one of those dear, old, ever new books that we love. Most of my neighbor's hens appear to be feeble-minded—very few hens are intellectually strong—but at times they display the cunning of the marmoset. Especially is this the case when they have succeeded in reducing their nominal master to the condition of one. Yesterday my neighbor discovered a loose board on the back of his henery, creating an adjustable aperture through which the restless fowls found egress into this world of care and trouble and early gardens. While he miled on the board the entire crew of hens walked sedately out of the door on the other side which he had left open. A general alarm was sounded and the man's whole family at last corralled the maudlin crew in the henery. Then they walked quietly out of the aperture of the loose board, which he had left ajar. No, I do not wish you could have heard what he said. Indeed, I am glad you did not. I did not hear it myself. He was too far away. I could see his mouth going, but I could hear no sound. I knew what he was saying all the time, because I used to say it myself. Oh, yes, I have kept hens. I once, in radiant, youthful days, builded a henery, saying within myself, "There is nothing better for a man than that he should eat and drink and that his should make his soul enjoy good in his labor." And when the last sun of that year set on the disheartening record of weasels, pip, cholera, rats, red spiders, gapes, cats, predatory freedmen, bumblefoot and ministers' conference, I evicted the cluster of omnivorous appetites that wandered about the place in the guise of hens, devouring my substance and all adjacent substance that happened to be left anywhere within fifty feet of the ground; turned the abandoned henery into a preserve for coal, which was the dearest thing then in the market, and "looked on all the works that my hands had wrought, and on the labor that I had labored to do, and behold all was vanity and vexation of spirit and there was no profit under the sun."—*Bob Burdette.*

## Insect Mimicry.

There is a certain butterfly, says the *Cornhill Magazine*, in the Malay Archipelago which always rests among dead or dry leaves, and has itself leaf-like wings, all spotted over at intervals with wee speckles to imitate the tiny spots of fungi on the foliage it resembles. The well-known stick and leaf insects from the same rich neighborhood, in like manner exactly imitate the twigs and leaves of the forest among which they lurk; some of them look for all the world like little bits of walking bamboo, while others appear in all varieties of hue, as if opening buds and full-blown leaves and pieces of yellow foliage sprinkled with the tints and mold of decay had of a sudden raised themselves erect upon six legs and begun incontinently to perambulate the

Maylayan woodlands, like vegetable Frankensteins in all their glory. The larva of one such deceptive insect, observed in Nicaragua by sharp-eyed Mr. Belt, appeared at first sight like a mere fragment of the moss on which it rested, its body being all prolonged into thread-like green filaments, precisely imitating the foliage around it. And there are also common flies which secure protection for themselves by growing into the counterfeit presentment of wasps or hornets, and so obtaining immunity from the attacks of birds or animals. Many of these curious mimetic insects are banded with yellow and black in the very image of their stinging originals, and have their tails sharpened, *in terrorem*, into a pretended sting, to give point and verisimilitude to the deceptive resemblance. More curious still, certain South American butterflies, of a perfectly inoffensive and edible family, mimicing every spot and line of color of sundry other butterflies of an utterly unrelated and fundamentally dissimilar type, but of so disagreeable taste as never to be eaten by birds or lizards.

## The Preservation of Timber.

The cheapest operation to protect our woods, and quite sufficient for many purposes, is to season or thoroughly dry the timber, reducing the contained moisture from eight to twelve per cent. of the wood, and when in this condition, with a circulation of air around it, to prevent the collection and absorption of moisture, the wood will last indefinitely, as the fungi cannot grow in such surroundings. Everyone is more or less familiar with the soundness of timber in the upper parts of buildings, while in lower parts near the foundations it is often decayed because of moisture.

In many situations however, where timber must be used, the conditions of growth of the fungi are present, and it will decay; some species can be used which resist the attacks of the fungi for a long period, but the final result is decay unless the wood is treated by some process preventing the growth of the fungi, which must be capable of doing either one of two things: 1. It must keep the fibers dry, preventing the absorption of moisture. 2. If the wood must be in a damp place and kept moist some antiseptic must be present, sufficient to prevent the growth of any of the various kinds of destructive fungi. Timber entirely submerged does not come under these considerations. To use the first process successfully means more than a thin coat of paint or tar on seasoned wood when exposed to continued moisture. It must be some substance which penetrates the tissues of the wood sufficiently far, in case the exterior surface is broken, to any absorption of moisture. Wood impregnated with the heavy tar or the lighter oils are protected more from the fact of prevention of access of dampness to the fibers than by the contained antiseptics, unless in the exception of a great percentage of creosote. In the second method the moisture is permitted to come in contact with the fibers of the wood, and reliance depends upon the antiseptic. In this case, the entire wood should be saturated to give the greatest measure of success, not merely an exterior protection of a half-inch or so in depth, the latter fact as before explained, being the cause of many of the failures which have taken place. The antiseptic treatment, to succeed, must destroy all the germs which have found lodgement in the timber, and also those which may come from the exterior.—*Popular Science Monthly.*

## Making His Son Work.

Jay Gould—Want a yacht, eh? Well, you've got to make the money to buy it. I'll take a walk down street.

Son George—Yes, father.

"I'll slip on the pavement."

"Yes, father."

"And have myself brought back in an ambulance."

"Yes, father."

"Then stocks will drop and you buy."

"Yes, father."

"Then I'll go out on the front pavement and dance a jig."

"Yes, father."

"Then stocks will go up and you sell."

*Omaha World.*

"JOSEPHINE," said a lady to her servant, "you have cracked another cup, I see." "Yes, madam, and luckily it just makes out the dozen: it was the only whole one left out of the lot."



## BILL NYE

Tells All He Knows and Some Things He Don't Know About Oliver Cromwell.

Oliver P. Cromwell was born at Huntingdon, April 25, 1559. As soon as he had rested himself a little, he began to look about him and prepare to sock his person into a niche in history. He was a son of Robert Cromwell, and grandson of Sir Henry Cromwell.

He entered Sidney Sussex College at the age of 17 years, and began to get solid with the President. At college Mr. Cromwell was noted for his devotion to his studies and the length of time he could wear his linen without being mobbed. It is said of Cromwell that he managed to save enough out of his laundry expenses to buy himself a matriculation and a house and lot on the day of his graduation.

In 1620 he married Elizabeth Bourchier, on which occasion he and his wife received a triple-plated butter dish, three card receivers, and a photograph album. They then settled down.

Cromwell was a member of Parliament for eleven years at one pop, and only made a short speech during all that time.

Is it any wonder that Cromwell was beloved by his constituency?

I trow not.

Cromwell was not regarded as a fluent speaker, and once when he had just made a brief address, in which he had successfully called for the previous question, Lord Digby inquired of Hampden who "that sloven was."

Cromwell went into the army in 1642. He soon became a Colonel, and in 1644 commanded the left wing which was so victorious at Marston Moor on July 2.

He did not write an account of it for publication, with a large portrait of himself on a sporting war horse, with red nostrils, however, and thus he continued to endear himself to the people.

Col. Cromwell allied himself with the Independents and against the Presbyterians in the great dissension which occurred at this time.

Charles II. resigned as king in May, 1646, owing to brain fog, and in order to secure much needed rest he surrendered himself to the Scottish army, which turned him over to Parliament. For awhile Charles seemed to be on the road most of the time.

Cromwell was down on the Presbyterians from the word "go," as Macaulay has it, and in 1648 he fired forty-one Presbyterian Royalists out of Parliament, Col. Pride going the ejectment act under Oliver's orders. This was called "Pride's Purge" for many years, and you can still read on some of the old fences around here,

### USE PRIDE'S PURGE.

Cromwell was a member of the court which, in January, 1649, tried the King and condemned him, giving him sixty days, together with a fine of \$5 and trimmings, with the order that he stand committed till the fine and costs were fully paid.

He then went to Ireland to suppress a small but a very hot rebellion of which Ireland was at that time passionately fond.

The Scotch now espoused the cause of Charles II., and it became a contest between the Cromwell Close Communion Baptists, who wished to immerse the land in gore, and the Royal Presbyterians.

Cromwell was now made commander-in-chief, with \$200 a month and a horse to ride.

At Dunbar Gen. Cromwell engaged the royal forces in a hand-to-hand conflict on the 3d of September, 1650, at which time he took 10,000 prisoners.

In April, 1653, he dissolved the long Parliament, commonly called the Rump, telling each Rumpist that his services would not be required any longer, and that he had better go home and hoe his corn. A new Parliament was then summoned, and Cromwell became the lord protector of the commonwealth, with an office over the First National Bank.

He was offered the job of king on the day shift that fall, but he said no, he preferred the position he then occupied. For he hated the trappings of royalty. It is said that he took the ermine off the edges of Charles II.'s reigning robe and made ear-taps for the poor, but this may be untrue. Still he had a great contempt for royalty, never having published a book on that plan.

Cromwell was stigmatized of course by the Royalists, but he never lost a day's work or a meal's victuals on that account, as Carlyle puts it. As soon as he found that he was stigmatized he

would put a moist chew of tobacco on the place, take a large drink of Scotch whisky with a little ginger ale on the side, and you wouldn't know that he had ever been stigmatized.

He was long regarded by historians as a man of cruel temper and mediocre talents, but it is now thought that he was extremely otherwise. Col. Cromwell had his failings, it is true, and of course by many he will ever be regarded with loathing, aversion, and other things of that kind, but he was not what might be called a mediocre man, by any means.

On the contrary, he thought the world of his wife, and invariably spent his evenings at home.

Cromwell died on the 3d day of September, A. D., 1658, and people came for thirteen miles and brought their dinners in order to attend the funeral and see what kind of a sarcophagus he had.

### Finding Pharaoh.

In a line of tombs beyond the Ramesseum lived four sturdy Arabs named Abdel-Rasoul. They supplied guides and donkeys to tourists who desired to visit the ruins of Thebes, and sold them genuine and spurious antiquities. When they found a mummy, it being forbidden by law to sell it, the head and hands and feet were wrenched off and sold on the sly, while the torso was kicked about the ruined temples until the jackals came and carried it away. I purchased a head and hand of one of the brothers amid the dark shadows of the temple at Qurneh.

Early in 1881 circumstantial evidence pointed to Ahmed Abdel-Rasoul as the one who knew more than he would tell. Prof. Maspero caused his arrest, and he lay in prison at Kenh for some months. He also suffered the bastinado and the browbeating of the women repeatedly; he resisted bribes, and showed no melting mood when threatened with execution. His lips told no more than the unopened tomb—and not as much. Finally his brother Mohammed regarded the offer of "bakshish," which Prof. Maspero deemed it wise to make, as worth more to him than any sum he might hope to realize from future pillaging, and made a clean breast of the whole affair. How the four brothers ever discovered the hidden tomb has remained a "family secret."

On July 5, 1881, the wily Arab conducted Herr Emil Brugsch Bey, curator of the Bulag Museum, to Deir-el-Bahari and pointed out the hiding-place so long looked for. A long climb it was, up the slope of the western mountain, till, after scaling a great lime-stone cliff, a huge, isolated rock was found. Behind this a spot was reached where the stones appeared to an expert observer and tomb-seeker to have been arranged "by hand," rather than scattered by some upheaval of nature. "There," said the sullen guide; and "there" the enterprising Emil Brugsch Bey, with more than Egyptian alacrity, soon had a staff of Arabs at work hoisting the loose stones from a well into which they had been thrown. The shaft had been sunk into the solid limestone to the depth of about forty feet, and was about six feet square. Before going very far, a huge palm-log was thrown across the well and a block and tackle fastened to it to help bring up the debris. When the bottom of the shaft was reached a subterranean passage was found which ran westward some twenty-four feet and then turned directly northward, continuing into the heart of the mountain straight except where broken for about two hundred feet by an abrupt stairway. The passage terminated in a mortuary chamber about thirteen by twenty-three feet in extent and barely six feet in height. There was found the mummy of King Pharaoh of the Oppression, with nearly forty others of kings, queens, princes, and priests.—*The Century.*

### A Lockout.

"Is that you, Mr. Brown?" called out Mrs. Brown from the window above as Brown fumbled with his latch-key at the door.

"Yesh—hic—my dear, I've been—hic—to a meeting—hic—labor—hic—club, and—"

"Well, I've declared a lockout," snapped Mrs. Brown, as she slammed down the window.—*New York Sun.*

I own that there is a haughtiness and fierceness in human nature which will cause innumerable broils, place men in what situation you please.—*Burke.*



This represents a healthy life. Throughout its various scenes.

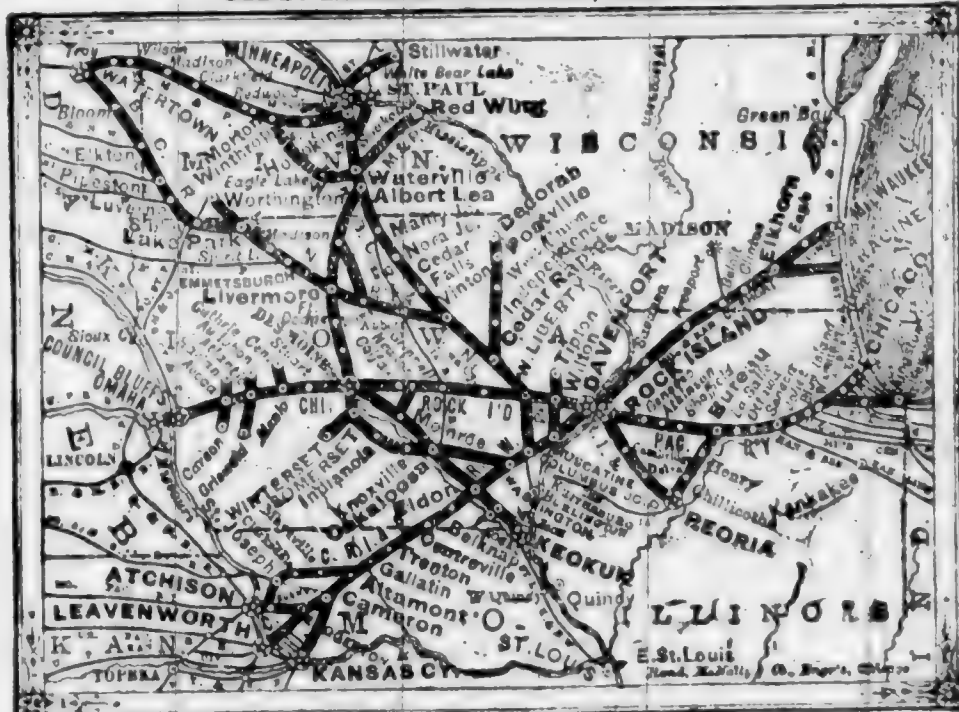
Just such a life as they enjoy. Who use the Smith's Bile Beans.

Smith's BILE BEANS purify the blood, by acting directly and promptly on the Liver, Skin and Kidneys. They consist of a vegetable combination that has no equal in medical science. They cure Constipation, Malaria, and Dyspepsia, and are a safeguard against all forms of fevers, chills and fever, gall stones, and Bright's disease. Send 3 cents postage for a sample package and test the TRUTH of what we say. Price, 25 cents per bottle, mailed to any address, postpaid. DOSE ONE BEAN. Sold by druggists.

J. F. SMITH & CO., PROPRIETORS, ST. LOUIS, MO.

## A MAN

WHO IS UNACQUAINTED WITH THE GEOGRAPHY OF THIS COUNTRY, WILL SEE BY EXAMINING THIS MAP, THAT THE



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By reason of its central position, close relation to principal lines East of Chicago and continuous lines at terminal points West, Northwest and Southwest—in the only true middle-link in that transcontinental system which invites and facilitates travel and traffic in either direction between the Atlantic and Pacific.

The Rock Island main line and Rock Island, in Illinois; Davenport, Muscatine, Washington, Fairfield, Ottumwa, Oakdale, West Liberty, Iowa City, Des Moines, Indianola, Winterset, Atlantic, Knoxville, Audubon, Harlan, Guthrie, Centre and Council Bluffs, in Iowa; Gallatin, Trenton, St. Joseph, Cameron and Kansas City, in Missouri; Leavenworth and Atchison, in Kansas; Albert Lea, Minneapolis and St. Paul, in Minnesota; Watertown in Dakota, and hundreds of intermediate cities, towns and villages.

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Guarantees Speed, Comfort and Safety to those who travel over it. Its roadbed is thoroughly ballasted. Its track is of heavy steel. Its bridges are solid structures of stone and iron. Its rolling stock is perfect as human skill can make it. It has all the safety appliances that mechanical genius has invented and experience proved valuable. Its practical operation is conservative and methodical—its discipline strict and exacting. The luxury of its passenger accommodations is unequalled in the West—unsurpassed in the world.

ALL EXPRESS TRAINS between Chicago and the Missouri River consist of comfortable DAY COACHES, magnificent PULLMAN PALACE PARLOR and SLEEPING CARS, elegant DINING CARS providing excellent meals, and—between Chicago, St. Joseph, Atchison and Kansas City—restful RECLINING CHAIR CARS.

### THE FAMOUS ALBERT LEA ROUTE

Is the direct, favorite line between Chicago and Minneapolis and St. Paul. Over this route solid Fast Express Trains run daily to the summer resorts, picturesque localities and hunting and fishing grounds of Iowa and Minnesota. The rich wheat fields and grazing lands of interior Dakota are reached via Watertown. A short desirable route, via Seneca and Kankakee, offers superior inducements to travelers between Cincinnati, Indianapolis, Lafayette and Council Bluffs, St. Joseph, Atchison, Leavenworth, Kansas City, Minneapolis, St. Paul and intermediate points.

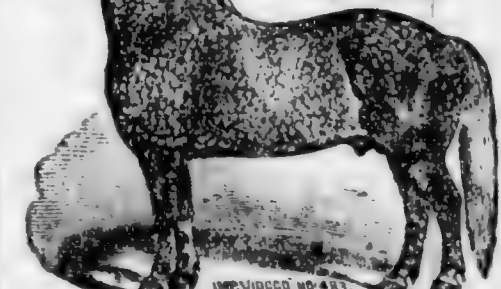
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200 Imported Brood Mares Of Choicest Families. LARGE NUMBERS, All Ages, both Sexes, IN STOCK.

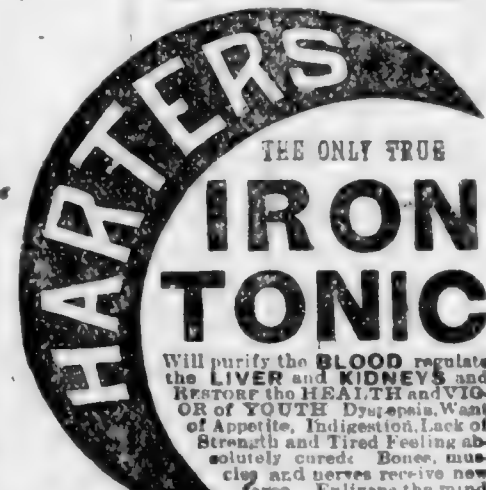


300 to 400 IMPORTED ANNUALLY from France, all recorded with extended pedigrees in the Percheron Stud Books. The Percheron is the only draft breed of France possessing a stud book that has the support and endorsement of the French Government. Send for 120-page Catalogue, illustrations by Alphonse Bonheur.

M. W. DUNHAM, Waynes, DuPage Co., Ill.

Piac's Remedy for Catarrh is the Best, Easiest to Use, and Cheapest.

KIDDER'S PASTILLES. Price 3 Cents. Sold by druggists or sent by mail. 50c. E. T. Hazeltine, Warren, Pa.



Will purify the BLOOD, regulate the LIVER and KIDNEYS and restore the HEALTH and VIGOR of YOUTH. Dyspepsia, Want of Appetite, Indigestion, Lack of Strength and Tired Feeling absolutely cured. Bones, muscles and nerves receive new force. Enlivens the mind and supplies Brain Power.

Suffering from complaints peculiar to their sex will find in DR. HARTER'S IRON TONIC a safe, speedy cure. Gives a clear, healthy complexion. All attempts at counterfeiting only add to its popularity. Do not experiment—get GENUINE, and Bear

Dr. HARTER'S LIVER PILLS (Cure Constipation, Liver Complaint and Sick Headache. Sample Dose and Dream Book mailed on receipt of two cents in postage.)

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WARREN'S CATARRH BONE. Dressing for the hair, and body, and for the face. It is a most valuable and reliable remedy. It cures all kinds of Catarrh, and is sold by all druggists. Price 25 cents. For sale everywhere. Try it. WARREN'S CATARRH BONE COMPANY, Three Oaks, Mich.





St. Joe, Ind.

MORT & WILL OLDS, PUBLISHERS.

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Six Months ..... 50  
Three Months ..... 25

Entered at the Post Office at St. Joe  
as second-class matter

FRIDAY MAY 27, 1887.

#### OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

Mrs. A. Hickett and Mrs. J. Hull  
were in Auburn last Wednesday

Sunday school was rather thinly  
attended last Sabbath, because of the  
quarterly meeting at Rehoboth.

For us, we know this week every  
body is enjoying usual health and  
prospering, but it is exceedingly dry  
and the farmers are wishing for rain.

Frank, who came all the way over  
to Hilderbrand's, one evening last  
week, after his girl to take her to a  
party in his neighborhood. It is so,  
said he.

The devil of the St. Joe News,  
need not depend upon Harry Bu-  
chanan going to Ganett with him any  
more to see their girls, for Harry had  
come one else up to Rehoboth, and  
if he don't want to go home he can  
just come out this way and see the  
girl he has been "kinder hankerin'"  
after.

The men and women gathered at  
the church last Wednesday afternoon  
and gave it a thorough cleaning. Two  
of the ladies raised money enough to  
get a new carpet and window blinds.  
After the church played to lunch. He  
walked into the water flinging it  
over the girls in a lively manner. A  
committee ought to have been ap-  
pointed to go and tell his mother.

One day last week Mrs. Buchanan  
went to Spencer's, and when start-  
ing, looked her door and left the win-  
dow open. On the way she met Ayle  
Shannon bringing her some flour  
and told her she could not get in the  
house, but leave it out side. In  
evening her conversation on going  
home in the evening to find her flour  
in the house. She had forgotten to  
close the window. (We don't un-  
derstand the meaning of this item,  
but perhaps our readers can.)

Has Wancamaker sold the Star  
Wind Engine last week.

One of the Butler papers quoted  
the price of wheat at 78 cents last  
week, while our buyers were paying  
82 and 84 cents.

Some of our possibly can should  
not be so. Monday and assist in  
decorating the soldier's graves, and  
paying a tribute of respect and  
memory. This duty  
should be done alone to the mem-  
bers of the U. A. R., but it devolves  
equally as much upon every patri-  
otic citizen throughout the land.  
We ever hold in grateful remem-  
berance the memory of those who  
fell in their country's defense.

At week we shall issue over 600  
copies of this paper, and they will be  
sent to all parts of the county. As  
far as possible, we shall send a copy  
to every old settler in De Kalb county,  
and in this way give them a spec-  
ial invitation to attend the old set-  
tler's meeting to be held here on the  
16th of June. It is safe to say that  
at least five persons will read each  
copy, which will make three thousand  
people, who will read the St. Joe  
News next week.

#### THE COMMENCEMENT.

The second annual commencement  
of the St. Joe school occurred in the  
Lutheran church last evening, and  
it was just like every thing else we  
have here in St. Joe, it was a suc-  
cess in every particular. The church  
was very tastefully arranged, and  
the stage was beautifully decorated  
with flowers and appropriate mottoes.

At 8 o'clock, Miss Leona Tustison  
stepped to the organ, and began  
playing a march, which was the sig-  
nal for the entrance of the teachers  
and graduates, who filed in and took  
their places upon the stage. After  
the singing of an anthem, Rev. J. M.  
Langley offered an invocation. This  
was followed by an oration by Miss  
Emma Curie, entitled "Whither are  
we drifting?" which was rendered in  
an excellent manner and contained  
many good thoughts. Next was a  
recitation by Miss Addie Widney,  
followed by a quartette. Miss Edie  
Hart's oration "Woven of Many  
Threads," came next upon the pro-  
gram, and was delivered in good  
taste, and showed that the speaker  
had given the subject thought.

"Who is the Freeman?" was the title  
of an oration by Frank Boyle,  
which was executed in a pleasing and  
forceful manner. Following this was  
a duet by Mrs. Patterson and Mrs.  
Olds. The title of Frank Hart's or-  
ation was "Let us solve the Problem."

Frank usually speaks well, and up-  
on this occasion acquitted himself in  
a creditable manner. Next came a  
recitation by Miss Nina Filley, fol-  
lowed by an oration by Miss Callie  
Copp, entitled "Morning, Noon and  
Night," which was well rendered  
for one who was not used to speak-  
ing in public. Miss Mattie White  
then sang a solo, after which Miss  
Eva Shutt gave a recitation, entitled  
"Tom, the Drummer Boy." The last  
oration "What shall we do with Our  
Girls?" by Miss Virginia Langley,  
was delivered in a very graceful and  
pleasing manner, and showed that  
care had been taken in the prepara-  
tion of the subject. After another  
song by the quartette, County Super-  
intendent Merica in a few well cho-  
sen and appropriate words presented  
the graduates with their well earned  
diplomas. Following this came a  
march, after which Rev. Fryberger  
pronounced the benediction and the  
exercises were over. The teachers,  
graduates, scholars and all connect-  
ed with it, are to be congratulated  
on the complete success of the en-  
tertainment. The graduates gave a  
banquet at Leighty's hall at the close  
of the exercises, to which a large  
number were invited, and a very plea-  
sant and sociable time was had.

Read the supplement.  
Help clean the grove to-day.  
Lettuce, onions and rhubarb pie.

Cal Brown, of Auburn, attended the  
commencement last evening.

St. Joe had more graduates this  
year than any other school in the  
county.

Quite a number from Spencer's  
were in attendance at the commence-  
ment exercises.

It is rumored that there will be a  
wedding in town in the near future  
if not before.

Misses Minnie Watter and Plmie  
Rex of Auburn, attended the com-  
mencement exercises.

Extra copies of this paper can be  
had this week at 2 cents each. Send  
a copy to your friends.

Rev. S. P. Fryberger will deliver a  
memorial sermon at the Lutheran  
church in Spencer's, next Sunday  
afternoon at 2 o'clock. The mem-  
bers of the Grand Army Post will  
attend in a body, and all others are  
invited to be present.

## WANTED 50 CUSTOMERS

To Buy Our Carpet Samples.

We have a large line of Tapestry, Walton and Body Brussels, Ingrain,  
and Hemp Carpet Samples which we are closing out for Rugs. We also  
carry a full line of E. P. Reed & Co's and Gokey & Son's Ladies' Misses  
and Children's Fine Shoes. Secure a pair of those 75 cent Fine Slippers  
before they are all gone.

J. D. Leighty, St. Joe, Ind.

#### Ditch Notice.

In the matter of the petition of  
Frank P. Hart of Concord township,  
notice is hereby given that a petition  
has been filed with the Auditor of De  
Kalb County, State of Indiana, and  
viewers have been appointed, who  
have viewed and reported said view  
which is on file in my office. The  
hearing of said petition upon its mer-  
its will be on

Tuesday, the 7th Day of June, 1887,  
the same being the second day of  
their June term, 1887.

The prayer of said petition is that  
a ditch be constructed on the follow-  
ing route, to-wit:

Beginning nineteen hundred and  
(1900) feet west and ten hundred and  
seventy five (1075) feet north of the  
south-east corner of section sixteen  
(16) township thirty-three (33) north  
range fourteen (14) east, State of  
Indiana, De Kalb County and from  
thence as follows:

South 80 degrees, East 400 feet  
South 80 degrees, East 100 feet  
South 80 degrees, East 115 feet  
South 52 degrees, East 585 feet  
South 22 degrees, East 100 feet  
South 41 degrees, East 100 feet  
South 30 degrees, East 600 feet  
South 11 degrees, East 100 feet  
South 5 degrees, East 100 feet  
South 18 degrees, West 100 feet  
South 22 degrees, West 100 feet  
South 13 degrees, West 180 feet  
South 32 degrees, East 120 feet  
South 47 degrees, East 100 feet  
South 60 degrees, East 570 feet  
South 16 degrees, East 30 feet  
South 3 degrees, East 180 feet  
South 63 degrees, East 840 feet  
South 35 degrees, East 200 feet  
South 50 degrees, East 400 feet  
South 79 degrees, East 60 feet

Ending in the St. Joseph river on  
the east and west line between land  
owned by Christopher Curie and John  
W. Dills, situated in the north-west  
quarter of section twenty-two (22)  
township thirty-three (33) north range  
fourteen (14) east, State of Indiana

De Kalb county.  
And also the following lateral  
ditch, commencing thirty-five (35)  
rods south and twenty (20) rods east  
of the north-west corner of section  
twenty-one (21) township thirty-three  
(33) north range fourteen (14) east  
and from thence as follows:

South 60 degrees, East 280 feet  
South 75 degrees, East 225 feet  
South 38 degrees, East 365 feet  
South 65 degrees, East 170 feet  
South 75 degrees, East 150 feet  
South 60 degrees, East 120 feet  
South 61 degrees, East 290 feet  
South 50 degrees, East 200 feet  
North 82 degrees, East 100 feet  
North 87 degrees, East 100 feet  
South 82 degrees, East 200 feet  
East 100 feet  
North 84 degrees, East 350 feet  
South 47 degrees, East 150 feet  
North 80 degrees, East 400 feet  
North 70 degrees, East 170 feet  
North 70 degrees, East 170 feet  
On the

South 50 degrees, East 145 feet  
Ditching in the main ditch, seven-  
ty five (75) feet below stake twenty-five  
(25) on land of John Y. Davis.

The proposed work will affect the  
lands of the following persons:

Heirs of Isaac C. Culbertson.  
Alexander and George Culbertson  
Franklin L. Hart  
Robert Davis  
James W. Hart  
Jacob L. White  
Christopher Curie  
Abraham D.  
John F. Davis  
William L.  
David Kuisely  
Lucia Myers  
William H. Taylor  
John and Jacob D. Leighty  
Emilia Case  
Henry H. and Orange J. Jiles  
Emanuel Linn  
Solomon Shearer  
Dennis D. Barley

Chas. C. W.  
Auditor De Kalb County

## WOOL WANTED!

100,000 Pounds of Wool Wanted, for  
which we will pay the highest market  
value. Also all kinds of country produce  
wanted. Call and see us.

S. & F. BARNEY.

## To the Ladies!

I have received this week some elegant new millinery goods, such as Gause Trimmings in different shades of color, new novelties in Ribbons, Tips, Laces &c. Also some of the latest shapes in Hats and Bonnets. I hav'nt time to tell you all about the new goods that I have, but I will say for your eyes. Don't forget the place, and come as early as possible, while you can have a full line to select from. Prices always the lowest. Miss S. A. Bartlett, St. Joe, Ind.

### LOCALS

Wm. Vanzile was in town a short time Tuesday.

Jerry Andrews is buying wool for S. & F. Barney.

Ira Gingery of Hicksville was in town Wednesday.

Janus Malone is quite badly afflicted with rheumatism.

Sara Widney has been at Auburn this week on the jury.

Since the rain you can almost see the garden as a room up.

Rev. J. A. Thomas will preach in the Lutheran church Sunday evening.

C. F. Master, editor of the Bristol Banner, made this office a pleasant call Wednesday.

George De Long of Newville called Wednesday and paid his annual rent to the News.

If you want a handsome rug for a little money, call at J. D. Leighty's and get one of those carpet samples.

R. G. Coburn was called by telegraph to Kansas City last Monday, on account of the serious illness of his son.

The W. C. T. U. will meet at the residence of Mrs. Harry Meek, on Thursday, June 2nd, at three o'clock. All are invited.

Call at Patterson's and get a copy of the "Gazette". There is some good reading matter in them, and they don't cost any thing.

George Metcalf of Garrett dropped in on us Tuesday and deposited 75 cents for the News. Alright George, we'll keep you posted for a year.

Two ladies from Hicksville were in town Wednesday, trying to get a class in music. We understand that they succeeded in getting quite a class.

As Rollin Bearss was driving home the other evening with a load of brick, he got to near the edge of the narrow grade just south of Fred Johnson's, and he, with the team, wagon, brick and all, rolled down the embankment. Fortunately, Mr. Bearss and the team escaped with but slight injury, but the wagon and brick were considerably broken up.

Dr. Boland of Butler, was in town Tuesday.

Case & Olds have the finest line of Oriental Laces in town.

Another invoice of Fine Parasols received this week at Case & Olds.

Dr. T. J. Hills of Fort Wayne visited with his brother J. W. over last Sunday.

Bill Leighty is selling the "Daisy" garden plow. They are a mighty nice thing.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed Gelhausen of Garrett were in town a short time last Sunday.

Miss Lettie Kimmont, of Auburn, visited with Bessie Patterson a few days last week.

S. & F. Barney are paying the tip-top highest price for wool, and in consequence are getting lots of it.

Rev. D. F. Bain of Albion was in town Monday, on his way home from the Lutheran conference at May 4.

The rain last Monday evening was indeed a welcome visitor, and done an immense amount of good to the growing crops.

There is to be a change in the B. & O. time card next week, and it is said that there will be two new passenger trains put on the road.

One of our subscribers wants to know whether Dr. Bowman will sell his cow? He says he has always wanted a crushed raspberry cow.

Geo. Wilson lost a memorandum book between Spencerville and Hicksville last week. The finder will be rewarded if the book is left at this office.

Our citizens are taking right hold of the arrangements for the old settler's meeting with a vim that means business. They propose to have thing just about right.

It is amusing to hear Al Weirick deliver one of his high-fluting speeches. When Al gets to soaring off on his high flights of oratory it makes a man shed tears to listen to him.

A man in Waterloo has given warning to his neighbors to keep their potato bugs at home. Why not put up notices to the effect that all potato bugs trespassing on these premises, will be dealt with according to law.

Wid. Patterson dug a lot of bait and went fishing the other afternoon, but as usual, came home with an empty fish string; after having got his mouth all puckered for fish, he wasn't going to be beat out of them, so he went up to Mart Tustison's and bought a dried herring, and had it for supper.

The pay car came in right on time last Monday. This is one nice feature about working for a railroad; a man may have to work pretty hard and often times when the weather is disagreeable, but he is always sure of his pay when the work is done. He don't have to wait until after harvest to get it, and then perhaps have to take it out in chips and whet-stones, but he gets it cash down and no grumbling.

A good many people throughout the county are going to Hamilton Lake on fishing expeditions, but they don't have much better success than those who fish in our own St. Joe river. Last week a party of gentlemen from Hicksville came over here to fish, and they drove up to the hotel and asked Bill Leighty if he knew where they could catch some minnows? Bill told them that they didn't need any minnows; that they could catch just as many fish without them, as with them. We hav'nt heard what success they had, but suppose of course they caught a barrel or two.



This Champion Binder takes the toll of all others, and don't you forget it. Call on Shutt & White for full particulars.

## Try Primley's Remedies!

- Blood and Liver Medicine for a Blood Purifier.
- Speedy Cure for Coughs, Colds and Lung Affections.
- Iron Tonic Bitters for Kidney trouble and General Debility.
- Glycerine and Arnica Salve for all purposes where a salve is needed.

For Sale at the St. Joe Drugstore.

**HOUSE PAINTING.** Graining, Glazing, Paper Hanging and Ceiling Decorating a specialty. All work guaranteed. B. A. Woodcox. Call and see me, or leave orders at the St. Joe Drugstore.

**G. E. EMANUEL, M. D.,** Physician and Surgeon, Spencerville, Ind. Office in J. Emanuel & Son's Drug Store. All calls promptly answered.

### ST. JOE MARKETS

CORRECTED EVERY FRIDAY.	
Wheat	84 cts.
Oats	29 cts.
Corn	40 cts.
Butter	10 cts.
Eggs	10 cts.
Tallow	34 cts.
Lard	10 cts.
Potatoes	60 cts.
Smoked Hams	10 cts.
Shoulders and Side Meat	8 cts.

The Women's Christian Temperance Union, of this place, at a special meeting called May 10th, passed the following resolutions in regard to the death of Sister Lizzie Evans, and ordered a copy of the same sent to the county papers:

Whereas, Divine Providence has seen fit to remove our worthy sister and secretary of the W. C. T. U.,

Resolved, That we commend her usefulness and untiring energy as worthy of imitation by all. That in the death of Sister Evans, we have lost a member and consistent worker in the temperance cause.

Resolved, That as a society we deeply mourn our loss but hope for a reunion in the Sweet Bye and Bye.

Resolved, That we, the members of the W. C. T. U., extend to the bereaved family our heartfelt sympathy in this time of their great affliction.

By Order of Committee.

If you want any printing done give us a call.

Mell Bishop will have new potatoes about the middle of June or later.

The contract for building the addition to the school house was let to Copp & Furgerson for \$1140.00.

## STAR WIND ENGINE

## TAKES THE LEAD

E. A. WANEMAKER

Has the agency for this county. See him, or write for prices on Wind Mills, Tanks, Pumps, Pipe &c. A special feature of the Star Wind Engine is the Regulator. See it before you buy.



Sa, did you ever notice how far it takes a woman to pick out a hat to suit her? Of course it depends a little on circumstances, but it usually takes an ordinary woman from three to six days to get a hat to suit her, and then it hardly ever suits. Last week a man living up north over here, brot his wife to town to get a new hat, and he told her to be as spry as she could for he was in a hurry to get back; she said she woodn't be gone but a few minnits, but I'll be hanged if it didnt take her neerly the whole afternoon, an then she didnt find any thing to soot her complexhun. If that aint wat yu caul woman's rites, I dont no wat is?

Bareus Q. Hippenhammer.



## IN FAR-OFF LANDS.

Women in Cuba—Women in India—Women Under the Crescent.

First we were introduced to the Captain General of Cuba. Then he brought in his daughter, a typical Spanish girl, and one of the most beautiful women I have ever seen. She was about twenty years of age, had a rich, fair complexion, and her very motion was grace. She was quite accomplished, and spoke French fluently and English fairly well. Mrs. Gen. McCook, one of the French scholars of the party, carried on quite a conversation with her, and shortly after this the young lady brought in her baby, a little coffee-colored tot of 5 months, whose bright black eyes looked soberly from one Senator to another, and, finally, seemed most pleased with Senator Palmer. Palmer took it from its mother during the visit, and jumped it up and down with all the skill of a grandmother nurse. The baby laughed at him, and it did not cry during our whole visit. It was a rather smart baby of its age, and the ladies remarked that it was wearing short clothes at five months—rather sooner than among the Americans. Its feet were dressed in little white kid shoes of the finest texture, and out of the tops of these, showing against its fat olive-brown little legs, peeped silk stockings of a pale-blue. The short dress was of white cambric, and the mother herself wore a lawn such as any American girl would think fit for everyday working wear. The grandfather, the Captain General, was evidently highly pleased with the attention it received, and he is, I doubt not, as doting as most grandfathers.—*Havana letter, in Cleveland Leader.*

### HOME NOT MUCH OF A HEAVEN.

Now for an idea of a Hindoo woman's home life. She lives in a small room almost destitute. The floor and walls are of clay, with no ornamentation of any sort, and the least furniture possible. Every morning she has to pray, not for herself—as she is taught she has no soul—but for her husband, for rain, and for general blessings. There she spends two or three hours preparing the breakfast. She doesn't eat with her husband, but, perhaps, fans him at his repast. During the daytime she either sleeps, gossips with the other women, or sometimes a reader reads to them from the lives of the gods. At night they prepare their husband's meal in the same manner. They are not protected against the weather and dampness, nor are they properly fed and clothed. The rich live the same as the poor. If sick they are deemed cursed by the gods, and are taken to the stable and left alone. The only food they can get is left by stealth. Thousands die of neglect. The first day that a Hindoo boy abuses his mother is a festive occasion with his father who boasts of it to his friends. To be a widow is the sum of unhappiness. She is especially cursed by the gods. As the husband dies half a dozen barbers' wives rush upon her and tear the jewelry from her ears and nose. Behind the funeral cortege she follows, surrounded by these fiends, who throw her in the water. If she drowns they say she was a good wife after all.—*A traveler, in Macon (Ga.) Telegraph.*

### LOVE UNDER THE CRESCENT.

Turkish girls are promised usually when they are very young, even at a tender age, when they are only 2 or 3 years old. If the young bride should happen to die before her marriage, or be required for the Sultan's harem—for it may be promised that this is a case that breaks all engagements, and is esteemed as a great honor by parents—the intended husband is not expected to weep over what he loses, for he has never seen it. When the young girl reaches her 12th or 13th year, or somewhat later, her 14th year, she receives the nuptial blessing, and the husband cannot see the face of his wife until after that ceremony. No woman, not even the wife, takes part in the solemnity of marriage, which is effected by proxy, delegated to an uncle or to an elder brother, often with a full beard, who plays the role of the bride. The parents of the couple sign the contract before the Imam of their quarter, in the presence of a few friends, who act as witnesses. The nuptials are then celebrated by the families with a calmness and gravity that would be as suitable for a funeral as for a wedding.—*Cosmopolitan.*

A JAPANESE JAR NOT OFTEN HEARD OF.

Generally speaking the Japanese men

make kind and affectionate husbands, and the women make virtuous and exemplary wives and mothers; and the children are certainly the happiest little imps in the world; their parents fondle and spoil them most effectually, and at the same time never losing their control over them. The husband has absolute control over the person of his wife; at the same time, one never sees a man strike a woman in Japan; yet there is considerable pinching and slapping done on occasions when those strange and ungovernable spells of exasperating ugliness known as tantrums settle down upon their matrimonial horizon. On these occasions there is considerable free hitting, biting, and scratching indulged in on both sides of the house; but the greater strength of the husband invariably leaves him master of the situation, and the belligerent household speedily resumes its serene and happy course.—*Brooklyn Magazine.*

### How Omaha Was Named.

There are several legends as to how this city was given the name of "Omaha." By some of the old-timers it is claimed that the name was suggested by Jesse Lowe. "Omaha" was the name of a tribe of Indians in the immediate vicinity. The meaning of the name, it is claimed, is "above the water." The tradition is that two tribes of Indians had, a great many years ago, met on the Missouri River, and had engaged in a hostile encounter, in which all on one side were killed but one, who had been thrown into the river. Rising suddenly from what was thought to be a watery grave, he lifted his head above the surface, and pronounced the word "Omaha" which had never been heard before. Those who heard it adopted it as the name of their tribe. Another story is that the town was named after a white man who was an Indian doctor, and who took the name of Omaha from the tribe of Indians of that name. Mr. James C. Savery, who in early days was a prominent citizen of Iowa, and built the Savery House at Des Moines, tells an interesting story in connection with the naming of this city. Mr. Savery, who is now a resident of Montana, while on his way East recently, said to a member of the *Life* staff: "Col. James Redfield, of Albany, was really the projector of Omaha. He and eleven others went into the Council Bluffs and Omaha Ferry Company, each putting in \$400. Col. Redfield borrowed his \$400 and got me to indorse for him. The company then plotted the town. When Redfield's note came due he couldn't pay it, and he then offered me his share of the town site, but I declined to accept it. There was a white crank, with long hair, who claimed to be an Indian doctor, and went by the name of Omaha. One night at the Pacific House, in Council Bluffs, while the town-site men were on a drunk, it was agreed to call the new town Omaha after this crank Indian doctor. That's how Omaha got her name. In due time Col. Redfield sold his interest at cost. He was a Colonel in the Union army of the war of the rebellion and was killed on the field of battle."—*Omaha Bee.*

### Chinese and Christianity.

An illustration of the difficulty attending the discovery of the real condition of the Chinese mind in regard to the progressive policy obtaining in western countries is contained in the following anecdote, for the authenticity of which the writer can vouch: A bishop of the Episcopal Church was returning from China with his servant, whom he thought he had converted to Christianity. Whenever the bishop held services in the cabin of the steamer in which they both were passengers the servant attended and took part very devoutly in the responses, etc. One day a passenger observed the servant on his knees worshipping an image, with candles and joss-sticks, and he asked the servant if he was not a Christian, and elicited the following reply: "As I am in the employment of the bishop it is my duty to observe the Christian ceremonies when my master does so, but when I am acting for myself of course I worship according to my own faith."—*Boston Advertiser.*

They were sitting together the other Sunday evening, with an album between them, when she pleasantly asked, "How would you like to have my mother live with you?" In just fifteen seconds he had his hat half-way down over his face, and was bolting through the gate.

## Peculiar Mexican Rooms.

Every Mexican house has its *sala de recibio* (reception room), of more or less magnificence. It may not contain much furniture, but is always the largest room in the house, generally of immense proportions, being long and narrow like a town hall. The artistic beauty of its softly tinted halls, painted with fresco outlines or the natural grayish plaster left unadorned, contrasted with floor of shining cement or dark-red tiles, is extremely pleasing to the eye. The Mexican house-mother according to the sweet German rendering of the word—has other ideas than ours in the arrangement of her furniture. There are always straight rows of chairs and sofas standing stiffly all around the great room, as if set for a funeral or a "lodge" meeting. Though there are few occasions in life (or death) when such a surprising number of seats could possibly be required, the family feels itself poor, indeed, who does not possess a sufficient number of them to extend in an unbroken line around the entire circuit of the sala.

Into each corner of the room a triangular table is fitted, and in the center is a larger one, with a row of snaky vases and alleged ornaments in glass and china, ranged at regular distances straight around the outer edge. This table is generally covered with a crêched or knitted spread which sweeps the floor. It represents a vast expenditure of precious eyesight and hundreds of spoils of fine thread, for the mistress of the manse began it when a child, and finished it only in time for her wedding. Of necessity there is a lack of those little ornaments which American ladies so delight in—brackets, easels, bric-a-brac, etc.—because here the demands of the custom-house on all such articles place them beyond the reach of any but the most wealthy. Each corner table, however, like that in the center, is loaded with glass lamps and china vases, which are valued for ornament rather than use. Huge bouquets of paper flowers sometimes enter into the decorations, but blossoms made by Mother Nature are seldom seen within doors. Chromos and engravings appear but sparingly, if at all, because the duties on them render pictures extremely expensive—a chromo dreadful enough to set one's teeth on edge, which might be bought, frame and all, for a couple of dollars in any other country, here costs as much as a decent oil painting.

At the extreme end of the *sala de recibio* furthest from the entrance, precisely the same arrangement of furniture is found in every house—a rug or square of carpet, with two lines of chairs, placed close together, vis-a-vis, upon it. This little island, in the sea of the big, bare room, is bounded on the further side by the sofa against the wall; and to this particular spot guests are conducted with great ceremony on entering; for here the hostess concentrates all her social forces.—*Milwaukee Sentinel.*

### The Art of Letter Writing.

Beneficent as the discovery of printing is generally believed to have been it has been gravely argued more than once that it was really an injury to mankind. The chief ground for the contention is that through the multiplication of books and newspapers mankind has been spared the necessity for original inquiry and investigation; and that the capacity therefore is gradually but surely falling.

That there is some truth in this is more than possible; but we do not believe that mankind will ever be induced by such arguments to permit the art of printing to fall into disuse. It certainly will not with the consent of the press, and without their consent it cannot. There is one of the kindred arts, however, which many a man, and women, too, is often tempted to wish had never been discovered. It is the art of letter writing. It is so easy, so simple a thing to write a letter; and yet what tremendous consequences often flow from it. What hours that might have been profitably spent have been wasted in it. What reams upon reams of paper have been thrown away. What homes have been wrecked. What hopes, politically and matrimonial, have been blasted. What lawsuits have been engendered. In a word, what untold confusion, discomfort and even misery have been brought upon humanity by the art of correspondence.

Yet conscious as mankind is of these terrible results it will not consent to abandon the iniquitous practice of writing letters. The papermakers and the

postoffice must be kept up though hearts are broken and families separated and statesmen ruined. The only apparent way out is in the invention of an ink that will endure but for a season, and fading out leave no vestige behind which photography, the microscope or the chemist can trace. The man or the woman who will make that discovery will rescue mankind from most of the evils which persistent letter-writing has inflicted and win the blessing of prosperity.—*Detroit Free Press.*

### A Few Quotations.

If there is a modern drama in existence in which none of the following sentences is found, we would be glad to know its name:

Unhand me, villain!  
Not another word.  
I am lost!  
All is lost!  
Back again to the old homestead.  
To-morrow all the world will know that D'Arcy O'Brien is a bankrupt!  
You have pronounced your own doom.

Fly, ere it is too late!  
Curses on ye all!  
Is it thus that we meet after all these years?

No resource is left me but death.  
Mandeville Snooks, you are in my power!

Man, man, have you no pity?  
Would you know my story? Listen.  
Reginald! Reginald! Great heavens he is gone!

Aha! you tremble!  
This, then, is the end of all.  
Would that I were dead!

Hector Reilly, you see before you a desperate man.

If you have no pity for me, at least consider her.

And this is the man I called my friend!

You have sent for me—I am here.  
Oh, Percy, how I have longed for this meeting!

Can he suspect?  
Villain, you have betrayed me!  
Have you no mercy?  
She must, she shall be mine!  
So, so! all my schemes prosper.  
The priceless heritage of an untarnished name.

You cast me off—so be it.  
For years I have waited for this hour.  
Wretch! would you strike a woman?  
Who will save me?—*Tid Bits.*

### Negotiated a Loan Under Difficulties.

A man dropped in on a Stockton lawyer and wanted to borrow \$10.

"Haven't got it," said the lawyer.

"Well," returned the modest man, "can't you borrow it for me?"

"I might; but you must pay back that \$5 you borrowed of me a year ago first."

He left. The next day he came again and brought the \$5.

"Thank you, thank you," smiled the member of the bar, pocketing the piece.

"That ain't the proper thing to say, 'thank you' is too tame."

"Yes?"

"Yes."

"What should I say, then?"

"Why, you ought to say: 'Come on, old boy, let's go down, an' have somethin'.'"

"Well, then, come on, old boy!"

They went down and had something, and the "old boy" called up all his old friends. There was just \$3.10 left out of the half-eagle.

That afternoon the "old boy" dropped in on the lawyer again.

"How about that \$10?" he asked.

"What \$10?"

"Why, that \$10 you were going to lend me if I brought back the \$5. I've come to get it."

"Great Caesar! Say, just sit down over there and go to studying law. I need a man just like you; I'm going to make you my partner."—*Stockton (Cal.) Mail.*

### Not Yet.

"Does this road desire to be exempt from the long-and-short-haul provisions of the Interstate Bill?" asked the reporter as he entered the President's office.

"Well, not quite yet. We are now engaged in stealing three miles of street and four acres of ground of the city, and have fifty-two suits for injuries to passengers to defend, and we are not exactly prepared to meet the Commissioners yet."—*Wall Street News.*

A woman has been appointed as one of the six city physicians of Rochester, N. Y.



## A New Profession.

From all portions of the country, but especially from the South, there comes a demand for men of scientific training and practical experience to manage farms. Capitalists engaged in other branches of business are owners of farms and country seats which they have neither the leisure nor the knowledge to cultivate at a profit. Fancy farming for mere occupation, involving a wasteful expenditure of money, is at a discount. Even men of the amplest means are anxious to have their amateur agriculture prove a financial success. To realize such aspirations, a class of men of specific qualifications is now called for.

To the young men now studying with proper zeal and energy in our agricultural colleges this demand opens a brilliant prospect. Those of them who have the requisite capital will, of course, own and work their own farms; but there are others, without farms and without capital, who can exercise their scientific and economic skill only in combination with the farms and capital of others. With such as these the non-professional landholders will be well satisfied to share the profit of farming enterprise.

It is a healthful sign of the times that our large estates, especially in the South, are in process of subdivision. Let the good work go on until the mass of the farming interest is in the hands of small proprietors, a true yeomanry, working their own patrimony, and cherishing those ideas and habits of independent manhood which are essential to true manhood. But when this subdivision shall have attained its full legitimate development, there will be still a wide scope for farming on a large scale, requiring men of specific agricultural training for their management. The young men without capital now studying scientific agriculture, if found possessed of these qualifications, will find a noble and lucrative sphere of activity.—*American Cultivator.*

Mr. H. CARL, 139 Fourth Street, Troy, N. Y., says: "My daughter had a sprained ankle; St. Jacobs Oil cured her in a day or two. My son had rheumatism about nine years ago; St. Jacobs Oil cured him; he has not been affected since." Price Fifty cents.

The lack of money may, but the lack of brains never, prevent a person from getting into what is called "society."—*Boston Courier.*

From Philipsburg, Pa., Mr. S. M. Cross writes, briefly and pointedly, thus: "Your St. Jacobs Oil has cured me of neuralgia of the face and head." Price Fifty cents.

## Sue's "Mysteries of Paris."

Some curious reminiscences are evoked by the revival of Eugene Sue's "Mysteries of Paris" at a boulevard theater. The tale first appeared as a feuilleton in the grave, then official, *Journal des Debats*. The sale of the paper was enormous while the mysteries were being doled out in daily driplets to a crowd of *abonnes* and promiscuous readers, who flocked around the offices every morning loudly clamoring for a number. In the country the lumbering old diligences were besieged on their arrival in the market places, and the provincials who, being subscribers, received the journal first, were pestered by people who wanted to know how the story was going on, what had become of Fleur de Marie, and whether Rigolette was safe. The *Debats* was gravely censured at the time by the powers that were, for it was contended that if the hideous misery and horrible criminality depicted by the popular novelist of the period had existence in fact the story implied a blame on the Government for neglecting their duty in not stamping them out. The proprietors of the newspaper, however, who were netting a golden profit by the adventures of Fleur de Marie and her compeers, calmly went on their way without heeding the official murmurs of discontent. The attention which in the days of Sue was given to one or two of the accredited story-tellers is now lavished on a dozen. Fashionable people can, for instance, choose between Zola, Guy de Maupassant, Alphonse Daudet, and Paul Bourget; while the small fry of society have the *Petit Journal* with its Richenourgs and Bouviers in perennial variety.—*Paris Cor. London Telegraph.*

## Beautiful Women

Are made pallid and unattractive by functional irregularities which Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription" will infallibly cure. Thousands of testimonials. By druggists.

You never hear of a strike among astronomers. The business is always looking up.

## Clear the Way

Without loss of time, when the intestinal canal is blocked up by reason of constipation, chronic or temporary. It should be borne in mind that this ailment is prone to become lasting and obstinate, and breed other and worse complaints. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is the precise remedy to remove the obstruction effectually, but without drenching or weakening the blocked bowels, a consequence always to be apprehended from the use of violent laxatives, which are among the most pernicious of the cheap nostrums swallowed by the credulous and misinformed. The hat of experience, and of the medical fraternity, sanctions the claims of this standard aperient. Not only as a source of relief and permanent regularity to the bowels, liver, and stomach, but as a means of remedying and preventing kidney and bladder troubles and fever and ague, it is without a peer.

## Circumstances Alter Cases.

"See here, Garibaldi," said a gentleman who was having his boots shined, "haven't you breathed about enough on those boots? I'm in a big hurry."

Garibaldi hastily completes the job, and in response to a dime says:

"Notta centa change."

"Well, go and get it."

Garibaldi goes and gets two nickels, one of which he reluctantly turns over. "Caramba!" says Garibaldi, profanely, "ze tam signor is no too bigga hurry to waita for ze change."—*New York Sun.*

## They Rush for It.

It is said the women swarm after Moxie Nerve Food with a perfect furor. It is known to be customary for young men to try a mug of it to antidote the effects of a debauch, which it does within an hour so effectually, there is nothing left after to remind them that they have had one. Some of our most eminent physicians say it is the only nerve food of any account, as all others are actually only mild stimulants, and soon lose their effects, while this does not, more than common food. It has been but thirteen months on the market, and the druggists say its sale is the most extraordinary ever known.

## A Town with a Wicked Name.

A town in Nooilda County, Texas, which is big enough to have a postmaster, bears the euphonious but suggestive name of Can-Can. The town attained a temporary prominence a short time ago through the murder of its postmaster by a local tough. The name is supposed to have been given to the town by its admiring residents just after the visit of a free-and-easy ballet troupe, whose high kicking became higher than ever under the stimulus of border license.—*Durham Driver.*

Don't hawk, hawk, blow, spit, and disgust everybody with your offensive breath, but use Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy and end it.

For dyspepsia, indigestion, depression of spirits, and general debility, in their various forms, also as a preventive against fever and ague and other intermittent fevers, the "Ferro Phosphate Elixir of Calisaya," made by Hazard, Hazard & Co., New York, and sold by all druggists, is the best tonic; and for patients recovering from fever or other sickness it has no equal.

It is odd that the wages of sin remain just the same as they were when the hours were shorter.

## Endurance of Society People.

A prominent society lady of Washington, being asked by the Prince of Wales, "Why is it you people here manifest so little fatigue from dancing, receptions, etc.?" replied, "Why, you see, we Americans regain the vitality wasted in these dissipation by using Dr. Hartner's Iron Tonic."

STRAIGHTEN your old boots and shoes with Lyon's Heel Stiffeners, and wear them again.

BEST, easiest to use and cheapest. Piso's Remedy for Catarrh. By druggists. 50c.

## That Tired Feeling

Is so general at this season that every one knows what is meant by the expression. A change of season, climate, or of life has such a depressing effect upon the body that one feels all tired out, almost completely prostrated, the appetite is lost, and there is no ambition to do anything. The whole tendency of the system is downward. In this condition Hood's Sarsaparilla is just the medicine needed. It purifies the blood, sharpens the appetite, overcomes the tired feeling, and invigorates every function of the body. Try it.

## The Weak Made Strong.

"I never took any medicine that did me so much good in so short a time as Hood's Sarsaparilla. I was very much run down, had no strength, no energy, and felt very tired all the time. I commenced taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, and before I had used one bottle felt like a different person. That extreme tired feeling has gone, my appetite returned, and it toned me up generally." CLARA W. PHELPS, Shirley, Mass.

"I suffered considerably, being for nearly a year troubled with indigestion. I am now on my fourth bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla, and never felt better in my life. It has made a new man of me." H. M. HILLMAN, Desplantes Street Police Station, Chicago, Ill.

## Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by druggists. \$1; six for \$5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

## Is It Not Singular

That consumptives should be the least apprehensive of their own condition, while all their friends are urging and beseeching them to be more careful about exposure and overdoing? It may well be considered one of the most alarming symptoms of the disease, where the patient is reckless and will not believe that he is in danger. Reader, if you are in this condition, do not neglect the only means of recovery. Avoid exposure and fatigue, be regular in your habits, and use faithfully of Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery." It has saved thousands who were steadily failing.

TEXAS has a paper called the *Bedbug*. It is gradually creeping into notice.

EVERY wide awake town of 500 inhabitants or over, should have its local newspaper. Full particulars regarding the cost of outfit, and how to run it and make money, can be had by addressing Practical Printer, box 121, Fort Wayne, Ind.

## PRICKLY ASH BITTERS

IT IS A PURELY VEGETABLE PREPARATION CONTAINING PRICKLY ASH BARK AND PRICKLY ASH BERRIES. SENNA-MANDRAKE-BUCHU AND OTHER EQUALLY EFFICIENT REMEDIES. It has stood the Test of Years, in Curing all Diseases of the BLOOD, LIVER, STOMACH, KIDNEYS, BOWELS, &c. It Purifies the Blood, Invigorates and Cleanses the System.

**PRICKLY ASH BITTERS**  
CURES ALL DISEASES OF THE LIVER, KIDNEYS, STOMACH AND BOWELS.  
FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.  
PRICE 1 DOLLAR.

It is purely a Medicine as its cathartic properties forbid its use as a beverage. It is pleasant to the taste, and as easily taken by children as adults.

**PRICKLY ASH BITTERS CO.**  
Sole Proprietors, ST. LOUIS AND KANSAS CITY.

## PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION

FOR HORSES.  
UNION, W. Va., Nov. 17, 1886.  
Recently I bought a young horse. He was taken very ill with Pneumonia. I tried to find of something to relieve him. Concluded what was good for the world would be good for the horse. So I got a bottle of Piso's Cure and gave him half of it through the nostrils. This helped him, and I continued giving same doses night and morning until I had used two bottles. The horse has become perfectly sound. I can recommend Piso's Cure for the horse as well as for man.

N. S. J. STRIDER.

## PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION

ESTAB. 1866. W. H. FAY & CO. Camden, N. J.  
Also ST. LOUIS, MINNEAPOLIS, OMAHA.

**BEST ROOFING** Any one can apply it. Catalogue and samples free.  
ESTAB. 1866. W. H. FAY & CO. Camden, N. J.  
Also ST. LOUIS, MINNEAPOLIS, OMAHA.

**\$350** Will buy a complete Newspaper Outfit, suitable for publishing a weekly paper in a town of 1000 or over, inhabitants. Address FOUR WAYNE NEWS-PAPER UNION, Fort Wayne, Ind.

**VALUABLE RECEIPTS** 25c. each, 3 for 50c. Cure for Dropsy, Cure for Scrofula, Cure for Kidney Complaints, Found in Diary of an Eminent Ebb Doctor, now deceased. Address, ADMINISTRATION, Box D, Springfield, Ohio.

**PATENTS** R. S. & A. P. LACEY, Patent Attorneys, Washington, D. C. Instructions and opinions as to patentability FREE. 17 years' experience.

## Pierce's Little Pleasant Purgative Pills

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS. ALWAYS ASK FOR DR. PIERCE'S PELLETS, OR LITTLE SUGAR-COATED PILLS.

Being entirely vegetable, they operate without disturbance to the system, diet, or occupation. Put up in glass vials, hermetically sealed. Always fresh and reliable. As a laxative, alterative, or purgative, these little Pellets give the most perfect satisfaction.

## SICK HEADACHE

**Bilious Headache, Dizziness, Constipation, Indigestion, Bilious Attacks,** and all derangements of the stomach and bowels, are promptly relieved and permanently cured by the use of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets. In explanation of the remedial power of these Pellets over so great a variety of diseases, it may truthfully be said that their action upon the system is universal, not a gland or tissue escaping their sanative influence. Sold by druggists, 25 cents a vial. Manufactured at the Chemical Laboratory of WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N. Y.

## \$500 REWARD

is offered by the manufacturer of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy, for a case of Chronic Nasal Catarrh which they cannot cure.

**SYMPTOMS OF CATARRH.** Dull, heavy headache, obstruction of the nasal passages, discharges falling from the head into the throat, sometimes profuse, watery, and acid, at others, thick, tenacious, mucous, purulent, bloody and purrid; the eyes are weak, watery, and inflamed; there is ringing in the ears, dizziness, hacking or coughing to clear the throat, expectoration of offensive matter, together with sores from ulcers; the voice is changed and has a nasal twang; the breath is offensive; smell and taste are impaired; there is a sensation of dizziness, with mental depression, a hacking cough and general debility. Only a few of the above named symptoms are likely to be present in any one case. Thousands of cases annually, without manifesting half of the above symptoms, result in consumption, and end in the grave. No disease is so common, more deceptive and dangerous, or less understood by physicians.

By its mild, soothing, and healing properties, Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy cures the worst cases of Catarrh, "cold in the head," Coryza, and Catarrhal Headaches. Sold by druggists everywhere; 50 cents.

## "Unfolded Agony from Catarrh."

Prof. W. HARTNER, the famous mesmerist, of Utica, N. Y., writes: "Some ten years ago, I suffered untold agony from chronic nasal catarrh. My family physician gave me up as incurable, and said I must die. My case was such a bad one, that every day, towards sunset, my voice would become so hoarse I could barely speak above a whisper. In the morning my coughing and clearing of my throat would almost strangle me. By the use of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy, in three months, I was a well man, and the cure has been permanent."

## "Constantly Hawking and Spitting."

Thomas J. RUSHING, Esq., 200 Pine Street, St. Louis, Mo., writes: "I was a great sufferer from catarrh for three years. At times I could hardly breathe, and was constantly hawking and spitting, and for the last eight months could not breathe through the nostrils. I thought nothing could be done for me. Luckily, I was advised to try Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy, and I am now a well man. I believe it to be the only sure remedy for catarrh now manufactured, and one has only to give it a fair trial to experience astounding results and a permanent cure."

## Three Bottles Cure Catarrh.

THE LATTERS, *Durham Driver, Raleigh, N. C.*, writes: "My daughter had catarrh when she was five years old, very badly. I saw Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy advertised, and procured a bottle for her, and soon saw that it helped her; a third bottle effected a permanent cure. She is now eighteen years old and sound and hearty."

## CHICHESTER'S ENGLISH PENNYROYAL PILLS

The Original and Only Genuine. Safe and always reliable. Beware of worthless imitations. Ladies, ask your Druggist for Chichester's English, and take no other, or unless to change it, for particulars in letter by return mail. NAME AND ADDRESS OF CHICHESTER CHEMICAL CO., 2515 Madison Square, Philadelphia, Pa. Sold by Druggists everywhere. Ask for "Chichester's English" Pennyroyal Pills. Take no other.

ESTD 1862. Your "Tansill's Punch" are the best cigars we ever handled. CLASSETT & BRAGG, Monroe, Wis. We think, without doubt, that your "Tansill's Punch" are the finest cigars we have ever had. WM. L. DAVIS & CO., Druggists, Worcester, Mass. Address: R. W. TANSILL & CO., Chicago.

## RUPTURE

If you want relief and cure at your home, send for Dr. J. A. Sherman's circular of instructions. 24 Broadway, New York.

**PENSIONS.** Officer's pay, bounty procured; deserters relieved. 21 years' practice. Success or no fee. Write for circulars and new laws. A. W. McBRIDE & SONS, Washington, D. C., & Cincinnati, O.

**FRECKLES, PIMPLES, TAN, TETTER, etc., all removed and Complexion made beautiful by our CHAMPION CHEMICAL COMPOUND.** Sent by mail for 50 cents. Address C. C. CHEMICAL CO., SPRINGFIELD, OHIO.

**\$5** to \$8 a day. Samples worth \$1.50. FREE. Lines not under the horse's feet. Address: Breaker's Safety-Ring-Holder, Holly, Mich.

**PENSIONS COLLECTED and Increased by** Fitzgerald & Powell, Indianapolis, Ind. Call on us before sending. Send for copy of laws, free.

N. U. F. W. No. 22-87. When Writing to Advertisers, please say you saw the Advertisement in this paper.



## PITH AND POINT.

He does a driving business—The cabman.

LEGAL-TENDER—A lawyer's clerk.—*Pretzel's Weekly.*

We learn from a scientific journal that "all modern high explosives are now almost universally exploded by the agency of electricity." There is one notable exception. Coal oil is still exploded by the agency of the hired girl and a cook-stove.—*Jersey City Journal.*

A book published recently is entitled, "How to Become a Public Speaker." Books of this kind are not greatly needed in this age. There are enough of public speakers. What the times demand is a book entitled, "How to Prevent Public Speakers from Speaking."—*Boston Courier.*

A CORRESPONDENT of the New York *Morning Journal* thinks that there is something in the American air that inclines people to chew. Men chew tobacco and women chew gum. It is probably because America is a free country where people do pretty much as they chews.—*Boston Courier.*

"AND what does your costume represent?" said Chauncey DePew to a young lady at a fancy ball, whose dress began too late and ended too soon. "O! This is an idea of my own, you know. I am the New York Central." "So I see. The Fast Limited, at the lowest Cut Rates, I imagine," replied the wit.—*Town Topics.*

AMATEUR tenor (who has been abroad).—Ah! my man, you are an eye doctor, I understand. Oculist—I am an oculist, sir. "Yes; well, what I want to know is whether there is any way to prevent the eyes from filling with water while singing." "None that I know of except to steel your heart against the sufferings of the audience."

MISS ETHEL—Have you seen the new American book of heraldry? Miss Blanche—No; have you? "Not yet, but I have sent for it; you ought to get one, too, and see if your name is in." "That would only be a waste of money; I know it is in. It is in every book." "Is it?" "Yes; my name is Smith, you know."—*Omaha World.*

CATHARINE OWENS has published a book called "Ten Dollars Enough." She may think so now; but by the time she gets all the jet trimming and overskirt, she will find that about \$10 more is necessary, not including the dressmaker's bill. Ten dollars is enough for the material, but the trimming and the making cost like sixty.

"AND so your dear Uncle David is dead? Was he sick long?" "Not a great while, but he was a great sufferer. Everything, however, was done for him that was possible." "Then of course you are all satisfied with his medical treatment?" "O, yes; that is to say, all of us except cousin John. Uncle David didn't leave John anything but the family Bible."—*Boston Transcript.*

An old tramp who had agreed to saw wood for half an hour for his breakfast from a Baltimore woman, quit at the seventh stick and said: "Madam, I have struck for more breakfast and less wood; are you willing to arbitrate?" "Certainly," she replied, and she left the case in the hands of her bulldog, who can the tramp half a mile and decided that a lockout was inevitable.

### His Last Words.

"What were the dying words of poor Maj. Junket, the editor of the *Snake Hollow Coker*?" was asked of the clergyman present when the Major breathed his last.

"Well," he replied, "I will read them to you—I don't understand them myself—but he spoke very slowly and I wrote them down. He seemed to be very much troubled for some time and then he said: 'Tell Mr. Harcourt he'd better run off an extra quire this week—may need 'em to send to friends, and don't publish any poetry about me, and set that editorial double-leaded in which I do up the *Scooter* man about who has the most job work, and don't forget about those ads. of Dr. Sagehen's Catarrhal Cavorter, and Piesbiter's Consumption Cure, and Howler's Hair Persuader, and Prof. Cemetery's Celebrated Rough on Life Salve; and put them all top column, preceding my obituary and call attention to them editorially and locally. Ask him to be very particular about these.'"—*Dakota Bell.*

## Ambushing a Bushwhacker.

When the war feeling in East Tennessee had become so bitter that all Union men had to flee from their homes or remain at the peril of their lives, a mountaineer named Alexander Brown left his wife and two children to make his way through to the Union lines and enlist. I knew him well. He was not an educated man, and one would not have looked for sentiment under his coon-skin cap and ragged clothes. It was curious, speaking of sentiment, how the uncouth, uneducated and poverty-stricken mountaineers were aroused by the war and made to take sides for and against the Union. If one was a Unionist he was as firm as a rock; if one was a Confederate you couldn't move him. Brown was for the Union, and, though an ignorant man in the general sense, he had a ready tongue, a good memory and he could out-talk any man in the neighborhood. After a time this made him a dangerous man to the Confederates, and he received plenty of hints that his life was not safe. He could not remove his family, having no means, and he was determined not to enter the Confederate ranks. He therefore bade his family good-bye one evening and started for a tramp of sixty miles across the county.

A man named Ben Lock, living in a cabin about eight miles from Brown, and getting his living by hunting, farming, and stealing, had by this time gathered a dozen other bad men around him, assumed the title of Captain, and was riding around the country to rob and abuse Unionists. I met him and his gang the very day Brown fled, and understood from their talk that they were after him. It seems they got a hint of his having left home and laid for him along a path which he was expected to follow. He was thus captured. In the struggle he killed one of the men, and in return they roasted him alive at the stake. It was six months before the facts were known to Mrs. Brown. She had remained right at home, and though known to be a Unionist had not been disturbed. When she learned of the horrible fate meted out to her husband she registered a vow to kill every man engaged in the affair. As the whole crowd had been merged into another command and sent off to Virginia, the chances of her threat being fulfilled looked very slim. She did not leave home, but she waited for time to aid her in her vengeance.

In January, 1863, Ben Lock, who was a sergeant of cavalry, came back home for the first time, having a mission to enlist such men as could be prevailed upon to join his flag, and to drive out certain Unionists who were supposed to be working harm to the Confederate cause. He took up his quarters at a house about three miles from Mrs. Brown's, and during the first hour of his arrival gave out that he intended to burn her cabin and drive her and her children into the hills. The news may have reached her or it may not, but she must have known of his arrival. On that first night, as he took the water-pail just at dusk and started for a spring a few rods away, the report of a gun was heard, and when some of the people went out to investigate they found Ben Lock lying near the spring with the top of his head blown clean off by a heavy charge of buckshot. They got sight of the Widow Brown moving away with a gun on her shoulder; but, indeed, she made no secret of the deed. It was well known for miles around that she ambushed and killed Lock, but, so far as I know, she was never disturbed on that account. On the contrary, the Confederates around her praised her nerve, and had no lamentations for the fellow, who was tumbled into a shallow grave.—*Detroit Free Press.*

### He Neglected His Opportunities.

Ethel—Don't you like Mr. Fitz-Jones?

Mabel—No, I don't. I despise him.

Ethel—Why?

Mabel—Well, he was calling on me last night, and I undertook to show him how well I could whistle.

Ethel—Well, what of that?

Mabel—A great deal of that. I just puckered my lips up as sweet and pretty as I could, and then—

Ethel—Well, what then?

Mabel—He just let me go on and whistle.

Ethel—How mean!—*Tid Bits.*

"GARMENTS without buttons" are advertised. Evidently the cast-off clothing of bachelors who don't know how to handle thread and needle.

J. H. CONRAD,

DEALER IN

## ROOFING AND SPOUTING

GUTTERING, HOUSE FURNISHING GOODS.

Cutlery, Nails, Paints, Woodenware &c.

MAIN STREET, ST. JOE IND.

All work and goods guaranteed to give satisfaction. Give me a call.



WILLIAM CURIE,

PROPRIETOR OF

## St. Joe Meat Market,

ST. JOE, IND.

Highest market price paid for Hides, Tallow &c. Give me a call.

M. TUSTISON,

DEALER IN

## GROCERIES,

EARTHEN POTS FOR HOUSE PLANTS

PROVISIONS, OYSTERS, LEMONS.

ORANGES, CANDIES, CIGARS &c.

MAIN ST. ST. JOE, IND.

J. F. WALKER,

MAKER AND DEALER IN

## Harness, Collars,

WHIPS, HARNESS OIL &c.

ST. JOE, IND.

Repairing done promptly. Prices as low as the lowest. Call and see.

R. G. COBURN,

AGENT FOR THE

## A L BION SPRING Cultivator

AND FIELD HARROW.

## AND DAISY RAKE.

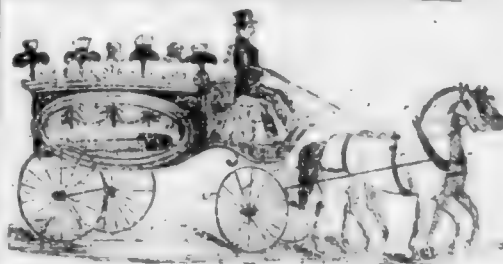
Farmers will save money by seeing me before buying. I will call on you with a sample in a few days. R. G. Coburn, St. Joe, Ind.

## Take Notice!

Having returned from Tennessee, I will assist again in

## Raising & Moving Buildings,

in short all kinds of Rope, Tackle and Jack-screw Work. Having had 15 years experience, and improved machinery, I feel safe in guaranteeing satisfaction. Heavy and difficult work a specialty. Correspondence solicited. Direct all communications to H. or M. Milliman, St. Joe Station, Ind., or A. Monroe, Hicksville, Ohio.

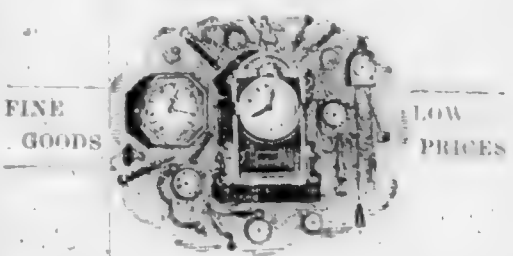


A. KINSEY,

Undertaker and Embalmer. "Keeps on hand constantly, a stock of Undertaking Supplies, Coffins, Caskets, Burial Robes &c. I can supply as fine goods as can be furnished. Will attend to making all arrangements for funerals. Call, responded to at all hours of the night. Office on corner of Main and Second Streets; residence on corner of Main and Fourth Streets, St. Joe, Ind."

Arthur James,

DEALER IN—



## Watches, Clocks,

AND JEWELRY.

Repairing done promptly and all work warranted. Call and see me at Bair & Son's store, Spencerville, Ind.

M. T. BISHOP,

—DEALER IN—

## LUMBER

OF ALL KINDS,

Shingles, Lime, Lath, MOULDINGS &c.

Large Stock and Prices Low. Yard Near Depot, St. Joe, Ind.

F. A. ZEIGLER,

MAKER AND DEALER IN



## HARNESS

COLLARS, WHIPS,

Fly Nets and Dusters,

HARNESS OIL &c.

Prices the Lowest. All work guaranteed. Call and see me.

# Supplement to the St. Joe News.

FRIDAY, MAY 27, 1887.

## Baltimore & Ohio R. R.

### WESTBOUND.

No. 9 Mail and Express 11:10 A. M.  
3 Chicago Express 10:43 P. M.  
35 Local Freight 3:53 P. M.

### EAST BOUND.

No. 10 Express and Mail 2:08 P. M.  
4 Morning Express 2:57 A. M.  
21 Local Freight 8:00 A. M.

G. V. JAMES, AGENT.

## SPENCERVILLE.

Arthur B. Olds spent Sunday with his parents.

Soloman Boger is visiting friends in Michigan.

M. C. Emanuel was at Mark Center last Tuesday on business.

Mrs. Carver has been visiting her son Henry at Blakeslee Ohio.

Mrs. Kagey and sons, of Ashland Ohio are visiting her parents Mr. and Mrs. B. B. Kagey.

Rev. Fryberger will deliver a series of lectures on the subject of "Theology and Science" at the Methodist Church.

Dr. L. S. Jones, of the University of Michigan, will deliver a lecture on "Theology and Science" at the Methodist Church.

W. D. H. Smith, of the University of Michigan, will deliver a lecture on "Theology and Science" at the Methodist Church.

Mrs. A. B. Smith, of the University of Michigan, will deliver a lecture on "Theology and Science" at the Methodist Church.

John B. Smith, formerly of this place, now of Hunkertown, had the misfortune last Wednesday to break his leg.

Mr. and Mrs. David Butler have been made happy by the arrival of a handsome girl baby in their pleasant home.

The commonwealth exercises last Thursday evening in the church were well attended and highly appreciated. The graduates were:

Miss Provins, Sarah Boger and Ivan Fryberger, and each performed their part in a creditable manner, and in fact all who participated did well and deserve to be commended for their perseverance and earnestness.

## THEORY'S RETREAT.

Gypsy-stands are the latest craze. Fred Hill has returned from Sweden country.

A goodly number of our farmers are shearing sheep.

We boast of having the oldest settler in DeKalb Co. for a neighbor.

Clark Mathews is one of the many hucksters that infest these regions.

Mrs. S. Shilling, daughter and sons, went to Rehoboth to church last Sunday.

Nick Goldsmith is waiting for the cut-worms to die before he replants his corn.

We will put Mrs. Jennie Rudy's scare-crow up against Vils and let the editor decide which is the scariest.

Miss Emma Kline will embark in the dress-making business in Auburn this spring. Her friends and neighbors wish her success.

The Kendallville creamery man was contracting for cream through out our district the fore part of this week. Ye townsmen, engage your butter before it is too late.



---

J. EMANUEL & SONS,

— DEALERS IN —

# DRUGS, PAINTS,

OILS, VARNISHES, BRUSHES,

Perfumes, Soaps, Toilet Articles,

CONFECTIONARY, CANNED GOODS &c.

THE CHOICEST AND FINEST

CIGARS AND TOBACCOS

THAT MONEY CAN BUY.

---

We invite the attention of the public to the fact, that we have added largely to our stock, and now carry a full and complete line of Paints, Oils, Varnishes, Brushes &c. Drugs and Druggists Sundries, the very latest and best Perfumes, Soaps, and Toilet Articles. The best Cigars and Tobaccos that money can buy. Also a good assortment of Canned Goods and Confectionary. Pure Wines and Liquors for MEDICINAL PURPOSES ONLY. Special attention given to filling prescriptions and recipes with accuracy and dispatch, at all hours of the day or night. We guarantee our GOODS TO BE OF THE BEST QUALITY and prices as low as the lowest. Give us a call.

J. Emanuel & Sons,

SPENCERVILLE, IND.

JUNE



# THE ST. JOE NEWS.

VOL. I.

ST. JOE, IND., FRIDAY, JUNE 3, 1887.

NO. 19.

## Churches.

### DISCIPLE.

SERVICES every alternate Sunday evening, in the Lutheran church. Cottage prayer meeting every Friday evening.

J. A. THOMAS, PASTOR.

### METHODIST PROTESTANT.

SERVICES every alternate Sunday at 10:30 A. M. Prayer meeting every Tuesday evening. Sunday School at 9:30 A. M.

J. M. LANGLEY, PASTOR.

### EVANGELICAL LUTHERAN.

SERVICES every Sunday, one Sunday in the morning at 10:30, and the following Sunday in the evening. Prayer meeting every Thursday evening. Sunday School at 9:30 A. M.

S. P. RYBERGER, PASTOR.

## Societies.

### G. A. R.

REGULAR meetings on Saturday evening on or before the full moon of each month, at their hall over Leighty's store.

O. H. WIDNEY, COMMANDER.

J. M. MILLIMAN, ADJUTANT.

## Business Notices.

H. W. BOWMAN, M. D., Physician and Surgeon, St. Joe, Ind. Office opposite the Drugstore.

ST. JOE HOTEL, Wm. Leighty, proprietor. Special attention given to furnishing teams for commercial men.

B. S. SHEFFER, M. D., Physician and Surgeon, St. Joe, Ind. Prompt and careful attention to all business entrusted to his care.

ST. JOE BARBER SHOP, one door west of hotel, Will Gee, proprietor. Satisfaction guaranteed. Your patronage is solicited.

FILLEY, LOUNSBERRY AND SHULER, proprietors of the St. Joe Saw and Planing Mill. All work promptly done. Cash paid for Oak Logs.

CITY BARBER SHOP, St. Joe, Ind., John Hull, proprietor. Shaving, Hair Cutting &c. done in the best of style. Come and see me. Two doors west of Kinsey's Furniture Store.

SIMON WINELAND, proprietor St. Joe Handle and Feed Mills. Feed grinding a speciality. Highest prices paid for second growth White Ash. Enquire at the mill for full particulars.

## INDIANA STATE NEWS.

—The people of Republican Township, in the southern part of Jefferson County, are greatly excited over the prospect of finding gas and oil. Recently an explosion occurred in the bed of a small stream running through the farm of J. Henley, the report being heard for several miles, and frightened cattle until they ran about like wild. A large opening was made in the creek bottom, and the strong odor of gas permeated the air. The general supposition is that the explosion was caused by natural gas, as shale taken from the same spot several years since was found combustible, and it is thought gas and oil can be found.

—A singular incident is reported from Roann, Wabash County. A lady passenger bound for Detroit boarded a Wabash and Western passenger train, and, by mistake, went into the smoker and sat down. In a moment she jumped up exclaiming, "I am on fire," and the flames were seen enveloping her body. Several passengers rushed to the rescue and the fire was smothered, though the fair passenger was considerably injured. Investigation showed that her celluloid bustle had ignited from a burning cigar-stump which had been left on the seat.

—The Governor is about ready to proclaim the laws passed by the last Legislature to be in force, but the absence of the State's financial exhibit from the volume of laws, as published, has caused him to ask the Attorney General if that fact rendered the publication illegal. The Attorney General advised him that such failure did not have that effect, as the constitutional provision requiring the publication of the statement was only directory. The essence of the thing to be done was the publication and circulation of the laws.

—Patents have been issued to Indians as follows: Cline, George J., assignor of one-half to W. B. Lehman, Goshen, road-cart; Crossman, John A., and N. C. Buch, assignors to E. C. Atkins & Co., Indianapolis, saw-swaging machine; Hand, Townson, assignor of one-half to O. Hand, Shelbyville, washing-machine; Line, W. F., Andrews, fumigator; McGriff, John N., Anderson, corn-planter; McKinney, Wm. H., Evansville, non-conducting jacket; Wilcox, Charles D., Indianapolis, boiler-cleaner.

—A recent shipment of twenty tons of ore from Warrick County, sent to a Newport, Ky., smelter for test treatment, yielded \$255 per ton of bullion in silver and gold. The average assays of the twenty-ton lot run 9.7 ounces in silver per ton; 3 ounces gold; 7 per cent. lead; 70 per cent. silicate; 8 per cent. iron and manganese; 12 per cent. lime; value, \$12 per ton. It carries almost its own fluxing, and is a desirable smelting ore.

—Near Danville, Hendricks County, the 14-year-old son of Thomas Hewlitt, while attempting to mount a mare hitched to a harrow, for the purpose of riding, fell beside the animal and got entangled in the harness. The horse became frightened and dragged the boy a distance of a hundred yards, continually kicking him until he was dead.

—The State Homoeopathic Society in session at Indianapolis, elected the following officers: President, Dr. T. D. Lewis, Evansville; First Vice President, Dr. J. T. Boyd, Indianapolis; Second Vice President, Dr. J. A. Thompson, New Castle; Treasurer, Dr. J. S. Martin, Muncie; Secretary, Dr. William B. Clark, Indianapolis.

—The Treasurer of State asked the Attorney General if a County Treasurer could levy on notes and money to satisfy a claim for delinquent taxes. The Attorney General's opinion is that no exemption pertains to this class of personal property, and that a levy for the purpose named can be made on them.

## MECHANICAL.

A BELGIAN glass blower, at Meadville, Pa., accomplished the feat of driving a locomotive and train of cars with gas manufactured from crude oil. The device, which occupies a small space on the tender and is connected with the furnace, is very simple.

Ash is, perhaps, the most difficult of all the woods to clean, as the grain is of an open and straight nature, varied with a frequently recurring, tough cross spot. After sand-papering, rough spots are seen by white blotches, and they can be easily scraped out as before.

A RELIABLE cement, one that will resist the action of water and acids, especially acetic acid, is: Finely powdered litharge, fine dry white sand and plaster of Paris, each three quarts by measure, finely pulverized resin one part. Mix and make into a paste with boiled linseed oil, to which a little drier has been added, and let it stand for four or five hours before using. After fifteen hours' standing it loses strength. The cement is said to have been successfully used in the Zoological Gardens, London.

NATURAL cement is made by burning in an ordinary draw kiln hydraulic limestone or cement rock, at a moderate heat, and grinding the calcined product to powder. The result is a product depending for its uniformity upon the uniformity of the rock out of which it is made, and in which the elements of alumina, silica, and lime existing in laminae or in crystals are not all brought in close enough contact to form active combining elements when exposed to fire, and in which, moreover, the low heat of its burning is not sufficient to form aluminates of lime.

LARGE suction pipes make easy pumping and durable pumps. The old-fashioned pump log had great advantages, because the suction pipe was of the same diameter as the "sucker." Old sailors, who have manned ship-pumps and worked for their lives, hour after hour and day after day, assert that no pump has ever been made which will throw water as fast or as easily as those of wood. Theory shows that they are correct in their conclusion. In setting a pump in a difficult position, give a large suction pipe, and easy work and abundance of water will be the result.

THE question of running heavy machinery by artesian well power is by no means purely experimental; it is done in many locations in France already, and the experience of the French show that the deeper the well the greater the pressure and the higher the temperature. At Grenelle, France, for instance, a well sunk to the depth of 1,802 feet, and flowing daily 500,000 gallons, has a pressure of sixty pounds to the square inch, just double that of the 600-foot well at Jacksonville, and the water from this Grenelle well is so hot that it is used for heating the hospitals in the vicinity.

In these days of staining and veneering, and other varied styles of finishing woods, even those who count themselves experts are easily deceived. I was talking with a Cleveland hard-wood expert a few days ago, and with a self-complacent air he told me an incident of how he had unnerved a neighbor by telling him that the lovely chair about which he was prating was not mahogany as he thought, but bay wood. It is doubtful if this gentleman could tell the difference between mahogany and bay-wood, for on investigation by the use of a pen-knife the chair proved to be made of elm.—*The Timberman.*

THE value of cut glass is in proportion to its purity of color and the brilliancy of the "metal" or glass; and it is a matter in the experience of every glass-maker that a pressed article cut over is not as brilliant as the same piece

not cut, and having the fire polish, or reheated surface intact. Hence, though it is cheaper to press a piece first, and then cut over the pattern, such goods are so inferior that they would not bring as much as the merely-pressed and fire-polished article. It can be considered a rule that the less pressure there is put on the glass while bringing it into shape, the more brilliant the final cutting will appear.

### A Confident Professor.

Prof. Gadsing, a gentleman who has furnished many new ideas to the great magazines, is a peculiar man. He has made many discoveries in science, and from his superior height of intellectuality he has noticed many phenomena that were lost to the ordinary man. Some time ago the Professor discovered the fact that he could think and write best while his feet were immersed in cold-water. He caught the idea from the professors at Heidelberg and he knew that it was correct; so, of late years, whenever he has written anything, he has sat with his feet in cold water. Every one about the house became acquainted with his peculiarities, and, consequently, when the Professor rang his bell, every one knew what to do. It is really painful, even to one whose duty it is to tell the unclouded truth, to relate an accident which recently occurred, but a devotion to fact enforces such a duty.

Several days ago it became necessary to discharge a servant who for a long time has been in the family. The newly employed servant said that he knew all about the workings of a household, and begged that no one might humiliate him by delivering profuse instructions. "Now, Nathan," said the Professor, "I think that I will be seized with inspiration early in the morning. Have you received perfect instructions?"

"Yes, sah.  
"Know exactly what to do?"  
"Dat's whut I does."  
"All right, I will depend upon you." Early the next morning the Professor sprang out of bed and prepared himself for the intellectual ordeal. He had on hand a subject of great importance and it was necessary that he should drive all his inactive blood to an active brain. Just as the Professor prepared himself by seating himself at the table, Simon appeared with a large foot-tub of water. The Professor, after having the tub placed in the proper position, took up his pen and said:

"All right, is it?"  
"Yas, sah, I reckons so." He rolled up his pantaloons and soused his feet into the water. Then he jumped up and uttered a loud exclamation. The misguided servant had thought that the water should be boiling hot. The great man now walks on crutches.—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

### It Brought Him Back.

"Henry!" shouted a Duluth avenue woman to her husband as he started down town, "aren't you going to get me that water before you go?"

"Not this morning—in an awful hurry—big day's work to do," and he tore along down to the gate.

"But I want you to fix the cellar door so the children won't fall down and break their necks."

"Oh, watch 'em; watch 'em, I haven't time, must be down to the office in five minutes."

"Did you see the scandal in this morning's paper?"

"Hey?" he replied as he paused at the corner.

"It's about Col. Bilk and some woman from Sioux City."

"Is that so? Well, I must read it," and he came back taking long steps. "I've rather been expecting something of the kind for quite a while."—*Dakota Bell.*



# The St. Joe News.

ST. JOE, INDIANA.

MORT & WILL OLDS, PUBLISHERS.

## ROYALTY.

BY THOMAS S. COLLIER.

Out from the dust of ages,  
Out from the wreck of years,  
Fronting the work of ages,  
Fronting the waste of tears,  
Radiant, swift, immortal,  
Earth flings the soul of man,  
And shuts the radiant portal  
That hides creation's plan.

Here, with the gate behind him,  
Here in the narrow path,  
Fronting the sun that blind him,  
Fronting the winds of wrath,  
Man, with his head uplifted,  
Man, with his hair outblown,  
Virile, and strong, and gifted,  
Builds for himself a throne.

Say that the grave is waiting,  
Say that the shroud is white,  
Say that the strength of hating  
Owneth no victor's might;  
Earth, from the cycles golden,  
Holds for the life complete  
Blossoms and sunlight golden,  
Red lips and kisses sweet.

Whose are the chains that fetter?  
Whose are the swords that bite?  
Masters, and yet no better  
Than men who brave the fight,  
Earth hath no royal races;  
Crowns, yea, and swords must break  
When in the hidden faces  
Death finds the hearts that quake.

Why fear the pain that passes?  
Lo! birds will always sing;  
Yea, and the vernal grasses  
Wake with each waking spring;  
And from the silent sleeping  
Strong grow the weary eyes,  
For comes the upward sweeping  
Far through the distant skies.

Fronting the years that lengthen  
Like some recurring chain,  
Souls in life's combat strengthen,  
Conquering death and pain;  
Battling in God-like fashion  
Through ways that none have trod,  
Like they, by noble passion,  
Up to the heights of God.

Oceand Monthly.

## HAND-ORGAN GIRL.

BY MATHEWS TRACEY.

"Come on, Lenore; it will not earn us any pennies to stand here and shiver."

Lenore picked up her tambourine, drew her thin shawl closer about her slight figure, and followed Luigi, until they came to a broad, fine street, and saw at a great, shining, plate-glass window two curly heads.

Lenore forgot that she was cold and hungry as she saw the sweet, childish faces smiling down upon her, and she sang in a way that even surprised herself.

"Come in, little misses," said the trim nurse, who had followed her charges in their impetuous rush to the door. "You will take your deaths of cold standing in the draught."

"Wait a minute, Ann, till I give the poor little girl my pennies," said Stellara down the steps, handed Lenore the money which had been intended for the purchase of candy, and said: "Come again to-morrow, for my auntie and my new uncle are coming, and I want them to hear you sing."

"Thank you, miss; we'll come," said Luigi, answering in place of his companion, who seemed to have been struck suddenly dumb, as she stood with her great, sad, dark eyes fixed on the sunny, childish face of the little speaker. "Come now, Lenore; we must be off."

Slowly Lenore followed Luigi, a strange feeling of sorrow tagging at her heart.

Luigi was no relation to the child; but in his boyish way he tried to help her in her tasks, and to shield her if possible from drawing down upon herself the padrone's anger.

It was several hours before the pair had finished their wearisome tramp, and again turned their steps toward what they called home. As they passed an apple-woman's stand a young girl pulled Lenore's dress to attract her attention.

"Here is an apple for you and one for the boy. Granny told me to give them to you, and tell you not to make the padrone angry with you to-night, as he is in a dreadful way with the drink, and something's gone wrong to make him mad."

Lenore shivered as she listened, and said to Luigi, "Let's run away."

"But he'd find us, and then, when he brought us back, we'd be worse off than ever," said Luigi.

"I wish he'd kill me at once!" burst out Lenore. "Then it would be one hurt, and I'd never feel another."

"It is dreadful to die," said Luigi, "and I don't want you to talk that way. It makes shivers run over me."

By this time they were in front of the door of the tumble-down tenement where the padrone lived. The sound of his voice could be distinctly heard, and as the children listened to his drunken ravings their eyes met wistfully, as though each was hoping to gain courage from the sight of the other's face.

"I can't go in. He is in one of his most savage moods. Come, Luigi, and I'll ask

Bridget Mahone's old granny to give us shelter for the night."

Lenore waited not to hear Luigi's answer. She started off upon a run, and the boy could only follow her reluctantly, well knowing what the daring act of disobedience would bring to them in the future.

Granny Mahone gave them shelter cheerfully. Her kind old heart ached for the hapless waifs, and she was glad to share her supper with them, and to let them stay under her roof to escape the fury of their tyrant. But she shook her head sagely at Bridget after they had fallen asleep, worn out by the day's experience of cold, fatigue, and hunger.

"The ould ne'er-do-weel 'll make the childer smart when he gets over the drink," she said.

"And sure, granny, we'll call in the perlice," answered Bridget, belligerently.

"But the ould scoundrel has the law on his side!" was the old woman's reply. "Sure what can the perlice do thin?"

Morning came as bright and unclouded as though no sorrow dwelt upon the earth.

Granny Mahone gave the children their breakfast, and started them out at an early hour, with the caution not to tell the padrone where they had spent the night, emphasizing her words with, "If yez do, honeys, he'll sure come down on me and make me suffer for it, and then yez can niver come to me again."

At a snitable hour the young musicians again stationed themselves before the mansion which held the beautiful children—Stella and May.

At the first sound of the hand-organ their curly heads came in sight at the window for an instant. Then, in response to something Stella said, a lady and gentleman came and looked out, and Lenore commenced to sing. Just at that moment an interruption came. The padrone had come out in search of the children; and as he was still suffering from the effects of the liquor he had drunk the previous night, he was not sufficiently master of himself to restrain his anger. He caught Lenore roughly by the arm, and commenced to question her in a savage tone as to her whereabouts since he had seen her. In his excitement he had paid no heed to the fact that the gentleman had left the window; and before he knew it, a hand was laid upon his arm, and he turned to confront a surprised and accusing pair of eyes whose glances overwhelmed him with sudden panic and confusion.

"At last, Giacomo, I have found you!" said a stern voice. "I have searched far and wide for you; but you'll not elude me any more. Here," he said, motioning to a policeman, "this man is an offender against the laws of his country, and I wish you to take charge of him. I have the papers in my possession which will prove my assertion, and will produce them at the proper time."

Turning, he saw Lenore, who had seemed strangely moved at the sound of his voice. Their eyes met. A look of amazement gradually took the place of the first merely pitying gaze which the gentleman had fixed upon her; and when, after an effort to recall the ideas his voice had evolved from out the misty past, Lenore at last said, hesitatingly, "Don't you know Lenore, your own little Lenore, Uncle Giulio?"

He put out his arms and caught her, rags and all, to his breast, and carried her up the broad stone steps to where his newly-made wife, Stella's auntie, stood.

"It is my brother's long-lost child, Mary," he said, in a voice choked with emotion. "Who would have thought that this great joy would have come to me just at this time? Truly God is good!"

It was true. Lenore had been stolen from her home by Giacomo, her father's valet. He had concealed his whereabouts so cleverly that until now he had escaped discovery.

You may at the present day see an anomaly in Italy; a fine old residence, whose lodge at the entrance gates is occupied by a ruddy-faced Irishwoman. A bright-looking maid-servant often takes an opportunity to run down from her young mistress's employment to see Granny Mahone, who is thus reaping the interest of her good deed in sheltering and feeding the two helpless waifs on that distant night.

Giulio has taken Luigi under his especial protection, and when his education is completed he is to marry Lenore, for the childish love which had become rooted in their young hearts has grown into strength with each passing year, until at last it has blossomed into that deathless plant whose amarantine bloom has its root in this world, its fruition in the heavenly garden.

### It Would Knock Her Out.

The Empress of Germany gives a golden cross to every servant in the empire who remains forty years in one situation. If her majesty would come to America and make that offer to every girl who had forty places in one year, she could go into total bankruptcy with no assets in one week.—*Bob Burdette.*

THE mind hath not reason to remember that passions ought to be her vassals, not her masters.—*Sir Walter Raleigh.*

GIVE your tongue more holiday than your hands or eyes.

### Secrets of Beauty.

Girls, if your skin be dark, be satisfied to be in the category of the nut-brown maidens, if for no other reason than that "the leopard cannot change his spots." Let the sun kiss the dusky cheek and add to it the ruddy glow that belongs to the dark skin, and which the rouge-pot cannot supply.

Of course, you can't change your features. But you needn't trouble yourself much on that score. Some person has said that if "our Mary" could put some of her beauty of feature into real every-day prettiness she would be loved where she is now admired.

The towering-nosed maiden among the proud daughters of the Nile was the beauty of Solomon's day, as was the woman with no nose at all in the time of Tamerlane. In the "land of the free" there is no standard of beauty on the nose question. The American nose is a type all to itself. But at all events your nose is a foregone conclusion, and all the sleeping in clothespins to pinch down the too prominent nostrils, or stroking with the lead-pencil to subdue the obnoxious bump, is so much labor thrown away.

But when it comes to the month the would-be beauty has a more promising subject to deal with. Although the shape of the feature cannot be altered, if the lips be kept fresh and the teeth in perfect condition, very much is gained. If the spot where love seals its vows be of an exaggerated size, don't be constantly on the grin, as that keeps the muscles on the stretch. Cultivate a classic repose of feature. Keep the mouth shut when asleep for more reasons than one. (Don't snore.) Never bite the lips to make them red, or for any other reason. Bathe them occasionally in water, with a little dissolved alum or borax, and apply glycerine and tincture of benzoin. This will keep the lips fresh-looking. The only harmless way to keep them red is by contrast with the teeth, which should be milk-white.

A good tooth-beautifier is powdered sulphur, which is also an excellent tooth-preserver. This may be used daily. For occasional use, say once a week, the following is a good recipe: Pumice-stone, one ounce; bicarbonate of soda, one-half ounce; powdered talc, one-half ounce.

Fresh-looking lips, clean, white teeth and a breath like "sweet frankincense; aloe and myrrh," will make up for many a deficiency in feature.

If the ear be big and obtrusive, a loose arrangement of the hair or a few curled locks brushed carelessly back will help the objectionable organ wonderfully. Never comb the hair tight back from an ugly ear.

As for the eyes, better leave them alone. Trimmed lashes often refuse to grow again. Dark eyebrows and lashes are a great promoter of beauty, and if yours happen to be lighter than your hair, especially if that is red, I think you might just touch them lightly with a sponge dipped in black walnut bark boiled in water with a little alum, or apply simple walnut juice. The eyebrow may be given a slight arch and the fine line so much sought by simply pinching the hairs together, between the fingers several times a day.

But it is through the complexion that you have the greatest scope for beautifying. If every pore in your skin is stuffed full of "lily white" you must expect those dreadful pimples and horrid black specks. To the girl with the ugly skin I say, you must take a two or three-mile walk every day; you must wear shoes big enough for perfect comfort, and, if the skin be thick and oily, you must eschew fats and pastry.

In the spring it would be well to try the sulphur remedy, and at the same time you may rub sulphur in a little glycerine on the face at night, washing it off in warm water and a few drops of ammonia in the morning.

A little camphor in the water will remove all "shine." And remember, girls, all face powders are snares and delusions.—*Virginia, in St. Louis Chronicle.*

### Getting Rid of a Runaway Horse.

The horseback rider who should strap himself to his beast so that he could not dismount in case of the horse's falling or rolling or other accident would be considered foolhardy, but men and women will sit in a "hide" which is securely hitched to a horse, and, if the animal runs away, remain in it in the hope of controlling it until it is dangerous to jump and dangerous to remain. In such a case a simple apparatus, which can easily be imagined, for detaching the shafts or

pole from a carriage and freeing the vehicle, would remove all danger to human life and limb and allow the fractious animal to continue its mad career without imperiling its human passengers.—*Norwich Bulletin.*

### What Savages Will Not Eat.

Among some of the Pacific islanders hens' eggs are saved to sell to ships, but are never eaten by the natives. Strawberries and raspberries are found, but they are never eaten.

The Esquimaux generally dislike all the preparations of vegetables that the explorers bring among them. They think it is a perverted appetite that craves anything but meat.

The natives of New Guinea cook a few cereals in their own fashion, but they made very dry faces when they attempted to eat some fresh baked biscuits that the missionaries gave them. They finally wrapped their biscuits up in paper, intending to keep them as curiosities.

On some of the islands of the Malay Archipelago there are hundreds of natives whose only industry is to collect the edible birds' nests that are esteemed a great dainty by the Chinese. They wouldn't dream of eating them themselves, and they think the Chinese must be very peculiar people to use that sort of food.

There are a number of tribes in Africa whose chief riches are their herds of cattle, but who never drank a drop of cow's milk in their lives. They think the milk of their herds is for calves and not for human beings, and they are disgusted at the idea that anybody should consider it a proper article of food. A few tribes near the great lakes think that it is a spectacle worth seeing to look at the missionaries milking cows and drinking the milk.

The Esquimaux near Littleton Island once discovered a supply of bread and salt pork that Dr. Kane had cached, and they proceeded to enjoy a feast at the white men's expense. They liked the salt pork and did not leave a morsel of it. This was probably the first chance they had ever had to vary the monotony of their meat diet. They nibbled the bread a little, promptly pronounced it a failure, and told Dr. Kane afterward that they would as soon swallow so much sand.

A tribe living not far from Port Moresby, New Guinea, that think boiled snakes are to be preferred to roast pig, draw the line at sugar. When they saw Dr. Chalmers, their first white visitor, sweetening his tea one morning they asked him for some of his salt. Dr. Chalmers told them that it was not salt, but they were incredulous, and so he gave some sugar to one of the natives. "He began eating it," says Dr. Chalmers, "and the look of disgust on his face was worth seeing. He rose up, went out, spat out what he had in his mouth, and threw the remainder away." Then he told the crowd what horrible stuff it was, and they were satisfied to take his word for it without trying it themselves.

### Washed His Hands in Champagne.

In a leading restaurant in St. Petersburg, six officers of the imperial horse guards sat drinking champagne. Not far from them sat an insignificant little man, with a shabby coat and an unkempt beard; and a glass of liquor in front of him. It was not long before he became aware that he was being ridiculed by the officers aforesaid. By and by, as they became more offensive in their remarks on his personal appearance, the cheapness of what he was drinking, etc., he called for the waiter and said: "Bring me six bottles of your best champagne." The waiter hesitated. "Did you not hear what I said?" asked the little man. The waiter brought the wine and six glasses. "Take these glasses away and fetch a basin—one as large as you can find." The waiter again hesitated, but obeyed instantly at the peremptory repetition of the order. "A piece of soap," was the next order. "It was brought. A towel." The waiter handed him one. "Now open the bottles." The waiter did so. The little man now filled the basin with the contents of the six bottles, rolled up his sleeves, washed himself in the costly fluid, wiped his hands, laid £10 on the table, and casting a look of withering contempt upon the officers, strutted out of the room.—*London Standard.*

According to the Memphis *Advertiser*: "Every well-regulated city should have an equestrian statue."



## INVENTOR OF THE BOWIE-KNIFE.

Desperate Adventures of James Bowie in Texas and Elsewhere.

Bowie now sold his land, and, in company with his brothers, engaged in slave-trading with the notorious Lafitte, the celebrated pirate of the gulf, says the Omaha Bee in an account of the adventures of the inventor of the bowie-knife. Under the laws of the United States at that time slaves were not allowed to be imported into the country, but the brothers Bowie easily evaded that difficulty. Their plan of operations was to go to Galveston and purchase from Lafitte a number of negroes, for which they paid at the rate of \$1 a pound, or about \$140 for each negro. These they would bring into the limits of the United States and then go to the custom-house officer and become informers against themselves. The law gave the informer half the value of the negroes, who were put up and sold by the United States Marshal. At the Marshal's sale they would themselves become the purchasers, would receive half the purchase money back and a certificate of sale, which entitled them to dispose of the negroes in the United States; Bowie followed this business until he made some \$60,000, most of which he soon spent in riotous living in New Orleans.

It was during those expeditions to Galveston that his genius evolved the hunting knife with which his name will always be associated. It was made for him by a blacksmith after a design of his own. It was made with a heavy back, so that it could be used in chopping as well as thrusting, thus fulfilling the purpose of a hatchet, for which he used it in his woodsman life.

In the exciting political contests that grew out of Jackson's advent as a candidate Bowie took an active part. In 1826 he was residing at Alexandria, on Red River, and during a political campaign he got into an altercation with Norris Wright, Sheriff of Rapides Parish. Bowie was unarmed, and Wright drew a pistol and shot him through the body, but even then, if Wright had not been rescued by his friends, Bowie would have killed him with his fists. The attack so enraged him that he determined thereafter never to go without his knife, and he had a scabbard made for it, and said he would wear it as long as he lived. A year later this feud with Sheriff Wright culminated in a terrible encounter at Natchez. In September, 1827, two very respectable citizens of Louisiana, Dr. Maddox and Samuel Wells, having a difference to settle, agreed to meet on a sand-bar in the Mississippi River opposite Natchez, with a few friends, where their differences could be reconciled according to the custom among gentlemen. They met, exchanged shots, and became friends.

When retiring from the ground Wells invited Maddox and his second, Col. Crane, to the woods adjoining, where some others of his friends, excluded from the field, were to take refreshments. Crane objected on the ground that there were certain men there he could not meet. Wells then assented to go where Maddox's friends, who had also been excluded from the field, were. When on the way the party was met by the friends of Wells, who were James Bowie, Gen. Curry, and another person. Crane and Gen. Curry were mortal enemies, and immediately drew their pistols. Crane had a pistol in each hand, and shot Bowie first and then Curry, the latter being instantly killed. At this the friends of Maddox hurried to the scene, and among them was the Sheriff Wright who had the encounter with Bowie a year before. Wright also fired at Bowie and he fell. A general firing ensued and several others were killed. Wright seeing Bowie lying apparently dead approached and bent over him, when Bowie suddenly drew his knife and stabbed Wright to the heart. He then arose, though severely wounded, and stabbed another of the party with his knife, and the battle then terminated.

When he recovered from his wounds he determined to leave the United States and take up his residence in Texas. There he went in the year 1830 and engaged actively on the side of the Revolutionists, his valor and daring soon gaining him a distinguished name in that country. He married a daughter of one of the ex-Governors of the province and was appointed Colonel of one of the Texas regiments. During the next few years he was engaged in many fights with the Indians and with the Mexicans, in one of which he

and nine or ten men succeeded in defending themselves against 150 Indians, with a loss of only one killed and two wounded.

His career was finally ended at the bloody battle of Alamo. He had been ordered to that place to take command, but a few days after he reached there he was taken down with pneumonia, and during the siege was confined to his bed. As is well known, Santa Anna, commanding 3,600 Mexicans, besieged the fort in the early days of March, 1836. It had only about one hundred and fifty defenders. After some days attack the place was stormed and every Texan was put to the sword. No one escaped. Bowie, sick in bed, is said to have shot down with his pistols and killed with his knife a number of his assailants before he yielded up his life. Whether this is true or not it is safe to assume that if he had strength and consciousness enough to do it it was done. The celebrated Col. David Crockett was also a victim of this massacre.

### The Women of Mexico.

In point of amiability, warmth of manner, and affectionate temperament no women in the world can compare with those of Mexico. Beside them all other appear cold and stiff, and whatever advantages these gentle creatures may derive from their intercourse with foreigners it is sincerely to be hoped they may never lose the graceful cordiality which forms so agreeable a contrast to American and English frigidity. In the eyes of strangers this, together with their sweet voices, is an unfailing charm. In fact a foreigner—especially if he be an American or an Englishman, accustomed to the coldness of his fair countrywomen—need live here no longer than to acquire some smattering of the language and become accustomed to the peculiar style of Mexican beauty to find these senioritas perfectly irresistible. And they in turn are always fascinated by the tall, blonde, and active Anglo-Saxon who is so great a contrast to their own countrymen.

But when a foreigner marries a Mexican woman he ought invariably to settle here, for it is very rare that his wife can live anywhere else. They miss the beautiful climate, and pine for that universal cordiality and warmth of manner by which they have been surrounded in Mexico; they yearn for the lassies—all and absence of all etiquette in habits, toilets, etc. In other countries they find themselves surrounded by women so differently educated as to be doubly strangers. A very few instances have been recorded of Mexican girls who have been married and taken to Europe when very young, who have acquired European ways of thinking and even prefer the land of adoption to their own; but these cases are so rare as scarcely to form exceptions. They are true patriots, for the visible horizon bounds all their wishes. In France, Spain, or Italy they might manage to exist, but in the United States or England they would be as much out of their natural element as fish out of water. An icy climate, not colder than the manners of the people, a harsh language almost impossible to acquire, a religion which they consider heretical, etiquette carried to excess, and insupportable order in the toilet—rebosos unknown, cigars considered barbarous—they feel like exiles from paradise and live only in hopes of return.

If a Mexican girl is ignorant she seldom betrays it. Generally they have the greatest tact, never by any chance wandering beyond their depth or indicating by word or sign that they are not perfectly well informed on the subject under discussion. Though seldom graceful on foot they are never awkward, and always self-possessed. They have plenty of natural talent, and where it has been cultivated no women can surpass them. Of what is called literary society of course there is none. There are, however, a few families of the old school, descendants of titled Spaniards, who are rich without ostentation and highly educated. These select few mingle little in general society, being scarcely known at all to foreigners; and you may be sure they keep their daughters closely at home that they may not be contaminated by bad examples.—City of Mexico letter.

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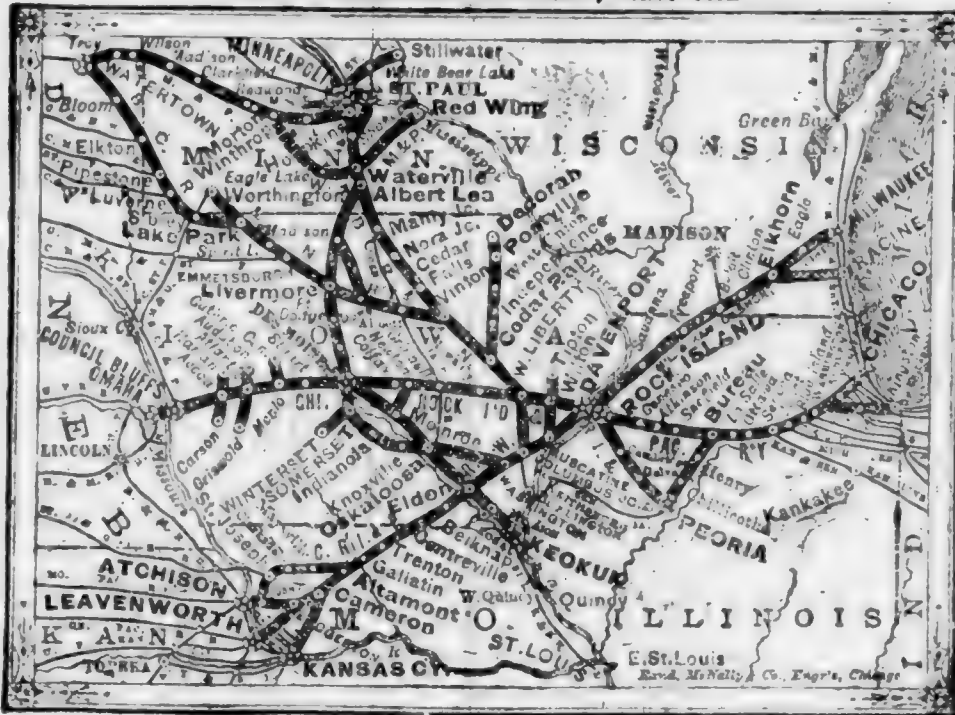
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FRIDAY JUNE 3, 1887.

Wool is bringing a good round price.

Walt Cheeseman was in town Tuesday.

We shall publish the new time card next week.

The potato bug crop seems to be a little short this year.

Cash Lounsbury is expected home on a visit in a couple of weeks.

Sure enough, that wedding that we spoke of is coming off along about the 4th of July.

Mrs. David Grosh of Leo, is visiting with Mr. and Mrs. Charley Widney this week.

The St. Joe Cornet Band will have an ice cream and strawberry festival in the old orchard in a couple of weeks.

Quite a number turned out last Friday and cleaned the orchard up in good shape. There is still some work to be done before it is in apple pie order.

Two ladies had a narrow escape from being struck by the fast train last Monday morning. They were coming to St. Joe in a buggy, and were within three feet of the track when the train went crashing by.

The Avilla News has changed hands, and it has also changed its appearance wonderfully. Harry L. Askew is the new editor and proprietor, and it looks as if he knew how to get up a newsy paper. We are glad to see our little sister get on a new dress and be somebody.

The Spencerville Owl has been enlarged and otherwise improved until it is quite a newsy little sheet. We have an eagle at the head of our columns, and it is generally considered the king of all birds, but if John's Owl keeps on growing he will soon be able to whollop our eagle.

Mrs. David Grill died at her home in this place, Tuesday evening, May 31st, at 10 o'clock. She has had very poor health for a number of years, but died rather suddenly. Her funeral occurred Thursday in the Lutheran church at Spencerville. A more extended notice will appear next week.

The cadets of the Michigan Military Academy, of which John Leighty is lieutenant, were awarded the first prize of one thousand dollars at the national drill in Washington last week, for being the best drilled company of cadets on the ground. St. Joe has a right to a share of this victory, as we furnished one of the boys that done the business.

Trustee Dermott is putting forth an effort to have a normal school at this place this fall. There is no better location in this part of the county for such a school than right here. St. Joe is a beautiful little village, centrally located, and with good morals, good society, and a good school building, and a normal school here could not help but prove a success and be a credit to the town. Let us have a normal school by all means.

THE OLD SETTLERS

The old settlers of De Kalb county will meet at St. Joe, on Thursday June 16th, 1887, to celebrate the 54th anniversary of the settlement of the county. The meeting will be held in an old orchard grove, near the banks of the St. Joe river, where about 10 years ago, Felt Lyberger, one of the early pioneers, now deceased, built a log cabin, and made for himself and family a home in what was then a wilderness of woods, through which the whoop of the Indian and the howl of the wolf was often heard. After 10 years or more, the old log cabin still stands, although in a dilapidated condition, and at the coming meeting it will serve as a landmark to remind the early pioneers of by-gone days, when the country was new and log cabins were considered a luxury. The people of St. Joe and vicinity are making a special effort to provide every convenience possible for the comfort and enjoyment of those who attend, and a cordial invitation is extended to every old settler in the county, as well as everybody else, to be present on this occasion. The following is the order of exercises for the day: The procession will form at 10 o'clock, and march to the grove, headed by the St. Joe and Jackson Cornet Bands. Meeting called to order by the president. Song by the St. Joe choir. Prayer by Rev. J. M. Langley. Music by bands, Hail Columbia. Song by the Coburntown choir. Address by Rev. N. Crary of Hicksville, Ohio. Recess until 1 o'clock. Music by the St. Joe Cornet Band. Song by the old settlers. Report of officers. Election of officers. Short speeches by old settlers. Song by the St. Joe choir. Doxology and benediction. At 3 o'clock there will be a tub race on the river for which a prize of two dollars will be given to the winner. Following this will be base ball matches, fantastic parades, foot races and many other amusements.

Thursday, June 16th.

Remember the day and date.

Come and bring the whole family with you.

There will be plenty of music in attendance.

The tub races on the river will be quite an attraction.

A number of old settlers from adjoining counties will be present.

There is good fishing on the river, but the catching isn't so very good.

Tell you neighbors and everybody else to come to the old settler's meeting at St. Joe.

The Auburn and Cornma base ball clubs talk of playing two games of ball here on that day.

If the old settler's don't have a good time this year it won't be the fault of the people of St. Joe.

The shade trees and orchard that surround the old log cabin will afford ample shade for everybody.

Persons coming from Waterloo and Auburn can make close connection with the B. & O. at Auburn Junction, as the 9:58 Lake Shore train from the north arrives there a few minutes before the departure of the east bound B. & O. train. Returning the connections are equally as good.

Those from Auburn, Garrett and the western part of the county, who desire to attend the old settler's meeting, and expect to come on the train, will find ample train accommodations. The local arrives here at about 8 o'clock, and the passenger at 10:28. Returning there is a train at 4:30, or if persons desire they can return on the night train, which leaves at 10:45.

# WANTED 50 CUSTOMERS

## To Buy Our Carpet Samples.

We have a large line of Tapestry, Walton and Body Brussels, Ingrain, and Hemp Carpet Samples which we are closing out for Rugs. We also carry a full line of E. P. Reed & Co's and Godey & Sons' Ladies, Misses and Children's Fine Shoes. Secure a pair of those 75 cent Fine Slippers before they are all gone.

## J. D. Leighty, St. Joe Ind.

### OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

#### PLEASANT HILL.

Willis Baker and wife was over to Auburn Saturday on business.

Wool buyers and dry weather is the order of the day in this section.

Jerry Elm and wife were the guests of Andrew Jackson and family last Sunday.

Gus Hull has been very poorly for a couple of weeks, but is some better at this writing.

Joseph Saylor purchased a corn plow last week; the Saylor farm certainly will produce corn this year.

There will be preaching at the school house next Sunday afternoon at half past two o'clock, by Rev. Langley.

Byron Widley bought a new binder to do his harvesting with. Byron believes in having every thing convenient in the way of farming tools.

#### CONCORD.

Mrs. M. E. Baker entertained friends last Sunday.

Charley Koch escorted his best girl to church to St. Joe last Sunday evening.

The Sunday school is preparing for Children's day, to be held June 12th, 1887.

Mrs. N. Wasson and Mrs. E. Baker visited with the family of Joseph Koch last Saturday.

Although the morning was stormy, there was quite a number at the Jenken's Cemetery Decoration day.

Lyman Knight started to Chicago last Monday. After his return he expects to attend school in Angola.

The young people of the Christian Endeavor Society, contemplate giving a strawberry social in the near future.

The ladies have purchased the carpet and curtains for the church, and sincerely thank those who so generously donated.

Rev. J. M. Langley, wife and daughter Maude were the guests of F. Buchanan last Tuesday afternoon. Also Richard Ervin and mother last Wednesday, and Misses Ida Koch and Arvilla Draggoo.

Barcus! Barcus! Lend me your ears. Would you believe it? F. B. Chaney shot two crows, all in one day, and at the first shot. (It is sent a owl likely that he hit them, the probably was skart to death, or died of old age.)

We have laid awake of nights and lost our appetite thinking about the item, and cannot tell what there is incomprehensive about it. But of course, the editor of the News cannot. Perhaps grandma Buchanan can make it plain for you.

The insulting and disgraceful conduct of some of the boys around the church when any thing is going on is too contemptible, and there ought to be a stop put to it. Some persons cannot drive up to the house and hear some fine old hymns and ed for them to hear. There is no reason for that of something being done.

Subscribe for the St. Joe News

There are eight passenger trains running over the B. & O. railroad now, every day.

The Y. P. T. L. A. will meet at the residence of Alex. Filley, on Monday evening, June 6th. A good program has been arranged.

We understand that Hank Reynolds has gone into the butchering business at Bellevue, Ohio. Hank will make a cracking good meat slicer and sausage grinder.

Every lady will be interested in the June number of DEMOCRAT'S MONTHLY, as it is an exceedingly interesting one. We know of no magazine better deserving to be called a Family Magazine, and it ought to be found in every household. Published by W. JENNINGS, BIRMINGHAM, 15 East 14th Street, New York.

# WOOL WANTED!

100,000 Pounds of Wool Wanted, for which we will pay the highest market value. Also all kinds of country produce wanted. Call and see us.

## S. & F. BARNEY.



Miss S. A. Bartlett,

—DEALER IN FINE—

## MILLINERY

HATS, BONNETS,

Flowers,  
Ribbons,  
Feathers,

ORNAMENTS &c.

I invite the attention of the ladies of St. Joe and vicinity to my new stock of Spring and Summer Millinery Goods, comprising the newest and latest styles and shapes. I am constantly receiving new goods, and therefore can please everybody. Give me your patronage. Prices as low as the lowest. Call and see my line before making your purchases. Rooms over Dr. Bowman's office, St. Joe, Ind.

MISS S. A. BARTLETT.

—FOR SALE OR TRADE—

One third interest in the Spencer-ville Tile and Saw Mill. Will sell, or trade for a farm or other property. Inquire of, or address W. L. Hollabaugh, St. Joe, Ind.

—LOCALS—

Mr. and Mrs. A. Evans are visiting in Garrett.

The fantastic parade on old settler's day will be immense.

Nels Thomas has been building a barn for Curt Washler.

Several kids from Hicksville were taking in the town yesterday.

Strawberries with good rich cream won't go bad. Yum, yum.

Simon Wineland received two car loads of logs by rail yesterday.

We were compelled to issue another supplement this week. Read it.

S. & F. Barney sacked a car load of wool at Maysville yesterday.

Read what J. Emanuel & Son's of Spencer-ville, have to say in the supplement.

Shutt & White are agents for the Champion Binder, and they are selling lots of them.

If you are needing any thing in way of Clocks, Watches or Jewelry, call at the drug store.

Wm. Volmer has added several improvements to his residence until it looks like a new place.

The Jackson Cornet Band will give a festival at Boot's grove on Saturday evening June 11th, 1887.

The St. Joe band plays well, considering the many changes that have been made in it, in the last few months.

Rev. E. Cray, the speaker on old settler's day is said to be a good talker and will no doubt deliver an interesting address.

The new passenger trains are quite an accommodation to the traveling public. If we just had one going west in the morning; that would strike us, exactly.

The band gave a street parade last Saturday evening.

Subscribe for the News. Only 25 cents for three months.

Miss Bartlett is constantly receiving new millinery goods.

S. & F. Barney shipped their first car of wool last week.

Rev. Fryberger delivered the memorial address at Butler last Monday.

Mrs. Zern has the finest collection of flowers we have seen this spring.

John Davis is hauling in quite a lot of piling for the B. & O. rail road.

There were a good many people in town last Saturday, and our merchants kept busy.

Garrett and Auburn dated together in the observance of Decoration day. That was neighborly.

Quite a number of our people attended the memorial service at Spencer-ville last Sunday afternoon.

Large stock of dress goods and trimmings at Case & Olds. Get your dresses ready for the old settler's meeting.

Jake Dermott was out on the lakes near Elkhart fishing the fore part of the week. Jake says he caught about forty pounds.

The next thing upon the program for St. Joe will be the old settler's meeting, and let everybody take hold of it and make things hum.

Of course you will want a new dress before the old settler's meeting, and the place to get it is at Case & Olds. They carry the largest stock.

Now that school is out the small boy will have nothing to do but to go in swimming, and come home with his shirt on wrong side out.

One of our citizens thought he heard it thunder the other evening but came to find out it was O. H. Widney indulging in one of his hearty laughs.

Down they go! Moquette Velvet Polish Lounges, trimmed in old gold for \$8.50. Screen Doors for \$1.50 to \$2.50, at Kinsey's Furniture Store St. Joe, Ind.

Free Zeigler made a handsome set of dog harness for S. S. Widney last week. Vester's old dog "Fam" will feel "kinder stuck up" when she gets on her new harness.

Geo. Ables is canvassing this neighborhood for Dr. Chase's latest receipt book. This is a good work and we are glad to know that George is meeting with success in the sale of the book.

Chris Curie has had five children attending school this winter, and during the seven months, not one of them were either absent or tardy except one day. Who can beat that?

The children in the primary department of our schools had a picnic dinner on the last day of school and had a very pleasant time as children always do on such occasions. The little ones spoke some very cute pieces.

Some one was telling us that Ad Chubb had been putting some shingles on one of his out buildings, and he got them all on with the butt ends of the shingles up. Adam must be getting a little loony.

The De Kalb County Sunday School Convention will be held at Waterloo, on the 14th and 15th of this month. A good program has been prepared, and it is desired that as many of the Sunday school workers as possible be present. The people of Waterloo are preparing to entertain those who attend in a royal manner.

## STUBBORN FACTS.

The Champion is sold under the strongest warranty to be the well, with ease to the driver and the team, to be well made of the quality of material, to be more durable and less liable to get out of pair than any other binder made. Since its first introduction the Champion has been the most successful of all harvesting machines. To the well-to-do farmer, who is willing to pay a fair price on fair terms of credit for first-class implement, we offer the Champion Binder as the best and cheapest machine in the market. For prices, terms &c. call on

## SHUTT & WHITE.

## A Clock or a Watch Given Away

to draw trade is not legitimate business, and we do not intend to make such an offer, but if you will call at the Drugstore, we will show you a nice line of Clocks, Watches, the latest and very handsomest styles of Lace Rings, Necklaces, Seal Rings, Cuff and Collar Buttons, Chains, Chains Chains, at prices that cannot help but please.

HOUSE PAINTING, Graining, Glazing Paper Hanging and Ceiling Decorating a specialty. All work guaranteed. E. A. WOODCOX. Call and see me, or leave orders at the St. Joe Drugstore.

G. E. EMANUEL, M. D., Physician and Surgeon, Spencer-ville, Ind. Office in J. Emanuel & Son's Drug Store. All calls promptly answered.

## ST. JOE MARKETS.

CORRECTED EVERY FRIDAY.

Wheat	81 cts.
Oats	29 cts.
Corn	40 cts.
Butter	10 cts.
Eggs	10 cts.
Tallow	31 cts.
Lard	10 cts.
Potatoes	60 cts.
Smoked Hams	10 cts.
Shoulders and Side Meat	8 cts.

## GARD OF THANKS.

We desire to return our sincere thanks to the citizens of St. Joe, who so kindly aided us in the sickness and death of our nephew, Joseph Barr, and especially to Dr. Bowman, S. Barney, J. D. Leighty, A. Kinsey, P. P. Shuler and William Leighty. May the blessing of God be with you all through life is the prayer of Mr. and Mrs. M. F. Bodey.

Rev. Fryberger went to Kendall-ville Tuesday.

The county commissioners were in town Tuesday. They better establish a branch office over here, as they seem to be over in this part of the county quite often of late.

Report of school district No. 3, in Concord township, for the month ending May 28th, 1887. Number of pupils enrolled during the month 23; average daily attendance 24. Names of those neither absent nor tardy during the month: Charley Gibford, John Uhn, Hattie Ricketts, Roy Gibford, Belle Melton, Orange Draggoo, Nealie Gibford, Cecil Shilling, Charley Ricketts, John Draggoo, Mary Layman and Walter Uhn. Addie Widney, Teacher.

## STAR WIND ENGINE



## TAKES THE LEAD

E. A. WANENAKER, NEWVILLE, IND., Has the agency for this county. Send him, or write for prices on Wind Mills, Pumps, Pipe &c. A special feature of the Star Wind Engine is Regulator. See it before you buy.



Commissioner Holdovar O. H. Widney is grandfather. Let the people rejoice and let the manufacturers safely pins be glad. Toosday morning we noticed the "News" Widney was dodging around town in an unusual manner, but we didn't think anything of it until about noon when we saw the honorable commissioner himself coming up street carrying a wood headed cane, an holding his head to count the spots on the sun. Then we began to see thru it. Its a boy, and the awl doing well, especshally Grandfather Widney. Barcus Q. Hippenhammer



## REMINISCENCES OF PUBLIC MEN.

BY BEN: PENLEY POORE.

The winter before the inauguration of Gen. Harrison as President, Gen. and Mrs. Gaines delivered a joint lecture in several of the Atlantic cities. The General, who spoke first, explained his system of national defense, which he illustrated by means of maps and diagrams. The plan consisted of two distinct propositions: First, to connect the Central and Western States with the seaboard and frontiers by a chain of railroads, which he proposed should be constructed by the army of the United States. These would afford means for the rapid transportation, in time of war, of men, munitions, military stores, and all the material required for attack and defense, both by land and water; and would also serve, in times of peace, for the promotion of internal commerce, by the interchange of the products of different sections of the Union. If its former commercial prosperity shall return to our country, we may reasonably anticipate that this portion of the General's system will be supplied by individual enterprise, and the means at the disposal of the different States.

His second proposition was to construct, in each of our important seaports, a number of floating batteries, to be moved, by steam towboats, and thus turned and shifted at will to meet an attacking foe at all points. By batteries of sufficient capacity, and yet not so large as to be unmanageable, he estimated that two broadsides might be fired in the space of three minutes, or 1,800 shots discharged in six minutes! He urged with great earnestness that it was the art of wisdom and sound policy to endeavor to keep pace with the advanced spirit of the age; and that it was necessary to our national security that we should avail ourselves of the improved agencies of steam navigation as a means of national resistance and defense. Gen. Gaines spoke for about an hour and a quarter, and was listened to with marked attention.

Mrs. Gaines then ascended the platform and commenced her address, reading from a paper she held in her hand. She began with a vindication of her position from the charges of what might seem to be a departure from the appropriate sphere of her sex, whose chief duties are properly considered to lie in the domestic circle.

She pleaded as her excuse the higher obligation of obedience to her "liege lord" in whose presence she stood, and declared with confidence that if a jury of her own sex were to be selected from the audience to try her for the offence, their unanimous verdict would be "acquitted." Mrs. Gaines then proceeded to descant upon her chosen theme, and drew from the pages of the world's history a vivid picture of "the horrors of war." The dreadful destruction of human life at different periods, in battles and sieges, marches and retreats, was exhibited in a concise and rapid sketch, the terrors of the carnage, the scene presented after a battle, the heaps of the slain, the dying and the wounded. "Rider and horse, friend, foe in one red burial blend," and all the accidental horrors of war were depicted with all the warmth of a glowing and cultivated fancy, with all the intensity of a woman's feeling. "We can weep," she indignantly exclaimed, "over a tale of imaginary sorrow, concocted by some hungry, starving novel writer, and yet we have no sigh to breathe, no tear to shed, at the recital of heart-rending calamities and miseries which we know to be real."

Before Daniel Webster purchased his estate at Marshfield he used to go there every summer with a small party of friends, and "rough it" in a rude shanty, erected for the accommodation of duck shooters and fishermen. There, before the door of the hut, might have been seen, about the hour of sunset, a stout-looking, dark-visaged, hard-featured man, with a shaggy roundabout upon his back, and a coarse tarpaulin hat, that looked rather the worse for wear, upon his head, squatted upon a stone, and with a handful of sand scouring out an old chowder pot, which the last user had been so careless as to leave a little less cleanly than it should have been. Shortly after the same hand was seen to be sprinkling pepper and salt upon the fruits of that day's expedition, as they simmered in the pot over the crackling fire. He was evidently the prominent man of the party; and after the savory viands had been despatched and the clothless board, with the keen

appetite and smacking relish that hunters only can appreciate, his were the apt fingers that wiped the platters fastest; and as they sat around the comfortable blaze of the snapping brushwood, from his prolific lips flowed the countless stories at which they stared hardest and laughed loudest. Not about tariffs and banks and such matters of State, which in those times of political excitement men were most apt to talk about; had the story-teller prattled; his anecdotes were of matters of less importance, perhaps, but infinitely more entertaining to the hard-fisted, fun-loving fishermen, and farmers who were his companions. And when "nature's sweet restorer" called them to their beds, he was the first, if not the loudest, to snore; and at daylight he was the foremost to make ready the morning repast, by scraping in the sand, outside the hut, the knives which the evening past had furnished. His name was Daniel Webster; his station, Secretary of the United States of America; his home, wherever he chanced to be, in a fisherman's hut or a King's palace, among his cattle or at the Capitol.

The Washington correspondents were greatly troubled, during the war, by the censorship, and they studied diligently how to circumvent it. Just before the capture of Fort Fisher, and when the news of its fall would naturally have had an effect upon the stock market, one of the correspondents went to New York in order to be on hand when the opportunity came to buy or to sell. A friend at Washington was to telegraph him when Fort Fisher fell that "The child is very sick," and, to make doubly sure, the dispatch was to be signed "Mary." This neat little arrangement completely deceived the censor when Fort Fisher was captured, and the dispatch was promptly sent.

The censor boarded at Willard's Hotel. There, also, boarded the wife and three children of the enterprising journalist. The censor was personally acquainted with the journalist and his family, and on the day that he had passed the dispatch, he approached the lady and asked, "How is the child?" "What child? all my children are well," replied she. "All well?" said the censor. "Perfectly well." "Excuse me, madam," asked the censor, "but is your name Mary?" "No, sir, it is not, and why do you ask?" The censor gave a low whistle, and replied: "Oh, for no reason in particular." "But you must have a reason for such a question."

Driven to the wall, and suspecting all sorts of naughty things, with the deceived woman before him, what could he do? He had to do something, and he made a clean breast of it. He told the lady that somebody, named "Mary," had that day telegraphed to her husband in New York that the child was very sick, and supposing, of course, the telegram could only have been sent by her, he ventured to ask as to the condition of the young invalid.

Here was a pretty kettle of fish. Who was "Mary," and where was she? Had the wicked journalist another wife and some children hidden away? Evidently so. The wicked journalist, meanwhile, head and ears in stock operations at New York, received another dispatch. It was not this time a cipher, but, on the contrary, exceedingly plain, and from his better-half. He returned to Washington by the next train, and by the help of the genuine "Mary" succeeded, after some difficulty, in convincing the partner of all his woes and joys that he had not been faithless to his marriage vows.

DR. WOOSTER BEACH, writing of the death penalty and the proper mode of carrying it out with a view of causing painless death, concludes that if we wish to take life by hanging in the most speedy, certain and, painless manner, we must adopt the plan of putting the rope around the neck of the man and slowly drawing him up; instead of the "drop" method now in use; but in this slow suspension method "it is important that the noose be carefully placed, so that on tightening it shall constrict the parts necessary to entirely cut off respiration; that it is just above the larynx." Chloroform, prussic acid poisoning, fatal electric shocks, and other methods have been proposed as substitutes for hanging, but until the death penalty shall have been abolished, or some other method than hanging adopted, it is well to study and make known the most "scientific" way of doing it. Bungling the operation is unnecessary brutality.—*Dr. Foote's Health Monthly.*

## BONES OF FRANCISCO PIZARRO.

They Lie on a Moldy Shelf Under a Fine Old Cathedral in Lima.

The interior of this cathedral is divided lengthwise into seven spaces or aisles—those next either wall being railed off as chapels, about thirteen in all, wherein are the altars, the shrines, the pictures, and the statuary, says a correspondent of the *Argonaut*, writing of an old cathedral in Lima, Peru. The roof is supported by a series of arches resting against the side walls and upon the columns. The choir is partitioned off by itself in the middle building, containing the singers, the instruments, and the wonderful organ. Beyond the choir is the glittering chancel, with its jewels and pictures and burning candles; with its costly hangings of silken and velvet draperies, their folds fastened to the roof—175 feet above—while their gaudy fringe brushes the adobe floor; and with the lecterns, the seats for the priests, and the bishop's throne. Midway between the chancel and the choir, set against a massive column, about fifteen feet from the floor, and reached by a narrow stairway, is the richly carved pulpit—supported by a solid pillar of pure silver five inches in diameter. When it is further considered that the other interior details are worked out with minute elaboration and delicacy—witness the wonderful carving in rich woods, in marble, and in bronze; the windows of rare stained glass, and the walls and ceiling most beautifully frescoed with scenes depicting memorable events in scripture—possibly a strong imagination may boldly forth something of this great cathedral.

A celebrated painting by Monteros, representing "The Obsequies of Atahualpa," held a place of honor here for many years, being esteemed by Limeños as something sacred. It was stolen by the Chilians and sent to Santiago. There is little left now of the beautiful sculpture and statuary from the hands of the noted Ayacucho sculptor, Medina, whose works excited so much admiration during the exposition, all of them having been sent to Chili. Before the late war this cathedral was one of the richest in gold and silver decorations and ornaments in the world. Built in the sixteenth century—Pizarro's old cathedral having been razed to the ground—it was enlarged, enriched, and adorned during the subsequent centuries until the fatal year of 1879, when Peru became involved in the disastrous conflict with Chili. It was literally a massive store-house of precious metals and gems—a second Temple of the Sun, and a magnificent prize for the needy Chilians. Upon the occupation of Lima in 1881 it was the first place levied upon, being stripped entirely of its richest treasures, the silver pillar supporting the pulpit excepted, that object of cupidity being so firmly fixed as to defy all attempt at removal, and accordingly it was reluctantly suffered to remain. Another act of these marauders was to despoil the greater portion of Lima's famous National library—the building is situated one square to the eastward of the cathedral—which contained many thousands of rare old volumes and manuscripts. This was a most dastardly proceeding, and is only paralleled by the destruction of the Alexandrine library by the fanatical followers of Mahomet many centuries ago.

In the catacombs beneath are the embalmed remains of the great Francisco Pizarro, transferred from the old cathedral in the year 1607. They lie on a moldy shelf beside the body of the good Viceroy Mendoza. His bones are fast crumbling to dust, and the few remaining pieces of skin which yet cling to them, dry and withered as they are, are fast disappearing under the inroads of those lunatics-at-large—relic-hunters.

## The Type-writer Girl.

No man is a hero to his type-writer girl. The nature of the unflattering information which she finds out about him may differ quite from that which men's valets used to find out, in the time when men had valets, but it is just as fatal to an ideal. The ever-present amanuensis's watchful eye, her ear that no syllable escapes, take in all his little weaknesses and jot them down indelibly in a mental notebook. She sees his mind, which the world takes to be brilliantly and swiftly constructive, struggling in its paltry workshop, and she knows where he goes to borrow a good many of his tools; she listens to

his faltering tongue while it painfully evolves utterances afterward to be bartered to the world under the glittering label extempore; she knows his procrastinations and his petty cowardices in dealing with his correspondence, and has seen him shy away again and again, under pretexts too hollow to deceive her, from some matter which he could easily face if he chose to; she has been the victim, now and then, of his little impatiences. In short, she sees through the mask of pretense that deceives the world, and her knowledge is destructive to any aureole of greatness that her imagination may have formed about him before she had the opportunity to study him at short range.—*Boston Transcript.*

## Cigarette-Smoking New York Girls.

Cigarette smoking is almost as prevalent among the girls as among the youths of New York. A certain popular actress is such an incessant smoker that her fingers are almost stained black from the burning tobacco and rice paper. She smokes cigars when cigarettes are not handy. She is positively addicted to the weed, so much so that she always smokes at the dinner-table. For a long time I noticed little spots of fire late in the evening in the windows on the opposite side of the street in which I lived. At last I saw the two spots of fire close together in one of the windows, and ripples of female laughter reached me from that particular window. I strained my eyes and saw that the two spots of fire as well as the laughter were produced by two girls. The spots, I may explain, were the lighted ends of cigarettes. I was not long in finding out that the other spots in the block indicated the presence of girls smoking cigarettes. They were taking their puffs on the quiet. They had put out the lights so that they could not be seen, and stuck their heads out of the windows so that the fumes would be carried away. Not all the girl smokers buy their cigarettes ready-made. Many have become so adroit in making them that they buy tobacco and rice paper and roll them themselves. They smoke the mild, aromatic Turkish tobacco, and there are a dozen places where they can step in and buy either cigarettes made up, or tobacco and paper. Some make no bones that the purchases are for themselves, while others, who have not grown blase, say they want them for their brothers, in the innocent belief that they fool the clerks. Several kinds of cigarettes are made with mouth-pieces, largely for the purpose of catching female trade. Rice paper sticks to the lips. The mouth-pieces, which are made of heavily calendered paper, do not. The manufacture of cigarettes is increasing, but only because the demand is increasing. Three or four huge factories have recently been put up in New York.

## Family Quarrels.

I have no respect for the woman who runs around among her neighbors and friends talking about her husband's shortcomings and the various points of difference between him and herself. And I have great contempt for the man who is giving to airing his matrimonial grievances abroad. No third party can adjust the differences that may exist between a man and his wife. If he and she cannot settle their own affairs they must go unsettled. There is nothing more destructive to the peace and happiness of a home than the daily little bickerings and bits of fault-finding in which so many husbands and wives indulge. Of course there are the "blue Monday" sort of days, when nothing goes right, and a spirit of evil seems to have taken possession of the entire household.

Such days come to best regulated families. It is human nature. It is an out-cropping of our innate tendency to go wrong at times. Sometimes I am glad that such days come to our house, for we are all so happy after we have "kissed, and made up" all round. I never say anything when I hear husbands and wives declare that in all the ten, fifteen, or twenty years of their married lives they never had "a single cross word." I keep mum because I hate to tell them I don't believe what they say, and I just don't believe it. We are not angels, and only angels could live that way. But, whatever our differences, do let us keep them to ourselves. Disaster follows in the wake of the man or woman who tells to the world his or her quarrels with John or Mary. Mum is the word.—*Good Housekeeping.*



### Traps for Americans.

An American gentleman who for many years past has been established in business in Paris, received one day a call from a handsomely-dressed female in whom he recognized a notorious American member of the demi-monde of Paris, says a writer in the Philadelphia Telegraph. She came, she said to propose to him a lucrative business transaction. She had in her possession a list of sundry highborn and titled gentlemen who wished to marry rich American girls, and she displayed such a list inscribed with some of the proud names of the French aristocracy. If my countryman would inform her of the arrival in Paris of any healthy American ladies, and of the presumed amount of their fortunes, she would, on the accomplishment of a marriage between any one of these and one of her clients, at once pay over to him half of her stipulated percentage on the dowry, which in her case was to amount to 10 per cent. It is needless to say that the woman's offer was refused. But the very fact of its being made showed how widespread is the system of the matrimonial agency in Paris and how extensive and elaborate must be its arrangements for obtaining information.

There is an Austrian gentleman moving in the best society of Paris whom I strongly suspect of being one of the secret and accredited agents of one of these establishments. He tried hard, but in vain, some years ago, to bring about a match between the daughter and only child of a wealthy American gentleman, then visiting this city, and a French duke of ancient family. The duke turned out finally to be an impostor, and was forced to take flight from Paris. Employees of the agencies are also to be found at the principal hotels here. They are usually women, generally bear high-sounding titles, and are pleasant of manner and affable of bearing. Their business is to make acquaintance with rich Americans who have daughters, so that the daughters aforesaid may be presented to impetuous adventurers on the lookout to repair their fortunes by marriage. The matter is very adroitly managed, an opera or a theater party, or a little dance being gotten up by the amiable French lady to amuse her sweet, new, young friend, the luckless damsel whose dollars, real or rumored, have caused her to be selected as a fitting victim. At the dance or at the theater the introduction takes place and the fascinations of the gentleman are supposed to do the rest. Very often, indeed, the promoter of the whole series of maneuvers is not connected with any agency whatever, but is acting on her own account.

### The Cowardice of Animals.

Not long since the writer saw Mr. Thompson, a dealer in live animals, open a box containing an anaconda, take the reptile by the throat, and calmly examine its mouth, opened though it was in rage, to look for cancerous tumors. Then from adjoining shelves he took python after python, each about ten feet long, and examined them in like manner. Only last week at the place of another dealer—Reiche—a big, powerful Syrian bear, a type known for its ferocity, was subdued without the firing of a shot. The bear broke through iron bars half an inch thick, and, standing up with his back against a cage of monkeys, thrust his terrible paw threateningly toward three keepers gathered about him. He didn't have a chance to use them, however, for he was belabored with clubs until glad to get back again into his cage.

On a pedestal near the gate of the Cincinnati zoological gardens there recently stood the stuffed figure of a donkey which, when alive, stood the attack of a lion and beat him off. The lion, it seems, had broken out of his cage and escaped to a wood near by. On a grassy hillock adjoining, a donkey lay stretched in placid slumber—a slumber that was rudely disturbed by the lion, who, in a few bounds was upon him. When the donkey felt the great mass of flesh descend upon him as if from the clouds, he was stunned and indignant, but not frightened, perhaps because he had never read any of the wonderful stories about the lion. He quickly recovered from the blow, and, rising, shot out both hind feet at the same time and caught the lion squarely in the forehead. Badly hurt, the lion skulked off and later the donkey died of the wound he received at the onset. —Scientific American.

### Disease and Death

Force their way into many a household that might be protected from their inroads, by the simple precaution of keeping in the house that benign family medicine and safeguard of health, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. Particularly where there are children, should it be kept on hand, as a prompt remedy for infantile complaints, in their outset easily conquerable, but which, if allowed to engraft themselves on the delicate childish organism, are not easily dislodged, and speedily work grievous mischief. Irregularity of the bowels, indigestion and biliousness, are ailments of common occurrence in the household. Children living in malarious regions are more liable to be attacked with chills and fever than adults, and the ravages of that fell disease in their system are speedier and more serious. In remote localities, far from professional aid, it is especially desirable.

### Primitive Currency.

Schweinfurth has mentioned that toy hose are used as money by the Niam-Niams, of Africa. Tippoo Tip now describes a remarkable tribe of skilled copper-workers on the Congo, among whom copper spears form the standard of value. Enormous spear-heads, some six feet in length, serve as "currency." Like bank notes with us, these spears are given a conventional value, the large ones, though of small intrinsic worth, being reckoned at one thousand dollars in the purchase of ivory.

### What the Doctor Said.

Patient—Well, doctor, how's my pulse?

Doctor (counting)—One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten, king, queen, jack.

Patient—What, doctor, what of you doing?

Doctor—Beg pardon. Sixteen, seventeen, eighteen—a very bad case, sir.

Patient—Yes, I should think so. Er—how long have you been affected this way?—Judge.

### "The Blood Is the Life."

Thoroughly cleanse the blood, which is the fountain of health, by using Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, and good digestion, a fair skin, buoyant spirits, vital strength, and soundness of constitution will be established.

Golden Medical Discovery cures all humors, from the common pimple, blotch or eruption, to the worst scrofula or blood-poison. Especially has it proven its efficacy in curing salt-rheum or tetter, fever-sores, hip-joint disease, scrofulous sores and swellings, enlarged glands, and eating ulcers.

Golden Medical Discovery cures consumption (which is scrofula of the lungs), by its wonderful blood-purifying, invigorating, and nutritive properties. For weak lungs, spitting of blood, shortness of breath, bronchitis, severe coughs, asthma, and kindred affections, it is a sovereign remedy. It promptly cures the severest coughs.

For torpid liver, biliousness, or "Liver Complaint," dyspepsia, and indigestion, it is an unequalled remedy. Sold by druggists.

A GLASGOW physician reports a curious experience of a patient of his who was troubled seriously with foul eructations from the stomach. Early one morning he lighted a match to see the time and in blowing out the match his breath caught fire, burning his lips and giving him terrible surprise. Probably the gases formed in his stomach were chemically analogous to the inflammable gases formed in coal pits.—Dr. Foote's Health Monthly.

TAKE all the sorrows out of life, and you take away all richness, and depth, and tenderness. Sorrow is the furnace that melts selfish hearts together in love.

Delicate diseases of either sex radically cured. Send 10 cents in stamps for book. Address, World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

WORKING for bare life—Making clothes for a new baby.

WE would be pleased to know of a man or woman who has never had headache or been subject to constipation. As these seem to be universal troubles a little advice may be in order. Why should persons crani their stomachs with nauseating purgative pills, etc., which sicken and debilitate when such a pleasant and sterling remedy as Peck's Ash Bitters will act mildly and effectively on the liver, kidney, stomach, and bowels, and at the same time tone and strengthen the whole system, causing headache, constipation and all such distressing evils to quickly disappear.

A LAWN party is pleasant enough until it begins to rain. Then it becomes a forlorn party.

PURE Cod Liver Oil made from selected livers, on the seashore, by Hazard, Hazard & Co., New York. It is absolutely pure and sweet. Patients who have once taken it prefer it to all others. Physicians have decided it superior to any of the other oils in market.

STAY of good breeding—Getting the prize at a dog show.

A 5-column Newspaper outfit for \$25 spot cash. The greatest bargain ever offered in printing material. Address, Box 221, Fort Wayne, Ind.

A VETERAN, Mr. George McKona, Ashburnham, Mass., writes: "While suffering with chronic rheumatism (result of Andersonville), I used St. Jacobs Oil which gave immediate relief." Sold by Druggists and Dealers.

HOW OFTEN you see a country tavern with the sign hanging outside on the inn side.

CARLOTTA SCHOENRICH, Captain Oriole Yacht Club, Baltimore, Md., writes: "The Club, during practice cruise, used St. Jacobs Oil and it cured several cases of sprains and bruises." Sold by Druggists and Dealers everywhere.

### A Wise Child.

Mother—Tommy, how are you coming on at school?

Tommy—First-rate, ma.

"Mention the names of some of the domestic animals."

"The horse, the dog, the pig."

"Mention some more, Tommy."

"The goose, the hen, and the duck."

"Yes, I was thinking of four-legged animals. What animal is that which lives mostly in the house, but which often makes a dreadful noise so that people cannot sleep?"

"Four-legged animal?"

"Yes."

"Don't let people sleep?"

"Yes."

Tommy, triumphantly—The piano.—Texas Siftings.

SICK and bilious headache, and all derangements of stomach and bowels, cured by Dr. Pierce's "Pillules"—or anti-bilious granules. 25 cents a vial. No cheap boxes to allow waste of virtue. By druggists.

"GOOD-BY, sweet tart, good-by!" sang the baker's apprentice when his master discharged him.

### She Is the Idol of My Heart.

Well, then, why don't you do something to bring back the roses to her cheeks and the light to her eyes? Don't you see she is suffering from nervous debility, the result of female weakness?

A bottle of Dr. Harter's Iron Tonic will brighten those pale cheeks and send new life through that wasted form. If you love her, take heed.

### Locate

In a Live Town. Cash bonus paid to all kinds of manufacturing enterprises. Live men in all kinds of businesses wanted. Address BANK OR VALLEY, Valley, Douglas Co., Nebraska.

NO OPIMUM in Piso's Cure for Consumption. Cures where other remedies fail. 25c.

## It Is Economy

To buy Hood's Sarsaparilla, for in it you get more real value for the money than in any other medicine. A bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla contains 100 Doses and lasts a month, while others will average to last not over a week, and the superior curative powers of Hood's Sarsaparilla are also well known. Hence for economy, purity, strength and health buy Hood's Sarsaparilla.

"All I ask of any one is to try one bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla and see its quick effect. It takes less time and quantity to show its effect than any other preparation I ever heard of. I would not be without it in the house." Mrs. C. A. M. HUBBARD, North Chitt. N. Y.

## Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. \$1.00 per bottle. Prepared by C. L. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

**JONES**  
PAYS THE FREIGHT  
5 Ton Wagon Scales,  
Iron Bolts, Steel Rebar, Brass  
Tare Beam and Beam Box for  
\$60.  
Where else Scale. For free price list  
send this paper and address  
JONES OF BINGHAMTON  
BINGHAMTON, N. Y.

**PISO'S CURE FOR**  
CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.  
Best Cough Syrup. Tastes good. Use  
in time. Sold by druggists.  
**CONSUMPTION**

**Miss B. Stevenor's**  
**PENSIONS.** Metropolitan Block,  
Chicago, Ill.  
**DETECTIVES**

Wanted in every County. Shrewd men to act under our instructions in our Secret Service. Experience not necessary. Send stamp for particulars. GRANNAN DETECTIVE BUREAU, 41 Arcade, Cincinnati, O.

**PILES**  
Dr. Williams' Indian Pile Ointment is a sure cure for blind, bleeding or itching piles. Cure guaranteed. Price 50c and \$1. At druggists or mailed by Wabbling, Kinnun & Martin, Wholesale Agents, Toledo, Ohio.

**RUPTURE**  
If you want relief and cure at your home, send for Dr. J. A. Sherman's circular of instructions. 291 Broadway, New York.

**FRECKLES** PIMPLES, TAN, TETTER, etc., all removed and complexion made beautiful by our **CHAMPION CHEMICAL COMPOUND**. Sent by mail for 50 cents. Address C. C. CHEMICAL CO., SPONGFIELD, OHIO.

**PATENTS** R. S. & A. P. LACEY, Patent Attorneys, Washington, D. C. Inventions and opinions as to patentability FREE. 17 years' experience.

**\$5** to \$8 a day. Samples worth \$150. FREE. Time not under the horse's foot. Address Brewster's Safety Rein Holder, Holly, Mich.



The treatment of many thousands of cases of those chronic weaknesses and distressing ailments peculiar to females, at the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, Buffalo, N. Y., has afforded a vast experience in nicely adapting and thoroughly testing remedies for the cure of woman's peculiar maladies.

**Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription** is the outgrowth, or result, of this great and valuable experience. Thousands of testimonials, received from patients and from physicians who have tested it in the more aggravated and obstinate cases which had baffled their skill, prove it to be the most wonderful remedy ever devised for the relief and cure of suffering women. It is not recommended as a "Secret," but as a most perfect Specific for woman's peculiar ailments.

As a powerful, invigorating tonic, it imparts strength to the whole system, and to the womb and its appendages in particular. For overworked, "worn-out," "run-down," debilitated teachers, milliners, dressmakers, seamstresses, "shop-girls," housekeepers, nursing mothers, and feeble women generally, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the greatest earthly boon, being unequalled as an appetizing cordial and restorative tonic.

As a soothing and strengthening nervine, "Favorite Prescription" is unequalled and is invaluable in allaying and subduing nervous excitability, irritability, exhaustion, prostration, hysteria, spasms and other distressing, nervous symptoms commonly attendant upon functional and organic disease of the womb. It induces refreshing sleep and relieves mental anxiety and despondency.

**Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription** is a legitimate medicine, carefully compounded by an experienced and skillful physician, and adapted to woman's delicate organization. It is purely vegetable in its composition and perfectly harmless in its effects in any condition of the system. For morning sickness, or nausea, from whatever cause arising, weak stomach, indigestion, dyspepsia and kindred symptoms, its use, in small doses, will prove very beneficial.

"Favorite Prescription" is a positive cure for the most complicated and obstinate cases of leucorrhoea, excessive flowing, painful menstruation, unnatural suppressions, prolapsus, or falling of the womb, weak back, "female weakness," anteversion, retroversion, bearing-down sensations, chronic congestion, inflammation and ulceration of the womb, inflammation, pain and tenderness in ovaries, accompanied with "internal heat."

As a regulator and promoter of functional action, at that critical period of change from girlhood to womanhood, "Favorite Prescription" is a perfectly safe remedial agent, and can produce only good results. It is equally efficacious and valuable in its effects when taken for those disorders and derangements incident to that later and most critical period, known as "The Change of Life."

"Favorite Prescription" is when taken in connection with the use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, and small laxative doses of Dr. Pierce's Purgative Pills (Little Liver Pills), cures Liver, Kidney and Bladder diseases. Their combined use also removes blood taints, and abolishes cancerous and scrofulous humors from the system.

"Favorite Prescription" is the only medicine for women, sold by druggists, under a positive guarantee, from the manufacturers, that it will give satisfaction in every case, or money will be refunded. This guarantee has been printed on the bottle-wrapper, and faithfully carried out for many years.

Large bottles (100 doses) \$1.00, or six bottles for \$5.00.

For large, illustrated Treatise on Diseases of Women (160 pages, paper-covered), send ten cents in stamps. Address.

World's Dispensary Medical Association,

663 Main St., BUFFALO, N. Y.



Import Station CHICAGO, ILL. Winner of Sweepstakes Premium at the Great Percheron Show at the Ill. State Fair, held in Chicago Sept. 1885. Property of

**W. L. ELLWOOD,**

IMPORTER AND BREEDER OF

**PERCHERON HORSES.**

The Largest Breeding Establishment of Pure Blood Percherons in the United States. Five hundred head of Pure Blood and Grades now on hand, a large number of which were imported in July, 1885, and another large importation of from 150 to 200 head will arrive about the middle of October. Visitors always welcome, come and see them. I handle nothing but the best, and take pride in showing stock.

Location, DE KALB, ILL.

15 miles west of Chicago, on Omaha Div. C. & N. W. Ry. Send for Catalogue.

Or others, who wish to examine

on advertising space when in Chicago, will find it at

45 to 49 Randolph St.,

the Advertising Agency of

**LORD & THOMAS.**

**PENSIONS** COLLECTED and increased by Fitzgerald & Powell, Indianapolis, Ind. Offices everywhere. Send for copy of Laws, free.

N. U. F. W. No. 23-87.

When Writing to Advertisers, please say you saw the Advertisement in this paper.



## SMILES TO THE FRONT.

*Contrive to Look Happy, Regardless of Your Individual Feelings.*  
(Boston Globe.)

Among army people an order is obeyed implicitly and unquestionably. If the commanding officer orders "sappers and miners to the front," or women and baggage to the rear," "theirs not to reason why, theirs but to do or die," and in this way victories are won and good order maintained. What a delightful thing it would be if some cheerful commander should cry out with stentorian voice, "frowns to the rear," "smiles to the front," upon our streets and highways and byways.

There is a good bit of Christian science, or philosophy, in looking happy, regardless of your individual feelings. Why should we draw down our faces and purse up our lips, or render others uncomfortable because we chance to be? It is wonderful to watch the effect of one bright spirit, even in a horse-car. Every one is solemn. The banker, who is one of the most agreeable men in the world in his own house, is meditating, with a frown on his handsome face. Some stock is booming and he is thinking seriously of his next move. The lawyer, with his bag, gives a sharp look about the car, produces his nickel, and proceeds to bite his mustache, looking judicially grave. The woman opposite scans her neighbor and settles herself down with hard lines on her face. There is no one there she knows. Why should she care? And so it is in all the cars. People look like victims going to the dentist, or mourners at a funeral, where they must go, but do so under protest. Now let a bright man enter with a smile on his face, a cheery word on his lips as he gives the conductor his fare, and a show of amiability which touches every one; what happens? Faces begin to shorten, smiles peep out like shy snowdrops after a hard winter, and every one, no one knows quite why, feels happier. Cheerfulness is contagious, and as the world wags on and we each have our pilgrim's pack, seen or unseen, upon our backs, why not smile and make the best of things?

A school of expression for the human countenance might benefit all mankind, and react upon the physical condition of prosperity. As a devout believer in cheerfulness and hopefulness, the *Globe* invites all its readers to cast aside the Puritan grimness born of hardship, fear, and necessity, and in its place cultivate the presence which attracts, the amiability which endures, and the goodness of heart which finds something to be grateful for every day and something worth living for. In short, let us have cheerful faces to the front.

## MORGANATIC MARRIAGES.

For centuries past the rule rigidly enforced by successive crowned heads of Europe has been that members of their families shall not marry out of a certain boundary, that is, shall always marry members of their own or a few other royal families. If ever a prince or princess, yielding to the natural influence of affection, should marry out of this select circle, such a union is not recognized by any of the exclusively "illustrious" persons who belong to it. The marriage may have been solemnized in the most regular manner by a duly-qualified clergyman, but the etiquette of royalty declares that it is null and void from first to last, and that its fruits shall be illegitimate. So much recognized is this exclusive and unnatural restriction that all such marriages are called morganatic, a Germanized term, derived from *morgen*, morning, and *gift*, a gift, alluding to a dowry which used to be paid the morning after a marriage, when this dowry was given and received in lieu of all other dowry, and also of rights of inheritance that might fall to the issue of such marriages. Sometimes it is called

a left-handed marriage, probably because it was believed that the royal personage contracting it gave the golden ring to the bride with the left hand, and not, as in all other cases, with the right. Any person not of blood-royal, who contracts such a marriage, knows, beforehand, that he or she is not to be publicly recognized as husband and wife, and that the children from such a marriage can neither enjoy the rank nor inherit the possessions of the superior party.—*Boston Cultivator*.

## WORK OF NATURE'S SCULPTOR.

We are accustomed to associate such gigantic water-carvings as the Colorado canon and the Niagara gorge with almost inconceivable periods of time, yet instances are numerous of the wearing from the solid rock of gorges hundreds of feet deep by two or three centuries only of work. Lyell mentions the case of the Simeto, in Sicily, which had been dammed by lavas in 1503. In two and a half centuries it had excavated a channel fifty to several hundred feet deep, and in some parts forty to fifty feet wide, although the rock is a hard basalt. He also describes a gorge in decomposed rock, near Milledgeville, Ga., that was at first a mud-crack a yard deep, but which, in twenty-years, was 300 yards long, twenty to 180 feet wide, and fifty-five feet deep; and Liais describes a similar gorge, of twice the length, in Brazil, made in forty years. But it is in the low lands bordering rivers that the flood-artist finds the plastic material that may be molded with each passing season. With high water, the streams rapidly wear into earthly banks, commencing new bends or cutting off old ones, and even opening new channels for discharge. The great and turbulent Hoang-Ho is noted for its devastations, says Dana. In 1850 it emptied into the Yellow Sea; now the mouth is dry, and it has a new channel opening to the Gulf of Pechele, nearly 300 miles north of its former outlet, and it departed from the old channel more than this distance from the coast. This is the last of many changes, back and forth, recorded by the Chinese during the past 3,000 years.

## SHOWN BY THE LAST CENSUS.

The total population of the union, as given in round numbers, is, males, 25,518,000; females, 24,036,000.

Of the blind there were 26,000 males and 22,000 females. In proportion there should have been 24,000 blind women.

There were of idiots 45,000 males and 31,000 females. In proportion there should have been 36,000 female idiots.

In almshouses there were 35,000 men and 31,000 women. In proportion there should have been 33,000 pauper women.

Of the deaf mutes there were 18,000 males and 15,000 females. In proportion there should have been 17,000 deaf-mute women.

In prisons there were 54,000 men and 5,000 women. To maintain the proportion there should have been 50,000 women in prison, or ten times as many as were.

The total annual deaths were, males, 391,000; females, 364,000. In proportion to the population 368,000 women should have died to maintain the same relative mortality with the men.

The only place where the weakness of women was shown was in the matter of insanity, the statistics of which give 44,000 men and 47,000 women in public asylums. To maintain the relation there should have been only 41,000 insane women. When, however, it is considered how much cause for female dementia is contributed by the men the small number of crazy women is notable.

In France persons are said to have been put into a hypnotic sleep by telephone. A newspaper editor was hypnotized within two or three minutes after placing the telephone to his ear, the operator being a mile distant.

J. H. CONRAD,

DEALER IN

## ROOFING AND SPOUTING

GUTTERING, HOUSE FURNISHING GOODS.

Cutlery, Nails, Paints, Woodenware &c.

MAIN STREET,

ST. JOE IND.

All work and goods guaranteed to give satisfaction! Give me a call.



WILLIAM CURIE,

PROPRIETOR OF

St. Joe Meat Market,

ST. JOE, IND.

Highest market price paid for Hides, Tallow &c. Give me a call.

M. TUSTISON,

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## GROCERIES,

EARTHEN POTS FOR HOUSE PLANTS

PROVISIONS, OYSTERS, LEMONS.

ORANGES, CANDIES, CIGARS &c.

MAIN ST. - - ST. JOE, IND.

J. F. WALKER,

MAKER AND DEALER IN

## Harness, Collars,

WHIPS, HARNESS OIL &c.

ST. JOE, IND.

Repairing done promptly. Prices as low as the lowest. Call and see.

R. G. COBURN,

AGENT FOR THE

## ALBION SPRING Cultivator

AND FIELD HARROW,

## AND DAISY RAKE.

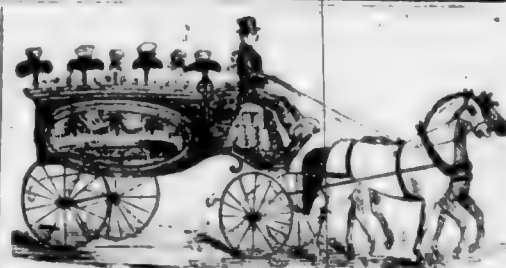
Farmers will save money by seeing me before buying. I will call on you with a sample in a few days. R. G. Coburn, St. Joe, Ind.

## Take Notice!

Having returned from Tennessee, I will assist again in

## Raising & Moving Buildings,

in short all kinds of Rope, Tackle and Jack-screw Work. Having had 15 years experience, and improved machinery, I feel safe in guaranteeing satisfaction. Heavy and difficult work a specialty. Correspondence solicited. Direct all communications to H. or M. Milliman, St. Joe Station, Ind., or A. Monroe, Hicksville, Ohio.

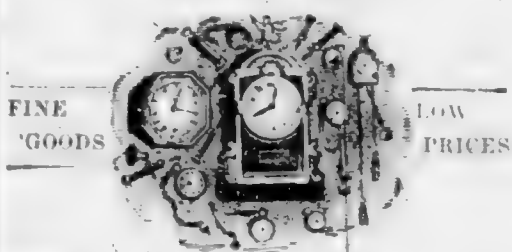


A. KINSEY

Undertaker and Embalmer. Keeps on hand constantly, a stock of Undertaking Supplies, Coffins, Caskets, Burial Robes &c. I can supply as fine goods as can be furnished. Will attend to making all arrangements for funerals. Calls responded to at all hours of the night. Office on corner of Main and Second Streets; residence on corner of Main and Fourth Streets, St. Joe, Ind.

Arthur James,

DEALER IN



## Watches, Clocks,

AND JEWELRY.

Repairing done promptly and all work warranted. Call and see me at Bair & Son's store, Spencerville, Ind.

M. T. BISHOP,

DEALER IN

## LUMBER

OF ALL KINDS,

Shingles, Lime, Lath, MOULDINGS &c.

Large Stock and Prices Low. Yard Near Depot, St. Joe, Ind.

F. A. ZEIGLER,

MAKER AND DEALER IN



COLLARS, WHIPS,

## Fly Nets and Dusters,

HARNESS OIL &c.

Prices the Lowest. All work guaranteed. Call and see me.



# Supplement to the St. Joe News.

FRIDAY, JUNE 3, 1887.

## OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

### COBURN TOWN.

Wheat is heading out.

Strawberries are putting on blushing faces.

W. Beaber killed and wounded 7 hawks last week.

Mr. Campbell of Butler, was here this week, making out insurance papers for property losses.

R. G. Coburn will return from Kansas this week, and bring his son with him, if he is able to come.

J. M. Milliman has one of the best plows in the neighborhood. It plows all the fence corners and around all trees.

Arthur Wilmot and son Allen, are making the briar-swamp patch look pretty well. Arthur hopes to get through by the 4th of July.

J. E. Dermott's little boy, hitched his express wagon to a colt's neck with a string, and prepared to take a ride, when the colt started double quick down the hill, breaking the string and leaving the little fellow behind.

The services at the cemetery here on Decoration Day were well attended, considering the condition of the weather; and the exercises, which were held in the school house, were fitting to the occasion. Bro. Thomas delivered an interesting address.

### PIGEON'S RETREAT.

Will Rudy keeps a one-horse barber shop.

School closed at this place on last Friday.

What has become of that Coburn-town scribe?

Miss Alice Kline is still in a very helpless condition.

Charley Koch spent Saturday night with his brother Will.

Grandfather Kline has been seriously ill but is better at this writing.

The rats killed twelve young turkeys for Mr. Timmerman on Friday night.

Mr. Wasson has quite a curiosity in the shape of a brood of web-footed turkeys.

A small cyclone in the shape of two young ladies in a buggy, struck Billy Farmer's buggy, last Sunday evening while returning from church, and demofished one of the wheels. There must have been mutual attraction in this incident for our public roads are wide enough for teams to pass. Billy you should have given them all the road.

Jack Moody's team ran away the other day in St. Joe, and tore up things in a lively manner. Jack got things together as best he could and went home, but strange to say he forgot his wife who had accompanied him to town. She was lucky enough to get to ride to Spencerville with J. W. Dills, and on finding that her husband had gone before she reached that place, she gathered up her butter pails, egg baskets, groceries and other articles too numerous to mention and when last seen by our informer had started for home which no doubt she reached, foot-sore and weary, a couple of hours later than her forgetful husband.

J. EMANUEL & SONS,

— DEALERS IN —

# DRUGS, PAINTS,

OILS, VARNISHES, BRUSHES,

Perfumes, Soaps, Toilet Articles,

*CONFECTIONERY, CANNED GOODS &c.*

THE CHOICEST AND FINEST

## CIGARS AND TOBACCOS

THAT MONEY CAN BUY.

We invite the attention of the public to the fact, that we have added largely to our stock, and now carry a full and complete line of Paints, Oils, Varnishes, Brushes &c. Drugs and Druggists Sundries, the very latest and best Perfumes, Soaps, and Toilet Articles. The best Cigars and Tobaccos that money can buy. Also a good assortment of Canned Goods and Confectionery. Pure Wines and Liquors for MEDICINAL PURPOSES ONLY. Special attention given to filling prescriptions and recipes with accuracy and dispatch, at all hours of the day or night. We guarantee our GOODS TO BE OF THE BEST QUALITY and prices as low as the lowest. Give us a call.

J. Emanuel & Sons,

SPENCERVILLE, IND.



# THE ST. JOE NEWS.

VOL. I.

ST. JOE, IND., FRIDAY, JUNE 10, 1887.

NO. 20.

## Churches.

### DISCIPLE.

SERVICES every alternate Sunday evening, in the Lutheran church. Cottage prayer meeting every Friday evening.

J. A. THOMAS, PASTOR.

### METHODIST PROTESTANT.

SERVICES every alternate Sunday at 10:30 A. M. Prayer meeting every Tuesday evening. Sunday School at 9:30 A. M.

J. M. LANGLEY, PASTOR.

### EVANGELICAL LUTHERAN.

SERVICES every Sunday, one Sunday in the morning at 10:30, and the following Sunday in the evening. Prayer meeting every Thursday evening. Sunday School at 9:30 A. M.

S. P. FRYBERGER, PASTOR.

## Societies.

### G. A. R.

REGULAR meetings on Saturday evening, on or before the full moon of each month, at their hall over Leighty's store.

O. H. WIDNEY, COMMANDER.

J. M. MILLMAN, ADJUTANT.

## Business Notices.

H. W. BOWMAN, M. D., Physician and Surgeon, St. Joe, Ind., Office opposite the Drugstore.

ST. JOE HOTEL, Wm. Leighty, proprietor. Special attention given to furnishing teams for commercial men.

B. S. SHEFFER, M. D., Physician and Surgeon, St. Joe, Ind. Prompt and careful attention to all business entrusted to his care.

ST. JOE BARBER SHOP, one door west of hotel, Will Gee, proprietor. Satisfaction guaranteed. Your patronage is solicited.

FILLEY, LOUNSBERRY AND SHULER, proprietors of the St. Joe Saw and Planing Mill. All work promptly done. Cash paid for Oak Logs.

CITY BARBER SHOP, St. Joe, Ind., John Hull, proprietor. Shaving, Hair Cutting &c. done in the best of style. Come and see me. Two doors west of Kinsey's Furniture Store.

SIMON WINELAND, proprietor St. Joe Handle and Feed Mills. Feed grinding a specialty. Highest prices paid for second growth White Ash. Enquire at the mill for full particulars.

## INDIANA STATE NEWS.

—The body of a dead boy was found near Jackville recently. The facts in the case seem to be about as follows: Mrs. Livingstone, a widow, and her son Pless, aged about 19 years, went to the home of Columbus Young, a brother-in-law, who also has a son, aged 16 years. The boys went fishing, and in the evening the Young boy came home, and said that Pless had gone off with some strange boys. His statement was believed at first, but when the missing boy did not arrive, even after dark, a search was commenced. No traces of the lad were found that night. The next day the creek was dragged, but to no purpose. In the evening the dead body of the boy was found, near the creek, with a bullet in his brain. Then Young, who told the above story, said they and two other boys were shooting fish, and he pointed the pistol at Pless, thinking all the cartridges were fired, and said, "I'm going to shoot you." The boy fell dead and his companions fled. The other boys, who witnessed the affair, tell the same story.

—Edward Daniels, a brakeman on the Chicago and Atlantic Railway, was discharged for drunkenness. He received his money at Hammond, drank heavily, and climbed on a freight train to steal a ride to Chicago. The train just commenced to move when he fell off, striking the rail the full length of his body. A wheel caught his foot and mashed the leg clear up to the hip. Twenty cars passed over him. When the last car was over, he raised himself three times, gasped his name, "Edward Daniels," and died. It is not known where his relatives live.

—Patents have been issued to the following named Indiana inventors: William E. Clayton, of Huntington, pipe wrench and cutter; Joseph S. Locke, of Spartanburg, machine for making wire and slate fences; Benjamin A. Nye, of Indianapolis, vehicle top; John J. Ralyn, of Anderson, saw; Henry Richards, of Decker, key-board attachment for musical instruments; William H. Roberts, of Indianapolis, portable fire escape; David D. Weissell, of Fort Wayne, artificial tooth.

—Auditor of State Carr has sent a circular to all County Auditors regarding the State House tax. It reads that as no provision was made "by the late General Assembly for the continuance of a tax levy for the new State House fund, the tax levy of 2 cents upon each \$100 worth of taxable property in this State for said purpose is discontinued, and therefore no tax levy for that purpose should be placed on the tax duplicate for 1887."

—Bent Jones, a life-time convict from Orange County, confined in the southern prison, has been granted a patent on a folding table. The invention is considered to be very valuable, and is gotten up on an entire new principle from others heretofore made. The patent on the iron castings alone is supposed to be worth at least \$100,000, if the inventor was out of confinement to properly dispose of them.

—The Crawford County Regulators crossed over into Orange County a few nights ago and disciplined, in the customary effective manner, Benjamin and Joseph Carroll. After the switching seance had been concluded the knights of the switch rode around the neighborhood and notified the people, at the same time requesting that a doctor be summoned to care for the sufferers.

—August Geist, for thirty years a faithful and trusted employe of the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern Railroad at La Porte, was instantly killed by being run over by a freight train while attending to his duties in the railroad yard. He was greatly respected by the officers of the road. He leaves a large family.

—The body of a man aged about fifty-

five was found in the river, ten miles above Madison. The body was poorly clad, and was evidently that of a laborer or fisherman. Decomposition had set in, and the coroner, after viewing the remains, ordered them buried.

—John Worth, of Centerville, purchased a can of salmon, and, with his wife and daughter, ate it for supper. About midnight they were all taken dangerously ill, and it required the services of every physician in the city to save their lives. They are very low yet from the lead-poisoning.

—An alarming and fatal epidemic has broken out at Oxford, Benton County. It attacks young children, principally, and in most cases terminates in death in a few days. The sickness is severe from the start, and the afflicted child soon goes into spasms, which ends in death.

—On a farm of G. H. McKinney, near Pleasantville, Pike County, William, the son of the farmer mentioned, was killed by lightning during a storm while taking shelter under a tree. His brother was also so severely shocked that his recovery is doubtful.

William Straightman, an employe of the Lafayette car works, died from the effects of injuries received recently. While assisting in removing a large bar of iron from the steam hammer he was struck in the abdomen, the injuries terminating in death.

The large barn of Elihu Knight, living five miles southwest of Winchester, was burned. The fire is supposed to have been of incendiary origin. The loss will be fully \$1,000, with \$400 insurance in the Continental, of New York.

—The citizens of Fort Wayne are jubilant over the fact that they have finally struck gas in abundance. Gas well No. 3 was shot recently, and proves to be a gusher.

—James, Huntzinger, aged 15, was drowned while bathing in White River at Anderson. His body was recovered. It is thought his mother will die from the shock.

The widow of Joel Sylvester, who resides in Jeffersonville, has been notified that she will, in a few days, be paid \$3,000 on a policy in the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, taken out shortly before her husband's death.

—Ross, aged 4 years, son of Fremont Freeman, of Liberty, was caught under an elevator in his father's livery stable and fatally injured. His head was crushed, a leg broken, and he was injured internally.

—Charles Mowse and Joseph Biehler were drowned at Indianapolis by the capsizing of a boat.

—In the case of the State, in relation to Peter Wright vs. Casius Herron, charged with forging Wright's name to a \$225 note, on trial at Richmond, the defendant was acquitted, and in retaliation will bring suit for damages.

—Edward Cole, aged 8 years, living at Crawfordsville, had his leg broken, and was otherwise bruised, while hanging on the back end of a milk-wagon, his leg getting between the spokes of the wheel.

—The price of liquor license at Evansville has been raised by the City Council from \$25 to \$75 per year, against the strong protests of saloon-keepers.

—The 4-year-old son of John Woods, living near Logansport, was strangled to death by having his neck caught between the bows of a fallen top buggy, in which he was playing.

—The Rev. J. H. Edwards, of Shelbyville, who has lately returned from a trip around the world, has received and accepted a call to the Christian Church in New Castle.

—Attempts have been made to blow up the residence of Mrs. Richey, in Vincennes, with dynamite. Mrs. R. lives alone with her 17-year-old son.

—Frederick Upmeyer was killed by falling through a hatchway at Fort Wayne.

## POPULAR SCIENCE.

In a letter from a German physician, who is a resident of Brazil, it is stated that permanganate of potash is as fallible an antidote for snake bites as that country as in India, and that every farmer keeps some of it in his dwelling.

—OWING to the increased electrical intensity of the atmosphere, which is induced by the continual evolution of steam and smoke, Dr. Andries estimates that the danger from lightning is from three to five times greater than it was fifty years ago.

The ingredients of many of the fire extinguishers now before the public are said to be eight pounds carbonate of soda, four pounds alum, three pounds borax, one pound carbonate of potash, and twenty-four pounds silicate of soda solution, these being of course, mixed together; one and one-half pounds of this mixture are added to each gallon of water when required for use, the timeliness of application constituting the important feature in the matter of efficiency.

Wood oil is made on a large scale in Sweden from the refuse of timber cuttings and forest clearings, and from stumps and roots; and, although it cannot well be burned in common lamps on account of the heavy proportion of carbon it contains, it furnishes a satisfactory light in lamps especially made for it, and in its natural state is said to be the cheapest of illuminating oils. Thirty factories produce about 40,000 liters of the oil daily; turpentine, creosote, acetic acid, charcoal, coal tar oils, and other useful substances are also obtained from the same materials.

TAKE it as a rule, the most violent poisons, and the substances that produce the most deleterious effects on the human system, are from the vegetable kingdom. The mineral drugs which may cause harm are few in number, and, if we except arsenic, are not especially violent poisons. There is a considerable amount of poisoning from lead, but not through its medicinal uses; and the same may be said at the present time of mercury. In fine, it is the purely vegetable drugs which are the most dangerous, because it is these which stimulate the brain or benumb the senses, induce morbid habits, and eventually establish physical degeneration. We wish that the public could be made to understand this, when it is confronted with alluring notices of the perfect safety and harmlessness of "purely vegetable" drugs.

### A Mania for Betting.

As an illustration of the mania for betting during the reign of George III., Walpole has a good story of a man, who, coming into White's club the morning of the earthquake in London, Feb. 8, 1750, was horrified to hear bets laid as to whether the shock was caused by an earthquake or the blowing up of the Hounslow powder mills. This member rushed out of the club declaring it was his opinion of the impious set present: "If the last trumpet was to sound they would back puppet show against judgment."

One of the Blakes, of Galway, about the same time bet £1,500 that he would get a man who would live twelve hours under water, hired a desperate fellow and sank him in a boat by way of experiment. Neither man nor boat was ever heard of again. A few of the bets made then were rather comical. For instance, Lords Alvanley and De Ross made a wager over night in the patridge season as to who would make the biggest bag on the morrow, it being part of the bet that each should carry what the other shot. Alvanley, at the close of the day, finding that he had no chance of winning, shot a donkey; but how Lord De Ross got out of it is not on record.—St. Louis Republican.



# The St. Joe News.

ST. JOE, INDIANA.

MORT & WILL OLDS,

PUBLISHERS.

## O MARY, QUEEN OF MERCY.

BY JAMES CLARENCE MANGEN.

There lived a knight, long years ago,  
Proud, chivalrous, valiant, devotionless;  
Of God above, or hell below,  
He took no thought, but undismayed,  
Pursued his course of wickedness.  
His heart was rook, he never prayed  
To be forgiven for all his treasons;  
He only said, at certain seasons,  
"O Mary, Queen of Mercy!"

Years rolled and found him still the same,  
Still draining pleasure's poison bowl;  
Yet felt he now and then some shame;  
The torment of the undying worm  
At which he woke in his trembling soul;  
And then, though powerless to reform,  
Would he, in hope to appease that sternest  
Avenger cry, and more in earnest,  
"O Mary, Queen of Mercy!"

At last Youth's riotous time was gone,  
And Loathing now came after Sin,  
With locks yet brown he felt as one  
Grown gray at heart, and oft, with tears,  
He tried, but all in vain, to win  
From the dark desert of his years  
One flower of hope; yet, morn and evening  
He still cried, but with deeper meaning,  
"O Mary, Queen of Mercy!"

A happier mind, a holier mood,  
A purer spirit ruled him now;  
No more in thrall to flesh and blood,  
He took a pilgrim-staff in hand,  
And, under a religious vow,  
Traveled his way to Pomerland;  
There entered he an humble cloister,  
Exclaiming, while his eyes grew moister,  
"O Mary, Queen of Mercy!"

Here, shorn and cowl'd, he laid his cares  
Aside, and wrought for God alone,  
Albeit he sang no choral prayers,  
Nor matin hymn nor laud could learn,  
He mortified his flesh to stone;  
For him no penance was too stern;  
And often pray'd he on his lonely  
Cell-couch at night, but still said only,  
"O Mary, Queen of Mercy!"

They buried him with mass and song  
Aneath a little knoll so green;  
But, lo! a wonder-sight!—Ere long  
Roses, blooming from that verdant mound,  
The fairest lily ever seen;  
And, on its petals—edges round,  
Relieving their translucent whiteness,  
Did shine these words, in gold-hued brightness  
"O Mary, Queen of Mercy!"

And, would God's angels give thee power,  
Thou, dearest reader, mightest behold  
The fibres of this holy flower  
Upspringing from the dead man's heart,  
In tremulous threads of light and gold;  
Then wouldst thou choose the better part,  
And thenceforth flee Sin's foul suggestions,  
Thy sole resource to mocking questions,  
"O Mary, Queen of Mercy!"

## HER TWO LOVERS.

"Janet, darling, I wish you would smile more kindly upon Bertram Wyland and less upon Mr. March. Not but what I like the one quite as well as the other; but while Bertram is independently wealthy, and in the first society, no one knows much about Mr. March."

The speaker is a motherly-looking lady whose genial smile contradicts the worldly spirits her word would seem to reveal. Her niece, whom she calls Janet, is sitting by the window, her bright head bent over the gay crevices that cover her lap. At her aunt's words she looks up, an expression of extreme surprise visible in her long-lashed, violet eyes.

"Why, auntie, never before did I think you had a mercenary idea! Is it really you who are talking about wealth, and first society, and all that?"

A little flush rises to the elder lady's face, as she replies, deprecatingly, "I am not mercenary; Janet; but I want to see you settled advantageously, for you know that by the terms of your uncle's will I can make no bequests, and I have often thought, my darling, if I should die, what would become of you, brought up as you have been with every luxury; how could you breast the world alone?"

Janet's soft hand upon her lips checks her.

"Do not—do not talk of dying, auntie dear? Why, you are still a young woman; and never trouble yourself about me again, for I have youth and health, and I would not be ashamed to work should it be necessary for me to do so."

"But, Janet, you like Bertram, do you not?"

"Yes, auntie, I like him very much."

And with this answer Mrs. Elmer was obliged to be content.

Ever since Janet Alcott and her aunt came to the watering-place in which our story opens, Janet has taken her position as the acknowledged belle of every gathering, but among the many adorers who have sighed at her shrine, two only of the number have elicited any response from her. They are Bertram Wyland—her aunt's favorite—and John March—the young man "no one knows."

They are different in appearance as their names are in sound; for while Bertram is handsome—a very Adonis—and his graceful manners show the habitus of society, Mr. March is grave and thoughtful, but with a steadfast look in his brown eyes that suggests a more than ordinary character. To tell the truth, in her own mind Janet has not yet determined which of her two admirers she likes best, though—as her

aunt has already suspected—the balance is wavering in Mr. March's favor, when chance suddenly turns it the other way.

Of all things, Janet dearly loves and admires heroism—a courage that would face undaunted any peril for a good cause—and something which her friend Agnes Fleming tells her soon after the conversation with her aunt which we have recorded, causes her delicate lips to curve with sudden scorn.

A child, while bathing in the sea, had ventured beyond her depth, and of two gentlemen who were standing within view, one only, Mr. Wyland, had rushed to her assistance; the other, Mr. March, turning and walking composedly back to the hotel, not even pausing to ascertain whether his comrade needed his aid or not.

"I never would have believed it of him never!" Janet cries.

"How serious you are over it, Janet," laughs Agnes. "I shall begin to think that you care for this Mr. March a good deal, or you'd certainly not take it so much to heart."

But Janet did not respond to her badinage.

"I shall never respect him again," she said, vehemently. "Any one who could act in such a cold-blooded way is not worthy of respect."

As Janet went back to the hotel, on her way she passed Mr. March, and caused that young man's heart to sink to zero by the cold hauteur of the nod which was all she vouchsafed him.

Janet, Mr. Wyland was here this morning while you were out walking with Agnes," Mrs. Elmer said later, coming into her niece's room. "Can you not imagine what his errand was?"

Janet blushed, and her pretty head dropped a little.

So it has come at last—the time when she must decide whether she will take Bertram Wyland for her husband, or by rejecting him lose him out of her life entirely—even as a friend.

He has been a very agreeable companion, and she has enjoyed the hours spent in his society; then, too, her kind aunt looks upon him with such favor.

But yet, into Janet's mind comes a memory of a pair of earnest brown eyes, which have long told her silently, though eloquently, how dear she is to their owner. But she drives the thought away. John March can never be anything to her.

"He is coming to-morrow for his answer, dear," said her aunt's voice. "What is it to be?"

"Auntie," Janet said, "do you suppose Bertram thinks I am rich—that I am your heiress? Agnes tells me it is the general belief."

"Why, child, what difference could it possibly make to one so wealthy as he?"

When Mrs. Elmer leaves her niece it is with a face beaming with gratification, for she imagines her pet plan is on the eve of prosperity.

That evening, too restless to sleep, Janet steps out of her bedroom window upon the balcony, and seating herself by the railing, she leans her head upon her hand, and while her eyes wander over the moonlit sea, she gives herself up to the thoughts which crowd thickly into her mind, and of which the foremost is, "Shall I please my aunt by saying 'yes' to Bertram to-morrow? Do I care for him enough to marry him, or is it only as a friend his society is so pleasant to me?"

Suddenly the wind wafts upward to her ears some words spoken in a voice she recognizes.

"Congratulate me, Rollins, old fellow; I've played my game almost to the winning point. To-morrow I have good reason to think the heiress will be mine—and it's lucky, for I've nearly got through all my money. Though, to tell the truth, I'm fortunate in more ways than one, for, besides the additional attraction, the girl's a dear, tender-hearted little thing."

As Janet bends forward she sees, walking slowly along, their backs to the balcony, Bertram Wyland and an intimate friend. Her eyes have not deceived her—it is unmistakably he who has just spoken.

Every vestige of color leaves the girl's face as she re-enters her room. Is there no truth in the world? Are all men either cowardly or mercenary?

Hot tears rise to the young eyes as Janet kneels down to give thanks for the providence that has opened her eyes before her feet were allowed to wander into a path the termination of which would have been her life's wreck. She does not fall asleep at once, not until dawn does "fired Nature's sweet restorer" visit her couch. Her eyes have been closed, it seems to her, but a very few moments, though it is in reality an hour, when she is suddenly awakened by a suffocating sensation and the appalling cry of "Fire!"

Springing to her feet, with trembling hands she wraps herself in her dressing-robe, which is near upon a chair, and rushes to the door, and opens it only to be driven back by the volume of flame and smoke.

"Janet! where are you?" some one calls, and just as she is falling, terrified, into unconsciousness by the dire peril which menaces her, a strong arm catches her. But the fire has gained such rapid headway that the halls are impassable, and darting to the window, John March raises it and calls for aid to the crowd below. A ladder is quickly brought, and he descends in safety and lays his precious burden in her aunt's arms.

The inmates of the burning building are speedily made comfortable in a neighboring hotel, and there, the following morning, Janet had two callers.

She is a trifle pale, but never has she looked so beautiful in Bertram Wyland's eyes as, in a few cold words, she refuses his suit, and he realizes that she is lost to him forever. A few hours later Mr. March enters the room his rival but so lately left.

He comes to bid Janet good-bye, as he intends to leave for the city that afternoon. He talks a while, and then rises to go.

"Good-bye, Miss Alcott," he says, taking her hand and looking down upon her with a yearning expression on his strong, noble face. "I would like to think that though we may never meet again, you will sometimes give a friendly thought to me."

A soft color flits over Janet's face as she answers, "I shall never forget, Mr. March, that it is to you I owe my life."

The touch of her warm, soft hand sent a thrill through all the young man's frame, and his resolution to go without bringing upon himself the pain of a refusal melted away.

"Janet," he exclaimed, "I had meant to be silent, but I can hide from you no longer that I love you! Sometimes I have dared to hope you cherished a feeling for me which time might deepen to something warmer, but of late you have been so cold my heart has failed me."

As she hears, and looks up into his earnest face, Janet feels that what she heard could never be—and without pausing to think she frankly tells him all. A glow of indignation overspreads his face as he exclaims: "And that base act was laid at my door! Why, it was I myself who saved the child! Your informer has deceived you. Ah, how much harm a few words can do! So that is the explanation of your indifference? Janet," he said, coming closer to her side, and striving to read the expression of the sweet, averted face, "you say that you owe to me your life. May I not have your life's love for my reward?"

She draws herself a little away as she says: "Before I give you your answer I want to tell you something. It is this: that I am not rich, as every one seems to suppose, for my aunt could not will her property to me if she wished to do so. It is to go upon her death to —"

"A nephew of her husband, whom she has never seen, and who she thinks is even now in his country home," puts in John. "Am I not right?" he says, answering Janet's look of surprise.

"Yes. But how did you know?"

"As I am John March Elmer, that veritable nephew himself, I hardly see how I can help knowing. I came here, three months ago, direct to your aunt's home, but found her gone; and upon inquiry, learning her destination, I immediately followed, thinking to amuse myself by making her acquaintance incognito. Now, Cousin Janet, I am waiting for my answer."

When Mrs. Elmer learns the true state of affairs her feeling of relief at the disappointment of her own plan is almost too great to put into words.

Janet had never regretted her choice, for in her husband's protecting love her days glide by in one sweet idyl of delight and content.

## Healed by Our Lady of Knock.

The redemptionist fathers were giving a mission in York, England. A Protestant, Mrs. Bellwood, of that city, was in a dying state and in great agony. She was visited by her neighbor, who was a native of Ireland, and, witnessing the sad state of Mrs. Bellwood, she said to her, as all other remedies had failed to give her relief, would she consent to use the Knock cement. She replied that she would use anything that would give her relief, and accordingly the cement was sent for and used by Mrs. Bellwood. She was at once perfectly cured and relieved of all her intense pains. She, at her restoration to her family and the preservation of her life, expressed an earnest desire to become a Catholic. She was instructed, baptized, and received into the church, together with her children.

Another conversion wrought through the use of the Knock cement was that of a Mrs. Fowler, of Cheltenham, who was during life a staunch and rather stern and bigoted Protestant. She became so seriously ill that her recovery was pronounced hopeless by her own husband, who was a physician, as well as by other doctors who were called in to attend her; and when writhing in pain one of her daughters asked her, as the husband and the rest of the family were Catholics, would she use the Knock cement. She said yes. She used the cement and immediately was cured. She then became a Catholic, and edified her family and friends by the piety of her life. One of her daughters is a nun in the convent of Notre Dame, Sheffield. — *Dublin Nation.*

The only disease that is transmitted by kissing, the theories of medical experts to the contrary notwithstanding, is affection of the heart.

## PITH AND POINT.

A BUSINESS that is looking up—The astronomer's.

HOW TO MAKE a Maltese cross—By stepping on his tail.

DON'T be mulish. Never kick simply because people talk behind your back.

WHEN a man attains the age of ninety years he may be termed XC-dingly old.

It is the man approaching sixty who says to the young man: "As we grow old, me boy."

"Be cheerful," cries the philosopher. "Laugh at misery." So we do at some other fellow's.

TO ONE who is opposed to a standing army there is something rasing in a file of soldiers. — *Texas Siftings.*

THE variety actress is more honored in the breeches than in the observance of a prudish style of costume. — *Boston Courier.*

"EMERSON, does de good book say dat we are made of de dust?" "Yes, Augustus, yes, sah. And dat we must return to de dust." "Yah! yah! yah! is dat so? Well, den, I guess it must be coal dust."

THE mayor of a Wisconsin city has become a Knight of Labor. This kind of a knight mayor is not, however, likely to disturb any one's sleep, for he is a conservator of law and order. — *Boston Courier.*

FIRST BROKER—It's pretty bad for me—that last break in Ontario. I'm blue as a jay. Second Broker—Cheer up, old fellow. Here, try one of my cigars. First Broker—O, it isn't as bad as that. I wasn't contemplating suicide. — *The Judge.*

"MAMMA," said a little girl, what is that man doing over there on Mr. Thompson's porch? He has been sitting on the steps for two hours, and hasn't moved. "That, my child, is a house-painter. He is painting Mr. Thompson's house by the day."

APPLICANT—Is this the place to apply for a pension? I'm an old soldier, sir, and up to the present time I have not asked the Government to give me a cent. Now I want assistance. Pension Agent—You want a back pension? Applicant—Certainly; that's where I was shot.

BRAKEMAN—But don't you think that \$1.50 a day is rather small pay for eighteen hours' work on the top of a freight-car? Superintendent—But you forget that we charge nothing for traveling. Let's see; you ride something like 200 miles daily, and it doesn't cost you a cent. — *Boston Transcript.*

SHE was admiring a big Newfoundland at the dog show, and, throwing her arms around his neck, said: "You dear old fellow, I love you!" A youth who heard her remarked: "How I wish I was a dog." The answer came from the same sweet lips: "Never mind, dear; you'll grow." — *The Judge.*

BREVITY produces some very remarkable specimens of what the philosophers call nominalism. One of our correspondents had occasion to go into a store to inquire for Dr. Abercrombie's works. "The Intellectual Faculties" and "The Philosophy of the Moral Feelings." When he asked for them the bookseller solemnly replied: "I know I haven't any moral feelings, and I doubt whether I have any intellectual faculties!" — *Christian Advocate.*

HE WAS NOT A TENDERFOOT.

I wanted tell a circumstance I witnessed t'other night.

What shows you can't just always tell a tenderfoot by sight?

It happened down at Sandy Flat and were curious, I swear.

And learnt the boys ter hev respect for the missionary thar!

He's a rath'er slim young feller what never hollers loud.

The boys hev n'ays gone ter church ter sorter swell the crowd;

This time we 'lowed we'd all stay out behind an' hey some fun.

And git two dogs a-fightin' when the services begun!

We takes my bulldog Jack, and Ike's, as he calls 'em—

Dang'rous Dick.

A pair o' reg'lar fighters from the head iv Roarin' Creek;

An' we leads 'em out behind the church an' lets 'em tear-an' fight.

An' watches fer the worshipers ter come an' see the sight!

Them dogs begun ter claw an' elaw an' growl an' howl an' yelp.

An' we heered the congregation startin' out ter come and help;

An' we tho't o' that air preacher when the crowd begun ter dust.

An' we doubt'ed up an' haried till we rath'er tho't we'd buet!

But a secon' after a feather u'd knocked us on the ground.

Before the rest o' them showed up that preacher come around!

An' he were shoutin' mighty loud, "I've got a v' ter bet.

That that air 'umpy-tailed, spotted dog will lick the brindle yet!

— *Dakota Bell.*



## REMINISCENCES OF PUBLIC MEN.

BY HENRY J. MOORE.

Clark Mills, the sculptor who produced the equestrian statue of Gen. Jackson in bronze, opposite the White House, was a native of New York, who went when a lad to Charleston, S. C., where he learned the house plasterer's trade and worked at it as a journeyman. He began to make plaster busts of his friends, and then made one of John C. Calhoun in marble, which was an admirable likeness.

He then, in his thirty-second year, undertook to make an equestrian bronze statue of Gen. Jackson. Mr. Mills was then a man in whose personal appearance there was nothing to strike an ordinary observer as remarkable; plain in his manners and dress, and exceedingly modest, never advancing in conversation, but retiring, except with familiar friends, and on the subject of the statue and of arts; then he would be free, communicative, and instructive, for though he had never seen any works of art, he had, in his leisure hours, read much, and had studied anatomy. He had an ardent mind and temperament, controlled by a sound judgment, and a thorough practical knowledge of men and business. This, with a well-balanced mind, so uncommon in artists, he had acquired in the school of poverty and the struggle of every-day life. His mind was characterized by a ready and just perception, especially of forms, and for great firmness of purpose. He was passionate, but ready to forgive. In personal appearance he presented the figure of a man about five feet ten inches in height, well and strongly made, not stout, with a quick and energetic step. He had a searching light gray eye and gray hair, turned gray during the period of his labor and anxiety over his great work.

He commenced his work on a vacant lot of Government ground near the President's house, where he erected a small frame building for a workshop and a residence. He bought a horse in Virginia, known in the Turf Register as Olympus. This he trained to present the attitude he wanted. This horse was well known in Washington as the "model horse." He dissected horses. He studied the breed and character of different kinds of horses. He selected the various points of beauty and strength from them all, to produce the splendid bronze one he made. As the various points of female beauty, never found in any one female, yet all perfectly natural, are found in the Venus de Medici, so he resolved to make his horse; yet it is a perfect war-horse. He studied the character of Jackson, and the best likenesses that could be found, so as to give a faithful representation of him. He took from the military dress of Gen. Jackson, deposited in the Patent Office, the model by which he clothed the hero. The very sword he wore, and every minutie of the saddle, holsters, bridle, and even buckles, is faithful to history. Yet there is nothing stiff or awkward in the entire group, all is true, natural, and easy.

He modeled his colossal group in plaster. He was not quite two years doing this. The model was exhibited to the public; all admired its beauty, but critics, artists, and scientific men declared it could never stand. The statue stood on its hind feet alone. This had never been done before. All the celebrated equestrian statues represented as rampant, with the fore feet in the air, had been supported by some additional and extraneous means; generally by some prop or by fastening the tail to the pedestal, giving an unnatural attitude, and destroying the life-like expression of the animal. People could not realize the fact that the first equestrian statue in America (executed by an untaught American artist) could be superior in this respect to all the art of the Old World. Mills, however, following the dictates of his own genius and nature, had discovered that a natural horse, to get into such a position, must throw the center of gravity through the rider to his hind feet. He staked his reputation on that principle, and, contrary to the predictions of the learned and scientific, triumphed.

The model finished, the next thing to be done was casting the statue. Mills had no foundry. He sent to different large foundries in Pennsylvania and other places, and was told that such a work could not be cast in their foundries, but that one could be built for the purpose for \$20,000. This would not do. His contract for the whole work was only \$12,000, and he, conse-

quently, could not afford such a sum for the casting. What was he to do? Founders and artists had said there was no place in America where such a colossal statue could be cast. His means—his contract—would not enable him to go to Europe. Full of resources, believing, as Mirabeau said to his secretary, "that nothing was impossible," and as the Marseillaise said to Kossuth, "that nothing was impossible to he who wills," Mr. Mills built a foundry himself. With limited means, and in a small, miserable shanty, he built a foundry upon a new principle, without a chimney, smokestack or draught of any kind, an invention of his own, and cast his colossal statue. What is not the human mind equal to when conscious of its power and pressed by difficulties?

During the progress of the work, and especially while he was making unsuccessful castings, Mr. Mills had to encounter the scepticism of the world. Who can appreciate his difficulties and mental sufferings? "I have been ready," he said, "to throw myself into the Potomac." None but a man of unconquerable will and perseverance could have overcome such obstacles. He had spent all his means, the \$12,000 of his contract, and had not finished casting the statue. The world said he never would do it. Where could he borrow money under such circumstances? There was one man, a member of the committee, who sympathized with him, John W. Maury, afterwards Mayor of Washington, advanced him money from time to time as he needed, in all over \$4,000.

On the 8th of January, 1853, the anniversary of the battle of New Orleans, the statue was inaugurated. The day was bright and beautiful, suitable to the occasion. In the presence of the President of the United States, the Commander-in-chief, both houses of Congress, many of the personal friends and companion-in-arms of the Old Hero and 20,000 people, the artist had the satisfaction of seeing the end of his labor and the idol of his soul received with applauding admiration. The Hon. S. A. Douglas was the orator chosen to deliver the inaugural address. That address and the whole proceedings have been published. What a proud day for Mills. After the oration he was introduced to the assembled thousands; he raised his hand to the statue for the curtain which covered it to fall, as his speech in response to the enthusiastic plaudits. It was the moment of his life; then, again, he saw that genius which had inspired him to action holding the laurel crown over his head. He had "followed nature" as it directed him, and had acquired fame.

### Mexican Jewelers' Wonderful Work.

The gayest of zepes and the finest of rebosos are also manufactured hereabouts; also paper and printed calico. The filigree work of the Guadalupean jewelers is simply wonderful, and may be seen any day in every stage of progress, because in all tropical countries, as in the far East, the majority of workmen follow their vocations in the open air. The gold and silver-smiths ply their intricate trade outside their little shops, on the street corners, anywhere, undisturbed by the dust and confusion around them. They make exquisite bits of ornamentation of the gold known in commerce as "etruscan," meaning the dark, rich, reddish-yellow variety. These works are much more popular in Europe than on this continent, and across the Atlantic no collection of jewels or ornaments is considered complete without a set of Mexican filigree work. It is not at all like the Florentine or Venetian, and is made after an entirely different plan. The threads of precious metal are beaten to infinitesimal fineness, twelve wires of gold twisted together making a thread no thicker than No. 24 spool cotton. The wires are all carefully traced on sketches or patterns, and the delicate manner in which each wire is soldered to the other is one of the marvels of human skill. From earliest days the Mexicans have been adepts in this kind of workmanship, but so behind the times are latter-day artificers that in improvident Mexico human labor counts for next to nothing, and a skilled workman will toil for weeks over a delicate toy which sells for a few shillings.—Letter from Mexico.

A PROFESSORSHIP in sanitary engineering—the only chair of the kind in any college—has been established in the Imperial Institute, at Tokio, by the Government of Japan.

## It Won't Bake Bread

In other words, we do not claim that Hood's Sarsaparilla will do impossibilities. We tell you plainly what it has done, and submit proofs from sources of unquestioned reliability, and ask you frankly, if you are suffering from any disease or affection caused or promoted by impure blood or low state of the system, to try Hood's Sarsaparilla. Our experience warrants us in assuring you that you will not be disappointed in the result.

"My wife thinks there is nothing like Hood's Sarsaparilla, and we are never without it in the house." F. H. LATIMER, Syracuse, N. Y.

### Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists, \$1; six for \$5. Prepared by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

\$5 to \$8 a day. Samples worth \$1.50. FREE. (Does not under the horse's feet. Address Brewster's Safety Rein Holder, Holly, Mich.)



This represents a healthy life. Throughout its various scenes.



Just such a life as they enjoy Who use the Smith's Bile Beans.

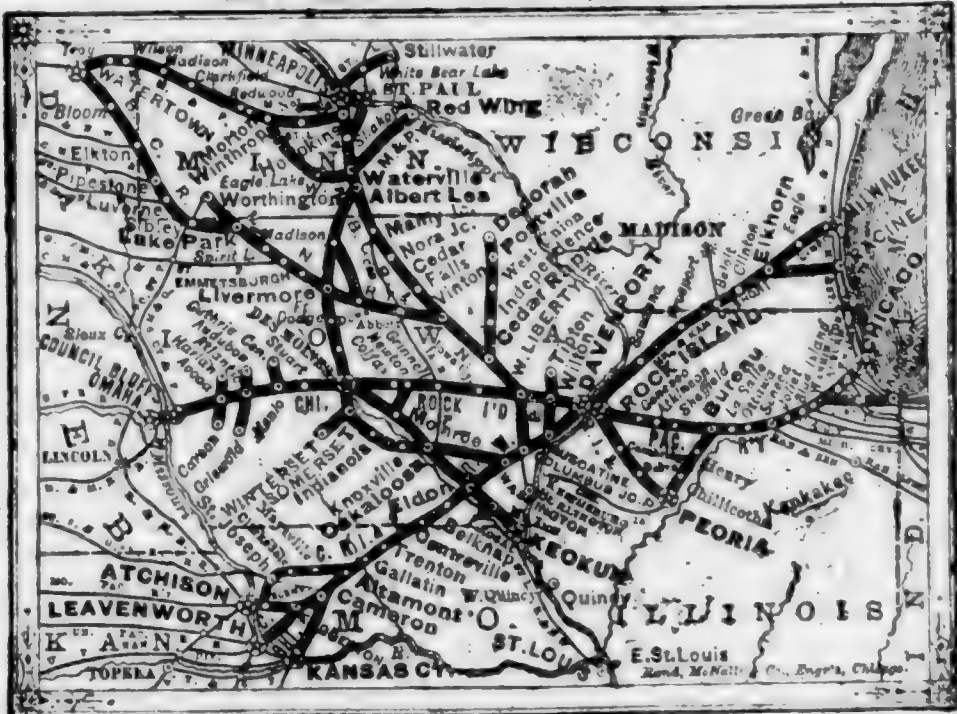


Smith's BILE BEANS purify the blood, by acting directly and promptly on the Liver, Skin and Kidneys. They consist of a vegetable combination that has no equal in medical science. They cure Constipation, Malaria, and Dyspepsia, and are a safeguard against all forms of fevers, chills and fever, gall stones, and Bright's disease. Send 4 cents postage for a sample package and test the TRUTH of what we say. Price, 25 cents per bottle, mailed to any address, postpaid. DOSE ONE BEAN. Sold by druggists.

J. F. SMITH & CO., PROPRIETORS, ST. LOUIS, MO.

## A MAN

WHO IS UNACQUAINTED WITH THE GEOGRAPHY OF THIS COUNTRY, WILL SEE BY EXAMINING THIS MAP, THAT THE



### CHICAGO, ROCK ISLAND & PACIFIC R.R.

By reason of its central position, close relation to principal lines East of Chicago and continuous lines at terminal points West, Northwest and Southwest—is the only true middle-link in that transcontinental system which invites and facilitates travel and traffic in either direction between the Atlantic and Pacific.

The Rock Island main line and branches include Chicago, Joliet, Ottawa, La Salle, Peoria, Geneseo, Moline and Rock Island, in Illinois; Davenport, Muscatine, Washington, Fairfield, Ottumwa, Oskaloosa, West Liberty, Iowa City, Des Moines, Indianola, Winterset, Atlantic, Knoxville, Audubon, Harlan, Guthrie Centre and Council Bluffs, in Iowa; Gallatin, Trenton, St. Joseph, Cameron and Kansas City, in Missouri; Leavenworth and Atchison, in Kansas; Albert Lea, Minneapolis and St. Paul, in Minnesota; Watertown in Dakota, and hundreds of intermediate cities, towns and villages.

### THE GREAT ROCK ISLAND ROUTE

Guarantees Speed, Comfort and Safety to those who travel over it. Its roadbed is thoroughly ballasted. Its track is of heavy steel. Its bridges are solid structures of stone and iron. Its rolling stock is perfect as human skill can make it. It has all the safety appliances that mechanical genius has invented and experience proved valuable. Its practical operation is conservative and methodical—its discipline strict and exacting. The luxury of its passenger accommodations is unequalled in the West—unsurpassed in the world.

ALL EXPRESS TRAINS between Chicago and the Missouri River consist of comfortable DAY COACHES, magnificent PULLMAN PALACE PARLOR and SLEEPING CARS, elegant DINING CARS providing excellent meals, and—between Chicago, St. Joseph, Atchison and Kansas City—restful RECLINING CHAIR CARS.

### THE FAMOUS ALBERT LEA ROUTE

Is the direct, favorite line between Chicago and Minneapolis and St. Paul. Over this route solid Fast Express Trains run daily to the summer resorts, picturesque localities and hunting and fishing grounds of Iowa and Minnesota. The rich wheat fields and grazing lands of interior Dakota are reached via Watertown.

A short desirable route, via Seneca and Kanabos, offers superior inducements to travelers between Cincinnati, Indianapolis, Lafayette and Council Bluffs, St. Joseph, Atchison, Leavenworth, Kansas City, Minneapolis, St. Paul and intermediate points.

All classes of patrons, especially families, ladies and children, receive from officials and employees of Rock Island trains protection, respectful courtesy and kindly attention.

For Tickets, Maps, Folders—obtainable at all principal Ticket Offices in the United States and Canada—or any desired information, address,

R. R. CABLE. E. ST. JOHN. E. A. HOLBROOK.  
Pres't & Gen'l M'gr, Chicago. Ass't Gen'l M'gr, Chicago. Gen'l Tkt. & Pass. Agt., Chicago.

For a woman to say she does not use Procter & Gamble's Lenox Soap, is to admit she is "behind the times."

Nobody uses ordinary soap now they can get "Lenox."



MORT & WILL OLDS, PUBLISHERS.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:

One Year, in advance ..... \$0.75  
Six Months ..... 50  
Three Months ..... 25

Entered at the Post Office at St. Joe as second-class matter.

FRIDAY, JUNE 10, 1887.

One of the saddest accidents in the history of St. Joe, was that which occurred last Tuesday morning, and which resulted in the death of Clarence, youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Hollabaugh. The facts are as follows: Clarence had accompanied his older brother in taking the cows to pasture, and on their return, as they neared the railroad crossing, a local freight was approaching, and in order to make a running switch, they had cut the train into three pieces, and after the engine had gone by, little Clarence supposing that was all of the train, boy like, run down on to the track to watch it, not noticing the balance of the train that was following close behind. His older brother some distance away, called to him, but it all happened so quick, that before any thing could be done, the car had struck the little fellow, and thrown him perhaps fifteen feet. Several persons in the neighborhood were witnesses of the distressing scene, and Mrs. Shuler was the first to reach the boy, and picked him up and carried him to her home near-by. His parents and a doctor was hurriedly called, but it was seen that it was an utter impossibility for the child to live; his body was badly bruised, several bones were broken and the brain was oozing out of his head, strange as it may seem, he lived in that condition for thirty minutes after the accident. Clarence was a bright little fellow of about six years old, and the family have the sympathy of the entire community in this sad affliction. The funeral occurred Wednesday afternoon, in the Lutheran church and was largely attended.

It is rumored that there are over 20 applicants for the schools at this place.

Joe Metcalf had a mess of new potatoes Tuesday. That knocks out Mell Bishop's time.

E. J. Coder was in town a short time Tuesday evening. E. J. is now mail agent on the Nickle Plate.

Coroner Casebeer drove over Tuesday evening and held an inquest on the body of Clarence Hollabaugh.

C. M. Merica was again elected county superintendent last Monday. Mr. Merica has given the best of satisfaction over this way.

It is desired that every man in this town and vicinity will turn out next Monday morning at 9 o'clock, and assist in building a platform and seats for the old settler's meeting. Many hands make light work.

Some time ago the Garrett Clipper called St. Joe a two by four town; this week it says that St. Joe is one of the prettiest and most lively villages in the county. Glad you changed your mind, neighbor.

Mr. W. A. Price, a graduate of the Ada (Ohio) University, is arranging to open a normal school here about the first of August. Mr. Price comes well recommended and we hope our citizens will give him a liberal support.

OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

PLEASANT HILL.

Henry Maxwell lost a good horse last week.

Bill Malone visited with his parents over Sunday.

Charley Jackson and wife visited with her parents last Sunday.

Jennie Widney is working for Mrs. Warren Webster this summer.

Mellie Showalter is working for Kasper's this summer, near the Reed church.

Some of our farmers are following their ground for wheat, as it is a splendid time.

There wasn't a very large crowd to listen to the sermon delivered by Rev. Langley last Sunday. There was an appointment left for two weeks at which time he proposes to drop this place if the people do not attend better.

COBURN TOWN.

R. G. Coburn and son are expected home this week.

Mr. Joe Brownlee was making a call on old friends, after an absence of 34 years.

Strawberries are now in their prime and the late rains have swelled them immensely.

Charley Tustison's have vacated the east street and moved in the house owned by Joe Scholes.

Joe Scholes and family have decided to move to Fort Wayne, as his brother Frank has got him work at that place.

J. E. Dermott was around with a paper this week to see who wanted the preacher another year. He met with good success as nearly every young man and woman was willing to help.

SPENCERVILLE.

Trade is picking up.

Emanuel's store has a new awning.

Marquis Barney and family have moved to Auburn.

Mrs. Thomas Fales has returned from Michigan.

Grandma Bittinger is visiting with her son in Fort Wayne.

Will Tindall and Mrs. Allen were at Fort Wayne last Tuesday.

Children's day will be observed at the M. E. church next Sunday evening.

Mrs. E. M. Bishop, of Van Wert, is visiting friends and relatives in this vicinity.

Dr. Houghton and daughter Mamie of Hometown, were in town a couple of days this week.

Ben Zimmerman is taking some very fine photographs, and is having quite a run of business.

Misses Virgie Langley and Addie Widney were the guests of Miss Mabel Murray last Sunday.

The funeral sermon of Mrs. Shappach will be preached at the Lutheran church next Sunday morning.

Miss Maud Murray returned from Hometown last Monday where she has been spending a few days.

There will be a grand festival at Boot's grove to-morrow evening. Two silver cornet bands will be in attendance.

Messrs Schappach, Getz and their brother-in-law from Iowa, made a flying visit to Tiffin, O., last Saturday, returning Monday.

1st Lady: "What elegant perfume you have." 2nd Lady: "Yes, it is the very latest and most fragrant; I bought it at Emanuel's drugstore."

The Lutheran church festival was a success, and netted about \$21. It is fair to assume that a much larger crowd would have been present had it not been for the rainy weather.

# WANTED 50 CUSTOMERS

To Buy Our Carpet Samples.

We have a large line of Tapestry, Walton and Body Brussels, Ingrain, and Hemp Carpet Samples which we are closing out for Rugs. We also carry a full line of E. P. Reed & Co's and Gokey & Son's Ladies' Misses and Children's Fine Shoes. Secure a pair of those 75 cent Fine Slippers before they are all gone.

J. D. Leighty, St. Joe Ind.

NOTICE.

We hereby notify those who are indebted to us that we are obliged to raise some money by the 18th of June, and all who can help us will please call on J. M. Lounsberry, Filley, Lounsberry & Shuler.

The following additional committees have been appointed for old settler's day:

President, pro tem, R. G. Coburn. For marshal of the day, David Andrews. Assistant marshal, John Davis.

Committed on Amusements, Frank Barney, M. E. Olds, J. H. Conrad, Dan Baker, Nelson Thomas, Wm. Curie and Harry Meek.

For constables: Josh Lounsberry, Dan Baker, Wm. Blecks, Wm. Hart, J. I. White, Aaron Thomas, Ben Leighty, Mahlon Baker, Russ Copp and Wilson Sanders.

Mrs. Al Weirick's parents visited with them over last Sabbath.

Mr. and Mrs. Z. T. Kagey and sons are visiting with friends in town.

Seersucker Coats and Vests made to order at Case & Ohls's. A good fit guaranteed, and better goods, better made, for less money.

The Garrett, Clipper says that Wm. Curie of St. Joe, is talked of as candidate for congress. This will no doubt be news to William.

The Y. P. T. L. A. will meet at the residence of Miss Addie Widney, on Monday evening, June 13th. The following program has been prepared. Select Reading, by Clarence Widney; Impersonation, by George Shuler; Declamation, by Frank Hart; Instrumental music, Leona Tustison; Select Reading, Prudie Lounsberry; Declamation, Hugh Wineland; Quartette, Frank Hart, Bert Hull, Nina Filley and Mattie White; Select Reading, Ella Sanders; Dialogue by Hattie Langley, Nina Filley and Ella Sanders; Reading, Cora Dilley.

## STAR WIND ENGINE



## TAKES THE LEAD.

E. A. WANEMAKER  
NEWVILLE, IND.

Has the agency for this county. See him, or write for prices on Wind Mills, Tanks, Pumps, Pipe &c. A special feature of the Star Wind Engine is the Regulator. See it before you buy.

### IMPORTANT TO BUSINESS MEN.

To those contemplating buying a Self Binder this season, we wish to say that we will have on exhibition in St. Joe, on old settler's day, June 16th, one of the old reliable, never failing McCormick Self Binders. Don't fail to see us and get our prices before buying, and we will do you good.

Brown & Culbertson  
Auburn, Ind.

## Grand Exhibition!

Prof. G. W. Howard, the champion king of the air will give an exhibition of his wonderful skill on a wire stretched across the St. Joe river at an elevation of thirty feet, on old settler's day, June 16th. To see him alone, will be well worth your visit. He is the champion of Ohio in his mid-air performances. This exhibition will take place immediately after the tub race.

# WOOL WANTED!

100,000 Pounds of Wool Wanted, for which we will pay the highest market value. Also all kinds of country produce wanted. Call and see us.

S. & F. BARNEY.



Miss S. A. Bartlett,

—DEALER IN FINE—

## MILLINERY

HATS, BONNETS,

Flowers,  
Ribbons,  
Feathers,

—ORNAMENTS &C.—

I invite the attention of the ladies of St. Joe and vicinity to my new stock of Spring and Summer Millinery Goods, comprising the newest and latest styles and shapes. I am constantly receiving new goods, and therefore can please everybody. Give me your patronage. Prices as low as the lowest. Call and see my line before making your purchases. Rooms over Dr. Bowman's office, St. Joe, Ind.

MISS S. A. BARTLETT.

### —FOR SALE OR TRADE—

One third interest in the Spencer-ville Tile and Saw Mill. Will sell or trade for a farm or other property. Inquire of, or address: W. L. Hollabaugh, St. Joe, Ind.

### —LOCALS—

Sam White is at home after several week's absence.

Concord correspondence came in too late for this issue.

Geo. Wilson has rented one of the Hicksville grist mills.

Case & Olds are receiving some new Seed-suckers to-day.

Do all you can to make the old settler's meeting a success.

Joseph Wingard of Mt. Hope made us a pleasant call Wednesday.

Singing school at the Methodist church to-night. All are invited.

Ten special constables are to be sworn in to keep order on old settler's day.

Clean the rubbish off of the street and mow the grass, before the old settler's meeting.

Peck's Sunders walks with a crutch and carries one of his feet done up in a rag. Too much ax.

People who complained because it was too dry will now have occasion to grumble on account of it being too wet.

The Corona and Auburn base ball clubs write that they expect to play a match game of ball here on old settler's day.

All who will take part in the fantastic parade are requested to meet at Kinsey's furniture store Monday evening, June 13th, at 8 o'clock.

In order to give us ample time to get over the effects of the old settler's meeting, we shall not issue the News next week until Saturday, making it one day late.

The B. & O. will sell round trip excursion tickets from Garrett, Auburn and Auburn Junction to St. Joe on old settler's day, June 16th, for two cents per mile each way.

Commission's court has been in session this week.

Trim up your buildings with flags on old settler's day.

Charlie Meek made us a pleasant call last Friday. Charlie looks thin.

From all reports we can expect an immense crowd here on old settler's day.

Curt Washler is gathering cream through this section for the Kendallville creamery.

The many friends of Mahlon Baker will be glad to know that he has at last received his pension.

Eggs keep up to a pretty good price. Usually this time of the year they go down to 6 and 8 cents.

Ad Chubb says that he has the best prospect for crops this season that he has had for many a year.

The sad death of little Clarence Hollabaugh ought to be a warning to boys, to keep off of the railroad.

Burt Patterson of Hicksville was in town Tuesday. Burt thinks there are some pretty nice girls in St. Joe.

Wm. Hart is making valuable improvements to his residence, and when completed it will make a neat and tasty home.

The June-bug disappears in June, the lightning-bug in May, the bed bug takes his bonnet off and says "I've come to stay."

Hugh Culbertson, of Auburn was in town Tuesday. There is no use of Auburn boring for gas as long as Hugh keeps in good health.

Frank and Jake Seebler, Mervin Widney, Sell Gee and Vester Widney went to Hamilton Lake, Tuesday to try their luck at fishing.

Miss Bartlett's millinery rooms were crowded with customers again last Saturday. Her large trade is evidence that she has the goods that please people.

The stand privileges of the orchard on old settler's day have been sold to the Methodist society for thirty dollars. They control the exclusive right of the ground.

Little Miss May Leighty was six years old last Tuesday, and in the afternoon quite a number of her little friends were invited in and enjoyed the time together.

Don't forget the St. Joe band festival in Leighty's Orchard, on Saturday evening, June 18th. The boys are going to have a good time and it is right that our citizens should patronize them.

Some of our young people attended the festival at Spencer-ville last Saturday evening. The heavy rain drove them into the church, but they report having a good time all the same.

John Bishop of Spencer-ville was in town Monday, carrying a big ledger under his arm. We didn't quite understand whether he was taking subscriptions for the Owl, or collecting old store accounts.

We understand that the railroad company has offered to stop the local at Concord, when there are any goods to be unloaded, providing they will build a platform suitable for such a purpose. This will be quite a convenience for Henry Baker, and he will no doubt proceed at once to put up the required platform.

We clip the following item from the Independent News, published at Shelby, Ohio: "We are responsibly informed that Dr. Ferrell, the Indian Root and Herb doctor, diagnosed thirty-three cases and treated seventeen, nearly all being from a distance or neighboring towns, on reunion day." This is our own "Jim" and he seems to be working up quite a practice out among the buckeyes.

## STUBBORN FACTS.

The Champion is sold under the strongest warranty to do the work well, with ease to the driver and the team, to be well made of the first quality of material, to be more durable and less liable to get out of repair than any other binder made. Since its first introduction the Champion has been the most successful of all harvesting machines. To the well-to-do farmer, who is willing to pay a fair price on fair terms of credit for a first-class implement, we offer the Champion Binder as the best and cheapest machine in the market. For prices, terms &c. call on

## SHUTT & WHITE.

## A Clock or a Watch Given Away

to draw trade is not a legitimate business, and we do not intend to make such an offer, but if you will call at the Drugstore, we will show you a nice line of Clocks, Watches, the latest and very handsomest styles of Lace Pins, Necklaces, Scarf Rings, Cuff and Collar Buttons, Chains, Chains, Chains, at prices that cannot help but please.

HOUSE PAINTING, Graining, Glazing Paper Hanging and Ceiling Decorating a specialty. All work guaranteed. B. A. Woodcox. Call and see me, or leave orders at the St. Joe Drugstore.

G. E. EMANUEL, M. D., Physician and Surgeon, Spencer-ville, Ind. Office in J. Emanuel & Son's Drug Store. All calls promptly answered.

### —ST. JOE MARKETS—

CORRECTED EVERY FRIDAY.

Wheat	85 cts.
Oats	29 cts.
Corn	40 cts.
Butter	10 cts.
Eggs	10 cts.
Hallow	34 cts.
Lard	10 cts.
Potatoes	60 cts.
Smoked Hams	10 cts.
Shoulders and Side Meat	8 cts.

### —OBITUARY—

Mrs. Harriet Grill was born April 22nd, 1822, in Lancaster county, Pa., died in St. Joe on May 31st, 1887, aged 65 years, 1 month and 9 days. She was married 45 years and 9 months; was the mother of eight children, of whom four are dead, and four living to mourn her loss. She was confirmed in the German Reformed church in Summit county, Ohio, in the year 1844, and united with the Lutheran church of Spencer-ville on the 21st. of February, 1860, of which she was a faithful member in faith until death.

Coffees are still on the boom.

Henry Hamm is working in Garrett. Best of family White Fish at Case & Olds.

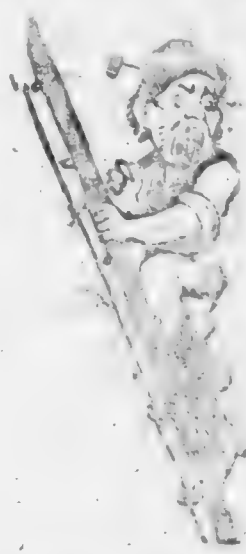
Ben Leighty was at home over Sunday. Ben is getting to be quite a railroad man.

Next Thursday will be the biggest day that St. Joe has ever had, if it don't rain. "If" is always in the way.

The roof on Dr. Bowman's office has proven a failure, and J. H. Conrad has been putting on an iron roof this week.

The doctor stood upon the rail. When ahl but two had died: He cried aloud, say! mister, say! Please pass a rope up, this way. Saint Jo calm purty neer loosing one ov her doctores one da this week. The rail on Dock Bowman's office was looking badly, an Dock and to othar fellers went up on to it to see what tha could do to remedy it. When Dock got up on the rail he got kind o' lite headed; he wassent used to being up so hi. When tha got redy to cum down Dock was afraid to get on to the ladder; tha tried to coax him, but the moor tha coaxed him the weaker in the knees he got. I gues he thoht he was going to dyc, an he began to think over his past life, and the many bitter doses of medicine he had' bished out to the people ov this naborhood. He thoht perhaps he was hier then than he wood ever be again. Bi this tyme quite a crowd had gathered on the street, an ewer redy to weep a fuc teers an extend the hand ov sympathy to the bereaved family. Nothing wood induce the Doc to cum down; he said he wood stay ther fur eyar be four he wood climb over the edg ov the building and cum down the ladder. It was seen that sumthing had to be done and that rite awa; so tha got a rope an tied it securly around the Docktor's body, an then tha told him to shut his eyes, and tha swan him off in mid-air; and ther he hung; it was an awfool moment for those who wer loking on; tha expected to see him fall an purhaps smash the side walk awl to peaces, but no! the Doctor clung to the ladder and the boys abov hung on to the rope and tha finally landed him safely on the ground. Dock says he neval wants to go that bi agin.

Bareus Q. Hippenhammer.





## BILL NEE AND BIG HATS.

He Adds His Anathema to the General Chorus in the Back Row—Seeing Hamlet Under Difficulties.

Bill Nee, in the New York World.

The late William Shakespeare once wrote in an autograph album these words:

All the world's a stage,  
Sincerely your friend,  
W. M. SHAKESPEARE.

Perhaps he meant that there were lies on it—but we will not undertake to enter this field of thought. However, to speak, in a serious vein and treating the subject in a more dignified way, I will state that after a number of years' scrutiny of the world I am convinced that the great bard used this expression in a figurative sense only. Could he pick up his pen to-day he would either erase the above line or add to it so that it would read:

All the world's a stage, and nobody—but the woman in the high hat can see what is going on upon it.  
Yours bitterly,  
BILL.

It is not a new field, perhaps, this discussion of the tall hat, but I desire in my poor, weak way to add my testimony to the testimony of those who have sat down on said hat. I feel of a truth, occasionally—that this high hat is making an old man of me and drawing lines of care here and there over my fair young face. Here, at a time of life when I ought to be in the full flush and pride of manhood, I find myself no longer able to build the fire in the morning, and my breath, which was once as robust as that of the upas tree, now comes in short pants.

The tall hat with a wad of timothy or a five-pound pompon at the apex thereof has brought this about. How would a man look who might sit in the bald-headed row wearing a joint of stove-pipe on his head rimmed with tray? Has it not been the custom for years to place bald-headed men on the front row because they offered no obstruction to the vision?

And now, what do we see?

We do not see anything!

I will leave it to any disinterested person to say whether I love and admire woman, whether aggregated or segregated, but she does do some things which as her friend and admirer I deeply regret.

Not long ago I had the pleasure of attending one of Mr. Booth's performances in which he took the part of Hamlet with great credit to himself, as I afterward learned from a member of the orchestra who saw the whole performance.

If I had not promised a former wife of mine that I would never touch liquor I would have been amply justified that evening in saturating myself with bay rum or some other seductive beverage.

I paid a large price a week before hand for a seat at the Hamlet performance, because I had met Mr. Booth once in the Rocky Mountains and had made a deep impression on him. I had also told him that if he ever happened to be in a town where I was lecturing I would dismiss my audience to come and hear him, and he might do as he thought best about shutting up on the following night to come and hear me.

Well, I noticed at first, when I went in, that the row before me was unoccupied, and I gathered myself up in a strong, manly embrace, and hugged myself with joy. The curtain humped itself, and the first act was about in the act of producing itself, when a meek little gentleman, with an air of conscious guilt, came down the aisle in advance of a woman's excursion, consisting of four female members of his family, I judged. He looked about over the house, timidly took off his coat, and seemed to be preparing himself for the vigilance committee. Then he sat down to see whether executive clemency could do anything for him.

The first woman of the four was probably over 40, and yet with her almost beardless face she looked scarcely 38. She wore a tall, erect hat, with a sort of plume to it, made by pulling the paint-brush out of an iron-gray mule and drying it a deep crimson.

She wore other clothing, but that did not incense me so much as this hat, which I had to examine critically all the evening.

She moved her head also, and kept time with the music, and breathed hard in places, and shuddered once or twice. She also spoke to the miserable man who brought her. Her voice was a rich barytone, with a low xylophone action, and she breathed like the passionate exhaust of an over-worked freight-engine. When she spoke to

her escort I noticed that he shortened up about four inches and seemed to wish he had never entered society.

The other three women had broad hats with domes to them, and the one who sat on my right also sat on her foot. This gave her a fine opportunity to look through the skylight of the opera house now and then. The next one to her wore a deceased Plymouth Rock rooster in her hat. The fourth one sat in front of an oldish gentleman who went out between the acts and came in with a pickled olive in his mouth each time. He could not see anything on the stage, but he crawled up under the brim of this woman's hat, with his nose in the meshes of her hair, and his hot, local-option breath in her neck, patiently trying to see whether the slender legs in long, black hose, belonged to Mr. Booth, Appollinarus or the ballet.

If you will continue in your excellent paper to sit down on the tall hats, I will get you quite a number of subscribers here.

## A Spanish Dinner.

Our bill of fare created a sensation. The landlord and all the waiters came in turns to look at the extraordinary Englishmen who had such gigantic appetites. Here is the exact menu. We began with olives and pickled pimientos and guindillas and chilis. These were the *hors d'oeuvres*. Then cigarettes. Then we had an ordinary thin soup, followed by cigarettes; and then came the great national dish, called cocido. If you have a good dish of cocido (pronounced cothido, because of the Spanish lisp given to the e before certain vowels) you have a good deal for your dinner. It is a savory stew of chicken, potatoes, sausage, bacon and white beans, all boiled up with pieces of beef.

The foreigner who is suddenly confronted with a huge dish of cocido is in some difficulty. He takes a spoonful at hazard. The waiter still stands at his elbow. "The señor has only taken beans." Again you make a dash with the spoon and secure something else. The waiter stares, but does not move away. "The señor has only taken sausage." The señor, confused, requests the waiter to assist him; and then the process, though slow, is interesting. A spoonful of beans on the plate; then, selected with the greatest care, a piece of chicken; then a patient search for a slice of sausage, buried under a mound of cabbage; then the cabbage itself; then a minute devoted to a voyage of discovery in search of the nicest piece of beef; then an exploration in search of a succulent morsel of bacon; then a spoonful of potatoes, and then, over all, an extra spoonful of the beautiful gravy. I timed my waiter, and he took six minutes and a half to help me to cocido. When the dish passes down a table d'hôte it takes about an hour to go round. It is for this reason that the Spaniards help themselves all together at the same time from the common dish.

The next item after cigarettes was a Spanish salad. This salad is prepared in a peculiar way and spread out upon bread into which the oil and vinegar have been allowed to soak. This, too, was excellent. Then more cigarettes, then a cheese made of honey and cream and several other ingredients which require to be taken on trust, and then, after more cigarettes, some "angel's hair," which is really a preparation of orange rind very thinly shredded.

The wines with this feast were Val-depenas—a red wine made from grapes grown on the rocky plains around Madrid—and Jerez, which, of course, is sherry.

To finish the evening in a real Spanish way, after going to a rather low Spanish cafe to see the real Spanish dancing, we had before retiring to rest "*Dos chocolates con pica tostes*," and that, if you please, is two cups of thick chocolate with square fingers of bread beautifully fried in olive oil. And we weren't ill.—George R. Simms.

## Children Half Price.

An Austin gentleman, who had lost one of his children, was presented with a bill by the doctor.

"I see by your bill that you charge \$20 for ten visits while you were treating my child," he remarked.

"Certainly, \$2 is the regular price for a visit," responded the doctor.

"Yes, but man alive, the child was under ten years of age. I could have got her into a circus for half price!"—Texas Sittings.

## The Old-Fashioned Fire.

The direct rays of the sun are first among invigorating and health-giving agencies; nothing can quicken vital forces and strengthen dormant faculties like the sun bath. The sun's most efficient representative is the wood fire on the hearth. This supplies general warmth; its cheerful glow is a household delight, nevertheless it is nearly banished by coal stoves, furnaces, steam, and sundry other devices—greatly to the injury of the health of the people. Medical experts attribute the growing tendency to pneumonia, consumption, and other pulmonary diseases to modern methods of warming houses. This must be so if bad air breeds consumption and pure air cures it. There is a pressing necessity in our houses for good ventilation. The air of rooms is contaminated by poisonous exhalations from living bodies and in many other ways. A lamp with a large burner will consume one-third of the oxygen of seventy cubic feet of air in an hour. The air we have breathed has lost its vital principle and should be passed away immediately; there is no other so good way of doing it as by the open fireplace and the wood fire, though coal in an open grate does very well. With light, dry, fine wood much heat goes up the chimney with the blaze. Maple, hickory, and other solid woods send the heat more into the room. With thick walls, double windows and no excess of cracks we can sufficiently heat houses with the open fire.

The air should be admitted at the top of the room, so it will descend and take the impure air to the fire and not to the floor to cool our feet. The open fire does no damage to the air of the room, but purifies it by securing the best possible ventilation. Stoves and furnaces warm us mainly by first warming the air, but heat radiated from the open fire falls directly on bodies exposed to its influence, warming them as the sun warms the pavement, which is several degrees warmer than the air just above it. This method of warming us without raising the temperature of the room very high is very advantageous. Fatal consequences follow from going from hot rooms to the cold air outside. Speaking of this, an eminent writer says: "At a step, literally in a breath, the temperature of the air has for us dropped 50 or 70 degrees. We may put on an extra coat or shawl and shield the outside of the body and chest, but we cannot shield the delicate linings and membranes of the air passages, the bronchial tubes, the lung cells." This writer insists that "open fires, warming the body directly by radiant heat," without raising the temperature of the room very high, are greatly to be preferred. Coal stoves and furnaces save money and sacrifice life and health; such economy is deplorable waste! The trees needed to moderate the climate if properly cared for could furnish abundant fuel for the fires.—Hugh T. Brooks.

## Funerals in Egypt.

Behind them comes the funeral car, or rather a sort of bier, bearing a great red shawl in which the body is deposited, says the Brooklyn Magazine, describing a funeral in Egypt. At the extremity of the bier on a perch is placed the turban or the tarboucho of the defunct. Two men carry this bier. They follow with such high spirits the movements of the head of the cortege that the corpse, rocked in every direction, seems to jump under the shawl that shrouds it. The women bring up the rear, some on asses, some on foot. The first row is formed of weepers, or rather screamers, who send forth toward heaven at each step the shrillest notes. The weepers hold in their hand a handkerchief, with which they are not solicitous of wiping their eyes perfectly dry, but which they pull by the two ends behind their head with a gesture that would be desperate if it were not droll. On arrival at the cemetery, they take the corpse from the bier to cast it, such as it is, into the grave. The grand funerals, however, take place with much more solemnity. An important personage is hardly dead in Egypt before his friends and acquaintances hurry to the house; during one or two days they eat and drink at the expense of the dead, or rather his heirs, indulging in the noisiest demonstrations. When the hour of the interment arrives a scene of the wildest character is produced. The slaves and women of the household throw themselves on the corpse and feign a determination to hinder it from

passing the threshold. This lugubrious tragedy is played conscientiously; they snivel away the coffin; they delay each other with blows, and the most violent and frightful clamor is heard. At last the procession leaves the house and repairs to the cemetery, preceded by camels loaded with victuals, which are distributed to the poor hurrying in crowds along the road. All along the road the mourners and friends of the family fight for the honor of bearing the bier for an instant, and thus it passes or rather bounds from hand to hand amid the most frightful disorder.

## About the Bee.

There is the bee's eye, with its hundreds of facets, each presenting the same image—this is proved by separating the many-sided cornea and looking through it with a microscope at a candle flame. The bee, moreover, besides its pair of faceted eyes, carries on the top of its head three simple eyes, very convex, for short distance vision. Then there are its antennae, whereby it feels its way in the dark hive and, which give it moreover its exquisite power of smell. Bees can hear, too, though Sir John Lubbock thinks not. They seem deaf because, like wise people, they only attend to such sounds as concern them, their own laws. "Roar" the stragglers can hear a very long way off, and Mr. Cheshire thinks that the old key and warming-pan music at swarming time is by no means exploded. Their impassiveness under many kinds of sound he compares with that of most human beings in a thunder-storm; we are as if we heard not, whereas, if a child cries for help, we wake into activity. Bees clearly are not given to waste emotion or nerve force. They have a nervous system, with ganglions—i. e., knots or lumps where the nerve threads meet. A bee's brain is a bigger ganglion placed in its head, divided—like ours—into two lobes. In queens and drones the brain is small. The worker has proportionally twice as much as the aunt, and more than twenty times as much as the cockchafer. Intelligent though it is, we need not suppose it to be a high-class mathematician because its cells are hexagonal. Mr. Cheshire says that if you put a soap bubble on a bit of slate one side gets flattened. Put another to it and the contiguous walls become quite flat, owing to the equal tension on the two sides. Now add five more bubbles, so that the first occupies the center; a cross section of this central bubble will now be perfectly hexagonal, all the contiguous walls of the seven bubbles being flat, the free ones curved. This is the case in the hive, the free walls of the comb always running in a sweep, the hexagonality being simply due to the pressure of one bee against another as they are working.—All the Year Round.

## Gorgeous Head-Coverings of Mexican Women.

When the men persist in wearing such extremely large hats it seems a little queer that the ladies wear no hats at all, and one cannot but feel impressed with the idea that if they could be persuaded to "split the difference" and average up their head-gear fashions the result would be more comfortable for both sexes. The most ordinary sombrero costs not less than \$15, while the more universally popular ones—those profusely garnished with bullion—range in price from \$30 to \$200. Of late years the upper strata of society cover their heads exactly as do gentlemen in London, Paris, or New York; but a genuine Mexican of the middle class still invests all his surplus capital in his hat. A serving man whose wages are not more than \$12 per month patriotically puts a year's income into the expensive national sombrero, though he economizes to make up for it in the matter of shoes, wearing oxide sandals of his own manufacture. An American gentleman tells me that, after being absent three months, he paid his footman \$42 back wages, and before night the fellow had invested \$35 of it in a new hat and devoted the remaining \$7 to the wants of his numerous and needy family. While many a thoroughbred Mexican sports a sombrero whose value is away up in the hundreds, the ragged boy who blacks your boots is the proud possessor of one which cost him at least 150 "shines."—Letter from Mexico.

A lady horticulturist of Sanford, Fla., has a garden full of roses. There are over one hundred varieties.



### An Indolent Organ.

When the liver is indolent, as it must necessarily be when it fails to secrete the bile in sufficient quantities to meet the requirements of digestion and evacuation, it should be set at work with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. The healthful stimulus to activity imparted by this incomparable alterative, speedily convinces itself in a departure of the uncomfortable sensations in the right side; the nausea; the fullness upon the tongue; indigestion, and sick headache consequent upon inactivity of the liver and the diversion of the bile from its proper channel. Irregularity of the bowels is always and painlessly reformed by the corrective indicated, which is infinitely to be preferred both because it is safe and more efficacious than blue pill, calomel and drastic purgatives of every class. It cures and prevents fever and ague, and rheumatism.

### One at a Time.

In his account of "The Pioneer Quakers," Richard P. Halliwell tells this anecdote of Charles II. It shows the "Merry Monarch," as he was called, at his best. The wit is ready, the humor good, and the implied reproach is not beneath the dignity of the king.

On one occasion when Charles II. granted an audience to William Penn, the courtly Quaker, in accordance with the habit of the Quakers, entered the royal presence with his hat upon his head. The King, without comment, quietly laid aside his own hat.

Thereupon Penn said, "Friend Charles, why dost thou remove thy hat?"

Charles, whose love of humor was one of his few redeeming characteristics, responded promptly, "It is the custom of this place for one person only to remain covered."—*Exchange.*

A BALTIMORE Police Officer, 30 years on the force, Mr. Henry H. Durkee, says: "I suffered with poisoned oak for more than a year. I tried St. Jacobs Oil; after the second application all the sores dried up and I was cured. I think it invaluable."

A BOY'S upper lip is like Banquo's ghost when it will not down.

MR. JOHN GUTMAN, Sherman, Ky., writes: "I have used St. Jacobs Oil for ten years. It always cured the toothache in about ten minutes." Sold by Druggists and Dealers.

### HE KNEW HIS NAME.

"Did you ever learn the name of that roundel who is going to marry Miss Pearl?" asked a detective of a young man with whom he had been holding conversation as they traveled together on a railroad train.

"O yes, yes; we will be married to-night. That is why I am going to the house now, come around, old man, and see her sacrificed, and I'll make it pleasant for you," replied the young man, as he gathered up his grip and bundles and left the Pinkerton man with his mouth wide agape.

### Marvelous Little Moxie.

The Moxie craze is the latest, and it bids fair to last, as the physicians say it takes the place of stimulants and tonics, leaving no reaction. Consequently, its place cannot be filled. The medical world, it is said, have been waiting for some one to discover its like, as stimulants are only a temporary relief, and are eventually as destructive to nerve force as overwork and exhaustion. Stimulants and medicines never cure nervousness or nervous exhaustion. It is said the Moxie does at once. Stops the appetite for liquors as well, satisfies the nervous system as well, at once, leaving only the best results.

PEOPLE should be careful how they accept the prescriptions found in the daily papers. A sure cure for diphtheria published by some of the papers prescribed a tablespoonful of turpentine for adults and a teaspoonful for children, frequently repeated—an excessive or poisonous dose of a substance which must in any case be administered with great caution.—*Dr. Foote's Health Journal.*

THERE are never too many flowers in this world, and not one kind word too many has ever yet been spoken.

### A Wonderful Freak of Nature

Is sometimes exhibited in our public exhibitions. When we gaze upon some of the peculiar freaks of Nature occasionally indulged in, our minds revert back to the creation of man, "who is so fearfully and wonderfully made." The mysteries of his nature have been unraveled by Dr. R. V. Pierce, of Buffalo, and through his knowledge of those mysteries he has been able to prepare his "Golden Medical Discovery," which is a specific for all blood taints, poisons, and humors, such as scrofula, pimples, blotches, eruptions, swellings, tumors, ulcers, and kindred affections. By druggists.

If you want to buy a thermometer, we advise you to wait until next winter. They will be lower then.

CHAPPED hands, face, pimples, and rough skin cured by using Juniper Tar Soap, made by Hazard, Hazard & Co., New York.

THE man who keeps his footing on a toboggan chute generally becomes a backslider.

### \$500 Not Called For.

It seems strange that it is necessary to persuade men that you can cure their diseases by offering a premium to the man who fails to receive benefit. And yet Dr. Sage undoubtedly cured thousands of cases of obstinate catarrh with his "Catarrh Remedy," who would never have applied to him if it had not been for his offer of the above sum for an incurable case. Who is the next bidder for cure or cash?

M. CHEVREUIL recently celebrated the centennial anniversary of his birth. A Paris letter tells us that he is receiving hundreds of letters from all parts of the continent inquiring after the secret of his strength and longevity. To these inquiries he says that the secret of his long life consists in two words, "good health." For this gift he says he is indebted to his parents.—*Dr. Foote's Health Journal.*

### Throw the Powder Overboard.

Were thrilling words, spoken at a time of great danger. The lives of all on the vessel depended upon prompt action. Your life may be blessed and prolonged by the prompt use of Dr. Harter's Iron Tonic for that blood trouble.

25c. buys a pair of Lyon's Patent Heel Stiffeners, which makes a boot or shoe last twice as long.

### A Bonanza Mine

Of health is to be found in Dr. R. V. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription," to the merits of which, as a remedy for female weakness and kindred affections, thousands testify.

SPEAKING of animals, what does the cat amount to?

If afflicted with Sore Eyes, use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye Water. Druggists sell it 25c.

3 MONTHS' treatment for 50c. Piso's Remedy for Catarrh. Sold by druggists.

One Agent (Merchant only) wanted in every town for

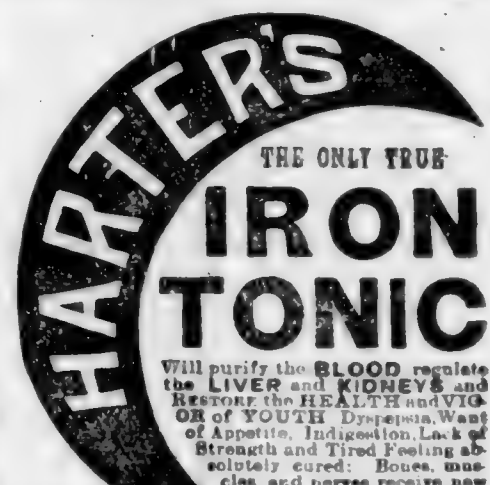
**TANSILL'S PUNCH**

Your last infatuation of "Tansill's Punch" began in yesterday. I was out of them for half a day, and had to call on the doctor for a company of militia to prevent a riot. Have already retailed over 30,000. H. C. MANTON, Lincoln, Neb.

Address R. W. TANSILL & CO., Chicago.

WARREN'S FINEST STAY-ON-THE-TOE, unbreakable Standard quality, 15 cents per pair. Cloth-covered, 20 cents. Satin-covered, 25 cents. For sale everywhere. Try it. WARREN FEATHERBONE COMPANY, Three Oaks, Mich.

PENSIONS COLLECTED and Increased by Fitzgerald & Powell, Indianapolis, Ind. Old cases renewed. Send for copy of laws free.



Will purify the BLOOD, regulate the LIVER and KIDNEYS and restore the HEALTH and VIGOR of YOUTH. Dyspepsia, Weakness of Appetite, Indigestion, Lack of Strength and Tired Feeling absolutely cured. Bones, muscles and nerves receive new force. Enriches the mind and supplies Brain Power. Suffering from complaints peculiar to their sex will find in DR. HARTER'S IRON TONIC, a safe, speedy cure. Gives a clear, healthy complexion. All ailments at counterfeiting only add to its popularity. Do not experiment. Get ORIGINAL and BEST. DR. HARTER'S LIVER PILLS. (Cure Constipation, Liver Complaint and Sick Headache. Sample Dose and Dream Book mailed on receipt of two cents in postage.) THE DR. HARTER MEDICINE CO., ST. LOUIS, MO.

**\$350** Will buy a complete Newspaper outfit, suitable for publishing a weekly paper in a town of 1000 or over, including Address, EDITORIAL, and NEWS. PAPER UNION, Fort Wayne, Ind.

## LIVER, BLOOD AND LUNG DISEASES.

### LIVER DISEASE AND HEART TROUBLE.

Mrs. MARY A. McCLURE, Columbus, Kans., writes: "I addressed you in November, 1884, in regard to my health, being afflicted with liver disease, heart trouble, and female weakness. I was advised to use Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, Favorite Prescription and Pellets. I used one bottle of the 'Prescription,' five of the 'Discovery,' and four of the 'Pleasant Purgative Pellets.' My health began to improve under the use of your medicine, and my strength came back. My difficulties have all disappeared. I can work hard all day, or walk four or five miles a day, and stand it well; and when I began using the medicine I could scarcely walk across the room, most of the time, and I did not think I could ever feel well again. I have a little baby girl eight months old. Although she is a little delicate in size and appearance, she is healthy. I give your remedies all the credit for curing me, as I took no other treatment after beginning their use. I am very grateful for your kindness, and thank God and thank you that I am as well as I am after years of suffering."

Mrs. I. V. WEBBER, of Yorkshire, Cattaraugus Co., N. Y., writes: "I wish to say a few words in praise of your 'Golden Medical Discovery' and 'Pleasant Purgative Pellets.' For five years previous to taking them I was a great sufferer; I had a severe pain in my right side continually; was unable to do my own work. I am happy to say I am now well and strong, thanks to your medicines."

Chronic Diarrhea Cured.—D. LAZARRE, Esq., 275 and 277 Decatur Street, New Orleans, La., writes: "I used three bottles of the 'Golden Medical Discovery,' and it has cured me of chronic diarrhea. My bowels are now regular."

### GENERAL DEBILITY.

Mrs. PAMELIA BRUNDAGE, of 181 Lock Street, Lockport, N. Y., writes: "I was troubled with chills, nervous and general debility, with frequent sore throat, and my mouth was badly cankered. My liver was inactive, and I suffered much from dyspepsia. I am pleased to say that your 'Golden Medical Discovery' and 'Pellets' have cured me of all these ailments and I cannot say enough in their praise. I must also say a word in reference to your 'Favorite Prescription,' as it has proven itself a most excellent medicine for weak females. It has been used in my family with excellent results."

Dyspepsia.—JAMES L. COLBY, Esq., of Yucatan, Houston Co., Minn., writes: "I was troubled with indigestion, and would eat heartily and grow poor at the same time. I experienced heartburn, sour stomach, and many other disagreeable symptoms common to that disorder. I commenced taking your 'Golden Medical Discovery' and 'Pellets,' and I am now entirely free from the dyspepsia, and am, in fact, healthier than I have been for five years. I weigh one hundred and seventy-one and one-half pounds, and have done as much work the past summer as I have ever done in the same length of time in my life. I never took a medicine that seemed to tone up the muscles and invigorate the whole system equal to your 'Discovery' and 'Pellets.'"

Dyspepsia.—THERESA A. CARR, of Springfield, Mo., writes: "I was troubled one year with liver complaint, dyspepsia, and sleeplessness, but your 'Golden Medical Discovery' cured me."

Chills and Fever.—REV. H. E. MOSLEY, Montmorency, S. O., writes: "Last August I thought I would die with chills and fever. I took your 'Discovery' and it stopped them in a very short time."

## "THE BLOOD IS THE LIFE."

Thoroughly cleanse the blood, which is the fountain of health, by using Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, and good digestion, a fair skin, buoyant spirits, and bodily health and vigor will be established.

Golden Medical Discovery cures all humors, from the common pimple, blotch, or eruption, to the worst Scrofula, or blood-poison. Especially has it proven its efficacy in curing Salt-rheum or Tetter, Fever-sores, Hip-joint Disease, Scrofulous Sores and Swellings, Enlarged Glands, and Eating Ulcers.

### INDIGESTION, BOILS, BLOTCHES.

REV. F. ASBURY HOWELL, Pastor of the M. E. Church, of Silverton, N. J., says: "I was afflicted with catarrh and indigestion. Boils and blotches began to arise on the surface of the skin, and I experienced a tired feeling and dullness. I began the use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery as directed by him for such complaints, and in one week's time I began to feel like a new man, and am now sound and well. The 'Pleasant Purgative Pellets' are the best remedy for bilious or sick headache, or tightness about the chest, and bad taste in the mouth, that I have ever used. My wife could not walk across the floor when she began to take your 'Golden Medical Discovery.' Now she can walk quite a little ways, and do some light work."

Mrs. IDA M. STRONG, of Atascadero, Ind., writes: "My little boy had been troubled with hip-joint disease for two years. When he commenced the use of your 'Golden Medical Discovery' and 'Pellets,' he was confined to his bed, and could not be moved without suffering great pain. But now, thanks to your 'Discovery,' he is able to be up all the time."

### HIP-JOINT DISEASE.

and can walk with the help of crutches. He does not suffer any pain, and can eat and sleep as well as any one. It has only been about three months since he commenced using your medicine. I cannot find words with which to express my gratitude for the benefit he has received through you."

### A TERRIBLE AFFLICTION.

Skin Disease.—The "Democrat and News," of Cambridge, Maryland, says: "Mrs. ELIZA ANN POOLE, wife of Leonard Poole, of Williamsburg, Dorchester Co., Md., has been cured of a bad case of Eczema by using Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. The disease appeared first in her feet, extended to the knees, covering the whole of the lower limbs from feet to knees, then attacked the elbows and became so severe as to prostrate her. After being treated by several physicians for a year or two she commenced the use of the medicine named above. She soon began to mend and is now well and hearty. Mrs. Poole thinks the medicine has saved her life and prolonged her days." Mr. T. A. AYRES, of East New Market, Dorchester County, Md., vouches for the above facts.

## CONSUMPTION, WEAK LUNGS, SPITTING OF BLOOD.

GOLDEN MEDICAL DISCOVERY cures Consumption (which is Scrofula of the Lungs), by its wonderful blood-purifying, invigorating and nutritive properties. For Weak Lungs, Spitting of Blood, Shortness of Breath, Bronchitis, Severe Coughs, Asthma, and kindred affections, it is a sovereign remedy. While it promptly cures the severest Coughs it strengthens the system and purifies the blood.

It rapidly builds up the system, and increases the flesh and weight of those reduced below the usual standard of health by "wasting diseases."

Consumption.—Mrs. EDWARD NEWTON, of Harrowsmith, Ont., writes: "You will ever be praised by me for the remarkable cure in my case. I was so reduced that my friends had all given me up, and I had also been given up by two doctors. I then went to the best doctor in these parts. He told me that medicine was only a punishment in my case, and would not undertake to treat me. He said I might try Cod liver oil if I liked, as that was the only thing that could possibly have any curative power over consumption so far advanced. I tried the Cod liver oil as a last treatment, but I was so weak I could not keep it on my stomach. My husband, not feeling satisfied to give me up yet, though he had bought for me everything he saw advertised for my complaint, procured a quantity of your 'Golden Medical Discovery.' I took only four bottles, and, to the surprise of everybody, am to-day doing my own work, and am entirely free from that terrible cough which harassed me night and day. I have been afflicted with rheumatism for a number of years, and now feel so much better that I believe, with a continuation of your 'Golden Medical Discovery,' I will be restored to perfect health. I would say to those who are falling a prey to that terrible disease consumption, do not do as I did, take everything else first; but take the 'Golden Medical Discovery' in the early stages of the disease, and thereby save a great deal of suffering and be restored to health at once. Any person who is still in doubt, need but write me, inclosing a stamped, self-addressed envelope for reply, when the foregoing statement will be fully substantiated by me."

Ulcer Cured.—ISAAC E. DOWNS, Esq., of Spring Valley, Rockland Co., N. Y. (P. O. Box 23), writes: "The 'Golden Medical Discovery' has cured my daughter of a very bad ulcer located on the thigh. After trying almost everything without success, we procured three bottles of your 'Discovery,' which healed it up perfectly." Mr. Downs continues:

Consumption and Heart Disease.—"I also wish to thank you for the remarkable cure you have effected in my case. For three years I had suffered from that terrible disease, consumption, and heart disease. Before consulting you I had wasted away to a skeleton; could not sleep nor rest, and many times wished to die to be out of my misery. I then consulted you, and you told me you had hopes of curing me, but it would take time. I took five months' treatment in all. The first two months I was almost discouraged; could not perceive any favorable symptoms, but the third month I began to pick up in flesh and strength. I cannot now recite how, step by step, the signs and realities of returning health gradually but surely developed themselves. To-day I tip the scales at one hundred and sixty, and am well and strong." Our principal reliance in curing Mr. Downs' terrible disease was the "Golden Medical Discovery."

BLEEDING FROM LUNGS. JOSEPH F. McFARLAND, Esq., Athens, La., writes: "My wife had frequent bleeding from the lungs before she commenced using your 'Golden Medical Discovery.' She has not had any since its use. For some six months she has been feeling so well that she has discontinued it."

Golden Medical Discovery is Sold by Druggists. Price \$1.00 per Bottle, or Six Bottles for \$5.00.

WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Proprietors,

NO. 663 Main Street, BUFFALO, N. Y.

Piso's Remedy for Catarrh is the Best, Easiest to Use, and Cheapest.  
**CATARRH**  
Sold by druggists or sent by mail.  
50c. E. T. Hazeltine, Warren, Pa.

PENSIONS, Officer's pay, bounty procured; disabilities relieved. 21 years' practice. Success of no fee. Write for circulars. A. W. McFARLAND & SONS, Washington, D. C., & Cincinnati, O.  
**PATENTS** R. S. & A. P. LACEY, Patent Attorneys, Washington, D. C. Instructions and opinions as to patentability FREE. 12 1/2 years' experience.

VALUABLE RECEIPTS 25c. each, 3 for 50c. Cure for Dropsy, Cure for Scrofula, Cure for Kidney Complaints. Found in Diary of an Eminent Erit Doctor, now deceased. Address, ADMINISTRATOR, Box D, Springfield, Ohio.  
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When Writing to Advertisers, please say you saw the Advertisement in this paper.



## REMINISCENCES OF PUBLIC MEN.

BY BEN: PERLEY POORE.

Senator Willard Saulsbury, of Delaware, (who was succeeded by his brother, Eli Saulsbury,) gave the last specimen of what was known as "plantation manners" in the United States Senate. The dignified decorum of that body had not been disturbed during a debate by belligerent demonstrations since Senator Foote levelled a pistol at Senator Benton, and the expunger tore open his garments to theatrically bare his breast, shouting, "Let the assassin fire!" Senator Saulsbury's home was at Georgetown, a pleasant little place in lower Delaware, which was at one time one of the stations in the underground railroad into Dixie. Mr. Lovett, one of the telegraphic censors, made a hurried visit there, and seized the telegrams on file at the office. Some of them, it was hinted, rather implicated the most distinguished resident of the place. Whether this was so or not, Senator Saulsbury had some fears of being arrested, and had some hard words with a secret-service agent in front of the President's house, accusing him with acting the part of a "shadow," and drawing a sword-cane. After that he became defiant in his manners in the Senate chamber, and had passed much of the time during debate in stalking to and fro, like a caged but enraged bison, his black hair hanging in masses about his face, his eyes gleaming with ill-concealed rage, and his whole manner defiant. When speaking he chose to patter after Thersites, and many had predicted that some day he would overstep the bounds of prudence, within which it was evident that he restrained himself with difficulty. One evening, after he had been called to order for saying that the Republicans were making a god of Sambo, Mr. Saulsbury began to defame the President, declaring as he proceeded that "if he wanted to paint a despot, he would paint the hideous form of Abraham Lincoln." This could not be tolerated, and by direction of the Vice President the assistant sergeant-at-arms, Mr. Bassett, was ordered to take Mr. Saulsbury in custody. After some parleying Mr. Saulsbury left the floor, and took a seat on one of the sofas with Mr. Bassett, but all the while had a revolver openly displayed, and told Mr. Bassett that if he laid a finger on him he would kill him. Presently Mr. Saulsbury went down to one of the Senator's desks and made several attempts to speak, until at last Senator Clark (who had taken the chair) ordered him to be taken into custody. Meanwhile Mr. Brown, the sergeant-at-arms, had arrived, but wishing to avoid a scene, he persuaded the irate Senator to leave the hall. Again did he return, again did he attempt to speak, again was the sergeant-at-arms ordered to remove him, and again, after using profane language and offensive epithets, did he leave the Senate chamber. The next morning a resolution of inquiry was offered, and Mr. Saulsbury only escaped expulsion out of regard to his estimable wife. The resolution was held in *terrorem* over him during the remainder of his senatorial term. He was a well-educated gentleman, kind and courteous, until an enemy would enter his mouth and steal away his brains, when he became, as he was on this occasion, perfectly unmanageable.

Senator Christiancy, of Michigan, who had defeated Zach Chandler's re-election as United States Senator from that State, was married at Washington on the 9th of February, 1876, to Miss Lillie Lugenbeel, of the Bureau of Engraving and Printing of the Treasury Department. The marriage took place at the boarding-place of the young lady, where the Senator resided, and was a very quiet affair, the ceremony being performed by the Rev. Dr. Sunderland and witnessed by very few persons.

Senator Ferry, who was the only Senator present, officiated as groomsmen, with Miss Belle Linthicum as bride-maid. After the wedding the couple took the cars for New York, where they passed the first halcyon days of the honeymoon. The Senator, who had reached the age of 64, lost his wife about nine months previous. He was the father of six children. His bride was a blonde, quite pretty, and about 20 years of age. Their courtship was quite brief, lasting but a few weeks, the Senator having met his fate only a short time previous. When the name of Mr. Christiancy was read, in calling the roll of the Senate that afternoon, Mr. Ferry, President pro tem., said, with a sly twinkle: "I desire to state that my colleague is paired," a remark which created general laughter all over the chamber. That the uninitiated may appreciate the joke, it may be stated that it is customary in the Senate when a member wishes to be absent when a vote is taken, to pair off with some member on the opposite side who will not vote, so that his side may not lose by his absence.

Bishop Haven used to tell some good stories, including one at his own expense, about his personal friend, Dr. Newhall, at one time President of a college at Newark, Del. The Doctor was at one time very ill, and for some days he thought himself immortal, and refused to take any food. The Bishop visited him and tried to prevail upon him to take some nourishment. "No, I do not want anything," said he. "I am immortal! I am in heaven. This is heaven." Then pausing for a moment and looking at his visitor with a troubled air, he said: "But heaven, how in the world did you get here?"

When Daniel Webster was told at Washington, in June, 1852, that the Whig National Convention at Baltimore had nominated Scott and Graham, he paused a moment, and then, without moving a muscle, beyond showing a playful smile upon his face, exclaimed: "Graham and Scott! Scott and Graham!! Tar and Feathers!!" Mr. Graham was remembered as coming from the great Tar State, old North Carolina, and Scott was remembered for his military chapeau and tall plume. The sarcasm was not intended for Mr. Webster's colleague in the Cabinet, Mr. Graham, for he esteemed him highly, and gave very palpable evidence of his respect for, and confidence in, the Secretary of the Navy. Nor did Mr. Webster entertain any but kindly feelings towards Gen. Scott. One of the most eloquent speeches made in the United States Senate was in commendation of Gen. Scott's brilliant and humane campaign in Mexico.

### IN TRAINING.

"Ha, Yellowly, how do you do?"  
"Only middling, Brownly."  
"Only middling! You look worse than middling. Why, you are thin as a lath."  
"Yes."  
"Been ill?"  
"No. The fact is, I conceived the idea some time ago of trying to make some money so that I might buy a farm and settle down for the remainder of my days. I thought of various plans and at last came to the conclusion that I would become a 'freak' in a dime museum."  
"A freak?"  
"Yes; and I went into training to become a living skeleton."  
"A living skeleton?"  
"Yes; and so I looked around me for something to do where I would have plenty of hard work and very little food to eat. I found the position I desired and am now in training. I will be ready for the museum, I expect in the course of a week or two."  
"How are you training? What are you doing?"  
"I am running a newspaper."—*Boston Courier.*

J. H. CONRAD,

DEALER IN

## ROOFING AND SPOUTING

GUTTERING, HOUSE FURNISHING GOODS,

Cutlery, Nails, Paints, Woodenware &c.

MAIN STREET,

ST. JOE IND.

All work and goods guaranteed to give satisfaction. Give me a call.



WILLIAM CURIE,

PROPRIETOR OF

St. Joe Meat Market,

ST. JOE, IND.

Highest market price paid for Hides, Tallow &c. Give me a call.

M. TUSTISON,

DEALER IN

## GROCERIES,

ARTHEX POTS FOR HOUSE PLANTS

PROVISIONS, OYSTERS, LEMONS,

ORANGES, CANDIES, CIGARS &c.

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J. F. WALKER,

MAKER AND DEALER IN

Harness, Collars,

WHIPS, HARNESS OIL &c.

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Repairing done promptly. Prices as low as the lowest. Call and see.

R. G. COBURN,

AGENT FOR THE

ALBION SPRING Cultivator

AND FIELD HARROW,

AND DAISY RAKE.

Farmers will save money by seeing me before buying. I will call on you with a sample in a few days. R. G. Coburn, St. Joe, Ind.

## Take Notice!

Having returned from Tennessee, I will assist again in

Raising & Moving Buildings,

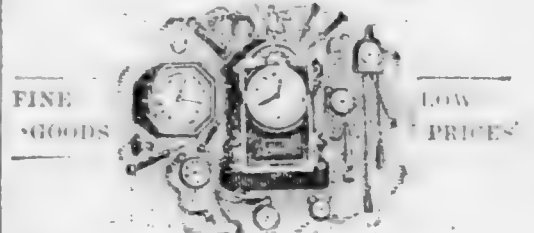
in short all kinds of Rope, Tackle and Jack-screw Work. Having had 15 years experience, and improved machinery, I feel safe in guaranteeing satisfaction. Heavy and difficult work a specialty. Correspondence solicited. Direct all communications to H. or M. Milliman, St. Joe Station, Ind., or A. Monroe, Hicksville, Ohio.



Undertaker and Embalmer. Keeps on hand constantly a stock of Undertaking Supplies, Coffins, Caskets, Burial Robes &c. I can supply as fine goods as can be furnished. Will attend to making all arrangements for funerals. Can respond to at all hours of the night. Office on corner of Main and Second Streets; residence on corner of Main and Fourth Streets, St. Joe, Ind.

Arthur James,

DEALER IN



Watches, Clocks,

AND JEWELRY.

Repairing done promptly and all work warranted. Call and see me at Bair & Son's store, Spencerville, Ind.

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DEALER IN

LUMBER

OF ALL KINDS,

Shingles, Lime, Lath,

MOULDINGS &c.

Large Stock and Prices Low. Yard Near Depot. St. Joe, Ind.

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MAKER AND DEALER IN

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COLLARS, WHIPS,

Fly Nets and Dusters,

HARNESS OIL &c.

Prices the Lowest. All work guaranteed. Call and see me.



# THE ST. JOE NEWS.

VOL. I.

ST. JOE, IND., FRIDAY, JUNE 17, 1887.

NO. 21.

## Churches.

### DISCIPLE.

SERVICES every alternate Sunday evening, in the Lutheran church. Cottage prayer meeting every Friday evening.

J. A. THOMAS, PASTOR.

### METHODIST PROTESTANT.

SERVICES every alternate Sunday at 10:30 A. M. Prayer meeting every Tuesday evening. Sunday School at 9:30 A. M.

J. M. LANGLEY, PASTOR.

### EVANGELICAL LUTHERAN.

SERVICES every Sunday, one Sunday in the morning at 10:30, and the following Sunday in the evening. Prayer meeting every Thursday evening. Sunday School at 9:30 A. M.

S. P. FRYBERGER, PASTOR.

## Societies.

### G. A. R.

REGULAR meetings on Saturday evening on or before the full moon of each month, at their hall over Leighty's store.

O. H. WIDNEY, COMMANDER.

J. M. MILLMAN, ADJUTANT.

## Business Notices.

H. W. BOWMAN, M. D., Physician and Surgeon, St. Joe, Ind. Office opposite the Drugstore.

ST. JOE HOTEL, Wm. Leighty, proprietor. Special attention given to furnishing teams for commercial men.

B. S. SHEFFER, M. D., Physician and Surgeon, St. Joe, Ind. Prompt and careful attention to all business entrusted to his care.

ST. JOE BARBER SHOP, one door west of hotel, Will Geo, proprietor. Satisfaction guaranteed. Your patronage is solicited.

FILLEY, LOUNSBERRY AND SHULER, proprietors of the St. Joe Saw and Planing Mill. All work promptly done. Cash paid for Oak Logs.

CITY BARBER SHOP, St. Joe, Ind, John Hull, proprietor. Shaving, Hair Cutting &c. done in the best of style. Come and see me. Two doors west of Kinsey's Furniture Store.

SIMON WINELAND, proprietor St. Joe Handle and Feed Mills. Feed grinding a speciality. Highest prices paid for second growth White Ash. Enquire at the mill for full particulars.

## INDIANA STATE NEWS.

The following changes in Indiana star-route schedules have been ordered by the postoffice authorities to go into effect July 1. Edinburg to Shelbyville, increase service to six times a week. Crawfordsville to Alamo, embrace Yountsville, without change of distance, curtail route to begin at Yountsville, omitting Crawfordsville, decreasing distance to five miles; increase service to six times a week. Reese's Mill to Lebanon, increase service to six times a week; make schedule daily, except Sundays. Rensselaer to Culp's Farm, end at Pleasant Grove, omitting Culp, decreasing distance three miles. Warren to Billman, increase service to three times a week; make schedule Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays. Hartford City to Priam, increase service to three times a week; change schedule to Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays. Fort Wayne to St. Joe Station, increase service between Spencer and St. Joe Station, three miles, to six times a week. Logansport to McCameron, increase service to three times a week; change schedule to Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays. Epsom to Washington, curtail route to omit Washington and end at Cornettsville, decreasing distance nine miles, and extend from Epsom to and begin at Plainville, increasing distance five miles; increase service to six times a week. Mauckport to Corydon, increase to three times a week; make schedule Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays. New Amsterdam to Corydon, increase to three times a week; make schedule Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays. Alpha to Deputy, extend from Alpha to begin at Oard Spring, increasing distance three and five-tenths miles. Salem to Delaney's Creek, increase to three times a week; make schedule Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays. Salem to New Philadelphia, embrace Sebula, between Canton and New Philadelphia, increasing distance four miles. Elkinsville to Brownstown, increase service to six times a week; make schedule daily, except Sundays.

A case of death by poison has occurred at Valpen, a station west of Huntingburg, on the Louisville, Evansville and St. Louis Railroad, the victim being a child of Mr. Henry Hallenberg, a wealthy merchant of that place. The mother had given the child a tightly-corked bottle containing what she supposed to be whisky, but after the child had gone off to play she was startled by the screams of the little fellow, and on responding found the child in terrible convulsions. The bottle was uncorked and the contents, which afterwards proved to be oil of tansy, found missing. The child lived but a short time in excruciating agony.

The following patents have been issued to Indiana inventors: Henry W. Alshouse, ester, Warsaw; John W. Boyd, assignor of one-half to M. W. Walden, Vevay, churn; Wm. A. Cochran, Edinburg, assignor of two-thirds to H. G. Solomon, Hope, J. W. Wingate, Huntington, apparatus for making fences; Martin A. Eisenbour, Plymouth, cultivator; Thomas E. Hampton, Wabash, school desk and seat; Wm. McTyre, Madison, coffee and tea-pot; Wm. C. Whitehead and A. L. Testor, said Testor assignor to J. H. Latshaw, Indianapolis, sand molding machine.

The women in and for eight or ten miles around Anderson are just boiling over with wrath, because the terrible roaring of the immense gas well at that village has been more disastrous to the egg crop than the loudest thunder ever heard. Not an egg will hatch, and even the old hens refuse to lay, the noise being so great that the biddies become so bewildered that they cannot return to their nests, and even forget to put a shell on the eggs.

The New Albany District Conference of the Methodist Church are contemplating

ing the purchase of 160 acres of land in Orange County, near West Baden Springs. Should the land be purchased, suitable buildings will be erected, similar to those at Chautauqua, giving to the membership of that denomination a pleasant place in which to hold camp-meetings and other assemblies of like character.

Mr. George Conrad, a wealthy farmer, living about three miles southwest of Thorntown, accidentally shot and killed himself. The entire load of shot passed through his heart. The supposition is that he went to get the gun to shoot a hawk, and, in picking it up, the hammer caught and the gun was discharged.

Mrs. Frost, an aged lady residing in Harrison Township, Miami County, arose in the night and, walking to the bank of Deer Creek, near her home, jumped into the water. She was not missed until next morning, when the body was found in the stream. Mrs. Frost's mind is believed to have been impaired.

A Polish Jew, named Leopold, employed in the Star Woolen Mills, at Wabash, fell into a vat of boiling water. From his middle down he was horribly scalded, and when exposed to the air the skin came off in flakes. His recovery is doubtful.

A young married man living near Corydon, was whipped by the Regulators, and is now confined to his bed. He offered resistance and was given seventy-five lashes. He is a desperate character, and is charged with many misdemeanors.

Lightning struck the residence of Thomas Gilbert, at Center Square, Switzerland County, instantly killing Mrs. Gilbert and Mrs. John March, and severely burning Gilbert's young daughter and Township Trustee Jacob Shaddy.

A. J. Ford, of Donaldsonville, while returning home from prayer-meeting, was struck by a Vandallia train and killed. He was a widower, fifty-five years old, but left a family of grown children.

John Wennings and Edward Wennings, of Palmira, are in jail at Paoli for having cheated a farmer of Debois County, whom they gave a five-dollar bill having a "9" attached for a fifty-dollar bill. They had purchased cattle of the farmer.

Gold has been found on some knob land near Bennettsville, Clark County, belonging to Mrs. Emily Hannens. Specimens of ore were taken out and found to contain \$35 in gold to the ton. Excitement over the find is high.

Harry Weaver was drowned in the St. Marys River, at Fort Wayne.

John Smith, a well-known Terre Haute character, committed suicide by taking Rough on Rats. Smith was a day laborer, and went by the name of "John Smith, the well-digger." He had quarreled with his wife.

The State officers have appointed Geo. W. Johnson, of Indianapolis, and D. C. McCallum, of Laporte, members of the Soldiers' Monument Committee to succeed Gen. Lew Wallace and Hugh Dougherty, resigned.

Negotiations are on foot for the building of a railroad from Fort Wayne to St. Louis, parallel to the Wabash.

It has been decided to hold the next annual picnic of the White-water Valley Bar Association in Richmond, July 22, and L. D. Stubbs, John L. Rupe, Lee Yaryan, E. A. Richey, and J. F. Robbins were appointed to perfect arrangements.

Ellsworth Webster, whose home is at Shelbyville, shot himself by accident, while at Morristown. The wound, although not fatal, is a serious one.

George Viberg has been elected by the Commissioners of Allen County, Sheriff, vice Degroff Nelson, deceased.

A 4-year-old son of Wm. Woolsey, of Vincennes, was scalded to death by falling into a tub of hot water.

## PITH AND POINT.

The first thing in a boot is the last. The main spring of time March, April, and May.

Why should not ducks be allowed of doctors' promises? Because they make such personal remarks.

Amid all the mutations of time it has never yet been discovered why a lawyer calls any legal document a brief.

"Riches have wings," and it's no use to invent a flying machine for poor people, as they couldn't buy it. —Norman Independent.

"What's the trouble here, Mickey? 'Don't you know? 'There's a street car tie-up.' 'O, I see. That's why so many people are standing around in knots' —Philadelphia Call.

An Austin man sent one dollar in answer to an advertisement which promised for that amount to tell "Why I became a Mason," and he received the reply, "Because I didn't want to be a shoemaker." —Texas Siftings.

A BAPTIST minister was once asked how it was that he consented to the marriage of his daughter to a Presbyterian. "Well my dear friend," he replied, "as far as I have been able to discover, Cupid never studied theology."

"Say, my friend, where did you get that black eye?" "Fell against a hitch post." "Ah, my dear sir, I'm afraid that your black eye is the trademark of a drunkard." "No, sir, taint trademark—nothing but a post-mark."

"What is a good test of a diamond?" asks a correspondent. About as good a test as any is to ask the jeweler you buy it of what he will take it back for. If he will offer half as much as it costs it is apt to be a genuine stone. —N. Y. Graphic.

A FRANKLIN COUNTY fellow has won a bet by eating sixteen pies in twenty minutes. There are some men that find glory in a performance in which every little pig is their equal and every big hog their superior. —Pittsburgh Bulletin.

WIFE of a rich rural Californian at her first grand dinner. The Colonel offers his arm: "I am to have the pleasure of taking you out to dinner, Mrs. A." Rich rural wife: "Go 'long with you; my husband is here; take your own wife!" —Puck.

HUSBAND (looking round impatiently for his boots)—My dear, will you be so kind and condescending as to inform me where in thunder my boots have been put? Wife (with bitter sarcasm)—You will find them just where you left them when you came in at 2 o'clock this morning—at the foot of the stairs.

"A DEAD GIVE-AWAY." He was a bridegroom newly made—a wedding tourist he. His bride sat in the waiting-room, as sweet as sweet could be; Yet one would think that he had been a husband half his life. As on the register he wrote: "J. Percy Newe and wife." But as he raised his shiny hat, that showed no mark of age, A shower of rice fell from within upon the open page. "Enough!" the jeweled clerk exclaimed, and brushed away the rice. "John, bridal chamber No. 4 (we charge him double price)." —Life.

"My friends," said a clergyman in a Dakota town which is enjoying a boom, as he arose in the pulpit, "we will dispense with the services this morning and give our attention to a work of greater importance. As you are probably all aware, a party of eastern capitalists arrived in the city last night with a view to investing in real estate, and we will now consider ourselves dismissed and go down to the hotel and work them. We want to hustle right along too, before some of those revivalists from Plugetown get hold of them and shove off some of their swamp lands onto them." —Dakota Bell.



# The St. Joe News.

ST. JOE, INDIANA.

MORTA WIFE, OLDS. PUBLISHED.

## TWO PICTURES.

BY EVELYN KIMBALL JOHNSON.

They sat beneath a perfumed shade,  
While fragrant blossoms drifted down,  
Fell lights on a fair-haired maiden,  
And wreathed her lover's locks of brown.

The drowsy bees hummed in the boughs,  
Extracting honey cool and sweet,  
And breezes soft, that fanned their brows,  
Shook snow-white petals at their feet.

The sky burned crimson in the west,  
And tinted the maiden's cheek rose-blush;  
While in her lover's throbbing breast  
There glowed a deeper, warmer flush.

And on her rose-red lips he pressed  
A thrilling and entrancing kiss,  
And drew her head upon his breast,  
He fondly told a tale like this:

To-morrow eve we will be wed;  
And as you stand in white array,  
These blossoms sweet shall crown your head  
A coronet from smiling May!

But she made answer: "Quently June  
Will come with roses in her arms,  
To sing a more enchanting tune,  
And woo us with a thousand charms."

These apple blossoms are passing sweet,  
As on us they are drifting down,  
Cool, soft, and fragrant at our feet;  
But give to me June's rose-leaf crown."

Thus while they sit these lovers fond—  
Well turn another scene to sight;  
An apple orchard, just beyond,  
Where falls the sunset's crimson light.

An old man sits beneath the tree,  
And soft, sweet blossoms drifting down,  
On whitened locks are falling free,  
Those locks in bygone days so brown!

He sits alone to-night and sighs,  
While tears his faded eyes bedim;  
You sunset, with its thousand dyes,  
Holds in its glow faint light for him!

With trembling voice he calls a name  
That now, as always, he holds dear;  
Although unknown to earthly fame,  
It gave to him life's sweetest cheer!

From out a volume worn with age,  
He lifts a lock of golden hair;  
A falling blossom kisses the page,  
That years had held the treasure fair.

## TRIALS OF WEDLOCK.

BY CECIL STERNE.

Lizzie Docks was seated one morning with her maiden aunt at the breakfast table.

"Well, my dear," said auntie, in her shrill voice, "I do admire your spirit. I don't respect any woman who will live with a man who drinks. You just stay with me, and if he don't come to terms pretty soon, you get a judicial separation. You will be well off."

But Lizzie was not happy, notwithstanding her aunt's reasoning. Two weeks passed, and she had not heard a word from her husband. She was wretched.

Poor Dave! How all his goodness, all his kind little deeds, were summed up in her heart! How she missed the merry laugh, and the brown eyes beaming smiles upon her! She knew he would never send for her; he was too obstinate; yet she would not retract. He had come home from market so often drunk, that she was determined he should give up drink forever. All the fectotal lectures said it was the right way.

Lizzie visited a school friend, several years older than herself. Lizzie thought her the happiest woman on earth. She had been married ten years, and her husband did not drink, and seemed to have no bad habits.

"Lizzie, you are down-hearted; there is something the matter with you," said her friend, Mrs. Jackson, after tea was over, and they were left by themselves.

The tears welled in Lizzie's pretty blue eyes, and when she felt a hand laid gently in hers, the long pent-up feeling gave way, and hiding her head in her friend's bosom, she sobbed, "Oh, Marian, I am wretched—wretched!"

Then she told the story of all her woes. When she had finished, Mrs. Jackson looked very grave.

"You have pursued a wrong course, Lizzie," she said gently. "You will go back to him, won't you?"

Lizzie did not answer. She felt it was a very hard thing to do. Mrs. Jackson watched her closely, and seemed to realize the struggle through which she was passing.

"Lizzie, I will tell you something which I have confided to no one, but perhaps it will do you good to know how I won my husband back to me."

"You?" exclaimed Lizzie, in amazement. "I thought your life was one of unclouded happiness."

"Yes," said Mrs. Jackson, calmly. "I am glad you think I was always happy, for I consider it so wrong to give people cause to talk about the most intimate affairs of husband and wife. If we have any secret things pining our flesh, is it not our duty to bear the wound in silence, rather than vulgarly betray our feelings by word or look? My story I tell you only because

you may see your own troubles in the true light."

Then she continued, softly, "It is now about three years ago that a young woman, a distant relative of mine, came to see us. She was in humble circumstances. We pitied the frail, beautiful thing, and invited her to make her home with us. I noticed at once that my husband admired her greatly, but not until he became peevish and unreasonable with me, and full of little cares and attentions for her, was I aware that she had stolen his affections away from me. You know, Lizzie, what a jealous creature I used to be at school, and for a time it seemed to me that I could not bear the burden; but I knew that anger and quarrels would only alienate him further from me, so I tried to treat him as nicely as ever; but I told the girl she had better look out for a situation. I did not give her my reasons, but she seemed to understand, and left two days after for Chicago. Then came the hardest battle I ever fought in my life, Lizzie, but I was determined to win him back. He often stayed a couple of days in Chicago, and returned with all kinds of stories on account of the delay. I listened with an air of unbelief I could not control, but I said nothing. After many months his manner changed. He was less abstracted, less cool, and when he fell ill with the fever I nursed him, I believe, more tenderly than I could have done before my trial. When he was delirious he called for me all the time, and accused himself bitterly for his neglect. Oh, Lizzie! never shall I forget the evening when the doctor pronounced my husband better. He opened his eyes, took my hand, then folded me in his arms, saying: 'Dear, dear wife! will a life of sacrifice ever repay you for your devotion?' There were tears in his eyes, and I asked: 'Where is she?' 'She has gone to London with a rich man.' Not another word in regard to this matter has ever been mentioned between us; but I know that if I had followed any other course than I did pursue, I would have been just as wretched as you are to-day."

Lizzie held Marian's hand gently pressed in her own.

"How wrong I did!" she murmured. "Oh, I see now there are things harder to bear in a husband than drinking."

She thought how faithful Dave had ever been; full of little attentions which women love, and which so seldom go beyond the honeymoon. She had been so sure of his great love, and was yet. How different she could have made it for them both! Surely she would have had less patience with him had he acted like Marian's husband.

A rap at the front door. "A telegram for you, Lizzie," said Mrs. Jackson. "Auntie sent it."

Lizzie became pale when she read—  
"Come home at once. Docks has got with an accident."

"Oh, Marian, I may be too late! It is all over with Dave if he took Sam, our new horse, to town, for he don't know how to drive when he's drunk. Oh, why did I not tell you before?"

Marian took the sorrowful wife under her care. Mr. Jackson was called in, and he suggested that Marian go with Lizzie to her home, and see if she could be of any use.

"If you can get ready," he added, "I can see you off by the 10 o'clock train."

They caught the train, and reached home the next morning very early. Two doctors' carriages were at the door, and the well-known face of Jim, the laborer, peered anxiously in the carriage window.

"Oh, ma'am, so glad you came!"

"How did it happen, Jim?"

"Oh, it was all through that there wild horse," said Jim, trying to put as little blame as possible on his master. "He had, perhaps, a little too much, but the horse was unmanageable, and threw him out of the trap and broke his leg in two places. Inflammation has set in, and the doctors say—"

Lizzie did not hear any more. She rushed up the steps, and in a moment stood by her husband's bedside. Her arms were around his neck, and the doctor who stood by said softly, "You are just in time, madam; perhaps he will recognize you."

Then he softly left the room.

"Dave, do you know me?" said Lizzie, stroking his flushed face; but the patient did not stir. "Dave, if you die without forgiving me I shall never know an hour's peace! Oh, it was my fault! If I had not left you, you would not have driven Sam to town without me. It is my harshness which drove you to do this!"

Softly she kissed his closed eyes, his flushed cheeks, his mute lips.

She raised his head gently, while the burning tears dropped slowly on the sheets. Suddenly he stirred, and his eyes were resting on her! A smile lit up his good-natured, handsome face.

"Sis!"

A world of love was contained in this favorite pet word.

"Dave, I am so sorry! I shall reproach myself all my life that I am the cause of your death! But oh, Dave, you must not die! I am here to take care of you. I shall be kinder and better, and help you in a different way. Dave, you must not go," said Lizzie, sobbing and blushing, and clinging closer to him, "for I have a secret to tell you."

Again he smiled, a faint, happy smile.

"There will be plenty for two, sis. If it

is a boy, let him be a farmer. Don't reproach yourself, sis, for—"

"Oh, but I do!" sobbed Lizzie, passionately. "You gave me everything! I could not find one single fault; you were the kindest and truest of men, only why did I wish for perfection? Why was I so cross? Oh, Dave, say you forgive me for leaving you! I love you, and always shall! Why was I so foolish?"

The arms that were once so strong were for the last time stretched out toward her. "Sis, of course I forgive you." Then he paused as if too exhausted to speak. "I was too stubborn, but somehow, when you left me, all the good seemed to have gone with you. I was drunk all the time, and I did not care."

He closed his eyes, then he murmured, almost inaudibly, "Stay by me, sis, very close, to the last. You know I never loved any woman but you. Don't have vain regrets. Remember, it is my last wish that you shall take care of yourself. Will you, sis?"

These were his last words; his breathing became more rapid, and his face became gradually pale. Marian and some friends came into the room, and found Dave dead, and his wife, still holding his hands, kneeling by his bedside.

The faithful Marian remained till the funeral was over, and Dave was laid to rest. Then she took Lizzie home with her.

"I must not stay long, Marian," said the sorrow-stricken wife, "but I will go for a while, because I must keep my promise and take care of myself, as poor Dave wished me to do. I have a great deal to do now, and everything to manage alone."

She did manage splendidly, with the aid of Jim, the laborer, and when her baby was born, she seemed to revive and have a new tie to life.

"He must be a farmer, as his father wanted him to be," thought Lizzie.

But she had no cares in that direction, for young Dave's aspirations never went beyond the farm, made alive by a herd of beautiful, soft-eyed cows, the buzz of the busy bees, and the contented cackle of the hens. Dogs, cats, and all had a place in his heart, and attached him to the pretty house, with its grand trees, and its flowers that his mother tended, that sweet old mother of his, who had been to him a friend, a sister, a mother in one, and who by sad experience had learned that—

"Kindness has no selfish claims,  
All things else but worldly moves;  
Finest labor is to share  
And clip the wings of flying love."

## Young Men and Single Life.

It is undoubtedly true that a single life is not without its advantages for some. There are hundreds of young men, as there are a like number of young women, to whom a married life would be unsuitable and unwise. It is an inexcusable sin for any young man of hereditary ill-health or deformity to assume marriage, and to such a one single life has advantages, even though it holds out few pleasures. But that young man who is possessed with every bodily and mental equipment, and marries not, fails in one of the most palpable duties of life. He deprives himself of life's most refined and exalted pleasures, of some of its strongest incentives to virtue and activity, and sets an example unworthy of imitation. Nothing has, or should have, a greater refining or moralizing influence to a young man than marriage. If he remains unmarried, he lays himself open to alluring vices that have no place in his eye or mind when his attentions and affections are centered upon a devoted wife. Marriage changes the current of a man's feelings, and gives him a center for his thoughts, his affections, and his acts. It renders him more virtuous, more wise, and is an incentive to put forth his best exertions to attain position in commercial and social circles. It is conceded that marriage will increase the cares of a young man which he would not encounter if he remained single, but it must be granted, on the other hand that it heightens the pleasures of life. If marriage, in some instances within our knowledge, has seemed to be but a hindrance to certain success, the countless instances must not be forgotten where it has proved to be the incentive which has called forth the best part of man's nature, roused him from selfish apathy, and inspired in him those generous principles and high resolves which have helped to develop him into a character known, loved, and honored by all within the sphere of its influence. Matrimony, it is true, is chargeable with numberless solicitudes and responsibilities, and this all young men should fully understand before entering upon it, but it is also full of joy and happiness that is unknown to the bachelor.—*Brooklyn Magazine.*

LIBERTY is the right to do what the laws allow; and if a citizen could do what they forbid it would be no longer liberty, because others would have the same power.—*Montesquieu.*

## Education and Industry.

Education of the modern mind does not diminish industry, and does not, except for a very short period, break the habit of assiduity at work. No one it diminishes the readiness to do manual labor in those who can do it, though it does diminish their interest in the "fanciful jobs" as their mothers call them, who, if left uneducated, would have gone on in the groove of their fathers, taking, by a species of natural selection, to the lighter tasks. The regular work as before, though unduly not in old, machine-like way. They spare themselves more, they more quickly to avoid unnecessary toil, and, as a result, as a large proportion are and must be selfish men in numberless instances, they "scamp" their work in ways the unintelligent never think of. That scamping, together with the eagerness for more money produced by new wants, and a certain inactivity or independence, combine to produce an unfavorable impression as to industry which is not justified, or rather is due to other causes than aversion to work.

English must wait a little for full information, the boys who have passed through school not being 30 yet; but they do not despair of seeing plenty of Hugh Millers among their workmen. That is, men who are educated, yet have a genuine love for and pride in exceedingly hard and monotonous manual toil. Miller set up stone walls for eight hours a day, a real back-breaking occupation, but he had learned more than most boys. It would be well if half time could be made general, and it is nearly convinced it would increase learning, by allowing school time to last longer, and would not displace any scheme for keeping up the habit of manual labor, which will be destroyed by the great majority while the world goes round, and which is, in fact, the permanent gymnasium of the human race; but there is little fear even if the present system continues. The changes which may come will not be caused by laziness, but by a longing for higher wages and the comforts they bring, which some industries, agriculture especially, in closely-populated countries, may find it difficult to satisfy. It will be satisfied, however, in one way or another, for education opens wide the grand safety-valve, the power of wandering over the earth in search of the opportunity to toil. For what we know, the human race may be destined some day to perish like mites in a cress, through their own multiplication; but at present there is ample space for all of our race, who may for the next century, at a cost only of experience, have their twenty acres apiece to work on. Germans, Englishmen, Indians, are swarming out in thousands daily, but still there is no chance of their being driven, like 11 million, to that end. Work for bare existence under such other virtues than industry are apt to perish. Another Europe could live and prosper on the unpopulated river basins of South America. Education helps to disperse mankind; and we certainly do not find that emigrants, who are rarely of the know-nothing class, are at all reluctant to undertake severe toil. Is there not in the whole discussion a defect caused by tradition, an impression that as brain workers avoid hard labor, knowing well that they cannot do both up to their full power, those whose brains have been developed will never do it? Fortunately, or unfortunately, they will specially feel the great discipline force of the world, the strong conscription of hunger, which constrains us all. If all the world were Newtons, nobody would get a mouthful of bread without somebody facing all weathers to plow and sow and reap.—*Science.*

## One Dose Was Enough.

A prominent physician, who has since died, once wrote a prescription for a powerful liniment. He was noted among the druggists for his chirography. He had a large practice, and often wrote in such haste that it was difficult to read his prescriptions. The directions written upon the above-mentioned "recipe" were, "Apply locally as directed." The clerk read it, "Take a teaspoonful three times daily." The patient took only one dose.—*Harper's Magazine.*

AGE is not to be feared; the older a good and healthy person grows, the greater becomes his capacity to enjoy the deeper, sweeter and more noble kinds of happiness which the world affords.



## BLOODTHIRSTY ALBION.

Fifteen Foreign Wars During Queen Victoria's Reign.

John Bright has been telling the truth about England's foreign wars, and the puncture to her self-righteousness ought to be big enough to let considerable conceit out. At a recent meeting of the Peace Society he said: "With regard to this question of peace, we are really as far off as our forefathers were, and nearly as savage and barbarous." A French statesman, a member of the French Chamber, said, speaking of England and its foreign policy, that "we were in a State of peace, soothed by occasional acts of rapine." That phrase, to a large extent, describes the condition in which our country has been during the whole reign of the Queen.

"Now, how many wars have we had during the Queen's reign? We have had a war in New Zealand, and one of the officers engaged in that war was obliged to admit that the New Zealanders were entirely right and we entirely wrong. We have had three wars in China. We had a Zulu war not long ago, made absolutely by a man without any orders from this country, a man who professed to be really influenced by the Christian faith and religion. That cost us a great many English lives, and we destroyed the Zulu nation, at the same time bringing confusion into South Africa. We have had a Soudan war, in which one of the Napiers was concerned, a war for which he had not the slightest justification or instruction from this country. Then there was the great Gikh war, by which the Punjab was annexed to the English Dominion in India. There were also two Afghan wars, for which there was not a particle of justification, in one of which a whole English army was destroyed. Then we have had three Burmese wars, the second of which, I recollect, was got upon pretenses absolutely fraudulent and scandalous. Then we came to the Crimean war, the really big war of our time, though it did not last very long. But as to its severity, and the mortality caused by it, no man is able to make an accurate computation.

A book written by a French general who recently visited the Crimea, in connection with the cemeteries there, estimated that the bodies of 250,000 men are there. I believe the Russians alone buried more than 100,000 on the north side of Sebastopol. Kinglake, in his history, estimates that 1,000,000 men lost their lives in that struggle, a number about equal to every adult man in the vast city of London.

And what were all these lives sacrificed for? Absolutely nothing whatever, because the only apparent result was a slight limitation put upon the Russian Government with regard to its future fleet in the Black Sea, and that was surrendered the moment the Franco-German war broke out. It was not war, because war was never declared, but we made war, notwithstanding, on a country with which we were notoriously and professedly at peace. The bombardment of Alexandria is a sort of peace which the public of this country have not been enthusiastic about. Then followed the war in the Soudan, during which, at the lowest calculation, from 40,000 to 50,000 lives were lost.

I once proposed that the foreign office should be burned down, and it would be a very good thing if all its treaties burned with it. Conceive the cost of the wars that have occurred during the reign of the Queen. Go back further to the beginning of what we call our parliamentary and constitutional system in the reign of William III., and you will find that without one single exception they were absolutely unnecessary, and that the only result they have produced is an enormous national debt, which from that time to this has been extracted from the labor and the sweat of millions of men in this country, but which should have remained with them for the sustenance and comfort of themselves and their families.

Fifteen wars in a fifty-years' reign of a professedly "peace-loving" and tender-hearted queen are hardly among the blessings for which jubilee thanks will be returned.

### A Small Blunder.

A lady, on the lookout for a steady nurse-girl to take charge of the children, entered a servants' registry, where her eyes fell on a respectable young woman from Normandy, who looked the

very picture of health. "I like your appearance," said madame, "but tell me why you left your former situation."

"A simple oversight, ma'am. One day as I was nursing Mrs. L.'s baby I looked out of a window to listen to a man who was singing in the yard. Mrs. L. gave me twopenny to throw down to him, but alas! instead of the money I dropped the child out of the window!"

—Le Girelot.

### Distribution of the Megalith.

Nothing in the ancient history of man is of more considerable interest than are those monuments, at once rudely grand and mysteriously simple, which have been designated megalithic. They may be simply raised stones, isolated menhirs, cromlechs arranged in a circle, or artificial caves formed by placing flat flags horizontally on standing supports. Dolmens or covered passages were usually buried under masses of earth or stones, so as to form veritable tumuli; but they always present the common character of being constructed in rough blocks, virgin of all human labor.

Megaliths are important on account of their number and their dispersion. They are to be found, with a likeness running through them all, in places most remote from one another, on different continents. At Carnac and at Kergrist are immense rows of stones, of which the megaliths of the Khasias of India appear like exact copies. Similar dolmens are standing in Palestine, Ireland, and Hindostan. Megaliths can be found in Peru, and among the aboriginal monuments of North America, in Spain and Denmark, in the Orades and the islands of the Mediterranean, on the shores of the Dead Sea and of the Baltic, at the foot of Mount Sinai, and in Iceland, at the edge of the eternal glaciers. The dolmens raised upon the top of a tumulus in Algeria may be compared with those standing in the department of the Aveyron or with those in Kintyre, Scotland, and Roskilde in Scandinavia; the cromlech of Mavura, in Iceland, with that at Halskov, in Denmark; the circle at Peshawur, in Afghanistan, with the circle of Stennis, in one of the Orades; the tombs of the Neolithic with the *chondels* that are found in Africa; the cromlechs of Algeria, with those of Aschenrade, on the Dvina; the triliths of Stonehenge with those of Tripoli, or those mentioned by Palgrave as in Arabia. Even a superficial study will disclose the relations that exist between the covered passages of Provence and the megaliths of Brittany, and between these and analogous constructions in Spain and Algeria. A common thought, and an identical funeral rite, are revealed.—*Popular Science Monthly*.

### Hunting Geese in a Snowstorm.

Here at Linden Bend it was, but under another generation of trees, that Natty Fairthorne had a strange wild-geese chase. It was in November, 1791. Natty had been all day looking for ducks, and found none. An hour before sundown, keenly disappointed, and somewhat unsteady, he sculled up part of the creek, near which he lived. When at Watson's Ford, half a mile below, it began to snow, and, before he had reached the lindens, the air was thick. At length, above the moaning of the wind in the old trees Natty thought he heard the "honking" of bewildered geese. At once he was a new man and on the alert. The supposed cries of the geese were incessant, and surely came from the bend of the linden woods. Sniffing with all his strength in that direction, he peered into the outer darkness, and finally felt sure that he saw the geese. A long dark line close to the water was moving steadily up the creek, and above the roar of the wind could be heard their wild "honking." Natty steadied his boat, took deliberate aim and fired. Luckily the powder flashed in the pan. Immediately the voices of several men rang through the air, and a belated surveying party, some of whom had seen the flash, demanded who was attacking them.

The truth was soon known, and Natty promised never again to shoot geese in a snowstorm. The surveyor's singing had deceived him, and he always insisted, when twitted about his goose-chase, that men "who couldn't sing better than they did deserved to run a risk."—*Waste-Land Wanderings*.

The Czar of Russia is hard at work preparing his diaries for publication.

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### A TESTIMONIAL.

Dear, Crutcher & Co., Ann., Oct. 10, 1888. The Humane Remedy Co., Lafayette, Ind. Gentlemen: Your cure for the opium habit is all that I could desire. My wife, Mrs. M. J. Wilson, was cured in 36 days, she was using the Humane Remedy every 24 hours when she commenced your medicine. She is now in better health, and has not taken any medicine for 24 days. Published in the Harrisburg, Pa. paper, and will publish it in the Jonesboro, Ga. paper in a few days. You are at liberty to use my name publicly, and I will affirm the above statement in any court, and will recommend your medicine to any and all opium eaters. Yours for humanity, Jno. B. Wilson.

Dear, Crutcher & Co., Ann. The above is an exact copy of the original letter as published in the *Home and Farm*, Louisville, Ky., Dec. 1st, 1888. Confidential correspondence solicited with all honest interest.

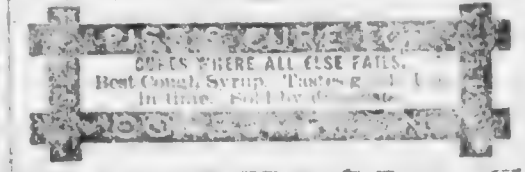
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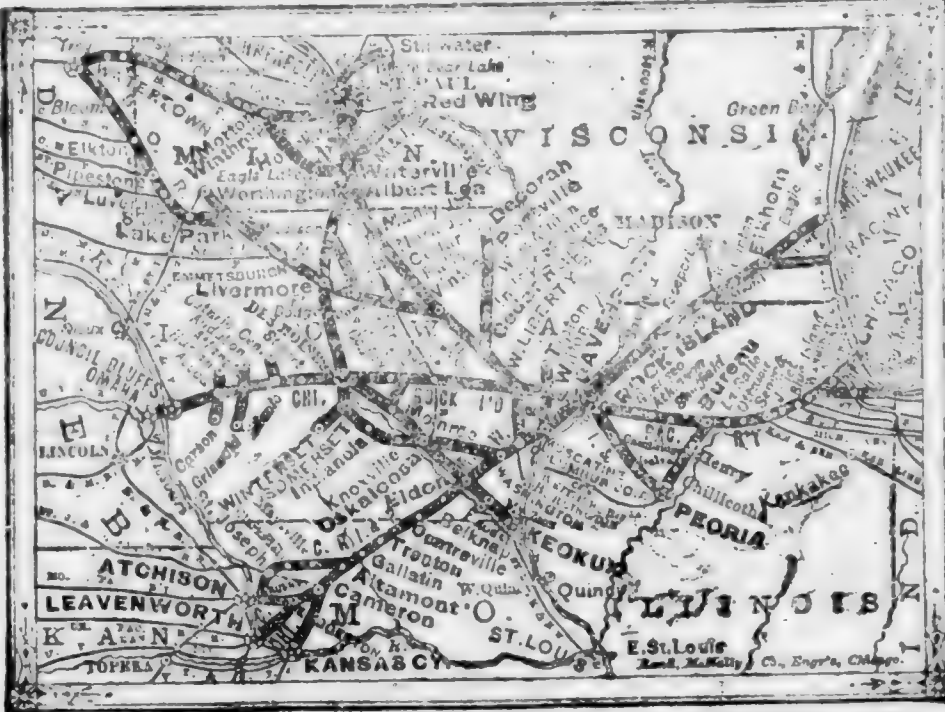
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FRIDAY JUNE 17, 1887.

#### CONTRACTOR'S NOTICE.

I will receive sealed proposals at the bridge just south of James Dragoon's, on Saturday, June 25th, at 3 o'clock, P. M., for the building of a bridge across the county drain at that place. I reserve the right to reject any and all bids.

J. E. Dermott,

Trustee Concord Township.

The old settlers have come and gone and whether they had a good time or not we are not able to say, but one thing sure, there was a big rowl and the weather was hot; the people were hot and everybody was hot. At an early hour the people began to roll in, tumble in, any way to get it, and at 10 o'clock the town was one vast sea of sweltering humanity, facing the rays of a red hot sun, endeavoring to keep cool by the use of palm leaf fans, and mopping their faces with bandanas. The procession formed at the depot upon the arrival of the train from the west and marched to the grove headed by the St. Joe and Jackson Bands; at the grove the exercises were opened with music by the bands, after which R. G. Colburn in a few appropriate words welcomed the old settlers to St. Joe, and introduced Mr. Henry Willis of Waterloo, president of the association, who took charge of the meeting. The choir then sang an anthem, followed by prayer by J. M. Langley, after which a recess until 1 o'clock was taken. In the afternoon Rev. Gary of Hicksville delivered a very interesting address, but the crowd kept moving around so, that it was impossible for a great many to hear what was said. Following this came short speeches by old settlers, election of officers &c., and the exercises at the stand were over. Then came a scramble for the river to see the tub race and wire walking. The fantastic parade was the winding up feature of the occasion, and it might be said of it, that it was short and sweet, especially some of the girls that rode in the procession. With a few exceptions the meeting was as successful as it was possible to make it with such a large crowd, and we are glad also to note the fact that there was very little drunkenness, considering the large number present.

Billy Leighty won the tub race and got the two dollars.

The Methodist people took in \$165.00 at their stand.

Uncle Sam Wasson was on hand, and was the oldest settler on the ground.

The total expense of the meeting was about forty dollars. It has all been paid.

It is estimated that there were between three and four thousand people in town.

We endeavored to get the names of the old settlers who were here on Thursday, for publication, but there were so many young settlers, that it was a difficult matter to find the old ones.

#### OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

##### SPENCERVILLE.

W. C. Tindall is still seriously ill. Dr. T. J. Dills visited his brother last Saturday.

The foundation for the new church will soon be finished.

Spencerville has been a measley town for the past few weeks.

After July 1st, Spencerville will have a daily mail. This is official.

George Baltz will move to Auburn and engage in the livery business.

Miss Hattie Dills has been quite sick with the measles, but is getting better.

Quite a number of our people attended the old settler's meeting at St. Joe.

Daniel Metcalf and wife, of Norris Chapel, visited with friends at this last Friday.

David Butler has the finest patch of strawberries around here, and is doing a good business in that line.

O. W. Rummell resigned the superintendency of the Methodist Sunday school and Ben Zimmerman was elected to take his place.

##### CONCORD.

Lestie Knight visited at home last Sunday.

Will some one ask C. O. Jenken's how a sixteenth note is formed?

The St. Joe folks were out in full force at the Children's meeting last Sunday.

Lately Alice has become financially poor, being but partly the possessor of one shilling.

Jacob Baker and wife attended the festival held in Boot's grove last Saturday evening.

Quite a number from Rebooth attended the Children's Day exercises at this place last Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Henning, and daughter Stella, of Waterloo, were the guests of Frank Herrick and wife last Sunday.

The singing school has closed, and it is just as well, for no one was learning anything. The teacher called us a set of heathens without religion, and such pet names, as we highly appreciated.

Several of the young people went from here to Spencerville last Sunday evening to attend the Children's meeting, but were disappointed. Instead they heard a very excellent sermon delivered by the M. E. Pastor.

The social committee of the Young People's Christian Endeavor, will entertain a social, Saturday evening June 25th, in the orchard of P. A. Shurts. Ice cream and cake will be served. Mito ten cents. Come one, come all and have a good time.

Wonder if the Pigeon Retreat correspondent knows that Charlie Koch spent the greater part of that Saturday night over to that house where the morning glory vines are trained around the front porch? Strange how the music of certain Bell(es) charm some people.

Children's day was a grand success in every particular. The house was beautifully decorated with evergreen, birds, flowers and pictures. The addresses, recitations, dialogues and songs were well rendered. The house was crowded and a large number were outside at the doors and windows, giving good attention. We would like to mention the names of some who performed their parts so well, especially the little folks who did so well, but fear we would take up too much space in the News.

## WANTED 50 CUSTOMERS

To Buy Our Carpet Samples.

We have a large line of Tapestry, Walrus and Body Brussels and Hemp Carpet Samples which we are closing out for cash. We carry a full line of E. P. Reed & Co's and G. & S. Sons' Ladies' Men's and Children's Fine Shoes. Examine a pair of those 75 cent Fine Shoes before they are all gone.

J. D. Leighty, St. Joe Ind.

Don't forget the band festival in the orchard to-night.

Hicksville has a new railroad. It runs in from Consumptionville.

The next county Sunday school convention will be held at Newville.

Mrs. Ollie Stewart, of Ohio, is visiting with her sister, Mrs. Frank Barney.

Mrs. Metzcar, Mrs. Filley and children, of Fort Wayne, are visiting with Mrs. J. D. Leighty.

The wire walker took a tumble into the river, but climbed up and went at it again.

Dr. Majors and wife, of Cherubusco, were in town Thursday, the guests of Mrs. J. D. Leighty.

Auburn will not celebrate the 4th of July. They want to rest that day from all their labor.

James Ables found a shawl on Thursday which the owner can have by calling at his residence.

General Blair, of Waterloo, made a short speech to the old settlers. This is the General's old stamping ground.

The News says that "A proposed horse race" is the only move Hicksville has as yet made toward celebrating the 4th of July.

Auburn people turned out grandly to the old settler's meeting. We will return the complement when an opportunity is offered.

Case & Olds offer a bargain this week in a Grenadene Dress Goods at 12 1/2 cents; former price 25 cents. Just the thing for 4th of July dresses. Drop in and see it.

Uncle Mose Perry presented the News with a quart of the largest strawberries the other day that we have ever seen. Mose says he got the plants from his brother in Egypt. We don't know how that is but we do know that the berries were extra good.

To the Honorable Board of Commissioners of De Kalb County, Ga.

Gentlemen: Your committee appointed for the purpose of examining the county home to report as to the management, sanitary condition & would respectfully submit the following report: Your committee found in the management of the home affairs excellent system and order about all the work of the home the grounds and out buildings in good condition, the inmates were well cared for and kindly treated, beds and clothing all clean and new. We found the food well cooked and plenty of it. The bathroom excellent and provision well kept for. We would respectfully recommend Mr. and Mrs. Glazier to the people of De Kalb county as worthy of their confidence. Your committee would suggest that a suitable building be erected for the purpose of washing the clothing of the inmates; also sound protection against fire, and that the name of the place be changed to "County Home."

Mrs. Lizzie Jones,

Mrs. Kate A. Leighty,

Mrs. Sarah A. Chamberlain.

Auburn gas well is down over 100 feet.

Newville people are talking of a picnic.

Frank Johnson, of Tappan, is at home on a visit.

Mr. and Mrs. Self Bowen are here visiting with her parents.

Lost, on Thursday, one month piece and brass stem for a horn. The order will please leave at this office.

The fantastic parade was pretty good, what there was of it. Everybody relishes a little tomfoolery once in a while.

There will be a Strawberry and Ice Cream Festival at Newville on Wednesday, June 22nd, 1887. A good time is expected, and let everybody come.

## WOOL WANTED!

100,000 Pounds of Wool Wanted, for which we will pay the highest market value. Also all kinds of country produce wanted. Call and see us.

S. & F. BARNEY.



Miss S. A. Bartlett,

DEALER IN FINE—

## MILLINERY

HATS, BONNETS,

Flowers,

Ribbons,

Feathers,

TRIMMINGS, ETC.

I invite the attention of the ladies of St. Joe and vicinity to my new stock of Spring and Summer Millinery Goods, comprising the newest and latest styles and shapes. I am constantly receiving new goods, and at your patronage. Prices as low as the lowest. Call and see my line before making your purchases. Rooms over Dr. Bowman's office, St. Joe, Ind.

MISS S. A. BARTLETT.

FOR SALE—

One good Champion Reaper will sell at a bargain. Call on Rollin Betress at the old Robinson farm.

FOR SALE BY FRANKLIN

One third interest in the Spencer-ville Tile and Saw Mill. Will sell on trade for a farm or other property. Inquire of, or address W. L. Hollabaugh, St. Joe, Ind.

—LOCALS—

The price of coffee has dropped two cents.

Eggs are now bringing 12 cents per dozen.

John Lehigh arrived home Friday morning.

M. T. Bishop shipped 35 thousand singles to Hicksville yesterday.

Get your bills printed at this office and get a notice in the paper free.

G. J. Boyle sang an old fashioned song that took well with the old folks.

One hundred and twenty-five persons attended at Heighy's hotel on Thursday.

Alex. Donaldson and family were shaking hands with their many friends here Thursday.

Frank Walker has been appointed constable in the place of Sam White who resigned.

The Auburn Dispatch wants to sell out. How will you swap brother Robinson? Of course we will want some boot money.

A negro happened to be in town Thursday evening and he was heard to remark that he guessed he had better get out of here, as every body eyed him as if they had never seen a black man before.

The following are a few of the oldest pioneers who were present Thursday: Samuel Wyatt, Henry Shull, John Butt, Samuel Wasson, Henry Robertson, James Cosper, John Bratton, John Leas, Solomon Simons.

Fred Davis of Auburn has gone to Europe.

Chris Chrie had business at Butler Wednesday.

Shutt & White made a delivery of Champion machinery at this place this week.

Workmen are engaged in making some needed repairs on the elevator at this place.

A remonstrance was filed against the F. P. Hart ditch and a new view was appointed.

J. E. Dermott was elected superintendent of the Coburntown Sunday school last Sunday.

Miss Josie Smith returned from Plymouth Ohio, last Monday, where she has been visiting friends.

We have added several new subscribers to our list since last week, and yet there's room for more.

Uncle Dave Grill had the misfortune last week to have a cow fall on him, and injure him quite severely.

H. W. Sirock and son Artie, of Mansfield, Ohio, was in town Monday. Artie seems to be a chip off of the old block.

Cash Lounsberry arrived home Tuesday. Cash looks as if the west agreed with him. He will return in about ten days.

St. Joe now boasts of having a real live milk wagon. Henry Hathaway is the proprietor and he seems to be doing a thriving business.

An exchange remarks: Just so long as a good pitcher of a base ball club gets \$2,000 a year and a preacher a scant \$800, just so long will there be good pitching and poor preaching.

Miss Ella Crim of Galion, Ohio, visited with her grandmother, Mrs. Robert Davis, a couple of days last week. She presented Grandma Davis with a very handsome pair of gold rimmed spectacles.

The people of St. Joe are talking up the importance of a normal school, and will probably soon engage in the enterprise. St. Joe seems to be slinging on an abundance of air since she established a newspaper. Garrett Clipper.

The Y. P. T. L. A. will meet at the residence of P. A. Shurts, on Monday evening, June 20th. The following program has been prepared. Essay by Nina Filley; Declamation by Hugh Wineland; Impersonation by Anna Merrill; Quartette by Mattie White, Nina Filley, Burt Hull and Frank Hart; Select Reading by Will Olds; Impersonation by Virginia Langley; Declamation by Leo Shuler; Instrumental music by Leona Tustison; Select Reading by Mattie Langley; Declamation by Clarence Hull.

The County Sunday School Convention held at Waterloo on Tuesday and Wednesday of this week, was one among the most largely attended and enthusiastic conventions that has ever been held. In fact the conventions seem to grow better each year. The people of Waterloo have got big hearts and they opened their homes, and entertained those in attendance in a way that made everybody feel right at home. So far as eatables were concerned, as Frank Willis said, their tables were fairly groaning under their weight of good things. We regret very much that on account of the old settler's meeting at this place, quite a number of our people were prevented from being present, who would have otherwise been in attendance. We should be pleased to give a more extended notice of the convention but space will not permit.

## STUBBORN FACTS.

The Champion is sold under the strongest warranty to do the work well, with ease to the driver and the team, to be well made of the best quality of material, to be more durable and less liable to get out of repair than any other binder made. Since its first introduction the Champion has been the most successful of all harvesting machines. To the well-to-do farmer, who is willing to pay a fair price on fair terms of credit for a first-class implement, we offer the Champion Binder as the best and cheapest machine in the market. For prices, terms &c. call on

## SHUTT & WHITE.

## A Clock or a Watch Given Away

to draw trade is not legitimate business, and we do not intend to make such an offer, but if you will call at the Drugstore, we will show you a nice line of Clocks, Watches, the latest and very handsomest styles of Lace Pins, Necklaces, Scarf Pins, Rings, Cuff and Collar Buttons, Chains, Chains Chains, at prices that cannot help but please.

### HOUSE PAINTING, Graining,

Glazing Paper Hanging and Ceiling Decorating a specialty. All work guaranteed. B. A. Woodcox. Call and see me, or leave orders, at the St. Joe Drugstore.

G. E. EMANUEL, M. D., Physician and Surgeon, Spencer-ville, Ind. Office in J. Emanuel & Son's Drug Store. All calls promptly answered.

### ST. JOE MARKETS.

CORRECTED EVERY FRIDAY.

Wheat	78 cts.
Oats	29 cts.
Corn	40 cts.
Butter	69 cts.
Eggs	12 cts.
Tallow	3 1/2 cts.
Lard	10 cts.
Potatoes	60 cts.
Smoked Hams	10 cts.
Shoulders and Side Meat	8 cts.

### —GARD OF THANKS—

To our friends and neighbors who so kindly assisted us in our recent bereavement, in the sudden and awful death of our son Clarence, we would tender our most sincere and heartfelt thanks.

Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Hollabaugh.

Best of family White Fish at Case & Olds.

Farmers are busy plowing corn hoeing potatoes.

When you want neat job printing done call at this office.

Several new streets have been opened up in the west end of town. St. Joe is spreading out.

Butler not being satisfied with boring for gas, claims to have discovered a nugget of gold near town last week. What next?

Frank Walker will occupy the new addition to his harness shop this week. He will use the new part for displaying goods in. Frank now has things very conveniently arranged.

The boys who went up to Hamilton Lake fishing last week did not meet with much success in catching fish, but they had a good time. Art Woodcox ate too much bologna, and got sick.

## STAR WIND ENGINE



## TAKES THE LEAD.

E. A. WANEMAKER, NEWVILLE, IND.

Has the agency for this county. See him, or write for prices on Wind Mills, Tanks, Pumps, Pipe &c. A special feature of the Star Wind Engine is the Regulator. See it before you buy.



I got a letter from a friend of mine last week asking what a kicker was? It used to be when I was a boy, before I was married an old lady around me, that the mule was considered the greatest kicker on earth. But things have changed wonderfully since then. Now there are people that can kick a mule site harder than a mule-kan, if things don't just happen to suit their own peculiar noshuns. Sum fokes kick becaws it dont rane, an sum kick becaws it rane to mach. Sum fokes kick becaws its to hot an others kick becaws tha cant hav evena thing jist ther own wa. Sum fokes kick becaws sumbody slited them or sum or ther relashun, an then agin tha kick becaws tha wassant slited. It seams to be a sekond nature fur sum fokes to kick, an I hav awlways noticed that the kickers generly kick themls the worst in the long run.

Barcus Q. Hippenhammer.



## REMINISCENCES OF PUBLIC MEN.

BY BEN: PERLEY POORE.

Senator Benton always asserted that he had a right to state what he did and said in executive session. When, after the Mexican war, he had resisted the nomination of Brigadier-General Kearney as Major General by brevet, because of his treatment of Col. Fremont, Mr. Benton gave to a reporter some resolutions which he had prepared, denouncing Gen. Kearney, saying: "Take those, if you please, sir, and print them. I give them to you in the presence of these witnesses. I desire that they be promulgated to the country." The resolutions were taken by the correspondent and duly printed.

A few days afterwards, Mr. Butler made a motion that the galleries be cleared and the doors closed, for the purpose of enabling him to make a motion concerning the violation of certain executive proceedings. Every one knew that Mr. Benton had avowed the publication of his resolutions against Gen. Kearney, avowed it and gloried in it, and defied all objections to it. An altercation of an hour followed, with excited remarks made under the cover of discussing the question of order, the repeated sneers and jeers of Mr. Butler, and a most interjectional exclamation of his: "I am going to make a declaration that he threw upon Mr. Butler the burden of what he did, that he was ready to meet the Senator from anywhere. Mr. Benton, although his defiance was thus accented, refused to assert that the man who had done him wrong was a liar in his throat. One of the violence and defiance which he threw into his manner, is emphasis and gesticulations. Never did he better merit his sobriquet 'The Mad Bull of the Plains.'"

John Taliaferro, who represented a Virginia district in Congress from 1801 to 1833, with two brief intervals, was during the last year of his term the same man that he was when he was the confidential adviser of Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, the same man that he was when he opposed the administration of the elder Adams. Col. Taliaferro had always lived liberally, and had enjoyed, as much as any man that ever lived, social pleasures in all their approved forms. At a supper party he was asked what his secret was. He replied that he had never known disease, that he had never made but one meal a day, that if he took supper he did not dine, that he had risen early, had always used exercise, and never on horseback when he could go on foot; and that under all circumstances, he had preserved an equality of temper. His rule was never to suffer that which was past to prey upon his mind, to enjoy what Providence sent him, and to trust to the future. He finally served as librarian of the Treasury Department, and died in 1853, aged 85.

The battle of Bull Run was the real commencement of the war, as it showed that the time for compromise was past. This was what the abolitionists had longed for, as they had feared that some amicable adjustment of the national troubles would have been made at the Peace Congress, and their organs shouted, "On to Richmond!" although military men were unanimous in their opposition to a forward movement. At last Gen. McDowell reluctantly consented to advance, and having found that the enemy's works commanding the fords could not be carried by assault without a great loss, concentrated his forces at Centreville, and advanced by the flank around the fords to attack the Confederates at Manassas. The advancing columns of Union soldiers, with glistening bayonets, gay flags and bands performing patriotic airs, moved through the primeval forests of the Old Dominion. They were accompanied by a crowd of spectators, who had driven out from Washington to witness the fight, as they would have gone to witness a horse-race or a game of base-ball. The Union officers, smarting under the insinuations of politicians that they dared not fight, gallantly led their undisciplined commands into the range of the enemy's guns, where they fought like veterans. At first it was thought that victory had perched on the Union flag, but the decimated Confederates received fresh courage from the arrival of reinforcements, and the tide of battle was turned in their favor. A retreat was ordered, which soon became a disgraceful rout, and it was impossible to control men who had lost all presence of mind and only longed for absence of body.

The Confederates were in no condition to follow up the victory which they had gained and to press on to Washington, and the defeat secured the support of every loyal man in the Northern States for the Union cause, whatever his previous political convictions might have been. Practical issues were presented, and there was no time for hesitation or indecision. To use the words of Stephen A. Douglas in his last public speech: "The conspiracy is now known, armies have been raised, war is levied to accomplish it. There are only two sides to the question. Every man must be for the United States or against it. There can be no neutrals in this war: only republicans or traitors."

Clark Mills, the sculptor, used to narrate how Mr. Brower, a New York sculptor, attempted to take a cast in plaster of the head of Thomas Jefferson. The family of the ex-President were opposed to it, but he finally consented, saying that he could not find it in his heart to refuse a man so trifling a favor who had come so far. He was placed on his back on a sofa, one of his hands grasping a chair which stood in front. Not dreaming of any danger, his family could not bear to see him with the plaster over his face, and therefore were not present; and his faithful Burwell was the only person beside the artist in the room. There was some defect in the arrangements made to permit his breathing, and Mr. Jefferson came near suffocating. He was too weak to rise or relieve himself, and his feeble struggles were unnoticed or unheeded by his Marshalls. The sufferer finally bethought himself of the chair on which his hand rested. He raised it as far as he was able and struck it on the floor. Burwell became conscious of his situation and sprang furiously forward. The artist shattered his cast in an instant. The family now reached the room, and Brower looked as if he thought their arrival most opportune, for though Burwell was supporting his master in his arms, the fierce glare of the African eye boded danger. Brower was permitted to pick up his fragments of plaster and carry them off, but whether he ever put them together to represent features enlivened with age and debility, and writhing in suffocation, Mills did not know.

John Quincy Adams, in the closing years of his life, attended the Sunday-morning services at the Second Presbyterian Church when he was at Washington, when his health permitted. No distance, no storm, prevented; he was an all-day hearer. The great snow-storm of February, 1846, which closed nearly all the churches in the country, did not keep Mr. Adams from the house of God. He was one of thirteen persons present in the Second Presbyterian Church at Washington, and returned home through the deep snow on foot at the close of the service.

Mr. Adams said to the pastor of this church, Rev. M. H. Smith, "I hold in great distrust all my early opinions on religion. As I advance in life I feel more and more distrust of all self-formed opinions. I throw myself back upon the simple word of God. I receive what that teaches. I go where that leads. I should not, I suppose, be considered fully orthodox, according to the standard of the Presbyterian Church. I am edified by its ministry."

Henry Clay, when he visited New York the last time, expressed a wish to renew his acquaintance with Albert Gallatin, which had been broken off after a debate in which harsh words were used. A venerable age was admonishing both of them that their time on earth was not for many years. Mr. Clay, with the generous enthusiasm inherent in his very nature, resolved, it seemed, so soon as he arrived in the city, to discharge, as one of his earliest and most pleasing duties, that of an apology to Mr. Gallatin for the severity of his remarks provoked during the unguarded heat of a warm debate. The imagination can easily draw the picture of two renowned statesmen thus coming together, the one frankly to confess and to ask pardon for an error. It was indeed a spectacle worthy of the gods, and no man can describe, even if imagination can picture it.

ALL experience hath shown that mankind are more disposed to suffer, while evils are sufferable, than to right themselves by abolishing the forms to which they are accustomed.—Jefferson.

Gov. BEAVER gives his pension of \$45 a month to charity.

## ADUEL WITHOUT FIGHTING.

A Last Century Doctor's Revenge on a First-Century.

In "Duelling Days, in the Army," recently published in London, is this story of the way in which a clever man evaded a duel and yet punished the person who had insulted him. While Dr. Young, an officer belonging to the Woolwich garrison, was escorting some ladies up the river to Vauxhall, about the year 1720, he played them some tunes on a flute. Behind them was a boat, in which was several young officers, rowing for the same goal, and as these soon came alongside the one the doctor and his party were in, he ceased playing. One of the officers immediately asked why he did so. "For the same reason I began," answered Dr. Young, "to please myself." The reply to this was an order to continue playing, ending with a threat that if he did not do so he (the officer) would toss the doctor into the Thames. Dr. Young complied with the insolent demand, and played all the way up the river to Vauxhall. During the evening, however, the doctor observed the officer who had been so musically inclined, himself in one of the walks, and went up to him and with great confidence said: "It was, sir, to avoid interrupting the harmony of either my company or yours that I complied with your arrogant demand, but that you may have that courage is to be found under a black coat as well as under a red one. I expect you will meet me to-morrow morning at a certain place without any second, the quarrel being entirely between our lives." The doctor further covenanted that the affair should be decided by swords, to all of which conditions the officer readily agreed. The parties met the following morning, as had been arranged, but the moment the officer had taken his ground and drawn his sword the doctor pulled out a horse-pistol and presented it at him. "What?" exclaimed the officer in a fright, "do you mean to assassinate me?" "No," replied the doctor, "I shall instantly put up your sword and dance a minuet, otherwise you are a dead man. The other at this began to sweat at his opponent, as well as to vow he would do nothing of the kind; but the doctor was resolute, giving the officer clearly to understand that if he did not begin to dance before he (Young) counted thirty, the threat would be carried into effect. In slow time the doctor began to count "one, two, three," and by the time he had got up to "ten" the sword was returned into its sheath and before he had counted "twenty" the officer was going through a minuet as stately as a man could do that had a loaded pistol leveled within a few feet of his head. After a quarter of an hour's practice the puzzle of the pistol was lowered, the holder of it saying, as it fell: "That will do, sir; we are now quits. You forced me to play against my will, and I have compelled you to dance against yours. Being now on a level I will give you whatever satisfaction you require. The next affair will, of course, be with seconds. You know where to find me. Good-morning." The doctor, however, heard no more of the matter.

## Mary Stuart's Amusements.

Our sketch of Mary Stuart would not be complete if we limited ourselves to the more serious side of her character merely. If she did not deserve the reputation for utter thoughtlessness and frivolity which some of her puritanical contemporaries have given her, she was undoubtedly fond of amusements, says a writer in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for March. "The memoirs and correspondence of the time often show her seeking recreation in popular sports and pastimes; indeed, Randolph describes life at the Scottish court for the first two years after her return from France as one continual round of 'feasts, banqueting, masking, running at the ring, and such like.' It was to Mary, as Knox testifies, that the introduction into Scotland of those primitive dramatic performances known as masques or triumphs was due. They soon became so popular that they formed the chief entertainment at every festival. The Queen herself and her attendants, particularly the four Maries, often took part in them, either acting in mere dumb show, or reciting the verses which the elegant pen of Buchanan supplied, and singing the songs which Rizzio composed, and of which the melodies may very possibly be those which, wedded to more mod-

ern verse, are still popular among the Scottish peasantry. Not only were these masques performed in the large halls of the feudal castles, but in the open air also, near the little lake at the foot of Arthur's Seat. It may cause some astonishment at the present day to find not only the maids of honor, but the Queen herself assuming the dress of the other sex in these masquerades. Yet the *Journal of Occurrences* records, without expressing either indignation or even astonishment at the fact, that "the Queen's grace and all her Maries and ladies were all clad in men's apparel" at the "maskery or mumschance" given one Sunday evening in honor of the French Ambassador.

## Temperature of Dwelling-Rooms.

Dr. D. Benjamin, of Camden, N. J., has made some observations regarding the subject of the varying temperature of our dwelling-rooms which will be found of much practical importance.

Every one knows in a general way that the air of rooms is colder near the floor and near the windows; but the very exact differences of temperature as obtained by Dr. Benjamin are very striking. For example, in a room ten feet high, twenty feet wide, and twenty feet long, with a good stove and steady fire, the temperature in the center was found to be 78 degrees Fahrenheit; four feet from the window it was 70 degrees.

Four feet from the window it was 70 degrees. At the window 10 degrees. At the height of the head the temperature was 75 degrees; at the floor 50 degrees. A difference of 25 degrees. At the ceiling the temperature was 90 degrees. At the height of the head was 80 degrees.

The fact that the temperature of dwelling-rooms varies so widely explains, no doubt, the frequency with which young children, and even adults, take cold in the house. A child sitting on a nurse's lap in a temperature of 70 degrees gets down and plays on the floor in a temperature 10 or more degrees lower, or runs to the window, a change of 20 or 30 degrees. The habit which ladies have of wearing slippers or foot slides in the house is the cause of many troubles for these same ladies.

The temperature of a room should be about 70 degrees Fahrenheit. The hot, furnace-heated houses of our city cause a vast deal of nervous and respiratory trouble. The thermometer should be hung at about the height of the person's head, and, of course, not near the window or the stove.—*Medical Record*.

## Dutch Care of Birds.

The worthy Dutchmen who settled on the banks of the Hudson were more hospitable to birds than their descendants have shown themselves to be. They not only let the birds be, but encouraged them to build their nests about the house. These wise settlers knew that the birds would pay for their protection by feeding on the insects that swarm in a new country.

Each large Dutch house had a portico, floored like a room, open at the sides with seats all around. Above was a slight roof, painted like an awning, or a covering of lattice-work, over which a transplanted wild grapevine spread its luxuriant leaves.

Here hundreds of little birds domesticated, occupying a small shelf built round the portico, where they were as sacred as the household gods of the Romans. Children and slaves were taught to regard them as the good genii of the family, who were to be cherished but not disturbed.

In clearing the ground for a house a tree was always left in the middle of the back yard for the use of the birds. The negroes, quick to imitate their masters, used old hats to form asylums for their little feathered friends. The deal fences were also utilized by the negroes to furnish homes for the birds. On the stakes to which the deals were nailed were stuck the skeleton heads of horses and cattle, the jaws being fixed in the poles so that the skulls should be uppermost.—*Youth's Companion*.

A GERMAN inventor has recently introduced improvements in the treatment of wood, to render this material less liable to the influence of moisture. His system is of special value for wood pavements. The blocks are first treated with a solution of water glass, and then impregnated with a mixture of fluosilicic acid and some bituminous compounds.







## REMINISCENCES OF PUBLIC MEN.

BY BEN PERLEY POORE.

Paper credits made the Union armies appear much larger than they really were, and will sadly puzzle the future historians of the war for the suppression of the rebellion. In 1864, when Abraham Lincoln made his last call for 500,000 more, there was great trouble and commotion in nearly every part of the land. Volunteering was no more carried on with a storm of enthusiasm; the patriotic feeling which had inspired the three months' men to hasten to the defense of Washington, at great personal sacrifice, had died away. Every county, and town, and city ward was looking to its credits, to see how much it could offset by old credits against the new draughts. The act of Congress, and the proclamation by the President, by oversights, had provided in loose terms for such offsets.

At last some one bethought himself that the old veterans, who had gone out at the first call and stayed out, were largely not credited at all, neither to town, nor county, nor State. Even after the first calls had been once loosely apportioned, it was found that there were regiments and companies and single men never credited at all. Straightway brokers, representing the several towns and counties of different States, were sent to the front to buy up these uncredited men, and thus fill their quotas. Some of these agents paid as high as \$500 each to the men, and received from \$700 to \$800 from the counties and towns. The most profitable work, however, was among the contrabands, who had sought protection within the Union lines of Alexandria, where they had been employed in the Quartermaster's Department and the large workshops, and had also been organized and armed for the defense of the place in case of an attack. Hundreds of these men sold themselves for five new one-dollar bills, each bearing a portrait of Secretary Chase, making their mark before a witness, on blank forms provided. As these were sold at from \$700 to \$800 each, the profits were enormous, and some of Gov. Seward's friends realized fortunes thereby.

These paper credits saved many towns and cities from the draught, but it also saved the Union army from reinforcement. It was a practical nullification of the draught, although it was clearly within a strict interpretation of the conscription act. Secretary Stanton, finally, was forced to issue an order to the provost marshals generally, instructing the provost marshals, all the country over, to accept nothing but men, actual volunteers, no more paper credits. The order went forth by telegraph, and was promptly obeyed. It was not strictly legal, and would not have stood the scrutiny of the courts, but it answered the emergency and put a stop to paper credits.

Large sums of money were realized by several newspaper men and others at Washington, who speculated in these paper credits. It was thought that when the war was over there would be an overhauling of the whole affair, and that the gross fraud practiced would be exposed, but it was not, and many prominent persons all over the country have enjoyed their profit on paper credits.

Charles Sumner's biographer will find it a difficult and disagreeable task to record the three last years of the great Senator's eventful life. His marriage has been infelicitous, and he found himself at war with some of those with whom he had stood shoulder to shoulder in the great battle for equality before the law, while corrupt men were wearing the uniform of the Republican party that they might plunder the military chest. But he never complained, although he must have acquired a vast and not very pleasant ex-

perience in what is called political psychology. This was, especially the case in 1872, when many of those Republicans, who had urged him to oppose the re-election of Gen. Grant to the presidential chair, suddenly wheeled backward into their party lines. To quote his own written words: "Alas, for the heartlessness and falsehood of men! Have I not reason to say this?" It was manifestly painful to his true heart to see the pure and patriotic instincts which had originally guided the Republican party gradually yielding to the blandishments of power and the seductions of salary, and, what troubled him more, to hear rumors that economical reform had degenerated into downright corruption. A Republican Senate deposed him from his position as Chairman of the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations, with the approval of a Republican President; and the Republican Legislature of his own State, instigated by designing politicians, undertook to rebuke him; but the people of Massachusetts, apologizing for their temporary desertion, rallied again to the support of their senior Senator, who had so honestly and so heroically represented them.

Mr. Sumner passed the closing years of his laborious career in carefully editing a collection of his speeches, haunted by the sad presentiment that his days were numbered. "Let me but finish this work," he would say to friends, "and death will be welcome," and, as he spoke, his sonorous voice would falter and his eyes would fill with tears. The last morning that he visited the Senate Chamber, he replied to an inquiry as to his health, "I am tired, tired!" That night, on his dying-bed, he repeatedly murmured, "Oh! so tired! Oh! so weary!" It was the old story of unrequited hopes and unpaid public service, which is never trite because it is sadly true. Weary, and unsoothed by woman's tender love, Sumner's heroic soul departed from earth and its troubles. Lincoln, Seward, Chase, Fessenden, Stevens, Hale, and other stalwart departed captains of freedom's hosts, were speedily followed hence by the Commander of their Vanguard, Charles Sumner.

Thurloew Weed used to tell about a man from the western part of the State of New York, with a most resplendent and fiery proboscis, who went to Albany for the purpose of asking an office of Gov. Bouck. Being cautioned not to appear before the Governor (who was a strong temperance man) in that nose, he, by the advice of a waggish physician, applied a flax-seed poultice to it before going to bed the night previous to the intended call on the Governor. The next morning he appeared at the breakfast-table of the hotel, with his nose bleached and parboiled, looking for all the world like a washer-woman's thumb. The doctor was himself an applicant for the office, living in the same hotel, and had advised the poultice only in joke; but when he found the man had actually applied it, he let the cat out of the bag. The boarders were accordingly on the lookout for the patient in the morning, and when the nose appeared there was such a roar of laughter at the table that the poor fellow had to change his lodgings before calling upon the temperance Governor.

### WORSE THAN WORTHLESS.

Judge (to prisoner)—It's disgraceful, Rastus, that there are such men as you to prey upon the community. Did it ever occur to you that you are worse than worthless?

Prisoner (mildly)—Ef 'twuzzent fo' sech men as me, yo' honah, yo' wuddent be drawin' er big sal'ry ebberry yeah. — *New York Sun*.

LITTLE Willie when he first saw his new baby cousin gazed on the tiny thing for a moment in awed silence and then whispered: "Mama, is he a her?" — *Wide Awake*.

J. H. CONRAD,

DEALER IN

## ROOFING AND SPOUTING

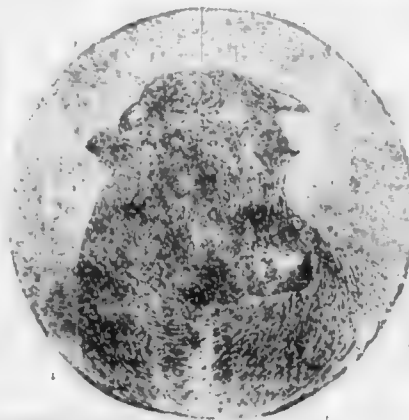
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Highest market price paid for Hides, Tallow &c. Give me a call.

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WHIPS, HARNESS OIL &c

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Repairing done promptly. Prices as low as the lowest. Call and see.

R. G. COBURN,

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AND FIELD HARROW.

## AND DAISY RAKE.

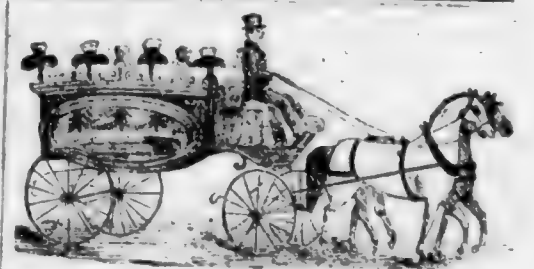
Farmers will save money by seeing me before buying. I will call on you with a sample in a few days. R. G. Coburn, St. Joe, Ind.

## Take Notice!

Having returned from Tennessee, I will assist again in

## Raising & Moving Buildings,

in short all kinds of Rope, Tackle and Jack-screw Work. Having had 15 years experience, and improved machinery, I feel safe in guaranteeing satisfaction. Heavy and difficult work a specialty. Correspondence solicited. Direct all communications to H. or M. Milliman, St. Joe Station, Ind., or A. Monroe, Hicksville, Ohio.

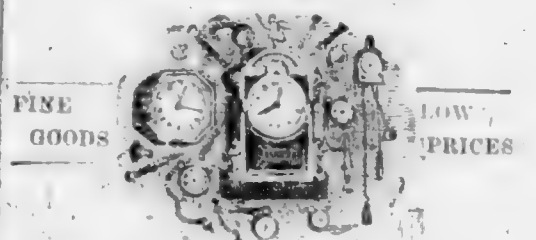


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Undertaker and Embalmer. Keeps on hand constantly, a stock of Undertaking Supplies, Coffins, Caskets, Burial Robes &c. I can supply as fine goods as can be furnished. Will attend to making all arrangements for funerals. Calls responded to at all hours of the night. Office on corner of Main and Second Streets; residence on corner of Main and Fourth Streets, St. Joe, Ind.

Arthur James,

DEALER IN—



## Watches, Clocks,

AND JEWELRY.

Repairing done promptly and all work warranted. Call and see me at Bair & Son's store, Spencerville, Ind.

M. T. BISHOP,

DEALER IN—

## LUMBER

OF ALL KINDS,

Shingles, Lime, Lath,

MOULDINGS &c.

Large Stock and Prices Low. Yard Near Depot, St. Joe, Ind.

F. A. ZEIGLER,

MAKER AND DEALER IN

## HARNESS

COLLARS, WHIPS,

Fly Nets and Dusters,

HARNESS OIL &c.

Prices the Lowest. All work guaranteed. Call and see me.



# THE ST. JOE NEWS.

VOL. I.

ST. JOE, IND., FRIDAY, JUNE 24, 1887.

NO. 22.

## Churches.

### DISCIPLE.

SERVICES every alternate Sunday evening, in the Lutheran church. Cottage prayer meeting every Friday evening.

J. A. THOMAS, PASTOR.

### METHODIST PROTESTANT.

SERVICES every alternate Sunday at 10:30 A. M. Prayer meeting every Tuesday evening. Sunday School at 9:30 A. M.

J. M. LANGLEY, PASTOR.

### EVANGELICAL LUTHERAN.

SERVICES every Sunday, one Sunday in the morning at 10:30, and the following Sunday in the evening. Prayer meeting every Thursday evening. Sunday School at 9:30 A. M.

S. P. FRYBERGER, PASTOR.

## Societies.

### G. A. R.

REGULAR meetings on Saturday evening on or before the full moon of each month, at their hall over Leighty's store.

O. H. WIDNEY, COMMANDER.

J. M. MILLIMAN, ADJUTANT.

## Business Notices.

H. W. BOWMAN, M. D., Physician and Surgeon, St. Joe, Ind., Office opposite the Drugstore.

ST. JOE HOTEL, Wm. Leighty, proprietor. Special attention given to furnishing teams for commercial men.

B. S. SHEFFER, M. D., Physician and Surgeon, St. Joe, Ind. Prompt and careful attention to all business entrusted to his care.

ST. JOE BARBER SHOP, one door west of hotel, Will Gee, proprietor. Satisfaction guaranteed. Your patronage is solicited.

FILLEY, LOUNSBERRY AND SHULER, proprietors of the St. Joe Saw and Planing Mill. All work promptly done. Cash paid for Oak Logs.

CITY BARBER SHOP, St. Joe, Ind., John Hull, proprietor. Shaving, Hair Cutting &c. done in the best of style. Come and see me. Two doors west of Kinsey's Furniture Store.

SIMON WINELAND, proprietor St. Joe Handle and Feed Mills. Feed grinding a specialty. Highest prices paid for second growth White Ash. Enquire at the mill for full particulars.

## INDIANA STATE NEWS.

—A meteoric stone fell near St. Joseph. It was heralded by a sharp sound and a slight jar, which was at once regarded as an earthquake. It was soon ascertained that an enormous projectile had pierced the atmosphere and hurled itself with great force against the earth. It was found to have imbedded itself in the earth to a depth of fifteen feet, and in descending had struck a large tree which was shattered into fragments. Several pieces of the stone were found about the cavity where it had entered the earth. These, upon examination, were found to be composed largely of obsidian and are extremely hard. They also had a very strong sulphurous smell. The imbedded stone will require considerable labor to reach.

—Patents have been granted the following Indiana inventors: John B. Deeds, assignor of one-half to P. J. Kaufman, Terre Haute, hydro-carbon burner for steam boiler; Robert C. Hart, Andrews, hog trap; Matthew R. Moore, Indianapolis, sand-molding machine; Belle D. Pennington, Evansville, portable awning; Peter Shellenback, Richmond, lather; John P. Potter, Crawfordsville, wagon-bed hoist; Wm. Strong, assignor of one-half to C. Aneshansel, Indianapolis, street washer.

—In the year 1871 the citizens of Brown, Scott, Walnut, and Clark Townships, Montgomery County, voted a tax levy of 2 per cent. to the Midland Railway. One per cent. was paid, and as the road was not completed the other 1 per cent. was taken off the tax duplicate. The Board of Commissioners of the above-named county have been petitioned to place the unpaid 1 per cent. back upon the duplicate and have granted the same. This 1 per cent. will amount to near \$40,000.

—While taking part in the funeral procession of his brother, Robert Short, of Posey County, stopped his buggy on a bridge and jumped into the creek below. He arose, and, drawing a large knife, plunged it deep into his throat, but seeing the men from the procession coming he took to the woods. He was captured and brought to Mount Vernon. He is supposed to have been temporarily insane. He is badly bruised and has a deep gash in his throat, but will recover.

—Joseph Duffy, a farmer residing near Greer, Warrick County, while returning home from Elberfeld, with his wife, met with a serious accident. His team, a spirited pair of horses, became frightened and ran away, throwing Mr. and Mrs. Duffy out of the wagon. He was seriously injured, while his wife was fatally hurt by being thrown against a tree. Her back was broken and she died soon after.

—Albert Moore, the foreman of a saw-mill a few miles west of Rochester, was engaged in sawing logs, when his right foot slipped from the carriage and coming in contact with the circular saw the member was severed at the ankle, then just below the knee, and again above the knee, throwing the limb thirty feet away. The unfortunate fellow died in a few minutes thereafter.

—A band reunion was held at Fort Wayne last week, which was participated in by the following bands: LaPorte, Rochester, Ossian, Bourbon, Nappanee, Peru, South Whitley, Pierceton, LaGrange, Ligonier, Corunna, Ind., and West Unity and Bryan, Ohio, with parts of organizations from Warsaw, Decatur, and Elkhart, Ind., and Van Wert and Germantown, Ohio.

—John Williams, a farmer residing south of Indianapolis, met with a terrible accident recently. He had purchased a bottle of acid and had it setting on his lap as he rode home. Suddenly the cork was forced out and the acid covered his face, putting out both eyes and burning his face, breast, and arms in a terrible manner. It is thought he will die.

## The History of Mirrors.

Just at the entrance of the catacombs of ancient Rome, mirrors have been found which appear to be made of a mixture of bronze and lead or tin, while others are of a peculiar kind of stone supposed to be vitrified lava. Pliny mentions the rage for silver mirrors as an evidence of Roman extravagance, and says every Roman girl wanted one. Plutarch says that Demosthenes had a looking glass—probably of silver and sufficiently large to reflect his entire person—before which he was accustomed to rehearse his orations and arrange his gestures.

There were two serious objections to metallic mirrors—their weight and the fact that they were liable to distort the features of those looking into them. This was, of course, offensive to ancient beaux and belles, and led to the substitution for metal of obsidian, a black stone, "sometimes transparent"—to quote again from Pliny—"but of so dull a transparency that, as a mirror, it renders the shadow rather than the image of an object."

As the ancients were familiar with glass, it seems strange that they were not acquainted with mirrors made therefrom. True, Aristotle, some four hundred years before Christ, wrote: "Glass and crystal must be lined with a sheet of metal in order to give back the image presented to them." But most authors regard glass mirrors as a modern invention.

The first mention of glass mirrors—after their present form—is in a work of optics written by an English monk, Johannes Peckham, in 1279. In it he speaks of "glass mirrors, covered on the back with lead, that reflects no image if the lead is scraped off." And another careful investigator thinks the invention cannot date from a period earlier than the middle of the thirteenth century, because, in France, during the fourteenth century, glass mirrors were scarce, while those of metal were abundant.

The crusades, which did so much to acquaint western with the industries and civilization of eastern Europe, was the direct cause of the introduction of the manufacture of glass into Venice. For a long time this was the only place where glass was manufactured, and thither every other country desiring glass was compelled to go or send. Venetian glass rapidly became famous, and its sale the source of an immense revenue to the public. At Murano, glass mirrors were first made after the manner suggested by Aristotle. The experiment did not prove satisfactory, and metal mirrors remained in vogue till the beginning of the sixteenth century, when two glass makers of Murano discovered the method of making mirrors which had for several years prevailed in Germany.

The German process was as follows: Melted lead or tin was blown with a pipe into a hollow ball of glass, while hot, thereby entirely coating its interior. When the glass had cooled, it was cut into small, round mirrors. The two Muranese improved on this method by substituting an amalgam of tin and quicksilver in place of the metals used by the Germans. Wonderful success attended the enterprise, and when the twenty years had expired, hundreds engaged in it. Indeed, so numerous were the mirror-makers the Venetian Government separated them from the other glass-makers, and established a distinct company for their benefit.

In 1688, a son of Lucas de Nehou discovered that glass, like metal, could be cast into plates larger than could be obtained by blowing and rolling—the only method previously known for obtaining glass plates—and the discovery marked an era in the manufacture of mirrors.

There has been and are various processes for coating mirrors with quicksilver, but they are so similar to one another that an idea of the general

principle is easily gained from a description of either. On a plane surface of tin, that has been carefully cleaned, quicksilver is poured. Having been smoothed with the hand or a brush, the "silvered" surface is covered with paper. The "glass" is then placed on the paper, and the paper is withdrawn. Heavy weights press the excess of the quicksilver from beneath the glass, and are allowed to remain till the "foil" has become thoroughly fixed to the glass.

A process invented by Mr. Petitpeau, in 1855, of silvering with ammonia, tartaric acid, and nitrate of silver, does away with the injurious effects resulting to the workmen where quicksilver is used. But glass treated by his method becomes spotted. It is believed, though, that this objection will soon be overcome.

## Starting a Church Fund.

A gentleman from Dakota tells us how the fund was started for building the first Methodist church erected in Bismarek. The town was young and practically in possession of the gamblers. Faro banks and all sorts of gambling schemes were run openly and without fear. One large gambling establishment was situated in a large tent near the center of the town, and thither went the Rev. Mr. Bull, who had come to Bismarek to establish a Methodist church. Mounting a poker table in the middle of the thickly crowded tent, Mr. Bull proceeded to speak for Christ. At once the busy gamblers laid down their chips and turned to jeering the preacher, some of them even pelting at him with whatever came easiest to hand.

Presently the slender form of Dennis Hannifan, the boss gambler and feather-weight champion of the place, arose and moved toward the preacher.

"Hold on, boys," said Dennis; "this is no way to treat a stranger. I know a thing worth two o' this." At this Dennis took off his hat and passed it around among the gamblers, who each put in a chip. And taking this strange collection Dennis walked up to the table, dumped the hatful of chips upon it, and said:

"There you are, stranger; that's for you."

"But," said the clergyman, "what am I to do with it?"

"Well," replied Dennis, "it's yours, and you can do what you please with it. You can cash it or buck, just as you like."

"Buck it?" said the holy man; "what is that?"

"Why, play it in, you know; bet it on one of the games."

Mr. Bull preferred to "cash the chips in," so he went to the proprietor of the place, got \$47 for the chips, and with that sum began the fund which finally built the Methodist church in which a flourishing society now worships.—*Chicago News.*

## The Practical and the Impractical.

Practical Man—Why dear, what's the matter with dinner?

Impractical Wife—There isn't anything in the house to eat. We'll have to go to the hotel for dinner. Thank fortune the drug store down street now has a telephone, so you won't have to go far to summon a cab.

"I gave you plenty of money for provisions this morning."

"Yes, but I spent a part of it for a set of the latest French cook-books—the French are such wonderful cooks you know."

"I didn't know you could read French."

"I can't, but I have engaged a French teacher, and that took all the money I had."—*Omaha World.*

Of ten persons spoken ill of, the speaker knows nothing whatever of nine.



# The St. Joe News.

ST. JOE, INDIANA.

MORT & WILL OLDS, PUBLISHERS.

## OLD SAWS IN RHYME.

BY H. C. DODGE.

A good name is better than riches or gold;  
If you do not ask questions no lies you'll be told.

You cannot with chaff catch a very old bird,  
And children should only be seen and not heard.

All coming events cast their shadows before;  
In times of sweet peace get all ready for war.

In love and in war all is fair—so they say;  
Take the bull by the horns; turn about is fair play.

One good turn deserveth another, you know;  
From very small acorns the biggest oaks grow.

The early bird catches the worm, as we learn,  
And even a worm that is trod on will turn.

The proof of the pudding is found in the eating,  
And history ever itself is repeating.

If nothing you venture, 'tis nothing you gain;  
On the just and unjust falls the very same rain.

Till you are out of the woods do not halloo too loud;  
Two is good company—three is a crowd.

This beautiful world wasn't made in a day;  
Least said soonest mended; who breaks has to pay.

One may as well die for a sheep as a lamb;  
Fair exchange is no robbery; don't be a clam.

How we apply do swim; catch a wasel asleep;  
A new broom sweeps clean, and still waters run deep.

'Tis a step to ridiculous from the sublime;  
Procrastination the thief of time.

Necessity knoweth no law; love is blind;  
Absence of body beats presence of mind.

Self-preservation is heaven's first law;  
The camel's back breaks from the very last straw.

Call things by their right names; aim high when you shoot;  
Marriage is a lottery; a tree's known by its fruit.

All's well that ends well; robbing Peter to pay Paul;  
Better late is than never; time surely cures all.

In accord with his folly we answer a fool;  
There's always exceptions to every rule.

Nip and tuck; do or die; make or break; hit or miss;  
Wisdom is folly when ignorance is bliss.

Dead men tell no tales; every Jack has his Jill;  
You cannot make water go running up hill.

Fingers all thumbs; hide and seek; extremes meet;  
Bread is the staff of life; sweets to the sweet.

Look on the bright side; don't run in a rut;  
Keep your ears open and keep your mouth shut.

—Detroit Free Press.

## LENORE'S LOVER.

BY PAUL M. MOORE.

"Let Lenore come to the sea-shore with me," said Aunt Prunella to her sister. "She needs a change."

Pretty Mabel's eyes opened to their full extent as she glanced up from her book, and listened with all her might. Aunt Prunella little knew what a favor she was asking, for around Lenore all the family machinery revolved.

"Oh, why not ask Mabel? Lenore is so useful, I don't see how I can spare her. Baby's so fretful, and she knows how to quiet her."

The little mother said this with a weary sigh, looking up at her rich, widowed sister, who did not know what it was to attend to four small children.

Aunt Prunella sprang up in her quick way, and taking the baby, put it in Mabel's lap, at the same time drawing Lenore's tiny figure to her side.

"She must come, sister! See her big eyes and her thin face—she needs a holiday. Let Mabel take care of baby. Now, no more about it—never mind fretting about clothes; I am going to have my own way and take Lenore with me."

The little mother always yielded in the end to her decided sister, and soon Lenore's big, brown eyes glowed with delight as she heard consent given to her aunt's proposition. Mabel had always, when a child, been the favorite; but since Aunt Prunella had come back from her four years' residence in Italy, she seemed to have fallen in love with quiet, useful Lenore, and this was the result.

A wail wet up from the little Aleotts as the carriage rolled away which carried their sister to the station, while to Lenore it seemed as if she were entering into fairyland. Such a holiday had never come before into her busy life, and as she sat in the swiftly-flying train by Aunt Prunella's side, her face fairly beamed at the thought of all the pleasure that lay before her.

She was such a quiet little thing that Mabel had always carried off the palm for beauty; but anyone seeing the expressive face now, with its lustrous brown eyes and with the unusual rosy color in the fair cheeks, would have surely looked again. So thought, at any rate, a gentleman who was seated near.

"What a good, happy face!" he whispered

to the young lady by his side, who had noticed the direction in which his eyes had been wandering for the last hour. "Do you not think so, Miss Marcelle?"

"Oh!"—rather pettishly—"you clergymen are always looking at 'good' faces; I must confess that I like pretty ones. That girl cannot be called beautiful."

"Tastes differ," Mr. Graham replied, somewhat tersely.

"I'm glad we're here at last, Lenore," held my bag while I see to the luggage."

Some one passing caught the name. "Lenore—graceful and gentle like the owner," he thought; but the fashionable young woman by his side, with her multitudinous parcels, engrossed his attention so completely that he soon lost sight of the young girl who had so interested him.

But it was not long before he saw her again; and this time he had the pleasure of winning a glance from those soulful eyes which had so taken his fancy, as Lenore shyly bowed in answer to a friend's introduction.

"I like that new friend of yours, Lenore," said her Aunt Prunella. "He's worth a hundred of the affected youths one meets at places like this."

This was some time after they had first met Mr. Graham, and at her aunt's mention of his name the young girl's shy eyes drooped and hid their brown light under their lids, while a faint wave of color stole into the cheeks the healthy sea air had already rounded a little.

Miss Marcelle, the young lady whom Mr. Graham had escorted from the city to her parents' sea-side cottage, seemed to take a great fancy to Lenore. They formed a striking contrast when together, Miss Marcelle's tall, fashionably-robed figure, and the slender, simply-clad maiden, to whom this gay life was as a page right out of a fascinating book.

Lenore scarcely fancied her new friends but she could not repulse her advance, without being rude, and so she seldom went far in her walks upon the sands before she would be joined by her.

As the days passed life seemed more and more to Lenore like a fair dream, for something in her heart told her that the expression which filled Mr. Graham's earnest eyes whenever they met her own, meant that, to him, she was growing to be the one nearest and dearest of all; and she was obliged to acknowledge herself that she, too, had for him a feeling warmer than mere friendship, though as yet no words had been spoken.

Aunt Prunella looked on well pleased. She had often heard of the worthy, talented young clergyman, and knew that he was one of those who "practice what they preach."

The time glided pleasantly by, until one day a yacht excursion was arranged, and Lenore and Miss Marcelle went under Mr. Graham's care. The enjoyment was at its height, the dainty noon-day banquet had been partaken of, and they were speeding gaily along, when suddenly a dark cloud appeared on the horizon. No one noticed it at first; but as the moments went on it grew larger and denser, and it was evident that a storm would soon be upon them.

The vessel was turned homeward, and most of the ladies, with white, alarmed faces, went below. A few of the braver ones staid on deck. As Lenore sat by the rail watching, with fascinated eyes, the approaching storm, someone came beside her. "I see you are not much frightened, Miss Aleott," said Mr. Graham.

"Yes, I am a little," candidly replied Lenore.

Looking up, she met such an expression of love and longing in his dark eyes that her own drooped.

Seeing her confusion, he left her; while Lenore vainly tried to still the beating of her heart, which all the time was joyfully crying, "He does love me!"

The hour of suspense passed, and they were soon safe upon the shore again.

"So you enjoyed yourself for all your fright?" said Aunt Prunella, seeing her niece's happy face.

The next day Miss Marcelle called to see Lenore.

"I've a great secret to tell you," she said, "and I know you will be interested. Yesterday, as he saw me home, after he had left you, Mr. Graham asked me something—what it was I'll leave for you to guess. You know he has been attentive to me for a long while."

With a white face, Lenore listened. There could only be one meaning to what Miss Marcelle was saying.

Half an hour later, kneeling by her aunt's side, she begged to be taken home.

As Aunt Prunella smoothed back the brown hair, she saw that her niece was in serious earnest; but surmising it to be some lovers' misunderstanding, she asked no questions, promising it should be as she wished.

The next day Mr. Graham, coming to ask for Lenore, was met with the answer that both her aunt and herself had gone that morning. Not until they were on their way to Lenore's home did Aunt Prunella ask and learn the cause of her niece's sudden distress. With a brave effort to be calm, Lenore told her what Miss Marcelle had confided to her.

"Well, well, things now-a-days are strange! In my time a young man did not show by every act his fondness for one, and they became engaged to a mother!"

"Please say no more about it, dear aunt," pleaded Lenore. "It was my own mistake."

So Lenore, much to her mother's surprise and delight, came home a full week before she was expected, and Miss Marcelle was left at the sea-shore as she had shrewdly expected she would be, with the game in her own hands; for now that Lenore was gone, she thought, Mr. Graham could surely not withstand her fascinations.

Mabel clasped her sister in her young arms.

"We've missed you so much, Lenore! Home has not been quite the same without you."

Her loving words brought tears to Lenore's eyes.

She was glad to be home, after all, even though she knew she was not the same Lenore of a couple of months ago.

But none would have suspected, to see the sweet girl moving tirelessly about the little home, that she was suffering. Aunt Prunella, who had decided to remain with her sister during the winter, thought to herself, "What a brave little thing it is! and what a mistake that young man has made!"

Three weeks went by, and one afternoon a year-old Robbie came from school with a shining silver piece tightly clasped in his chubby hand.

"Why, Robbie, who gave it to you?" inquired his mother, anxious to learn where he had obtained it.

"Oh, a gentleman—I don't know his name. I met him near the station, and he asked me to tell him where to find a lodging-house, so I walked along and showed him where Mrs. Merrill lives. Then he asked me my name, and when I told him he started and asked me if I had any sisters. I told him I had three—one pretty one—that's Mabel, and Lenore and a baby. Then he asked me if Lenore wasn't pretty too, and I said I thought she would be if she didn't cry so much. Then he gave me the money."

"Oh, Robbie!" exclaimed Lenore, "how could you?"

"But it's true," sturdily persisted Robbie. "Haven't I often seen you crying in your room?"

By this time her mother and Mabel were both regarding her with looks of anxious surprise. Their Lenore unhappy? What could be the matter?

Just then the bell rang, and Lenore escaped to her own room, little dreaming of the summons which was soon to come to her.

"Mr. Graham wants to see you in the drawing-room, Lenore," said Aunt Prunella, a little later.

Then as she helped the girl's trembling fingers arrange her soft brown locks, she said, softly, "Darling, he is not engaged to Miss Marcelle at all. I have seen him, and he has confided to me that—but go to him, my dear child, and hear his story from his own lips."

Ah, happy moments of explanation in the little drawing-room! How easy it was to forget all the doubt and the pain of the past, with hand clasped in hand is the blissful present.

## A Judge's Insight.

In Washington County, Arkansas, an old fellow, who had been summoned to serve as a jurymen, but who did not appear at the appointed time, was brought in by a deputy Sheriff.

"You have treated this Court with contempt," said the Judge, "and unless you can give a good reason for your failure to appear I shall take great pleasure in punishing you. Do you not know, sir, that when we insist that you shall be a jurymen we pay you a high compliment?"

"I know that, Judge, but I never did like er compliment, bein' allus afeard that somebody wuz tryin' ter flatter me."

"None of your foolishness. Why did you fail to appear?"

"Jedge, I jest couldn't come."

"Family sick?"

"Wasn't that."

"You don't say so. Why, what could have been the matter?"

"Kaint yer guess, Jedge?"

"Let me see," said the jurist, scratching his head reflectively. "Hold on a minute. Worse than sickness in the family. You must have had a sick horse!" the Judge exclaimed, with a burst of inspiration.

"Yer struck it, Jedge; yer struck it square."

"Mr. Sheriff," said the Judge, in the wavering tones of suppressed excitement, "adjourn court and we'll all go out and look at his hoss."—Arkansas Traveler.

On the day, in 519, that King Arthur won a great victory over the Saxons, Dewi, or David, afterward archbishop of St. David's, ordered the Welsh soldiers to place a leek in their caps. It is to this circumstance that the leek's selection as the emblem of Wales is described.

"It is the little things that tell," says an old adage. Yes, especially the little brothers.—New Haven News.

## PITH AND POINT.

A FAT POSITION—the grease collector's.

A SAD REFRAIN—a toper's refusal to take a drink.

CURIOUS FACT—stout people are very soon fatigued.

WHY is a whisper forbidden in polite society? Because it isn't aloud.

"The lobby must go. Yes, but it will go for the corporation that commands the most money."—Texas Siftings.

"SAY, bub!" said a Newmarket man. "Your pants are too short." "Well," replied the little fellow, "I dess dey'll grow."—Newmarket Independent.

MISSISSIPPI (to new servant)—We have breakfast generally about 8 o'clock. Now servant—Well, mung, if I get down to it don't wait.—Harper's Bazar.

ON a day which later grew to rain, And recreation ends success. —Texas Siftings.

A woman, by the way of experiment, recently tied a pedometer to her chin, and discovered that she stalked thirty-three miles between breakfast and lunch.

"I HEAR that your husband is very ill," said Mrs. Philpot. "Yes, poor fellow," replied Mrs. Snooper, "he leads such a sedentary life that his health is shattered."

AN exchange has an article on "The Rise and Fall of the Poet." One important point, however, is omitted, and that is the length of the stairs.—Burlington Free Press.

THE official title of the Governor of Rhode Island is Captain-General of Rhode Island and Providence Plantations. The title runs out of the state into deep water.—San Francisco Alta.

"DOR Abram Levi he opens a store next to mine. It was mean in him." "But didn't you say last summer, Mr. Dopenheimer, that competition is the life of trade?" "Yes, but I wasn't in no business last summer."—Harper's Bazar.

"CAN hogs be taught tricks?" asks a children's paper. Yes they can. They have learned the trick all by themselves of taking their local paper for years, and then sending it back marked "refused," and they could be taught all sorts of other tricks—except paying if anybody was a mind to try.—Dakota Bell.

"My friend," said a solemn passenger to the driver of a Third Avenue street car, "do you know that you'll never get to heaven if you swear at your horses like that?" "If I didn't swear at them horses," replied the driver, "I'd never get to Harlem, and that's the point I'm headed for now."—New York Sun.

"I AIN'T much in a city like New York," said Col. Blood, who had been drinking all the evening at Dumbley's expense, "but down in the blue grass region I'm a pretty big gun." "Yes, Colonel," asserted Dumbley, as he paid for another round, "you are a big gun, and it costs money to load you up."—New York Sun.

"WILL you trust me for a cent's worth of gum?" asked the small boy, the top of whose head was on a level with the counter. "Why, yes, I'll trust you. You look like an honest boy." "O, yes, I'm honest, but you'd better give me the cent and let me buy some candy next door. I prefer candy to gum."—Detroit Free Press.

A DIPLOMAT made a funny blunder when he approached Mrs. Hornsby to take leave of her at her "tea." The lady said to him: "Are you going so soon?" And he answered: "I always do at your house." He thought she had used the stereotyped expression: "I hope you have enjoyed yourself," and he got off the usual answer to this query.—The Argonaut.

## THE ECONOMICAL GIRL.

She's a dashing little student Of economy, and prudent, In a most painstaking fashion, I would really have you know. And she looked with eyes upglaucing, Most bewitchingly entrancing, And my thoughts flew back to courtship, Many happy years ago. Soon her gaze grew fond and fonder, And I then began to ponder Some sweet words I'd whisper to her Of a liberty I'd take; But she smiled a smile phonic As she said in words ironic: "What a splendid lot of carpet rags Your overcoat would make!"—San Francisco Post.

JUDGE no men because the disposition of his mind is not like your own.



## GATHERING INDIA RUBBER.

How the Natives of Costa Rica Take It to Market—Great Injury to the Trees.

The chief industry in eastern Costa Rica is the collection of the caoutchouc (pronounced keechhook, with the accent strong on the first syllable), as the native Indians call that substance to us known as India rubber. Not many years ago, says the Providence Journal, more than 100,000 pounds of it were shipped every month from Graytown alone, but at present the average export per month is only about 62,000 pounds. This considerable falling off is due to the fact that no legal or other surveillance is exercised over the gathering of the gum, and with the customary improvidence of these people many of the valuable trees which yield it have been ruined. The Yularoes or rubber-hunters are the most ignorant and irresponsible creatures, whose first object when out in a hunt is to secure as much caoutchouc as possible and next to damage the prospects of other Yularoes, regardless of the future.

A thrifty tree, at its first cutting, ought to yield not less than fifty pounds of rubber, but the hunters of to-day find few so profitable—unless they penetrate far into the virgin forests and are lucky enough to discover an entirely new district. In those sections already worked most of the trees have been tapped several times, and many of them were spoiled at the outset by having been cut too young—its greedy discoverer fearing that if the prize were left to attain perfection another might find and secure it. Were the matter regulated by judicious laws, so that only mature trees might be tapped, and those not to an extent to cause death, the production of caoutchouc would be greatly increased. Recently the Costa Rican Government has offered extensive grants of land to any who will devote them to the culture of rubber trees, but so far few have availed themselves of the opportunity.

Many attempts have been made to import the juice of the tree in its natural state, but so far none of these efforts has succeeded. While in liquid form it may be fashioned into any shape by means of molds, but no process has yet been discovered to prevent its solidifying. There is always a good deal of partially hardened caoutchouc adhering to the bark of the tree, which is torn off in long, stringy masses, called bernucha. Of course, this is not nearly so valuable as the solid cakes, and is more especially the product of those trees that have been cut several times, and therefore cannot yield a copious flow of sap; but it is wrapped up in bundles and exported for various purposes. Commercially speaking, the caoutchouc of Paris is considered best, and commands the highest price in market, while that from the west coast of Africa is least desirable, being only slightly elastic, and (like its collectors) extremely offensive in odor. Great quantities are also brought from British India, Mauritius, and the Indian Archipelago.

The milky juice, which plays now so important a part among the earth's productions, was first used by those Central American Indians. Their caoutchouc was made known to the world as elastic gum, and was long afterward given the name of rubber the discovery of its usefulness in rubbing out the marks of black lead pencils. For the latter purpose it began to be imported into Great Britain toward the close of the last century, and being much valued by artists was sold at a high price. Early in 1530 the Spanish conquistadores in Mexico had learned to make caoutchouc into shoes and also used it for waxing their canvas cloaks to make them resist water—something as the clothing of the modern Yularo is coated. That, no doubt, was the origin of the idea of its manufacture into water-proof cloth, which first gave it great commercial importance. Not until 1820 did its employment begin to extend much beyond the erasing of pencil marks, though the quantity imported had considerably increased.

The following is a proclamation made at the Market cross of Inverary, Scotland, less than a hundred years ago. "a hoy! Te tither a hoy! Ta hoy three times!!! an' to hoy—Whis! By command of His Majesty, King George, and Her Grace to Duke o' Argyll: If anybody is found fishing about te loch, or below te loch, afore te loch, or ahint te loch, in te loch, or on te loch, aroun' te loch, or about te loch, she's to be

prosecutit wi' three persecutions; first, she's to be burnt, syne she's to be drowat, and then she's to be hangt—an if ever she comes back she's to be persecutit wi' a far waur death. God save te King and Her Grace, te Duke o' Argyll."

### The Mascottes.

There is a family living in the interior of Pennsylvania who, for generations, have been set apart from the rest of the community. There is a popular idea that they are destined to good fortune. Their neighbors talk of the unfailing luck of the P—s; it is suspected that they are all "mascottes."

The women are invariably the center of the social circle to which they belong; as children or old women they are surrounded with friends; the men are sought as business partners, as counsel, as physicians, or pastors. Whatever may be his trade or occupation, the world always finds a nice place ready for one of the P—s. Yet they do not as a race possess exceptional intellectual strength or great fortune. The one quality which distinguishes them from others is a capacity for seeing the best of every incident of life and of making the best of that. This gives them a fine high courage in little or great ills, and an imperturbably sweet, sunny temper. It was one of this family who, upon losing both legs at the battle of Chancellorsville, exclaimed: "What luck that it wasn't my arms!"

Another member of the family accompanied one of the expeditions in search of Sir John Franklin. When the crew was reduced to starvation diet, "P— declared," says the record, "that the pemmican was the finest flavored pemmican he had ever known. Only his jokes and hopefulness kept us from despair."

The P—s are heirs to a great inheritance. Many other legacies come to men from their ancestors; money, honorable position, keen wit, refined tastes, a genius for authorship, for executive work, for music, art, or oratory. Some of these things no effort or labor will give to us if we are born without them. But the resolute persistence in looking at the bright side of life, the sunny, kindly temper, are within the reach of the most morose and bilious man.—*Youth's Companion.*

### To Grow Cork Trees.

Some enterprising Americans have recently conceived the idea to grow cork trees in this country. They believe they can be successfully grown in the climate of California, and steps have been taken toward making the experiment. The average annual importation of cork wood into this country, entirely at the port of New York, is 70,000 bales a year. A bale weighs 160 pounds, and is worth on this side of the water \$20, making a total value of the yearly importation \$1,400,000. It comes in duty free. It is nearly all brought over by one firm, which has a branch office in New York, the main offices being in London and Lisbon. The firm owns vast forests of corkwood in Portugal and Spain, and may be said to control the business. With the exception of an inferior kind of corkwood grown in Algeria to a limited extent, all the corkwood of commerce comes from the Spanish Peninsula, where the trees abound not only in cultivated forests, but also grow wild on the mountains. The tree is like an American oak, with leaves similar to the oak and acorns. It takes ten years for the bark to become of proper thickness to be manufactured into bottle stoppers, life-preservers and seine corks. When stripped from the tree it is boiled two hours, cured in the sun for a week and pressed into flat pieces for baling and shipping. The denuded trunk, like a hen robbed of her eggs, does not sulk and quit the business, but throws out fresh covering for a fresh spoliation. One tree has been known to yield a half ton of corkwood. One pound of cork can be manufactured into 144 champagne corks. The baled cork bark is sold to cork manufacturers in the cities. The most extensive manufactory in America is at Pittsburgh. Besides the ordinary demands for corkwood a good supply of the buoyant material, after being burned to make it still lighter than the original bark, is shipped to Canada and New England, where it is made into seine corks.

EVERY person who uses profane language ought to be compelled to wear his words printed in large type, so all could see and read his character.

ALL Associations of Base Ball Players use St. Jacobs Oil for sprains, bruises, pains, and aches. Indeed, all athletic clubs and individual members use it for the same.

JUDGING from the tightness of the article, it isn't every girl who can laugh in her sleeve nowadays.

MR. JOHN ROLE, Champion Bicyclist of the world, living at Sydney, Australia, says: "After riding 1,000 miles against time, St. Jacobs Oil removed all fatigue and pains."

### The Conscientious Fireman.

Young Wife—"I know very well, mother, that my husband no longer loves me."

Mother—"How do you know it, my daughter?"

"You know he belongs to a fire company?"

"Yes."

"Well, before we were married, when we were courting and the fire-bell rang, he never went to the fire. He said that he would rather pay the fine."

"Well, what does he do now?"

"Why, now, at the very first sound of the bell, he says duty calls him, and he is off and away in three shakes of a sheep's tail."—*Texas Siftings.*

### Professional Etiquette

Prevents some doctors from advertising their skill, but we are bound by no such conventional rules, and think that if we make a discovery that is of benefit to our fellows we ought to spread the fact to the whole land. Therefore we cause to be published throughout the land the fact that Dr. R. V. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" is the best known remedy for consumption (scrophula of the lungs) and kindred diseases. Send 10 cents in stamps for Dr. Pierce's complete treatise, on consumption, with unsurpassed means of self-treatment. Address, World's Dispensary Medical Association, 261 Main street, Buffalo, N. Y.

MOST of the time in hot water—the washerwoman.

We would be pleased to know of a man or woman who has never had headache or been subject to constipation. As these seem to be universal troubles a little advice may be in order. Why should persons cram their stomachs with nauseating purgative pills, etc., which sicken and debilitate when such a pleasant and sterling remedy as Prickly Ash Bitters will act mildly and effectively on the liver, kidney, stomach, and bowels, and at the same time tone and strengthen the whole system, causing headache, constipation and all such distressing evils to quickly disappear.

A MECHANIC'S wife rarely wears a tulla bonnet, and yet her bonnet is usually the result of the use of the tool.

INDIGESTION, dyspepsia, nervous prostration and all forms of general debility relieved by taking MEN'SMAN'S PEPTONIZED BEEF TONIC, the only preparation of beef containing its entire nutritious properties. It contains blood-making, force-generating and life-sustaining properties; is invaluable in all feeble conditions, whether the result of exhaustion, nervous prostration, overwork, or acute disease, particularly if resulting from pulmonary complaints. Hazard, Hazard & Co., proprietors, New York.

WANTED, the name of the goldsmith who made the welkin ring.

### It Is a Pleasure.

Writes Mrs. Eliza Ann Smith, of Vermillion, Erie Co., Ohio, to tell the ladies everywhere that nothing surpasses Dr. Harter's Iron Tonic for all irregularities. "It cured me when the physicians and all other remedies failed."

LYON'S Patent Metallic Stiffeners prevent boots and shoes from running over, ripping in the seams or wearing unevenly on the heels.

A 5-column Newspaper Outfit for \$25 spot cash. The greatest bargain ever offered in printing material. Address box 121, Fort Wayne, Ind.

## What Everybody Says

Must be true. And the unanimous praise which people who have used it give Hood's Sarsaparilla, should convince those who have never tried this medicine of its great curative powers. If you suffer from impure blood, that tired feeling, depressed spirits, dyspepsia, or kidney and liver complaints, give Hood's Sarsaparilla a fair trial and you will be greatly benefited.

"My wife has had very poor health for a long time, suffering from indigestion, poor appetite, and constant headache. She found no relief till she tried Hood's Sarsaparilla. She is now taking the third bottle, and never felt better in her life." G. SOMMERVILLE, Moreland, Cook Co., Ill.

### Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. \$1; six for \$5. Prepared by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

WARRANTED. DRESS STATE. No. 1. Pliable and absolutely unbreakable standard quality. 15 cents per yard; cloth-covered, 20 cents; satin-covered, 25 cents. For sale everywhere. Try A. WARREN FEATHERBONE COMPANY, Three Oaks, Mich.

BEST ROOFING. Any one can apply it. Catalogue and samples free. ESTAB. 1866. W. H. FAY & CO. Camden, N. J. Also 91 LOUIS. MINNEAPOLIS. OMAHA. MO.

PENSIONS. Officer's pay, bounty procured; deserters relieved. 21 years' practice. Success or no fee. Write for circulars and new laws. L. W. MCCORMICK & SON, Washington, D. C. & Cincinnati, O.

\$350 Will buy a complete Newspaper Outfit, suitable for publishing a weekly paper in a town of 1000 or over, inhabitants. Address FORT WAYNE NEWS-PAPER UNION, Fort Wayne, Ind.

The best and surest Remedy for Cure of all diseases caused by any derangement of the Liver, Kidneys, Stomach and Bowels. Dyspepsia, Sick Headache, Constipation, Bilious Complaints and Malaria of all kinds yield readily to the beneficent influence of

# PRICKLY ASH BITTERS

It is pleasant to the taste, tones up the system, restores and preserves health. It is purely Vegetable, and cannot fail to prove beneficial, both to old and young. As a Blood Purifier it is superior to all others. Sold everywhere at \$1.00 a bottle.

300 PANTS

300 SHOES

HANDSOME, STYLISH PANTS

OUR FULL SEAMLESS SHOES

made to order in first-class style. Perfect fit guaranteed or money refunded.

For samples of cloth and 4 foot tape measure (worth 10c.) send 3 2c. stamps. Circulars Free.

Established 1877.

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beat the world. Made in sizes and styles to please. Perfect fit guaranteed. We refer to any Bank, Express Co., or leading business house in this city.

OAKLAWN The Great Nursery of PERCHERON HORSES. 200 Imported Brood Mares Of Choicest Families. LARGE NUMBERS, All Ages, both Sexes, IN STOCK.



300 to 400 IMPORTED ANNUALLY from France, all recorded with extended pedigrees in the Percheron Stud Books. The Percheron is the only draft breed of France possessing a stud book that has the support and endorsement of the French Government. Send for 120-page Catalogue, illustrations by Ross Bonheur. M. W. DUNHAM, Wayne, DuPage Co., Illinois.

HARTER'S

THE ONLY TRUE

IRON TONIC

Will purify the BLOOD, regulate the LIVER and KIDNEYS and Restore the HEALTH and VIGOR OF YOUTH. Dyspepsia, Want of Appetite, Indigestion, Lack of Strength and Tired Feeling absolutely cured. Bones, muscles and nerves receive new force. Enlivens the mind and supplies Brain Power.

Suffering from complaints peculiar to their sex will find in DR. HARTE'S IRON TONIC safe, speedy cure. Gives a clear, healthy complexion. All attempts at counterfeiting only add to its popularity. Do not experiment—get ORIGINAL and Best.

DR. HARTE'S LIVER PILLS (Cure Constipation, Liver Complaint and Sick Headache. Sample Dose and Dream Book mailed on receipt of two cents in postage.)

THE DR. HARTE MEDICINE CO., ST. LOUIS, MO.

LADIES

Piso's Remedy for Catarrh is the Best, Easiest to Use, and Cheapest.

CATARRH

Sold by druggists or sent by mail. 50c. E. T. Hazeltine, Warren, Pa.

TO AGENTS. 2,000 POLITE, INTELLIGENT LADIES and GENTS wanted to introduce our NEW TOILET ARTICLE for both sexes; at home or to travel, salary or commission. Especially Wanted, about 300 ACTIVE PERSONS. (either sex, as General Agents to personally appoint local agents for us in territory assigned them. Address with stamp, P. O. Box D, Springfield, Ohio.

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Six Months' ..... 50  
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Entered at the Post Office at St. Joe as second-class matter.

FRIDAY JUNE 21, 1887.

CONTRACTOR'S NOTICE.

I will receive sealed proposals at the bridge just south of James Druggists, on Saturday, June 25th, at 3 o'clock, P. M., for the building of a bridge across the county ditch at that place. I reserve the right to reject any and all bids.

J. E. Dermott,  
Trustee, Concord Township.

Hicksville will celebrate the 4th of July with a temperance picnic, under the auspices of the W. C. T. U.

In the last twelve months the U. S. States has received 4,000,000 emigrants from the old country. Is that about enough?

We received an article for publication this week, but there was no name signed to it. We pay no attention to such communications.

Marshall Hadsell and Miss Aubrey Woodcox left last Tuesday for Fort Wayne, to attend a term of normal school at the Methodist college.

Prof. Hookman of Deliance, will assist Mr. Price in his normal school at this place if he succeeds in getting out his. We are anxious to see him succeed.

Before marriage the question a girl asks her lover most often is: "Do you really love me?" After marriage the query becomes: "Is my hat on straight?"

Several persons from this place attended the festival at Newville Wednesday evening. It was a cool evening for ice cream, but then perhaps they warmed it before serving.

A very pleasant number is DEMOREST'S MONTHLY for July. The beautifully illustrated trip on "The Lower St. Lawrence River" makes us wish we were of the jolly party. The articles on flowers are full of information, as are all the other departments, for which this wonderful magazine is noted. Every lady should take it. Published by W. Jennings Demorest, 15 East 14th Street, N. Y.

Vester Widney had his dog "Fan" hitched up last Wednesday morning, and started to go up to his father's farm. Just as he got opposite the residence of George Hamm, he met Ed Craft driving into town. Mr. Craft had a dog with him, which ran up to Vester's dog, and as "Fan" was not in a very good humor she snapped at him, and he started to run and she after him, which overturned the rig and threw Vester out in such a manner as to break his right leg near the knee. He was picked up and taken to his home. The doctors happened to be all out of town at that time, but Dr. Shaffer was finally found, and set the fractured limb. Although the pain was very severe Vester bore up under it bravely, and it is hoped that if nothing else sets in he will be able to be out before many days. We hope so at least, for we shall miss his accustomed visits.

OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

CONCORD.

Jerry Rickett is lying dangerously ill at the residence of his mother.

Mr. and Mrs. Darling are made happy over the advent of a little son.

Mr. David Wasson, of Missouri, visited the Sunday school last Sunday.

C. A. Jenkins and wife were the guests of Henry Baker and wife last Sunday.

Miss Ollie Hursh, of Hursttown, was the guest of Mrs. James Smith last Sunday.

Mrs. Ollie Roberts, of near Hicksville, has been the guest of Arvilla Wade for a few days.

Grandpa Wyatt's health does not seem to improve, but she seems to gradually grow more feeble.

The corn crop looks quite promising. Hay making has begun, and the wheat harvest is near at hand.

Messrs Green Brown and James Baker with their wives visited with W. H. Shanton and family last Sunday.

Josephus Shilling and family went last Sunday to see his sister, Mrs. Mary Kester, who is very sick. Her recovery is very doubtful.

Clyde Woodcox and wife, of St. Joe, and J. Baker and wife, spent last Sunday in Jackson Township visiting with Mrs. Province.

SPENCERVILLE.

Miss Alva Shutt is seriously ill. S. S. Shutt was at Auburn last Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Z. T. Raggy went to Auburn last Wednesday.

Mrs. J. A. Province has been visiting at Waydoo during the past week.

S. J. Zimmerman and wife, returned to their home at Auburn last Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Stinger, of Antwerp, were the guests of Dr. Emanuel and wife last Sunday.

Rev. Hollopeter delivered a very interesting sermon at the M. E. church last Sabbath evening.

The photograph gallery has a new awning, and it is quite an improvement. Ben don't intend to take a back seat.

The exhibition at the school house on last Tuesday evening was very good, but there was not very many in attendance.

Children's day exercises will take place at the M. E. church next Sunday morning. Everybody is invited to come and hear the children.

Spencerville has a new paper called The Eagle's Scream, published by J. Emanuel & Sons. It is full of good news to the public, so let her scream.

The Missionary Society of the Lutheran church, will be entertained by Mrs. Abe Furnish, Thursday afternoon June 30th. A cordial invitation is extended to all.

Mrs. W. C. Patterson and daughter Bessie, drove to Hicksville Wednesday.

Monday the weather was extremely hot, while on Wednesday morning it was so cool that a fire was not at all uncomfortable.

The Y. P. T. L. A. will meet at the residence of P. A. Shurts, on Monday evening, June 27th. The same program will be used that was prepared for last Monday evening.

LEIGHTY'S

is the place where Gossim's, Bantings, and Suspenders were marked down 25 per cent. only a few left. Examine them before buying. Don't forget that we carry the celebrated Regal Shoes.

Do cats ever dye? No, I have never seen one. The only shure way to dye them is to tie a mill stone around their neck and throw them in the river, and then the sun dyes them to life again.



We heard of a fellow some time ago who tried to starve a cat to death. The first week it didn't seem to fair weather it had and thing to eat or not.



The second week the cat began to realize what it was in by an empty stomach; and while it felt pretty well, yet at the same time for some unknown cause it seem to grow thin.



The third week came on and so did the cat, and while perhaps there was some inconveniences connected with it, yet the cat sat down and took things remarkably cool, considering the fact that it hadn't had a single refreshment for nearly a month.



The fourth week the cat was able to bear and as a cat, but last week in the next and it was a sort of half-way and it was its tale to get dry and to dry up.



After five weeks of total abstinence from food of any kind the cat still lives. Its mental faculties are as bright and brilliant as that was the day it was born, but physically it is somewhat wrecked. It has a kind of a woe-begon look, as if it didn't care much whether it had anything to eat or not. Its tale is still drying up.



Finally after six weeks the cat didn't dye; not by a long shot. Altho there was nothing remained of its body but the frame, yet the cat's head was as clear as mud, and remained so up to the time of its death. Just how long the cat would have lived if it hadn't dyed, we are not able to say, but one thing shure its a mighty hard matter to kill a cat dead.

Bareus Q. Hippenhammer.

WOOL WANTED!

100,000 Pounds of Wool Wanted, for which we will pay the highest market value. Also all kinds of country produce wanted. Call and see us.

S. & F. BARNEY.



Miss S. A. Bartlett,

DEALER IN FINE

## MILLINERY

HATS, BONNETS,

Flowers,

Ribbons,

Feathers,

ORNAMENTS, ETC.

I invite the attention of the ladies of St. Joe and vicinity to my new stock of Spring and Summer Millinery Goods, comprising the newest and latest styles and shapes. I am constantly receiving new goods, and therefore can please everybody. Give me your patronage. Prices as low as the lowest. Call and see my line before making your purchases. Rooms over Dr. Bowman's office, St. Joe, Ind.

### FOR SALE

One good Champion Reaper will sell at a bargain. Call on Rollin Peters, at the old Robinson farm.

### SALE OF TRADER

One third interest in the Spencer-ville Tile and Saw Mill. Will sell or trade for a farm or other property. Inquire of, or address, W. L. Hollabaugh, St. Joe, Ind.

### WHEELS

Wash Hart is burning a kiln of brick.

We publish the B. & O. time card this week.

Fresh oranges and lemons at Tustison's grocery.

Case & Olds received some new dress robes this week.

There will be a concert at Newville next Sunday evening.

The W. C. T. U. met at Mrs. Nancy Lewis yesterday afternoon.

The rain Monday caught a good many farmers with their hay down.

J. D. Leighty and Al Bishop went to Cedar Beach yesterday on a fishing expedition.

Geo. Kimes of Spencer-ville came in Thursday and paid his subscription to the News.

We done quite a large job of printing for J. Emanuel & Sons, of Spencer-ville, this week.

The B. & O. will sell excursion tickets on the 4th of July, over the Chicago division, at half fare.

If you want any thing new in the way of millinery for the 4th of July, call on Miss Bartlett, St. Joe.

St. Joe ought to celebrate the 4th in some way, if it isn't any more than to have a social in the evening.

Mr. and Mrs. O. H. Widney attended the wedding of his sister Cora, at Auburn, on Wednesday.

Three car load of stone have been shipped in from White House, Ohio, for use in the foundation of the new church at Spencer-ville.

One week from next Monday is the 4th of July.

Don't forget the social to-morrow night at P. A. Shurt's. A good time is in store for all who attend.

We did not have enough papers to supply the demand last week. We shall have plenty this week.

Case & Olds offer a special bargain this week in Fine Parasols. They bought them cheap and will sell them cheaper.

Mr. E. S. Philley and Harry Meisler of Fort Wayne drove up Saturday evening and spent the Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Leighty.

Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Lounsberry accompanied by their son Cash and daughter Fannie, visited with friends in Steuben county over last Sabbath.

Rev. McPhail of Maysville will preach at the Methodist church to-night. The collection is low, and all are invited to attend.

We had the pleasure of helping to can a big watermelon last Sunday. It might be well enough for us to state that we didn't raise it in our garden; it was shipped in from the south.

S. E. Daniels and Geo. Wilson have erected the Hicksville Flouring Mills. Read their card in another column, and wish if you go to Hicksville to get your flour give them a call.

Prof. Howard is not only a good singer as you. At the festival Saturday night he sang several selections, and the remarkable feature of them was, that he sang them all to one tune.

Married, at the U. B. parsonage at Newville, on Saturday evening, July 18, 1887, by Rev. Lowman, Mr. Aaron Thomas of St. Joe to Miss Sarah Lett of Egberton, Ohio. The News wishes Mr. and Mrs. Thomas a long and happy life.

We cannot refrain from offering a word of praise in regard to the excellent music furnished by the St. Joe band at the festival Saturday evening. They rendered some difficult music in a splendid manner. The boys are endeavoring to raise money to procure uniforms, and if they succeed, and get uniformed up in good style, St. Joe can boast of having as good a band as there is in the county. Give them a boost when ever an opportunity is offered.

Al Blair, formerly a resident of this place, but now baggage-master at Tiffin, Ohio, arrived here Monday, and will spend ten days in visiting friends and relatives in this vicinity. Al is the patentee of a new railroad lantern that is bound to be a success. It has an arrangement underneath by which it can be changed to a red or green light, in an instant, making three different signal lights all combined in one lantern. It looks practical and will no doubt make Al some money if properly managed.

It was feared that on account of the old settler's meeting being so near, and there also being another festival at Hursh's the same evening, that the St. Joe band would have a very slim crowd Saturday evening, but it proved to be a mistake. Our citizens turned out splendidly, and there was a large number in from the country. The fact of it is there was a big crowd, and all were well repaid for going, as the boys gave a good entertainment, and their refreshments were served in the best of style. We are glad that our citizens patronized the boys so liberally, as they certainly deserve it.

## STUBBORN FACTS.

The Champion is sold under the strongest warranty to do the work well, with ease to the driver and the team, to be well made of the best quality of material, to be more durable and less liable to get out of repair than any other binder made. Since its first introduction the Champion has been the most successful of all harvest- ing machines. To the well-to-do farmer, who is willing to pay a fair price on fair terms of credit for a first-class implement, we offer the Champion Binder as the best and cheapest machine in the market. For prices, terms, etc. call on—

## SHUTT & WHITE.

## A Clock or a Watch Given Away

to draw trade is not legitimate business, and we do not intend to make such an offer, but if you will call at the Drugstore, we will show you a nice line of Clocks, W. the latest and very handsomest styles of Face Pins, Needles, Sewing Regs., Collar and Collar Buttons, Chains, etc. in Chains, at prices that cannot help but please.

HOUSE PAINTING, Graining, Glazing, Paper Hanging and Oil and Decorating a specialty. All work guaranteed. B. A. Woodcox, Call and see me, or leave orders, at Market, J. C. Druggists.

G. E. ETANIEL, M. D., Physician and Surgeon, Spencer-ville, Ind. Office in J. E. Hammett & Son's Drug Store. All calls promptly answered.

### ST. JOE MARKETS

CORRECTED EVERY FRIDAY.

Wheat	71 cts.
Oats	37 cts.
Corn	40 cts.
Butter	60 cts.
Eggs	12 cts.
Fallow	3 1/2 cts.
Lard	10 cts.
Potatoes	60 cts.
Smoked Hams	10 cts.
Shoulders and Side Meat	8 cts.

### Baltimore & Ohio R. R.

Trains leave St. Joe as follows:

WESTBOUND.	
No. 9 Mail and Express	11:05 A. M.
17 Accommodation	4:18 P. M.
3 Chicago Express	10:42 P. M.
35 Local Freight	3:42 P. M.

EAST BOUND.	
No. 10 Express and Mail	2:08 P. M.
16 Accommodation	10:28 A. M.
4 Morning Express	4:55 A. M.
34 Local Freight	7:59 A. M.

G. V. JAMES, AGENT.

This has been a poor week for making hay.

B. F. Blair of Newville was in town Wednesday.

Will Gee will occupy Miss Alice Draggoo's residence.

Base ball is all the go in most of our neighboring towns.

Most of the wheat will be cut this season before the 4th of July.

The pay car deposited the usual amount of cash here Wednesday.

LaGrange will shoot up two hundred dollars worth of fire works on the fourth of July.

## STAR WIND ENGINE



## TAKES THE LEAD

E. A. WANKMAKER  
NEWVILLE, IND.

Has the agency for this county. See him, or write for prices on Wind Mills, Tanks, Pumps, Pipe &c. A special feature of the Star Wind Engine is the Regulator. See it before you buy.

### NOTICE TO FARMERS

S. E. Daniels, formerly head miller in the Anchor Mills, and C. B. Wilson, a practical miller of Iowa, and formerly of Spencer-ville, having rented the Hicksville Flouring Mill, would most respectfully solicit the patronage of the citizens of Hicksville and the surrounding country. We guarantee perfect satisfaction. Bring us your wheat.  
Daniels & Wilson.

The following is what the secretary of the Pioneer Association of DeKalb county has to say in regard to the meeting held at this place last Thursday. Making it all in all, the meeting and reunion of 1887, was a decided success. All admitted the attendance to have been greater than at any previous meeting. The day was all that could have been asked. Providence seemed to have smiled upon us that day in giving such delightful weather, and in blessing the old people with health and vigor, and to the younger folks a feeling of decorum and a desire on their part to make the day pleasant and agreeable to their old friends. Too much praise cannot be given to the committee of arrangements for the manner in which this re-union was conducted. It was perfect in every detail, and the hospitalities of the citizens of St. Joe will long be remembered.



## DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

### Topics of Interest Relating to Farm and Household Management

Information for the Plowman, Stockman, Poulterer, Nurseryman, and Housewife.

#### THE FARMER.

##### The Roots of Corn.

We think the time is near at hand, writes a correspondent of the *Western Rural*, when farmers will be engaged in cultivating this cereal; and as not a few pursue a course injurious to the best development of the crop, I have concluded to give your readers a few ideas, the result of my research and observation. The corn is furnished with two sets of roots. The lower is for the development and sustenance of the stalk, and at an early period in the age of the cereal is probably out of reach of the plow, and not in danger of being injured by deep plowing. The upper set of roots exercise the function of developing and perfecting the ear. Deep plowing is liable to sever them and thus retard the development of the ear and thus lessen the chances of its being what might have been by judicious cultivation a full crop. Corn land should be frequently stirred from the time it is a few inches high until it is time to lay it by in order to keep the weeds down, and especially in dry seasons, to heap earth around the hills, but this should be done with implements that do not penetrate deeply enough to interfere with the corn developing roots. We have not infrequently heard the remark made that deep plowing in the cultivation of corn was important in order to break the roots, as they draw a great part of their nourishment from the stalk. A little reflection will satisfy any one that this theory is advocated through ignorance of the botanical structure of the plant, and that this practice is calculated to defeat the object aimed at—viz., the best possible returns for the labor bestowed.

##### How to Use a Hoe.

The hoe serves other purposes than merely that of chopping up weeds. This is important, because the soil produces a crop of weeds naturally, and that in spite of the old tradition that it does so because a curse rests upon it. The earth is a bounteous mother to man, producing a very large part of his most wholesome food, and is therefore very much more of a blessing to him than a curse. Tillage is of the first importance; the better the soil is tilled the more generous are the crops, and one of the most important details of tillage is hoeing. But, in addition to chopping down weeds, the hoe loosens the surface of the soil, when by reason of heavy rains it has run together on the surface and become baked by the sun. As Glenny puts it, the pores of the soil become closed up and the hoe remedies this. And this observant gardener remarks, in using the hoe, "work straight before you, slicing the earth, as it were, by drawing the instrument to you with a pressure toward the ground, thereby cutting off everything that comes in its way; and if you wish to stir the earth a little deeper, turn the corner of the implement a little, when the same pressure makes it penetrate deeper. You put the hoe to the ground a foot or so before your advancing foot, and draw it close to you. This is the operation, too, for thinning turnips, carrots, parsnips, spinach, and any other produce that is sown too thick. You cut up all but sufficient to grow, and those you leave at proper distances." As a matter of course, the hoe has to be applied with care in the case of young crops not long through the soil. As yet the young plants have but a slight hold upon the soil, and care must be taken not to disturb them, or they will be in danger of being burnt up by the sun. A careful hoeer works by common-sense rules, and avoids mistakes of this kind. Among young fruit trees, roses, etc., the soil may be stirred deeply without fear of harm, because the crop is well established.

#### THE DAIRYMAN.

##### Frozen Butter.

We are asked by a correspondent if it injures butter to let it freeze. Certainly. It will not take anybody very long to determine that fact. It sometimes happens that butter will freeze on the edges and not in the center of the package. In such case there will be a marked difference in the quality of that which has been frozen and that which has not. Butter ought not to be subjected to great variations of temperature. Neither butter nor cream ought to be badly frozen. If butter is permitted to freeze and is used immediately the difference is not so great as when it is kept a long time after being frozen, or a considerable time.

##### Comparative Profit in Dairying.

Milk made into ordinary butter and cheese does not average to the producer more than 1½ cents per quart. At this price it is as milk an exceedingly cheap food; but it cannot be delivered in cities

at twice this figure, even under the most favorable circumstances. In winter milk always advances in price for the good reason that with cold weather and a considerable portion of dry feed it is impossible to keep up as large a flow as the cow under better conditions will give in summer. Milk spoils or wastes rapidly, and it also requires considerable labor to care for it properly. It is this reason more than the cost of producing milk which makes it dear to city buyers at all seasons of the year. In summer, when it is produced most cheaply, it cannot easily be kept sweet for many hours. There are comparatively few places where milk can be bought in cities. Grocers find the demand very uncertain. Sometimes they will have not half enough, and within a day or two the same amount will leave a surplus to go to waste. For this reason, as well as the unpleasant labor of cleaning vessels that have contained milk, it is not in much favor with grocery dealers. It is unfortunate for all parties that milk and its products are not more generally used for human food.

##### Why We Churn.

The object to be attained in churning milk or cream is, by agitation and oxygenation, to separate the solid fat from the other solids and fluids of the cream or milk. The whole milk, properly soured, may be churned and the product will be butter, but the separation is more difficult with sweet milk than with properly ripened cream. In churning, the fatty globules are first broken up, and thus set at liberty. They are gathered together first in the form of granules, and if the churning is still further carried the whole is gathered into a solid mass. The agents are friction, heat, and air. The proper temperature for churning is about sixty degrees Fahrenheit. Too violent churning produces excessive friction. The butter is produced more speedily, but at the expense of color and flavor. If the temperature is too low the expansion of the fat globules is not perfect, and increased friction is required. Here again deficient flavor is the result, and the butter is soft, and will not keep. The action of the air upon the cream in churning is to oxidize the coats of the fat globules and thus assist friction in the separation. It makes no difference what kind of a churn is used so long as air can be admitted. Speed in churning is easily controlled. It should be such as to produce butter from well-ripened cream in from twenty-five to thirty minutes.

#### THE FORESTER.

##### Evergreens.

The family of plants known as the Coniferae, or cone-bearers, is peculiar in possessing leaves of remarkable shapes and of wonderful duration. The members of the family which grow naturally in northern countries bear scale-like or needle-shaped leaves, as familiarly seen in the pines, spruces, and the arbor vitae. In countries within the tropics the leaves of the conifers are usually wonderfully different from those with which we are acquainted. The leaves of the Chinese ginkho are almost exactly fan-shaped. With this diversity of form is also a great diversity in the duration of leaves. The ginkho sheds its leaves every autumn the same as do the maples and elms. So does our common larch or tamarack. Most of the pines and spruces hold their leaves for more than one year, however, and they are therefore "evergreen." Very few people know when evergreens shed their leaves, or even if they shed them at all. It is always desirable to know the habits of the objects which we admire. We can readily understand that if the pines and spruces bore but the leaves of one year's growth at a time, they would make a sorry appearance; the leaves are so very narrow that the tree would present a very thin and bald appearance. But nature, as if to remedy the poor effect of the slender leaves, has clothed the branches with the leaves of several or many seasons. And here is another striking fact: the spruces, which have much smaller leaves than the pines hold their leaves much longer.

Every spring new shoots grow on the ends of all the branches of pines and spruces, and leaves are formed as fast as the shoot grows. In the early autumn these shoots with their leaves have attained their full growth. There will never be any more leaves formed on these young branches. Next year other shoots will push out from their ends and form leaves, but the leaves in these branches will remain the same, until, after some years, they die and fall. We can readily tell by the looks of the branches of the pine or spruce where the growth of each succeeding year has ended then it will be an easy matter to count back the years on any long branch and see how old the leaves must be. Let us begin on a young, common white pine, in fall, winter, or spring, when the young shoots are all matured. The last growth of a foot or two on the ends of the branches will represent one year, the year's growth back of that the second year, the growth back of the second will represent the third year, and that still back of the third will be the four-year-old wood; but on this four-year-old wood there are no leaves. Then we have proved that the leaves endure for three years. If now we should closely watch the tree in the summer we should see the leaves on the oldest wood drop off while fresh leaves were forming on fresh growing shoots.

Some pines hold their leaves but one year, some two and some three. The Norway spruce often holds its leaves for nine years, and so also does the black spruce. The spruces do not shed their leaves so regularly as do the pines.—*Chas. R. Albany Cultivator.*

#### THE POULTERER.

##### A New Point in Feeding.

In feeding for eggs, we should remember that the egg is a highly nitrogenous compound. The white of the egg, which we call the albumen, contains 16 per cent. of nitrogen. Hence if we wish to force a large production of eggs, we must give the birds plenty of nitrogenous food, in connection with the lime and phosphates used in making the shell. This explains the most excellent results which have followed the use of gluten meal as a food for hens. This meal contains three times as much nitrogen as common corn meal, and only about the same amount of starch. It is therefore especially adapted to egg production, but must be fed carefully and in connection with other foods. For the same reason linseed meal or cottonseed meal are also valuable egg producers. This matter of feeding poultry to supply their wants has not been enough studied. We also know that the yolk of the egg is quite rich in sulphur, and most of the foods given to poultry are deficient in sulphur. This suggests the idea of experimenting with different quantities of sulphur in the food.

##### A Good Hen House.

To make a hen house frost proof seems like a big job to the average farmer, and it is costly at any time. For six years I have been breeding brown Leghorns, says Miller Purvis, in the *Stockman and Farmer*, and have tried various plans whereby I could save combs and wattles intact, but all of these plans failed in some respect. I could set corn fodder around the house and save them, but it looked untidy and made shifty, and other plans were as faulty, and I had finally concluded to put in artificial heat, when a happy thought struck me. Last fall I had occasion to rebuild all my poultry quarters, and I put said thought into practice, and it has proved successful in every particular.

Now for the plan: When it is warm the fowls sleep in any room they please, but when the nights grow cold they are driven into fewer rooms, and on very cold nights as many as fifty are put in one room. Yes, fifty fowls on 36 feet of floor space, and glad to be crowded, for they sleep comfortably, and sing the day through; and more than that, they lay; and, yet more, I never had a healthier lot of fowls in my whole experience. Of course the house is kept clean, and the room is ventilated, and they have the whole house to run in even the coldest days. They get all sorts of nice messes cooked up for them, such as butchers' scraps boiled with beans, parched corn, cabbage in the head, and boiled with beef, pig's heads and turnips cooked bigger Indian style, wheat, corn, oats, mash, and tallow, sea shells and other things that obtain among aristocratic fowls. Some trouble certainly—but what else can one do with the wind blowing and the thermometer begging for an overcoat? By the way, if you will take the trouble to grease the combs and wattles of Leghorns with tallow once in a while they will stand getting wet when it is very cold without freezing. Give me Leghorns, or give me something as good.

##### Poultry Notes.

FOWLS will eat a great deal of granulated charcoal. As a preventive of disease it is invaluable.

LAYING ducks kept in yards or on upland need and will consume large quantities of oyster shell and grass and vegetable refuse.

POWDERED charcoal and sulphur mixed occasionally with the feed with the poultry, is healthful whether the birds are young or old.

If you will confine the mother hen in a proper coop, and allow the young chicks and ducklings the free run of the garden, they will exterminate all insect pests. Young ducks are preferable of the two.

NEST egg gourds are now grown. They very much resemble the genuine eggs, and being light in weight there is less liability of breakage of the eggs laid, as is sometimes the case when they roll against glass eggs. Stale eggs should never be used as nest eggs.

#### THE STOCK-BREEDER.

##### Salting Cows Regularly.

All kinds of stock need salt, but it is especially necessary for milch cows, and it is important that it be given regularly. If left where they can get it under shelter, they will only eat what they need, a little almost daily to supply the small percentage of salt found in milk. As long as a calf gets milk as even part of its diet, it has no craving for salt, and probably does not need any. Regularity in salting cows increases the flow of milk, but if obliged to eat more than they need by having salt mixed with food, there will be at first an increase in milk production followed quickly by a decrease and often serious injury to the cow.

##### Fossil and Modern Horses.

At the London Institute Prof. Flower, in recent lectures on horses past and present,

dwelt upon the remarkable modifications which have taken place in an animal about the size of a sheep, whose remains, including a complete skeleton, have been found in the eocene deposits of the Rocky Mountains. Students of natural history now accept it as the common ancestor of two notable groups of animals, the first of which include the rhinoceros, the tapir, and the horse family; while the second group takes in cattle, sheep, goats, antelopes, camels, and pigs. By means of diagrams and bones of the modern horse Prof. Flower was able to convey a great deal of interesting information as to the course of the differentiation which has occurred through intermediate races of animals, all now extinct, whose remains have been found principally in America within the last fifteen years. The peculiarities of the dental economy of the horse were explained in detail, the rudimentary teeth and the bones of the leg being shown, as all that now remains of a period when the animal would hardly have been recognized as the potential ancestor of the friend and companion that now plays so important a part in human civilization.

#### THE HOUSEKEEPER.

##### Happiness for Housekeeping.

1. Every woman needs to take regular exercise in the open air every day; and that exercise should not be in the nature of work, but of recreation.

2. As a rule, housekeepers need to eat more of simple food. If the food is simpler less time will be needed in its preparation, and what it lacks in unwholesome richness and unnecessary variety, it will gain in nutriment and digestibility. The result will be an improvement in the health of all the family, and will injure no one but the doctor.

3. Less time ought to be given to the routine work of housekeeping and more to relaxation and recreation. All that "the best of wives" did not do, and for the lack of which she became the inmate of an insane asylum, the housekeeper ought to do. The woman who "always stays at home," who "never goes out of the house, even on Sundays," and who is "always doing something for her family," not only will "have no ideas outside of her home," but will soon come to have none even there.

The short of the matter is, that women if they desire good health must not be confined so closely to the cares of the household. I know that many will look upon this advice as absurd, and will say:

"It is all very easy for you to preach, but quite another thing for us to practice. A woman's duties involve a multitude of little things, the importance of which a man never realizes, until they are omitted, and then he is the first to find fault. These things must be done. I cannot stop, I cannot find time to take out-of-door exercise and visit my neighbors. The work must be done, and I must do it."

Nevertheless, the fact remains, that when serious illness comes to the mistress of the house, the wheels of the treadmill cease to revolve, at least for her. Then the work either stops entirely, or goes on under other hands, and is cared for by other heads. The question is a pertinent one, would it not be better to do less work while in health, and thus avoid the sickness? And even hired help is less expensive than medical attendance. The old maxims, "A stitch in time saves nine," and "an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure," are worthy of consideration in this connection.—*Good Housekeeping.*

##### Hints to Housekeepers.

THE juice of half a lemon in a glass of water, without sugar, will frequently cure a sick headache.

EQUAL parts of olive oil and oil of wintergreen, mixed together, is a good remedy for inflamed joints.

A GOOD penwiper for steel pens is a piece of raw potato. It removes the ink crust and causes a smooth flow of ink.

IN using cloves for pickles or preserves, the blossom end should be removed, as this darkens the liquid with which it is cooked.

PEACH leaves pounded to a pulp and applied to a bruise or wound from a rusty nail or a simple cut will give immediate relief.

STAINS from tea or coffee will come out at once if they are taken immediately and held over a pail, while boiling water is turned over them.

PUT tea and coffee away in air-tight receptacles as soon as they are brought to the house. They lose much of their flavor by standing uncovered.

TO REMOVE tar rub thoroughly with clean lard, and then wash with soap and warm water. This may be applied to either the hands or the clothing.

CUT jewels should never be wiped after washing. Wash carefully with brush and castile soap-suds. Rinse, and lay, face down, deep into fine sawdust until dry; boxwood dust is best.

POISON by ivy may be relieved by applying the following: Dissolve a tablespoonful of copperas in two-thirds of a teacup of boiling water, and when cold apply with a cloth to the parts affected.

DO NOT place raw meat directly on ice, for the juices are apt to be withdrawn. They should never be left in the wrapping paper. Put them in an uncovered earthen dish and then set them on the ice.



### A Multitude of Ailments.

The ailments which afflict the kidneys and bladder are so numerous that merely to name them would fill a space far outrunning the limits of this article. Suffice it to say that they are both obstinate and dangerous. To their prevention Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is well adapted. The stimulus which it lends to the action of the kidneys when they are lethargic, serves to counteract a tendency in them to lapse, first, into a state of pernicious inactivity, and afterwards into one of positive organic disease, which soon destroys their delicate interments, poisons the blood, and causes death. A double purpose is served by this potent. It promotes activity of the kidneys, and expels impurities from the blood which have no natural channel of outlet except these organs. Constipation, biliousness, fever and ague, rheumatism, and dyspepsia are also remedied by this medicine of thorough action and wide reach.

It is strange how few people know what their normal pulse is, said a physician to a St. Louis Globe reporter. They know that the average pulse is about 70, and imagine that they are well or otherwise as their pulse approaches or departs from this standard. It is true that an average of all pulses would give a result of about 70 beats, but in no other physical peculiarity is there such wide individual variation. I had two students in my office at the same time, both very strong and remarkably healthy young men. The normal pulse of one was 47 and the other 93. This difference is unusual, few pulses falling below 60 or rising above 80 in a healthy subject, but an unusually slow or rapid pulse is no indication whatever of disease, as is popularly supposed to be the case. Most people overestimate their pulse, as they often count its beats when talking about the matter, and it is a fact well known to physicians that the excitement of conversation will quicken the pulse from 5 to 20 beats. The best time to arrive at the true normal is shortly after waking in the morning, when the nerves are unexcited.

### Good for Hard Workers.

It is fully claimed and pretty well sustained that hard workers can accomplish almost twice as much and save themselves from illness and loss of time if they take eight cents' worth per day of the extract of the Moxie Nerve Food Plant, now creating so much discussion. The dealers say its sale is the largest ever known. If a nervous woman gets hold of a bottle she gets the whole neighborhood talking about it, and a woman's curiosity has to be gratified if it costs the price of a bonnet.

At a meeting of the Physiological Society of Berlin it was given as a fact that when the bee has filled his cell and has completed the lid a drop of formic acid, obtained from the poison bag connected with the sting, is added to the honey by perforating the lid with the sting. This formic acid preserves honey and every other sugar solution from fermentation. Most of the insects that have a stinging apparatus similar to that of the bee are collectors and storers of honey, so the sting has a double function—it is a weapon and a pickle.—*Dr. Foote's Health Monthly.*

### Woman and Her Diseases

Is the title of a large illustrated treatise, by Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y., sent to any address for ten cents in stamps. It teaches successful self-treatment.

It is kindness that makes life's capabilities blossom, and paints them with their cheering hues, and endows them with their invigorating fragrance. Whether it waits on its superiors, or ministers to its inferiors, or disports itself with its equals, its work is marked with a prodigality which the strictest discretion can not blame.

It often happens that the coat of a swell bears a buttonhole, while that of a tramp has nary a button.

UNLIKE other cathartics, Dr. Pierce's "Pellets" do not render the bowels costive after operation, but, on the contrary, establish a permanently healthy action. Being entirely vegetable, no particular care is required while using them. By druggists.

The earliest mention of neck-wear is that of Job's three comforters.

If a cough disturbs your sleep, take Piso's Cure for Consumption, and rest well.

MR. BRAIDWOOD, Superintendent of the London fire-engine establishments, stated before a committee of the House of Lords that, by exposure to heat not much exceeding that of boiling water, timber is brought into such a condition that something like spontaneous combustion takes place; and that it may take eight years for the heat from pipes charged with or used to convey steam, hot water, or heated air, laid among the joists of the floor, or in the heart of a partition, or elsewhere in a building, incased in timber, to induce the condition necessary to the actual ignition of the timber.



This represents a healthy life. Throughout its various scenes.

Just such a life as they enjoy. Who use the Smith's Bile Beans.

Smith's BILE BEANS purify the blood, by acting directly and promptly on the Liver, Skin and Kidneys. They consist of a vegetable combination that has no equal in medical science. They cure Constipation, Malaria, and Dyspepsia, and are a safeguard against all forms of fevers, chills and fever, gall stones, and Bright's disease. Send 4 cents postage for a sample package and test the TRUTH of what we say. Price, 25 cents per bottle, mailed to any address, postpaid. BONE ONE BEAN. Sold by druggists.

J. F. SMITH & CO., PROPRIETORS, ST. LOUIS, MO.

### PATENTS

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Price 25c. Cure for Asthma. Sold by druggists.

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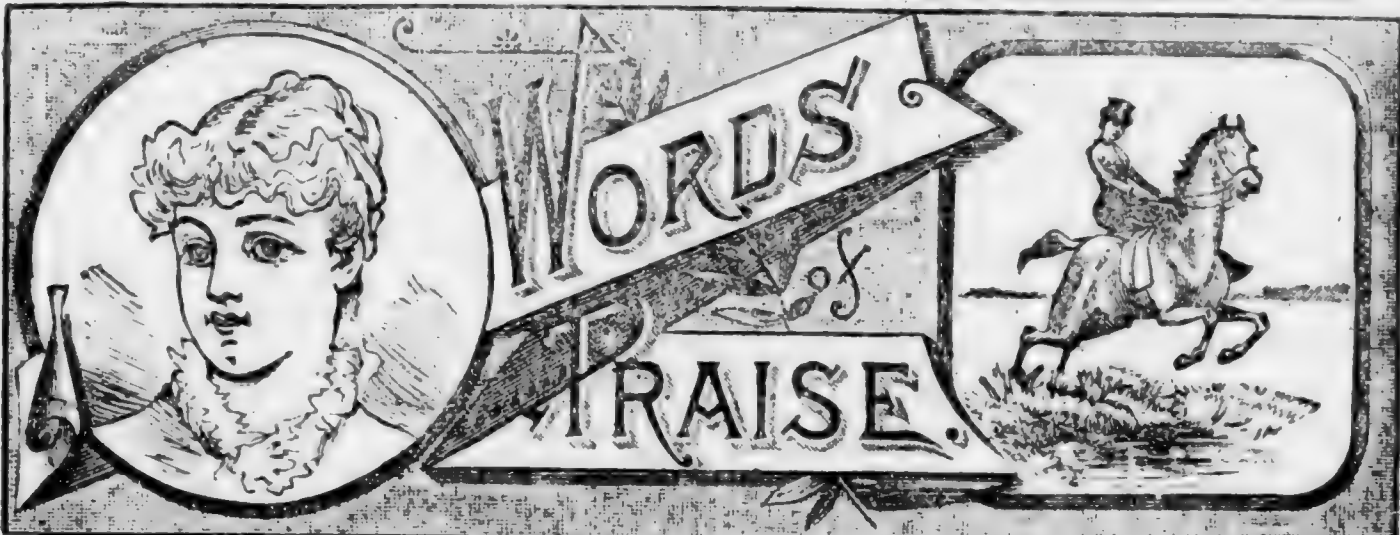
Your "Tansill's Punch" will give better satisfaction to your customers than any other brand of cigars I have handled. I sell more of them than of all other brands put together. They are pronounced equal to the "bit" cigar sold here.

CHAR. A. CHASE, Distributor, San Diego, Cal. Address R. W. TANSILL & CO., Chicago.

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Boston, Mass. THE LARGEST and BEST EQUIPPED in the WORLD—100 instructors last year. Thorough instruction in Vocal and Instrumental Music, Piano and Organ, and in the Arts, Grammar, Literature, French, German, and Italian Languages, English Penmanship, Bookkeeping, etc. Tuition, \$25 per year; board and room, \$10 per week. Full Term begins Sept. 1, 1897. For Illustrated Catalogue, with full information, address L. T. TOWNE, Jr., Franklin Sq., BOSTON, Mass.

FEELINGS COLLECTED and increased by the use of this medicine. Sold by druggists.



The following words, in praise of Dr. PIERCE'S FAVORITE PRESCRIPTION as a remedy for those delicate diseases and weaknesses peculiar to women, must be of interest to every sufferer from such maladies. They are fair samples of the spontaneous expressions with which thousands give utterance to their sense of gratitude for the inestimable boon of health which has been restored to them by the use of this world-famed medicine.

### \$100 THROWN AWAY.

JOHN E. SEGAR, of Millenbeck, Va., writes: "My wife had been suffering for two or three years with female weakness, and had paid out one hundred dollars to physicians without relief. She took Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and it did her more good than all the medicine given to her by the physicians during the three years they had been practicing upon her."

### THE GREATEST EARTHLY BOON.

Mrs. GEORGE HERGER, of Westfield, N. Y., writes: "I was a great sufferer from leucorrhea, bearing-down pains, and pain continually across my back. Three bottles of your 'Favorite Prescription' restored me to perfect health. I treated with Dr. — for nine months, without receiving any benefit. The 'Favorite Prescription' is the greatest earthly boon to us poor suffering women."

### THREW AWAY HER SUPPORTER.

Mrs. SOPHIA F. BOSWELL, White Cottage, O., writes: "I took eleven bottles of your 'Favorite Prescription' and one bottle of your 'Pellets.' I am doing my work, and have been for some time. I have had to employ help for about sixteen years before I commenced taking your medicine. I have had to wear a supporter most of the time; this I have laid aside, and feel as well as I ever did."

### IT WORKS WONDERS.

Mrs. MAY GLEASON, of Nunda, Ottawa Co., Mich., writes: "Your 'Favorite Prescription' has worked wonders in my case. Again, she writes: 'Having taken several bottles of the 'Favorite Prescription' I have regained my health wonderfully, to the astonishment of myself and friends. I can now be on my feet all day, attending to the duties of my household.'

## TREATING THE WRONG DISEASE.

Many times women call on their family physicians, suffering, as they imagine, one from dyspepsia, another from heart disease, another from liver or kidney disease, another from nervous exhaustion or prostration, another with pain here or there, and in this way they all present alike to themselves and their easy-going and indifferent, or over-busy doctor, separate and distinct diseases, for which he prescribes his pills and potions, assuming them to be such, when, in reality, they are all only symptoms caused by some womb disorder. The physician, ignorant of the cause of suffering, encourages his practice until large bills are made. The suffering patient gets no better, but probably worse by reason of the delay, wrong treatment and consequent complications. A proper medicine, like Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, directed to the cause would have entirely removed the disease, thereby dispelling all those distressing symptoms, and instituting comfort instead of prolonged misery.

### 3 PHYSICIANS FAILED.

Mrs. E. F. MORGAN, of No. 11 Lexington St., East Boston, Mass., says: "Five years ago I was a dreadful sufferer from uterine troubles. Having exhausted the skill of three physicians, I was completely discouraged, and so weak I could with difficulty cross the room alone. I began taking Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and using the local treatment recommended in his 'Common Sense Medical Adviser.' I commenced to improve at once. In three months I was perfectly cured, and have had no trouble since. I wrote a letter to my family paper, briefly mentioning how my health had been restored, and offering to send the full particulars to any one writing me for them, and enclosing a stamped-envelope for reply. I have received over four hundred letters. In reply, I have described my case and the treatment used, and have earnestly advised them to 'do likewise.' From a great many I have received second letters of thanks, stating that they had commenced the use of 'Favorite Prescription,' had sent the \$1.50 required for the 'Medical Adviser,' and had applied the local treatment so fully and plainly laid down therein, and were much better already."

### JEALOUS DOCTORS.

A Marvelous Cure.—Mrs. G. E. SPRAGUE, of Crystal, Mich., writes: "I was troubled with female weakness, leucorrhea and falling of the womb for seven years, so I had to keep my bed for a good part of the time. I doctored with an army of different physicians, and spent large sums of money, but received no lasting benefit. At last my husband persuaded me to try your medicines, which I was loath to do, because I was prejudiced against them, and the doctors said they would do me no good. I finally told my husband that if he would get me some of your medicines, I would try them against the advice of my physician. He got me six bottles of the 'Favorite Prescription,' also six bottles of the 'Discovery,' for ten dollars. I took three bottles of 'Discovery' and four of 'Favorite Prescription,' and I have been a sound woman for four years. I then gave the balance of the medicine to my sister, who was troubled in the same way, and she cured herself in a short time. I have not had to take any medicine now for almost four years."

## THE OUTGROWTH OF A VAST EXPERIENCE.

The treatment of many thousands of cases of those chronic weaknesses and distressing ailments peculiar to females, at the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, Buffalo, N. Y., has afforded a vast experience in wisely adapting and thoroughly testing remedies for the cure of woman's peculiar maladies.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the outgrowth, or result, of this great and valuable experience. Thousands of testimonials, received from patients and from physicians who have tested it in the more aggravated and obstinate cases which had baffled their skill, prove it to be the most wonderful remedy ever devised for the relief and cure of suffering women. It is not recommended as a "cure-all," but as a most perfect Specific for woman's peculiar ailments.

As a powerful, invigorating tonic, it imparts strength to the whole system, and to the uterus, or womb and its appendages, in particular. For overworked, "worn-out," "run-down," debilitated teachers, milliners, dressmakers, seamstresses, "shop-girls," housekeepers, nursing mothers, and feeble women generally, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the greatest earthly boon, being unequalled as an appetizing cordial and restorative tonic. It promotes digestion and assimilation of food,

cures nausea, weakness of stomach, indigestion, bloating and cruetations of gas.

As a soothing and strengthening nerve, "Favorite Prescription" is unequalled and is invaluable in allaying and subduing nervous excitability, irritability, exhaustion, prostration, hysteria, spasms and other distressing, nervous symptoms commonly attendant upon functional and organic disease of the womb. It induces refreshing sleep and relieves mental anxiety and despondency.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is a legitimate medicine, carefully compounded by an experienced and skillful physician, and adapted to woman's delicate organization. It is purely vegetable in its composition and perfectly harmless in its effects in any condition of the system.

"Favorite Prescription" is a positive cure for the most complicated and obstinate cases of leucorrhea, or "whites," excessive flowing at monthly periods, painful menstruation, unnatural suppressions, prolapsus or falling of the womb, weak back, "female weakness," anteversion, retroversion, bearing-down sensations, chronic congestion, inflammation and ulceration of the womb, inflammation, pain and tenderness in ovaries, accompanied with "internal heat."

In pregnancy, "Favorite Prescription" is a "mother's cordial," relieving nausea, weakness of stomach and other distressing symptoms common to that condition. If its use is kept up in the latter months of gestation, it so prepares the system for delivery as to greatly lessen, and many times almost entirely do away with the sufferings of that trying ordeal.

"Favorite Prescription," when taken in connection with the use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, and small laxative doses of Dr. Pierce's Purgative Pellets (Little Liver Pills), cures Liver, Kidney and Bladder diseases. Their combined use also removes blood taints, and abolishes cancerous and scrofulous humors from the system.

"Favorite Prescription" is the only medicine for women sold by druggists, under a positive guarantee, from the manufacturers, that it will give satisfaction in every case, or money will be refunded. This guarantee has been printed on the bottle-wrapper, and faithfully carried out for many years. Large bottles (100 doses) \$1.00, or six bottles for \$5.00.

Send ten cents in stamps for Dr. Pierce's large, illustrated Treatise (100 pages) on Diseases of Women.

Address, WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, No. 663 Main Street, BUFFALO, N. Y.

### CHICHESTER'S ENGLISH PENNYROYAL PILLS

The Original and Only Genuine. Safe and always reliable. Beware of worthless imitations. Ladies, ask your Druggist for "Chichester's English" and take no other, or money will be refunded. For particulars in letter by return mail, send SASE PAPER. CHICHESTER CHEMICAL CO., 2515 Madison Square, Philadelphia, Pa. Sold by Druggists everywhere. Ask for "Chichester's English" Pennyroyal Pills. 10c. per box.

\$5 to \$8 a day. Samples worth \$150 FREE. Lines not under the horse's feet. Address: Brewster's Safety Razor Holder, Holly, Mich. N. U. F. W. No. 20-27. When Writing to Advertisers, please say you saw the Advertisement in this paper.

For a woman to say she does not use Procter & Gamble's Lenox Soap, is to admit she is "behind the times." Nobody uses ordinary soap now they can get "Lenox."



## A WONDERFUL SPEECH.

History of Lincoln's Famous Gettysburg Oration.

"I saw one of the most splendid of compositions in the English tongue written," said ex-Congressman Edward McPherson, while chatting about some of his recollections of Lincoln. "I believe that it is admitted now by scholars that for sublimity of thought, simplicity and yet elegance of expression, lucidity and purity of diction, Mr. Lincoln's brief oration at the dedication of the national cemetery at Gettysburg takes place with the loftiest specimens of oratory. Many regard it as the one oration of this country, that will be preserved with the English tongue. Yet Mr. Lincoln wrote it on his knee in a railroad car. It was practically an extemporaneous composition; that is, in the sense that it was wholly unpremeditated. He simply committed to paper the thought that was uppermost in his mind, and he had no idea whatever that he had written anything more than a passing thought in the event that he was to assist in commemorating."

"I represented the Gettysburg district in Congress at the time of the battle, and at the time of the dedication of the cemetery Mr. Lincoln was my guest. He was not sure that he could be present when he was first asked, but said that he should go to Gettysburg if possible. I think he was not prepared to say positively that he would go until a very few hours before the time set for leaving Washington. So he could not have given any thought to the oration before. I was his seat-mate in the car, and though he talked pleasantly, and spoke of the country through which we were passing, yet I thought he was laboring with one of those spells of profound melancholy with which he was at times afflicted. He spoke of Mr. Everett, who was to deliver the chief oration, and said that Everett ought to be at his best. I knew that Mr. Everett had given even more than his usual care in preparing this oration and looked upon his work as a masterpiece, and I believe that I told Mr. Lincoln so, and he said that the theme was great enough to inspire such an orator as Everett to his best. Mr. Lincoln, I think, had not thought of saying anything himself, but I told him that he would be expected to make a few remarks, for it would not be permitted him to be silent. He sat for some moments absorbed in thought, and at last began to feel in his pockets as if for loose paper. I asked him if he wanted paper and pencil, and he said, "Yes, a scrap of paper," and I opened my valise and gave him two or three sheets of note paper. He drew up his long knees, and, putting a book on them, wrote, jotting down, as I supposed, a few heads or suggestions. He wrote right along, without hesitation or erasure, and filled one page and part of another. Then he folded it up and put it in his pocket, simply saying that he had set down a few lines that had occurred to him today."

"At the cemetery, at the proper time, he arose, put on his spectacles and drew these sheets from his pocket. I do not think he had looked at them again after writing them in the cars, and in a low voice, which could be heard but a few feet away from the stage, he read these splendid lines. The few who heard him were most profoundly impressed, but upon the vast throng who saw him the oration made no impression whatever, because few heard it. No proper report of the oration was made, and Mr. Lincoln crumpled the manuscript up and would very likely have thrown it away if I had not asked him for it. It was not until it had been printed in a newspaper and when widely copied that its wonderful beauty, both in thought and literary workmanship, was recognized, and Mr. Lincoln was surprised to learn that scholars were quoting it as the best model of

pure English and true eloquence the language had furnished, at least in America."

### HORSES AS GOOD SOLDIERS.

"I was only a young subaltern when the war broke out, but I was a thorough artillery tactician. My highest ambition was to have a light battery of my own, and I had no difficulty in securing a light battery of New York volunteer artillery. It was splendidly equipped. There were six ten-pound Parrot guns and twelve as fine horses for guns and caissons as ever went into the field. The men were so green that they did not know the muzzle of a piece from the breech, and the horses were fresh from the farms, many of them not even broken to the harness. I at once commenced drilling my new command and in an incredibly short time it was pronounced ready by the chief of artillery for active service in the field. That battery became my pride, and its proficiency in maneuvering I do not believe was ever excelled. I believed then, and still think, that there is not a prettier military command than a light artillery."

"It was the first battery that I had ever drilled from its inception. I soon found that the horses learned sooner than the men. This was especially the case respecting the bugle-calls. Just as with the men, too, some of the horses learned faster than others. Some of them had better ears for music, too; and, while there was those who would obey any bugle-call after executing the maneuver a few times, others, just like the men, would never learn the meaning of the notes. The most proficient horses were always placed in the lead. More than once I have dismounted the men, and then with the bugle put the battery through the most intricate maneuvers, such as counter-marching at close intervals at a gallop without a rider on the horses. I had also taught the two lead teams something not contained in the tactics, that was to lie down in the traces at a certain bugle-call. This little trick saved my guns at the battle of Fair Oaks on the 31st day of May, 1862. The lead teams had been ordered to lie down as soon as the firing began. The enemy's fire was high, but not far enough above them to save the pole teams. They were struck down, but when we were forced to leave the field there were enough of lead horses to pull the guns off. All through that terrible sheet of flame and lead those horses lay down, not very quietly of course, and when the bugle-call sounded close to their ears, so as to be heard above the din of battle, they sprang up to their feet, and, many of them riderless, executed the order to limber up and retreat."—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

### HAD NOTHING TO SAY.

Mme. Aubernon gives literary dinners in Paris and rules them like a strict parliamentarian. She has a silver bell at her side to ring for order, and she gives each guest his turn to speak. One evening M. Renan was talking, when one of the lesser lights tried to say something in an undertone. She peremptorily silenced him, and a few moments later, when M. Renan had finished his monologue, she tapped the bell and said to the unfortunate, "Now, Monsieur, you may speak." "But, mon Dieu, Madame," he exclaimed, "I only wanted to ask for some more spinach."

### THREE KINDS.

The *Toronto Times* pithily observes: "There are three classes of people in the world. The first learn from their own experience—these are the wise; the second learn from the experience of others—these are the happy; the third neither learn from their own experience nor the experience of others—these are the fools."

INDIANA has a post called Buffalo Miller.

J. H. CONRAD,

DEALER IN

## ROOFING AND SPOUTING

GUTTERING, HOUSE FURNISHING GOODS,

Cutlery, Nails, Paints, Woodenware &c.

MAIN STREET,

ST. JOE IND.

All work and goods guaranteed to give satisfaction. Give me a call.



WILLIAM CURIE,

PROPRIETOR OF

St. Joe Meat Market,

ST. JOE, IND.

Highest market price paid for Hides, Tallow &c. Give me a call.

M. TUSTISON,

DEALER IN

## GROCERIES,

EARTHEN POTS FOR HOUSE PLANTS

PROVISIONS, OYSTERS, LEMONS,

ORANGES, CANDIES, CIGARS &c.

MAIN ST. — ST. JOE, IND.

J. F. WALKER,

MAKER AND DEALER IN

## Harness, Collars,

WHIPS, HARNESS OIL &c.

ST. JOE, IND.

Repairing done promptly. Prices as low as the lowest. Call and see.

R. G. COBURN,

AGENT FOR THE

## A L BION SPRING Cultivator TOOTH

AND FIELD HARROW,

## AND DAISY RAKE.

Farmers will save money by seeing me before buying. I will call on you with a sample in a few days. R. G. Coburn, St. Joe, Ind.

## Take Notice!

Having returned from Tennessee, I will assist again in

## Raising & Moving Buildings,

in short all kinds of Rope, Tackle and Jack-screw Work. Having had 15 years experience, and improved machinery, I feel safe in guaranteeing satisfaction. Heavy and difficult work a specialty. Correspondence solicited. Direct all communications to H. or M. Milliman, St. Joe Station, Ind., or A. Monroe, Hicksville, Ohio.

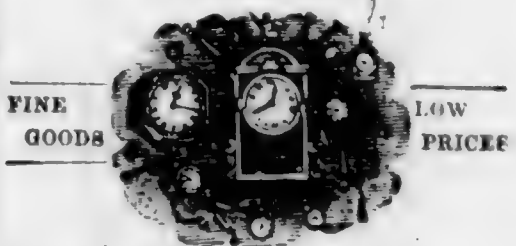


—A. KINSEY—

Undertaker and Embalmer. Keeps on hand constantly, a stock of Undertaking Supplies, Coffins, Caskets, Burial Robes &c. I can supply as fine goods as can be furnished. Will attend to making all arrangements for funerals. Calls responded to at all hours of the night. Office on corner of Main and Second Streets; residence on corner of Main and Fourth Streets, St. Joe, Ind.

Arthur James,

—DEALER IN—



## Watches, Clocks, AND JEWELRY.

Repairing done promptly and all work warranted. Call and see me at Bair & Son's store, Spencerville, Ind.

M. T. BISHOP,

—DEALER IN—

## LUMBER

OF ALL KINDS,

Shingles, Lime, Lath,

MOULDINGS &c.

Large Stock and Prices Low. Yard Near Depot, St. Joe, Ind.

F. A. ZEIGLER,

MAKER AND DEALER IN

## HARNESS

COLLARS, WHIPS,

Fly Nets and Dusters,

HARNESS OIL &c.

Prices the Lowest. All work guaranteed. Call and see me.



JULY

# THE ST. JOE NEWS.

VOL. I.

ST. JOE, IND., FRIDAY, JULY 1, 1887.

NO. 23.

## Churches.

### DISCIPLE.

SERVICES every alternate Sunday evening, in the Lutheran church. Cottage prayer meeting every Friday evening.

J. A. THOMAS, PASTOR.

### METHODIST PROTESTANT.

SERVICES every alternate Sunday at 10:30 A. M. Prayer meeting every Tuesday evening. Sunday School at 9:30 A. M.

J. M. LANGLEY, PASTOR.

### EVANGELICAL LUTHERAN.

SERVICES every Sunday, one Sunday in the morning at 10:30, and the following Sunday in the evening. Prayer meeting every Thursday evening. Sunday School at 9:30 A. M.

S. P. FRYBERGER, PASTOR.

## Societies.

### G. A. R.

REGULAR meetings on Saturday evening on or before the full moon of each month, at their hall over Leighty's store.

O. H. WIDNEY, COMMANDER.

J. M. MILLIMAN, ADJUTANT.

## Business Notices.

H. W. BOWMAN, M. D., Physician and Surgeon, St. Joe, Ind. Office opposite the Drugstore.

ST. JOE HOTEL, Wm. Leighty, proprietor. Special attention given to furnishing teams for commercial men.

B. S. SHEFFER, M. D., Physician and Surgeon, St. Joe, Ind. Prompt and careful attention to all business entrusted to his care.

ST. JOE BARBER SHOP, one door west of hotel, Will Gee, proprietor. Satisfaction guaranteed. Your patronage is solicited.

FILLEY, LOUNSBERRY AND SHULER, proprietors of the St. Joe Saw and Planing Mill. All work promptly done. Cash paid for Oak Logs.

CITY BARBER SHOP, St. Joe, Ind., John Hall, proprietor. Shaving, Hair Cutting &c. done in the best of style. Come and see me. Two doors west of Kinsey's Furniture Store.

SIMON WINELAND, proprietor St. Joe Handle and Feed Mills. Feed grinding a speciality. Highest prices paid for second growth White Ash. Enquire at the mill for full particulars.

## INDIANA STATE NEWS.

—At Bird's-eye, a station east of Huntingburg on the Louisville, Evansville and St. Louis Railway, James and Thomas Kendall, two brothers, were stricken down by a stroke of lightning and instantly killed. They were seated upon a shaving horse, under a tree, during a severe thunder storm, at work making ax handles, when the lightning struck a tree some fifteen yards distant and was transmitted to the tree under which they were seated by a metallic clothes line. It is supposed that the line, fully charged with electricity, struck them, setting their clothes on fire. Their aged mother, who was standing near, was stricken senseless, and but little hope is entertained for her recovery. The Kendall brothers were well known throughout the county as good honest citizens.

—A well-authenticated case of faith cure has occurred at Huntington. Mrs. B. F. Howe had been an invalid for over three years, most of the time being confined to her bed, unable to walk or move. Recently, a band of half a dozen ladies has been meeting with her and uniting in prayer for the recovery of her health. One day, after prayers, she rose from her bed, walked about the house, and ate supper in the evening with her family. She arose the next morning, got the family breakfast, and is now able to look after her household duties for the first time in over three years. The case excites considerable interest, and is one of the most complete evidences of faith cure which have yet been made public.

—A trio of drovers—Joseph Levi, of Marion, D. M. Clark, of Johnson's Station, and Isaac Longnecker, of Lynn,—had a perilous midnight ride into Richmond that unaccountably did not prove a ride to death. They were en route to Cincinnati, asleep in a caboose, which, with half a dozen cars, broke loose from the train, and ran back down a grade, gaining speed constantly, into Richmond, where it collided with an out-going Panhandle engine. The occupants of the caboose jumped, but the caboose passengers went into the wreck and out with but temporary injuries, despite the fact that the caboose, which telescoped on the engine, completely stripping it, was literally mashed to splinters.

—The subject of co-education has been brought up for several years in the meetings of the Trustees of Wabash College, and this year the subject was pressed more strongly than ever, but to no definite results, though the subject is being thoroughly investigated. It seems that a majority of the faculty are opposed to co-education, and this has a tendency to keep the Trustees from acting. This year the Princeton plan was urged upon the college authorities, and it is understood that this is being more favorably talked about. There is no doubt but that Wabash could have double the number of students that she now has if young ladies were admitted.

—Jarrett Ingram, a farmer residing in the vicinity of Somerville, Gibson County, was found dead recently, a few miles from his home. It is supposed he committed suicide by shooting, although no cause is assigned for the deed. He left home last week to hunt squirrels, and was not seen again until discovered dead. His body was in an advanced state of decomposition. Some of Ingram's friends entertain the belief that he was murdered.

—A freight train ran into a funeral procession crossing the railroad track near Brownsville, Union County, causing a stampede among the horses, resulting in a number of runaways, and tumbling buggies and occupants down a hill into a barbed-wire fence. A number of women and children were badly cut and crippled by the fence, and several horses ruined, while the wrecks of half a dozen buggies lay piled along the road.

## ALASKA.

*A Poor Man's Country—What Gov. Swineford Says of It.*

Alaska is a poor man's country. His gun will furnish him more game than he can eat. He can dig more clams in a day than he can eat in a week. If he is too lazy to get those he can have fish for the taking. There is no demand for labor with us now, but the poor man is not dependent upon wages in Alaska. He is as independent as the millionaire and may hunt, trap, or prospect for the precious metals as he pleases.

There are no opportunities for agricultural immigrants in Alaska now because of the lack of any land laws whereby title to realty can be had. Indeed, the development of the territory in every respect is precluded for that reason. We have now absolutely no law. A settler cannot even acquire a "preference right" to the land he improves. The Secretary of the Interior has decided that it would be illegal for the President to issue a proclamation declaring a town site in Alaska. So far as I understand it, the opposition to an extension of the land laws come from the Alaska Commercial Company, although its officers disclaim it. I have noticed that whenever any proposition is brought before Congress looking to the development of the Territory some agent of the company always appears to oppose it. The fact is that the Territory has been persistently misrepresented and lied about by those who wanted it kept as a kind of a game preserve for their own emolument.

It is a mistaken idea that titles can be obtained under Russian grants. There are only about thirty titles in the territory derived from the Russian Government. These are chiefly to small lots in one or two villages. I only know of one Russian grant that covers as much as 160 acres. We must have some legislation to bring capital before it would be right to encourage agricultural immigration. While we have a good soil and a very considerable proportion of arable land, there will not be anything done for ten years or so in the way of agriculture beyond what is necessary for home consumption. The proportion of tillable lands in the southeastern part of Alaska is about the same as in New England. The soil is rich. Everything grows luxuriantly and everything can be raised there that will grow in Illinois except corn. The trouble is that the growth is too rank. In no part of the union is vegetation more luxuriant. I have seen timothy, redtop, and other grasses six and seven feet high. The above is also true of the Aleutian Islands, I am reliably informed.

Our mines will one day be the wonder of the world. There is practically but one developed quartz mine now, and it astonishes every miner who has ever seen it. With the most perfectly constructed and equipped mill of 120 stamps, it would be impossible to work the ore in sight in 100 years. The rock at the surface yielded \$8 per ton, and is now yielding \$14 to \$15 per ton, and is mined and milled at a cost of \$1.23 per ton. The rock in sight is above the working level, which is 210 feet below the outcrop. The level is 250 feet above drainage. The vein has

been located for 3,000 feet, and is at its narrowest point 164 feet between walls. We have the benefit of the general mining laws. Claims can be recorded, but when a patent is applied for there is no one to receive the money. This obstacle is probably only temporary. I shall confess myself mistaken if there are not more stamp mills at work in Alaska in ten years than in all the rest of the union. Gold is found from the extreme south to Behring Straits.

Our timber resources are enormous, but they will hardly be available until the forests of Oregon and Washington Territory are exhausted. We have also vast wealth in fur, ivory, salmon, halibut, and cod. The cod fisheries are worth many times what Secretary Seward paid for all of Alaska. The banks are ten times as large as those of the Atlantic coast, the waters are safer, and the cod better.

### THE CONGRESSMAN'S WIFE.

I never saw the wife of a newly-elected Congressman come here without a feeling of pity for her. At her home she was a worthy woman, who did much to secure her husband's election by her popular manners and her good heart. To her it was a great thing to become the wife of a member of Congress, but on arriving here she found that she has only taken the first step toward social distinction. It was not long before a change commenced. From a modest lady, in a plain black silk and smooth brown locks, she burst into an ornamental gown of light satin, loaded with beads, which was not high enough in the neck by three inches, and her head had in front a mass of frizzes, which hid her broad brow and made her look like an idiot or a Shetland pony. Before her diamond-decked fingers had been out of the domestic dish-water long enough for their knuckles to recover from their greasy odor of parboiling, she rode about in her hired coupe, and gave her orders to the coachman in a fault-finding tone. Her days became a round of ceaseless, meaningless tondism, proclaimed by the women writers as fashionable, and her nights were wild revels, with champagne, oysters, flowers, punch, lost temper and bitter disappointments. Now, her husband has not been re-elected. She must return to her little village, to mope and pine, and make herself generally disagreeable, but as she drops out of life here, not a ripple on the tide of fashionable society will show where she has gone down. The wheels of folly roll round forever, and the wife of the new member will, in her turn, take the place of the one that has gone. —Perley, in Boston Budget.

### OF COURSE.

Unhappy Mamma—What do you suppose your clothes are done up for, you horrid child?

Shockingly dirty, but happy Willie—Why for me to soil, of course; ain't they mamma.

ACCORDING to a recently published book parsley was the only vegetable eaten in the time of Queen Elizabeth. The favorite game was pigeons, trout, chicken, venison, and rabbits.

SUSAN COOLIDGE has a parrot which is said to quote passages from her novels.



# The St. Joe News.

ST. JOE, INDIANA.

MORT & WILL OLDS,

PUBLISHERS.

## WHEN SHE DIED.

BY H. S. KNEEDLER.

It was when the day was done,  
At the setting of the sun,  
That she died;  
And the day that stole apart  
Left its shadows in my heart,  
When she died.

I remember how her breath  
Fluttered as the wings of Death  
Trembled near;  
But the soul that sought the skies,  
Through the love-light of her eyes,  
Knew no fear!

And I know that on her face  
Smote the glory of that place  
Where love lives;  
Nor could wreck and shock of years  
Blunt the hope born of my tears  
That it gives.

Oh the night stole down apace  
On the still and sacred place  
Where she lay!  
Yet I listened there apart,  
Heard the silence of her heart,  
To me say.

"You knew not the way was long,  
— You but heard the triumph song,  
On my lips!  
Yet the tempest beat on me  
As the salt winds of the sea  
On white ships;

"Sometimes it was dark to me,  
Yet I clung to thee,  
In the gloom;  
And for thee I faced the light  
Even though my soul like night  
Sought the tomb!

"In thy darkest hours of doubt  
I have wrapped thee all about  
With my love;  
And I led thee to the peaks  
Where the silence of God speaks  
Of His love!

"Lay thy head again at rest  
On my still and pulseless breast  
But awhile;  
For I look not farry long,  
Soon the grave shall still the song,  
And the smile.

"Put my cold arms round thee now,  
Let my dead hands press thy brow,  
As of old;  
I will feel my love again—  
For through passion and through pain  
It was told!

"Ah! the life-line breaks and slips,  
For I cannot feel thy lips  
As of yore;  
There is darkness in the place  
And I may not see thy face  
Any more!

Then my heart made piteous moan,  
And I left my dead alone  
With the night!  
And the shadows gathering there  
Left their deeper darkness where

## THE YOUNG SOLICITOR

BY AGNES DAVENPORT.

Though, above all things, I would avoid wearying my reader, I must take you up one, two, three flights of stairs. Here we are brought face to face with the modest announcement that "Robert S. Daggett" is a "Solicitor at Law."

Let us open the door, just to make his heart leap with the delusion that it's a client. But then, alas! the old, old pulsation will return, slower and slower each day, it seems, under its growing burden of disappointed hopes and bitter cynicism.

Of course we shall find Robert Daggett a young solicitor. It is only young solicitors without old clients who have to take third-story chambers where new clients never come. For this is what glorious fortune has established as a law, taking from him who has not, and giving unto him who has.

Our first impressions are that Robert Daggett does not take exercise enough. Else he would have more blood in his face, his animal nature would have asserted itself more strongly, and his functions of hope—if you will permit the expression—would have been better developed and active.

He has kept himself too closely to his books to wield the sword he has forged; and even this moment was rising from a leading case to ask himself if he should ever be able to sell his accumulating stores of legal knowledge for pounds, shillings, and pence.

I am satisfied that if the world should suddenly condescend to look around for those perfect heroes that certain romances have credited her with owning, that she would return weary and disgusted from the fruitless search.

Heroes may grow into perfection in the spirit land, but as long as they carry the flesh of this world they are often destined to forget the dignity of their creation and being.

In his struggles with "the world, the flesh, and the devil," Robert Daggett began to think that he was too sorely pressed.

I cannot defend such thoughts; but I can sympathize with him. Who has not his moments of bitterness? If there be such, then they have a perfect right to thank their stars that in this respect they are not as other men.

Robert Daggett had come to Lockwood two years ago. During all this time he had been as active and aggressive as his sense of professional propriety permitted, and had made—fifty pounds. He had known shop-keepers, book-keepers, and insurance clerks to average twelve pounds a month, and he firmly believed that the bootblacks along the streets were outstripping him in the race for wealth—for a home. Wherefore time and again he had asked himself if the faith within him was well-grounded, and each day he was less satisfied with the answer.

"I don't know," he slowly soliloquized, as he shut a half dozen opened volumes, and arranged them in their places in his meager library—"I don't know just how far the contempt of riches should be carried, but I am each day learning what the want of them expressly involves. It means that I must take meat once a day, and no oftener, or visions of bankrupt acts rise to haunt me; it means that I must wear each and every one of my boots threadbare; it means that I must ask Miss A. to church, whilst Mr. B. takes her to the opera."

He had put the last book away, and turning on his heel, began to pace back and forth amid the gathering shadows of the October evening.

"I wonder what the outside world thinks of such a race? What its practical men and fair women say? But Heaven forgive the meanness of that inquiry!"

And the thin lip curled as he turned the key in the door and buttoned up his coat.

If riches constitute happiness, Jessie Tupper was the happiest girl in town. Or, if, peradventure, an admirable face, warm impulses, and popular ways, are all needed, the possibility of enjoying the divinest of blessings was still hers.

But she did not look altogether happy. Now it is just barely possible that the novel she tossed to the table had not concluded to the eternal fitness of things, and I am given to understand that events of this kind have no little influence upon the current of life down which some young ladies glide.

The drawing-room door opened, and the tall, erect form of a middle-aged man entered.

"Ah, Jessie!" as he picked up the book and scanned the title, "A Woman's Wrongs, involving, of course, 'A Woman's Rights.'"

"And, now, uncle, for my lecture." And Jessie Tupper arranged herself for the ordeal with a mock solemnity.

"Of course you deserve one!" he grimly smiled. "Lecture first: A book ought to instruct, or it ought to inspire, or it ought to be burnt; and, this, doubtless, is guilty unto death."

"I am disappointed in it, and in most novels," answered Jessie, with a growing earnestness. "I find so few rules that seem practical."

Her uncle lifted his shaggy eyebrows with mock astonishment.

"And do you read novels in search of practical rules for better living and better thinking? Then let me recommend the rule of three as altogether more practical than the rule of two, which, doubtless, runs all through these pages."

"I am ready for just such discourse!" laughed Jessie. "But really, uncle, I read with a good purpose, if with poor results. I want to find a correct measurement of just such people as I meet. I want to find answers to the questions that each day suggest themselves; but I rarely succeed."

"Of course you don't. Dickens knew that the anonymous sketches by George Eliot were written by a woman, because the portraits of the women in them were more powerfully drawn than those of the men; and who has drawn both, save Shakespeare?"

"Ergo," smiled his pretty niece, with the least of blushing, "I must dedicate myself to the novels of men."

"Oh, ho!" drawled Capt. Norwood, humorously; "then you're seeking to better understand men—me, for instance? But why, Jessie," and his voice lost its bantering strain, "should not all young ladies dedicate themselves to such a science above all others? The bank manager wants every mystery of the life, nature, morals, and purposes of his cashier made brighter than day; but you—are some day to give your heart and honor to a man's keeping!"

"No, no!" Jessie exclaimed, with a rebuking look and smile. "I shall die an old maid."

"You might better perhaps, if you fail to solve the problem. But come, give me some examples to work on."

"Indeed, uncle, you're more practical than usual; I can't have any particular man in view."

"Of course not—of course not! But get one in view; we must have an example."

Jessie Tupper hesitated.

"No names, no names—a description will answer."

"I might give you a dozen."

"One will do better."

"How, then, would so practical a man as yourself explain the wherefore of a young solicitor of apparently social nature, easy manners, and good conversational powers, absolutely shunning society?"

"Easy enough! Easy enough!" answered the Captain, as he stroked his whiskers with an air of a man of profound convictions. "In the first place, he can't afford

society, and in the second place he can't afford to fall in love."

"Can't afford to fall in love?"

"Of course not. The true lover crucifies his love, if he believes it will not bless its object. He does not care to link her bright fate to his dark one."

"Well, indeed, that's romantic!" laughed Jessie. "I'm much afraid, uncle, you've been brought up on novels."

"But all that I say is as true as gospel, and I can prove it."

"How?"

"When would you expect this brilliant young solicitor to come into your presence again, supposing him like unto other men?"

"I didn't say he was brilliant."

"But I did. You see you have converted me already."

"He ought to be at the volunteer ball on Monday; but he won't."

"Yes, he will."

His manner was even more emphatic than his words, so that Jessie Tupper looked up with a stare of mingled surprise and droilery into her uncle's face.

"Now I don't endorse wager by battle, or otherwise, but I will wager you a silk dress against a pair of slippers that he will be there, and I shall in no wise have the matter suggested to him—isn't that fair?"

Jessie could only laugh at her uncle's earnestness, and the absurdity of his proposition, but she accepted the wager.

"Give me his address."

"Why, he's only an illustration, uncle!" And there were threatenings of the return of her embarrassment.

"Of course—of course, Jessie!"

"Robert S. Daggett—Bank Buildings—that's all I know about it," tapping her little slipper uneasily against the fender.

"But it is up three stories—but one wager at a time—and I will look it."

Whereupon, in the most matter-of-fact way, Capt. Norwood took down the address, and wrote underneath it the wager.

"Robert S. Daggett:—Please write me in fifteen minutes, and one hundred words, the difference between 'Trespass on the Case,' and 'Trespass et armis.' You may answer this or not, just as you please. The boy waits your decision."

Robert Daggett read it twice, and then looked at the boy who had brought it. It was all in vain.

"Very strange and summary way for seeking out legal advice," he soliloquized; "but I cannot afford to deal out charity my legal treasures."

And, so thinking, he seized a pen and dashed down:—

"Trespass et armis has two elements. First, unlawful commission; second, force continuing in motion from the plaintiff's hands until it reaches and injures defendant. If either one is present without the other, it constitutes Trespass on the Case."

"Now that's what I call clever," reasoned Capt. Norwood, half aloud, as he read the above answer to his letter. "Very clever, and clear as sunshine. Campbell knew it all, but he could not put it to me so that I could see it, and that I do not like. When our road runs over a man I want to know just what we've done, and why the action is Trespass on the Case. This tells me, and I shall see Campbell to-day, and write Daggett to-morrow. So clear a head cannot hurt the case, and I want to give him a chance to breathe, and to go into society, and I want to win those slippers and solve a greater problem than some novelists ever have."

It was the Tuesday morning after the ball.

"And now, Jessie, for the committee's report. Was Robert Daggett there?"

"Yes, uncle, but—"

"But nothing!" he shouted out with his old imperious humor. "Only have those slippers ready by Christmas."

And then the Captain bent his head, and said something in so low a tone that your author could not catch it; but Jessie Tupper must have heard every word, for she crimsoned splendidly, as she exclaimed in pathetic remonstrance, "Now, uncle!"

## Statistics Furnished by the Editor of a Weekly Paper.

Average number of MSS. received per day...	125
Average number of MSS. declined per day...	120
Number of cherries made per day...	120
Number of reproducible and abusive letters received per month from would-be contributors, who a work I have refused...	2,050
Number who cheerfully accept my judgment...	00
Number of contributors who have sought to work upon my sympathies, and by the receipt of pathetic tales of poverty and distress induce me to accept their MSS.	451
Number who have succeeded...	3
Number of times I have been sorry I yielded...	3
Number of my relatives living...	33
Number of those who think themselves competent to write on my paper...	33
Number who have tried to do it...	33
Number who have failed...	33
Number of suggestions as to the proper manner of "trimming" my paper received per week, from friends...	65
Number of those suggestions utilized...	00
Number of my contributors who are thoroughly satisfied with my treatment of them...	00
Number of persons among my acquaintances who do not think they could conduct the paper better than I do...	00
Number of times I have wished that I were dead...	5,220

—The Editor.

In the early days of England men were too humane to hang women, but they crowned them.

## PITH AND POINT.

A DRIVING club—the ballplayer's bat.

A PEN picture—an engraving of a piggery.

KEEP a cool head and avoid heated argument.

AN early spring—a sudden leap from bed before daylight.

WHY is a recruiting sergeant like the wind? Because he blows where he listeth.

WHEN a man goes double is it evidence that his glasses are too strong for him?

"LOVE laughs at locksmiths," and yet there isn't anything very funny about a locksmith.

WHAT is that which lives in winter, dies in summer, and grows with its roots upwards? An icicle.

GEN. ANDREW JACKSON was a man of undaunted courage. He married one woman twice.—C. F. Walls, in *Newman Independent*.

MEN will spend a dollar at the bar while declaiming against the outrage of charging 25 cents admission to a temperance lecture.—*Texas Siftings*.

"It is but a step from the sublime to the ridiculous; and the Sunday-night young man is apt to take it when her father comes in impetuously at 11:30 o'clock.—*Journal of Education*.

DR. LYMAN BEECHER once replied to an inquiry of Dr. Hawes, "How are you getting on?" "First-rate! first-rate! first-rate! ever since I stopped trying to run this world."—*Living Church*.

We bend the knee, but not the elbow," enthusiastically exclaimed an orator at a temperance meeting. "That's so," said an unrepentant sinner on a back seat. "It's the only way you can get your mouth to the bung-hole."

"Yes," said the lady lecturer, "women have been wronged for ages. They have suffered in thousands of ways." "There's one way they never suffered in," said a hen-pecked man, rising. "What's that?" demanded the lecturer. "They have never suffered in silence."

AN IDYL OF THE RACES.  
His hopes were high, his eye was bright,  
As toward the track his way he took;  
His manly step was very light—  
Heavy his pocketbook.  
But this same man was seen again,  
As day was kissing night;  
His step was very heavy then—  
His pocketbook was light.  
—*Washington Critic*.

APPEARANCES are very deceiving. A little boy at the opera, who noticed the gentlemen looking through their opera-glasses at the ballet dancers, was of the opinion that the opera-glasses were for an entirely different purpose. He said: "Mamma, buy me one of those things, so I can cover up my eyes with it when those women come on the stage."

Bishop Thompson, of Mississippi, tells this joke at his own expense: He says that as he stepped off the curb one day at Jackson, Miss., he was approached by an enterprising dusky drummer for a local hotel and informed that "all gemman stop at the Larence House." Another darkey standing near by said: "Dis no gemman; dis Bishop Tomsen."

"That brindle dog of yours has killed three more of my chickens this morning," said the wife of a Dakota settler to her husband, "and if you don't shoot him I'm going to give him a dose of strychnine." "Hold on now, Sary, hold on, I've got a plan." "Oh, bother your plan—you can't never break him of the trick, and the best thing you can do is to kill him." "No 'taint Sary, nowhere near the best we can do. Just wait till you hear my plan." "Well, what is yer remarkable plan?" "Why, I'll tie him up now and sell him for a bird dog to the first Chicago hunter that comes along. I'll get \$50 for that dog yet, if you'll just lemme be."—*Dakota Bell*.

## The Wars of Europe.

The wars of Europe since the sixteenth century presents the following table:

Wars undertaken for the acquisition of territory...	11
For the levy of tributes...	22
For reprisals...	22
To decide questions of honor or prepotency...	24
From claims relative to the possession of territory...	6
From claims to crowns...	11
From pretensions of assistance to an ally...	60
From rivalry in influence...	23
From commercial quarrels...	51
Civil wars...	55
Religious wars...	55
Total...	280

COLLATERAL. China claims a population of 82,000.



## A REBEL SPY IN WASHINGTON.

How He Conveyed Important News from the Capital to Richmond.

I had become so emboldened by frequent and successful scouts into Washington City; my nerves had become so trained by frequent contact with federal officers and soldiers; my manner made imperturbable by sudden shocks and unexpected surprises; my soldier life so habituated to this environment—that I had well-nigh concluded I was ready to shake hands with Stanton or dine with Gen. Grant, says Thomas N. Conrad, an ex-Confederate spy, in the Philadelphia Times. Meeting a friend who was a clerk in the War Department, I was informed that an important paper would be in his office in a few days—a tabulated statement which would be an interesting document to the Confederate War Department. He would make a copy of it and leave it upon his desk at "lunch hour," if I could devise any way to secure it. I told him I would walk into his office myself and get it if he would guarantee it to be on his desk at a specified hour. This was done, and as the crowd of clerks was passing in and out during "lunch hour" I walked into the War Department of Washington to the room of my friend, winked at him as I passed him in the throng, got the paper, and walked out as composedly as Stanton's private secretary could have done, and before "lunch hour" of next day that tabulated statement was in the War Department of Richmond.

Finding that I would be constantly detailed upon these trips, I called upon the Confederate Secretary of War and advised establishing a reliable line of communication between Richmond and Washington. He indorsed the proposition, and requested me to establish it at once. A signal station, under the charge of a lieutenant, had been in successful operation upon the Potomac for some time, and had proved very useful. But the War Department needed a direct line of its own, subject to its order, and reliable at all times. To establish this I rode from the front door of the War Department of Richmond to the Potomac River, crossed the river and rode to the front door of the War Department of Washington, and established the line throughout. Having selected a high cliff near Boyd's Hole on the Potomac as the site for my shanty and men, I wrote to the Secretary of War for an outfit.

Upon receiving boat and equipment I selected two Irishmen who were expert oarsmen, and a courier, and had them detailed for the post. The negro man, who had been with my regiment since 1861, and had been the body servant of the Lieutenant Colonel, and after his death served me, made the five who composed the detail. So with four men, three horses, a good boat, a fine field-glass, a pocket-compass, and "quarters" upon a high cliff of the Potomac, I was ready for operations. I crossed the river and selected three practicing physicians, who could ride at any hour of the night without being suspected or arrested by federal troops, being known as neighborhood doctors, and who were heart and soul in sympathy with us. Whenever I was in Washington and wished to send a dispatch to Richmond I called upon the physician living near the navy-yard and gave him the dispatch. He would ride over the navy-yard bridge, which was always under guard, in his doctor's buggy and give the dispatch to physician No. 2. He would mount his horse and ride to the house of physician No. 3 and deliver it, and he would ride to a certain point on the river and place the dispatch under a ledge of rocks. That night the boat would come over from my camp, get the dispatch, take it to camp, give it to the courier, who would at once ride to the telegraph office and have it telegraphed to Richmond. Thus in less than twelve hours I could send a dispatch from Washington City to Richmond. This line existed until Lee surrendered at Appomattox, and rendered invaluable service to the Confederacy.

### At Sea.

At the Hygeia—"I say, Jule, do you know that Mr. Brown thought you were a married woman until this evening?"

"Well, he must have thought I was a nice kind of a married woman, flirting around this way!"

"Oh, he thought you were a naval officer's wife."—Town Topics.

CHICAGO is a great sheep market. It abounds in "crooks," and people are "fleeced" there every day.—Free Press.

## "So Horrid."

He was an anomaly among his kind—a modest reporter. He had dropped into the Elite Club ball-room to write a ten-line notice of the affair.

Suddenly he found himself confronted by a bejeweled and bedecked lady, who said, sweetly:

"Ah, I know you; you're one of those horrid reporters, aren't you?"

"I am a reporter, madam!"

"I knew it. And you've come to write all sorts of horrid things about us poor ladies, who can't help ourselves!"

"Indeed, madam, I—"

"O, yes, you will! I just think you reporters are too horrid for anything!"

"I am not—"

"You go and put all sorts of things in the paper about us. It's just dreadful! I get real cross about it!"

"I assure you, madam, that—"

"O, well, I suppose it's your business to be so horridly awful! I suppose now you have come to write up all the costumes in your horrid way; and you'll have all our names in the paper, too!"

"No, madam; I—"

"O, I know you will! You always say you won't, and then you do! You're just so dreadful! I do think it's too provoking in you! We poor ladies can't do a thing that you don't put it in the paper!"

"I intend writing nothing but a brief notice of this ball!"

"O, well, I suppose you'll put in some names; so here is my card, so that the name won't be spelled wrong, as it was in your account of Mrs. De White's party! And there's a good description of my costume on the back of the card! Don't forget to write 'diamond ornaments!' I think I'm real good to take so much trouble for you, when you are so perfectly horrid as to go and put it all in the papers. O, you wicked, naughty, horrid man! It makes me cross to look at you! Good-by! Be sure you get my name right this time! You'll be more horrid than ever if you don't!"—Z. D., in Puck.

### Safety from Malaria.

The most vigorous constitution, and the strongest physique, are not proof against a disease, the germs of which impregnate the air we breathe and the water we drink. The true prophylactic, the surest defense, is to fortify the system with a medicine which possesses specific virtues as a safeguard and remedy. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is precisely this article—proved by conclusive tests to be so. Not only on this continent, wherever miasma gives birth to the malarial infection, but in the tropics, where fever and ague assumes its most malignant types, this incomparable, popular, and deserving medicine has, for over a third of a century, shown its efficacy. Chills and fever, dumb ague, bilious remittent, alike yield to its influence and are prevented by it. The word "fail" has no place in the lexicon of possibilities when this peerless article is used. It tones the stomach, arouses the liver when sluggish, and promotes healthful activity of the kidneys and bladder.

### The Hyacinth Trade.

The hyacinth trade is an important branch of horticultural commerce. For at least 300 years it has been cultivated, and as early as 1597 Gerard mentions six varieties as grown in England. Less than a century later the six had multiplied into many single and double forms, and in the middle of the last century the famous Dutch growers of this bloom, supreme among the flowers of spring, offered for sale fifty single-flowered and nearly 100 double-flowered varieties.

One of them, known as "La Reine des Femmes," a single white, is said to have produced from thirty-four to thirty-eight flowers on a spike, and on its first appearance to have sold for more than £4 a bulb, while the "Conqueror," a double blue, brought fully double that amount, the "Gloria Mundi" between £20 and £30, and the "King Solomon" an even higher price. The original of all these plants is not as many people suppose, the wild hyacinth of our woods, but a scarcely less insignificant oriental form, bearing on a single spike only a few narrow-lobed "washed blue flowers." The improvements in it are all due to the skill of the gardener, who selects his breeding forms with all the care which the grazier bestows on his Durhams and Ayrshires.—London Standard.

### \$500 Reward.

The former proprietor of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy for years made a standing, public offer in all American newspapers of \$500 reward for a case of catarrh that he could not cure. The present proprietors have renewed this offer. All the druggists sell this Remedy, together with the "Donchic" and all other appliances advised to be used in connection with it. No catarrh patient is longer able to say "I cannot be cured." You get \$500 in case of failure.

COL. E. C. WALKER, Trotting Editor of the "Spirit of the Times," N. Y., and Gen. Rufus Ingalls, Quartermaster General, U. S. A., both recommend St. Jacobs Oil as "without equal as a horse remedy." Price 50 cents.

THERE are plenty of recipes for making lobster salad, but we don't know of any for preventing it from giving you the nightmare.—Texas Siftings.

THE Champion Oarsman of America, John Teemer, writes: "I have found St. Jacobs Oil of inestimable value." All Champion Oarsmen use it. Sold by Druggists and Dealers.

### A Florida Health Officer.

A prominent gentleman, from Lake Worth arrived in the city yesterday. Before leaving here he supplied himself with the proper certificates of health. He said to a gentleman here yesterday, that before reaching Enterprise the train was stopped and a negro stalked through demanding the health certificates; that he purposely held his certificate out upside down, when the negro took a glance at it and pronounced it all right. He was evidently too ignorant to know whether it was being held upside down or not.—Jacksonville Times-Union.

### Brown's Little Joke.

"Why, Brown, how short your coat is," said Jones one day to his friend Brown, who wittily replied, "Yes; but it will be long enough before I get another." Some men spend so much for medicines that neither heal nor help them, that new clothes is with them like angels' visits—few and far between. Internal fevers, weakness of the lungs, shortness of breath, and lingering coughs soon yield to the magic influence of that royal remedy, Dr. R. V. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery."

### Exemplifying a Proverb.

"Did you ever go to war, boss?" inquired a tramp of a farmer.

"No, sir, I did not. I have enough to do looking after my hogs."

"Thank heaven!" fervently ejaculated the tramp.

"What for?" asked the astonished stranger.

"Because I have at last met the man who really believes that 'the pen is mightier than the sword.'"—Texas Siftings.

VIRGINIA has very stringent medical laws and a Board of Examiners that "tests" with a "high standard" all those who desire to practice medicine in that State. Yet one of its officials, a coroner, recently testified in court that morphia and alcoholics were antagonistic in their action on the human body, a statement precisely opposite to that of text-books by the best authorities. Even common experience should have taught the coroner better. Men cannot be made either intelligent or moral by law.—Dr. Foote's Health Monthly.

FUNCTIONAL derangement of the female system is quickly cured by the use of Dr. R. V. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription." It removes pain and restores health and strength. By all druggists.

FOLLY is the quality exhibited by a man who is jealous of a cross-eyed wife.—New Haven News.

We would be pleased to know of a man or woman who has never had headache or been subject to constipation. As these seem to be universal troubles a little advice may be in order. Why should persons cram their stomachs with nauseating purgative pills, etc., which sicken and debilitate when such a pleasant and refreshing remedy as Prickly Ash Bitters will act mildly and effectively on the liver, kidney, stomach, and bowels, and at the same time tone and strengthen the whole system, causing headache, constipation and all such distressing evils to quickly disappear.

AN auctioneer does as he is bid, a postman as he is directed.

For dyspepsia, indigestion, depression of spirits, and general debility, in their various forms, also as a preventive against fever and ague and other intermittent fevers, the "Ferro-Phosphated Elixir of Calisaya," made by Hazard, Hazard & Co., New York, and sold by all druggists, is the best tonic; and for patients recovering from fever or other sickness it has no equal.

THE woman who neglects her husband's shirt front is no longer the wife of his bosom.

### Ladies of the White House

Have found that their sometimes excessive duties produce a low, weak, tired and tremulous state of the system, and that iron restores richness and color to the blood, calisaya bark a natural healthful tone to the digestive organs, and phosphorus mildly stimulates the brain, all combined in Dr. Harter's Iron Tonic.

BRONCHITIS is cured by frequent small doses of Piso's Cure for Consumption.

\$350

Will buy a complete Newspaper Outfit, suitable for publishing a weekly paper in a town of 1000 or over, including all the necessary machinery, and a full set of type. Address FORT WAYNE NEWS-PAPER UNION, Fort Wayne, Ind.

\$5

Line not under the house. Write Brewster Safety Razor Holder Co., Holly, Mich.

The best and surest Remedy for Cure of all diseases caused by any derangement of the Liver, Kidneys, Stomach and Bowels. Dyspepsia, Sick Headache, Constipation, Bilious Complaints and Malaria of all kinds yield readily to the beneficial influence of

# PRICKLY ASH BITTERS

It is pleasant to the taste, tones up the system, restores and preserves health. It is purely Vegetable, and cannot fail to prove beneficial, both to old and young. As a Blood Purifier it is superior to all others. Sold everywhere at \$1.00 a bottle.

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Will purify the BLOOD, regulate the LIVER and KIDNEYS and restore the HEALTH and VIGOR of YOUTH. Dyspepsia, Want of Appetite, Indigestion, Lack of Strength and Tired Feeling absolutely cured. Bones, muscles and nerves receive new force. Enlivens the mind and supplies Brain Power. Suffering from complaints peculiar to their sex will find in DR. HARTE'S IRON TONIC a safe, speedy cure. Gives a clear, healthy complexion. All attempts at counterfeiting only adds to its popularity. Do not experiment—get GUTHRIE'S LAND BROTHER'S.

DR. HARTE'S LIVER PILLS (Cure Constipation, Liver Complaint and Sick Headache. Sample Dose and Dream Book mailed on receipt of two cents in postage.)

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**N. U. F. W.** No. 27-87. When Writing to Advertisers, please say you saw the Advertisement in this paper.





MORT & WILL OLDS, PUBLISHERS.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:  
One Year, in advance ..... \$0.75  
Six Months ..... 50  
Three Months ..... 25

Entered at the Post-Office at St. Joe  
as second-class matter.

FRIDAY JULY 1, 1887.

Speak a good word for the Normal school.

Miss Anna Merrill is visiting with friends at Waterloo.

A. B. Coburn had another attack of hemorrhage this week.

A good many farmers will celebrate the 1th in the wheat field.

Mr. and Mrs. Sol Barney visited friends at Edgerton the fore part of the week.

Buy a Parasol for the Fourth. Case & Olds have a few left which they offer at a bargain.

Mrs. Al Weirick and children have gone to her parents near Waterloo, to spend several weeks.

Mell Bishop is going up to the lakes fishing next week. Leave orders for fish at the lumber yard.

Findlay, Ohio, has had an increase of 31 factories and 5000 people during the past year. Gas done it.

Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Ackley of Hicksville, were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Lounsberry last Friday.

Rev. Fryberger has been in attendance at the Synodical Sunday school convention at Antioch, this week.

Copp & Ferguson are getting in the stone this week for the foundation for the addition to the school house.

Fifteen of our best looking girls attended the social at Shurt's last Saturday evening. They went by rail via the B. & O.

J. A. Millman of Freemont, Mich., visited among friends here last week. He was on his way home from a western trip.

Miss Audie Widney closed her first term of school last Saturday. We understand that she has taught a successful school.

J. H. Conrad spouted the depot at this place last week. Cooney generally gets there when it is anything in his line.

Quite a change in the mail route takes place to-day. Nowville and Spencerville will have daily mails from this place. The Fort Wayne hack will only come to St. Joe, and then return again to Fort Wayne.

Someone who came by Wm. St. manion's the other day reports that he saw something stretched out, hanging between two trees that looked like a jumbo elephant, but upon closer observation he found it to be Bill, himself, taking a swing in a new hammock he had just put up. He must have had a hammock made to order to have got one stout enough to hold up his avoirdupois.

The St. Joe Normal is now an assured fact, and from present indications there will be a large attendance. Professors Price and Hootman are men of practical experience, with the best of morals, active, stirring, with their hearts in the work, and we feel confident that they will teach a successful school. Our citizens are to be congratulated upon securing two such able instructors to conduct a normal at this place.

#### OUR CORRESPONDENTS

##### SPENCERVILLE

Mrs. Fryberger is on the sick list. Mrs. S. N. Olds visited at Edgerton last Tuesday.

Murray Bros. shipped a car load of handles this week.

Mrs. John Beams is visiting her parents at Republic, O.

Thomas Murray is building an addition to his residence.

Prof. Herrod is teaching a class in penmanship at this place.

The funeral of William Watson took place last Monday afternoon.

Mr. G. P. Robinson of La Grange was the guest of S. N. Olds and family last week.

Mrs. Wilson has moved her household goods to Hicksville, and will make that place her future home.

##### PLEASANT HILL

Liman Lockwood and Davis Karnth was in the neighborhood on business last week.

William Krise and wife were the guests of Willis Baker and wife last Sunday.

Mrs. J. W. Dills and children called on Mrs. Charles Jackson Sunday afternoon.

Mart Tustison and wife visited with Andrew Jackson and wife last Sunday.

Silas Reasoner bought a new self-binder. They are getting to be a common thing in this neighborhood.

Quite a number of our young ladies and gentlemen talk of attending the normal at St. Joe this summer.

Grandma Jenkins spent a few weeks in visiting with her children of this vicinity. She returned to her home north of Waterloo last week.

##### CONCORD

Mrs. Jessie Shilling is on the sick list.

James McKinney is building a new barn.

James Baker has a new wind pump.

Henry, Milton is re-roofing his house.

Dick Monroe visited with his parents last Sunday.

There were twenty-one scholars in the infant class last Sunday.

Miss Alice Draggoo has been visiting in Fort Wayne for a few days.

Bertha Hennessy has been sick for a few days, but at present is much better.

The social was well attended. The committee took in over thirty-two dollars.

Bertha Meese has been quite sick for the past week, but is again able to be around.

Belle Hilderbrandt has gone to see her sister, Mrs. Mell Davis, of Jackson township. She expects to be away for some time.

Mrs. Mary Kester, daughter of Solomon Shilling, after a long and serious illness, is convalescent with fair prospects of complete recovery.

F. Buchanan took his class of young ladies to Rehoboth last Sunday. They took their dinners with them and picnicked in the woods near the Bear Creek school house.

Last Tuesday evening the young people met at the church to practice in their new singing books, and after they got through they began to visit a while. All at once the house was in total darkness. The sexton got tired waiting for them to go and arranged for every light to go out at once. Then the exclamations, "Where are my rubbers?" "Where are my gloves?" "Where is my hat?" was heard all over the house. But the worst of all, the girls were afraid they would get the wrong fellow.

## LEIGHTY'S

is the place where Gossomers.  
Bustings and Suspenders were  
marked down 25 per cent; only a  
few left. Examine them before  
buying. Don't forget that we do  
carry the celebrated Reed shoes.

#### ST. JOE NORMAL

We anticipate a large attendance to our Summer Normal to begin on July 18, 1887, and continue eight weeks. The work will consist of a thorough review of all the eight common branches, also classes in Algebra, Book-Keeping and American Literature will be formed, if desired. Special attention will be given to the science and art of penmanship, which will be taught by Prof. G. W. Hootman, manager of the Business Department, and instructor in Science of Accounts and Penmanship in the Defiance Normal College. Prof. W. A. Price is favorably known as a thorough, competent instructor, and a fine disciplinarian in graded school work. To those who are preparing to teach, or even to have a thorough knowledge of the common branches, and such other branches as may be taught we would say that this school offers the best of advantages. Special attention will be given to the most improved methods of teaching. The village of St. Joe is well adapted for such a school, being centrally located, and a town of good morals. Boarding can be had in private families, and rooms can be had for self boarding, at reasonable rates. It might be well to remember a quotation by Prof. Payne: "Those who would prepare for the ordinary work of the school room, will continue to attend the Normal School." For further information address J. E. Dermott, St. Joe, Ind., or W. A. Price, Hicksville, Ohio.

The W. C. T. U. will meet at the residence of Mrs. S. A. Davis, on July 7th, 1887. The following program has been prepared. Scripture Reading by Mrs. W. Hart; Prayer; Select Reading by Mrs. E. Walker; Song by Mrs. M. T. Bishop and Mrs. W. Hart; Select Reading by Mrs. J. D. Leighty; Closing song by the society.

## Good Stock Farm

On account of ill health I wish to sell or trade my farm of 160 acres, situated twenty-five miles northeast of Moberly, Mo., for anything good in or near St. Joe. Said farm is all under fence, has house and barn, twelve acres of thrifty young oak timber, a large spring of never-failing water, about 90 acres under cultivation, and is all under-laid with coal and lies within two and a half miles of a railroad station.

A. B. Coburn,  
St. Joe Station, Ind.

#### NOTICE TO FARMERS

S. E. Fields, formerly head miller in the Anchor Mills, and G. B. Wilson, a successful miller of Iowa and formerly of Spencerville, having rented the Hicksville Flouring Mill would most respectfully solicit the patronage of the citizens of Hicksville and the surrounding country. We guarantee perfect satisfaction. Bring us your grain.

Daniel & Wilson.

The corner-stone of the new church at Spencerville, will be laid with appropriate service, on Saturday afternoon, July 2, at 2:30 o'clock. Rev. Thever of Auburn, will preach the sermon.

The Island Park Assembly opens July 26th.

The Garrett Clipper says the Corona ax-handle factory will move to St. Joe.

Half fares are being offered by all the railroads on the 4th of July. Go and see your friends.

## WOOL WANTED!

100,000 Pounds of Wool Wanted, for which we will pay the highest market value. Also all kinds of country produce wanted. Call and see us.

S. & F. BARNEY.



## Millinery at Cost

Having enjoyed a large trade during the past few weeks, for which I am truly thankful, I now offer my entire stock at cost to close them out. Call and see me if you want a bargain. Miss S. A. Barlett, St. Joe, over Bowman's office.

## Millinery at Cost

### LOCALS

This is July the first time. New cabbage are in the market. The saloons of Hicksville have all been closed up. Shutt & White keep plenty of binder twine on hand. Josh Lounsberry was at Fort Wayne Wednesday. Miss Bartlett is offering some bargains in millinery goods. The old hack made its last trip to Newville and Butler yesterday. Arthur James, the jeweler of Spencerville, was in town yesterday. Mrs. Gehlman of Garrett is visiting her mother, Mrs. Evans, of this place. For the best Tea go to Case & Olds every time. They make a specialty of fine Teas. Wort Langley, son of Rev. Langley, arrived here Tuesday. This is his first visit to St. Joe. Miss Mattie White has been quite sick the past week, but is slowly recovering her usual health. And now the Cornua Head Light calls Oliver Widney a "mugwump." O. H. has enough handles to his name to make him feel like a big man. Vester Widney is getting along as well as could be expected. His limb being broken at the knee, and in the condition he is, the process of uniting and healing is very slow. He suffers considerable. The Y. P. T. L. A. will meet at the residence of Mrs. J. D. Leighty, on Wednesday evening, July 6th, '87. The following program has been prepared. Select Reading by Emma Tustison; Declamation by Clarence Hull; Essay by Nina Filley; Impersonation by Leona Tustison; Select Reading by Will Olds; Declamation by George Shuler; Select Reading by Prudie Lounsberry; Impersonation by Addie Widney; Declamation by Frank Hart.

The Auburn bath rooms are now in running order.

Hicksville will go to Paulding to celebrate the Fourth.

Mr. and Mrs. Sell Bowen returned to Ohio last Saturday.

Festival at Spencerville to-morrow evening. You are invited.

Case & Olds are selling a number one Hammock for \$1.00.

G. V. James and wife visited friends at Butler Sunday afternoon.

All the county papers speak of the old settler's meeting as being a success.

Mrs. E. Zimmerman visited in town over last Sunday the guest of Mrs. M. E. Olds.

The corner stone for the new church at Spencerville will be laid to-morrow afternoon.

George P. Robinson of La Grange visited friends in this place the latter part of last week.

There was a social at Ella Wilmot's last Friday evening. The St. Joe band furnished the music.

Quite a number of the ladies of the W. C. T. U. of this place will attend the temperance picnic at Maysville, on the 4th of July.

John Leighty is selling the "Life of Gen. Logan." It is a fine book and will no doubt sell well, especially among the G. A. R's.

Mrs. W. B. McClaran after spending several weeks with friends here and Spencerville returned to North Baltimore, Ohio, last Saturday.

After ten days of pleasure among home and friends, Cash Lounsberry returned to his work at St. Paul, Minn. last Thursday night.

Leo will celebrate the 1th with a tub and sack race and the grandest display of fire works ever seen. Two sky rockets and one spinning wheel.

James Ables Esq., had some trouble in capturing a run-a-way hive of bees one day last week. James says he will kill all the bees he has in the fall.

John Leighty and Stanley Van Fleit went to Auburn last Friday on particular business, they said. We are inclined to think there were some girls in the case.

So far as we have heard there is not to be a celebration in the county on the 4th of July. What's the matter with old De Kalb? Has she lost all of her patriotism?

Just the time of year for lawn dresses. Case & Olds have a nice assortment of lawns, both in blacks, creams and whites, figured and plain. Call and look them over.

Last week's Hicksville News contained a cut of the editor of that paper out riding on a bicycle; at least we took it to be him. From appearances we would suppose that he is quite an expert at the business.

The Dispatch pitches into our "Holdover" again last week roughshod. "Holdover" says he would like to know who that man is that done a two dollar job of grading for ten dollars. He wants to pay him his money.

Dan Baker pretends to be a sort of a prohibitionist, but while at the elevator the other day we noticed a jug and long-necked bottle stored away nicely behind a wheat bin. Dan said it was oil for oiling up the machinery. Yes, I expose so.

The bills for the festival at Spencerville Saturday evening say "come and mingle shy glances and moonlight rambles with ice cream and lemonade." That may suit some folks, but we don't want any shy glances and moonlight rambles mixed up with our ice cream and lemonade. We want it straight.

## STUBBORN FACTS.

The Champion is sold under the strongest warranty to do the work well, with ease to the driver and the team, to be well made of the first quality of material, to be more durable and less liable to get out of repair than any other binder made. Since its first introduction the Champion has been the most successful of all harvesting machines. To the well-to-do farmer, who is willing to pay a fair price on fair terms of credit for a first-class implement, we offer the Champion Binder as the best and cheapest machine in the market. For prices, terms &c. call on

## SHUTT & WHITE.

## A Clock or a Watch Given Away

to draw trade is not legitimate business, and we do not intend to make such an offer, but if you will call at the Drugstore, we will show you a nice line of Clocks. Watch the latest and very handsomest styles of Lace Pins, Necklaces, Scarf Pins, Rings, Cuff and Collar Buttons, Chains, Chains, Chains, at prices that cannot help but please.

G. E. EMANUEL, M. D., Physician and Surgeon, Spencerville, Ind. Office in J. Emanuel & Son's Drug Store. All calls promptly answered.

HOUSE PAINTING, Graining, Glazing, Paper Hanging and Ceiling Decorating a specialty. All work guaranteed. B. A. Woodcox. Call and see me, or leave orders at the St. Joe Drugstore.

### ST. JOE MARKETS.

COLLECTED EVERY FRIDAY.

Wheat	74 cts.
Oats	27 cts.
Corn	40 cts.
Butter	69 cts.
Eggs	12 cts.
Tallow	34 cts.
Lard	10 cts.
Potatoes	60 cts.
Smoked Hams	10 cts.
Shoulders and Side Meat	8 cts.

### Baltimore & Ohio R. R.

Trains Leave St. Joe as follows:

WESTBOUND.	
No. 9 Mail and Express	11:05 A. M.
17 Accommodation	4:18 P. M.
3 Chicago Express	10:42 P. M.
35 Local Freight	3:42 P. M.
EAST BOUND.	
No. 10 Express and Mail	2:08 P. M.
16 Accommodation	10:28 A. M.
4 Morning Express	4:55 A. M.
34 Local Freight	7:50 A. M.
G. V. JAMES, AGENT.	

Dr. Murphy was in town one day last week.

Frank Meek made us a pleasant call Tuesday.

Nelson Scholes is giving his house a coat of slate.

Get your machine oil at Patterson's Drugstore.

If you want any painting done call on Barney Woodcox.

Call at M. Tustison's grocery for full cream cheese. Prices low.

Geo. Hamm cut the first wheat in this section on the 23rd of June. How is that for early?

## STAR WIND ENGINE



## TAKES THE LEAD

H. A. WISMAKER, NEWVILLE, IND. Has the agency for this county. Call on him, or write for prices on Wind Mills, Pumps, Engines, &c. A good Regulator. See it before you buy.



The glorious old Fourth of July has cum round agin, hasn't it? It seems to git hear once a year party reglar, and altho it iz now on its 111th annual tower, the peopel ov the United States make jist az much fuss over it az tha did wen it was but an infant in its mother's arms. The Forth is the tyme wen men git full ov patriotism. In earlier days patriotism used to konsist of love for one's kountry, but in these moor modern tynes it often cumms put up in pint, half pint and quart bottles. Tu the smol boy the Forth ov Juli has mana charmes; tu him it iz a day ov noise an racket, an the moor racket ho kan make the happier he iz. And tu the young-fello who iz jist on the verge ov blushing manhood, who's appar lip iz jist beginning tu down ovar with it's furst fuzz, tu him it is the one grate brite spot in the hole year. The fact iz evera body enjoys the excitement with the Forth ov Juli awlways brings.

Barcus Q. Hippenhammer.



## REMINISCENCES OF PUBLIC MEN.

BY BEN: PERLEY POORE.

Prof. Morse having by many experiments proved that information could be transmitted between distant points by means of electricity, went to Washington, and in February of 1838 exhibited his machine to the President, his Cabinet and a large assembly of the members of both Houses. The subject was soon after brought before Congress, and an appropriation asked for to construct a telegraph line between Washington and Baltimore. Thirty thousand dollars, it was said, would be sufficient for the purpose, and as the amount was so small it was supposed it would be granted at once; but like many other great measures of public utility, it was nearly killed by delay. Large bodies, it was said, move slowly, and never was the axiom more forcibly illustrated than in this case. The Committee on Commerce, to which the subject had been referred, reported promptly and favorably, recommending that an appropriation of \$30,000, the required amount, be granted for the construction of the proposed line. Week after week passed without any notice being taken of the report, month succeeded month, and still Congress took no action on it. Prof. Morse, however, was not easily discouraged. He worked with untiring energy in his studio at the University, for the means to support himself in Washington during the sessions of Congress, and in the midst of the greatest difficulties, the false promises of politicians, the indifference of pretended friends and the delays and vexations of tedious legislation, labored with the most determined perseverance to secure the passage of the bill reported by the committee.

The first year passed, the second was near its close, and still there appeared to be no prospect that it would be acted upon. Prof. Morse, during the interval between the sessions, went to England, having secured his invention here, and endeavored to obtain a patent from the British Government, but he was unsuccessful there and in France. Returning to the United States, he proceeded immediately to Washington, where he renewed his endeavors to procure the passage of the bill granting the appropriation of \$30,000. Toward the close of the session of 1841, the House of Representatives took it up and passed it by a large majority, and it only remained for the action of the Senate. Its progress through this House, as might be supposed, was watched with the most intense anxiety by Prof. Morse. There were only two days before the close of the session, and it was found on examination of the calendar that 143 bills had precedence of it. Prof. Morse had nearly reached the bottom of his purse, his hard-earned savings were almost spent, and although he had struggled on with undying hope for many years, it is hardly to be wondered at if he felt disheartened now. On the last night of the session he remained till 9 o'clock, and then left without the slightest hope that the bill would be passed. He returned to his hotel, counted his money, and found that after paying his expenses to New York he would have 75 cents left. That night he went to bed sad, but not without hope for the future. The next morning, as he was going to breakfast, a waiter informed him that a young lady was in the parlor waiting to see him. He went immediately, and found that the young lady was Miss Ellsworth, daughter of the Commissioner of Patents, who had been his most steadfast friend, while in Washington.

"I come," said she, "to congratulate you."

"For what?" said Prof. Morse.

"On the passage of your bill," she replied.

"Oh, no, you must be mistaken," said he. "I remained in the Senate until a late hour last night, and there was no prospect of its being reached."

"Am I the first, then," she exclaimed joyfully, "to tell you?"

"Yes, if it is really so."

"Well," she continued, "father remained until the adjournment, and heard it passed, and I asked him if I might run over and tell you."

"Annie," said the professor, his emotion almost choking his utterance, "Annie, the first message that is sent from Washington to Baltimore shall be sent from you."

"Well," she replied, "I will keep you to your word."

While the line was in process of com-

pletion, Prof. Morse was in New York, and upon receiving intelligence that it was in working order, he wrote to those in charge, telling them not to transmit any message over it till his arrival. He then set out for Washington, and on reaching that city sent a note to Miss Ellsworth, informing her that he was now ready to fulfill his promise, and asked her what message he should send.

To this he received the following reply: "What has God wrought!" words that ought to be written in characters of living light. The message was twice repeated, and each time with the greatest success. As soon as the result of the experiment was made known, Gov. Seymour, of Connecticut, who was afterward United States Minister to St. Petersburg, called upon Prof. Morse and claimed the first message for his State, on the ground that Miss Ellsworth was a native of Hartford. I need scarcely add that his claim was admitted, and, engraved in letters of gold, it was displayed conspicuously in the archives of the Historical Society of Connecticut.

Numerous claimants have arisen since then to contest the right of Prof. Morse to the invention of electric telegraph; but the whole scientific world now recognizes our distinguished countryman as the first to prove the practicability of transmitting intelligence between distant points through the agency of the electric current.

Prof. Henry undertook, before his death, to set up a claim to the discovery, and Prof. Jackson, of Boston, who also endeavored to rob Dr. Morton of the honor of having discovered the anesthetic properties of ether, undertook to assert that he was the discoverer of the electric telegraph. England presented rival claimants, but finally admitted, to use the words of one of her ablest scientists, "That the merit of inventing the modern telegraph, and applying it on a grand scale to the public use, is, beyond all controversy, due to Prof. Morse of the United States."

Mrs. Hayes used to devote Sabbath evenings at the White House to song. The editor of a reliable newspaper, who was invited to join one of these domestic sacred concerts, met the President and Mrs. Hayes, their nieces, Misses Platt and Foote, their son Webb, the Vice President, Gen. Sherman and daughter, Secretary Schurz, Attorney General Devens, Senator Ferry, Gen. Hastings, Congressman McKinley, Assistant Surgeon General Woodward and wife and Mr. Dickinson, private secretary of the Vice President. Mrs. Woodward took the piano, and the first hymn sung was "Jesus, Lover of My Soul," followed by "Majestic Sweetness Sits Enthroned," "Jesus, Let Thy Pitying Eye," "Pass Me not, O Gentle Saviour," "My Days Are Gliding Swiftly By," "Nearer My God to Thee," "Tell Me the Old, Old Story." The singing of such hymns filled up the hour, closing with

Bless be the tie that binds  
Our hearts in Christian love.

A season of genial conversation, and the company broke up. No cant, no assumed solemnity, marred the hour. It was a time of Christian cheerfulness.

### A Chinese Sell.

I was specially requested not to give it away. Please don't repeat it. But the late flower show, you know, where they sold bouquets of choice roses at 75 cents for one night, and made the men pay \$2 for a buttonhole all the rest of the time. Shrewd; indeed, it was. One night there was a great stir. A very swell Chinaman walked in in gorgeous robes. He came up to the bon-bon stand and smiled on the ladies. He put down his money and bought something with Oriental dignity. The ladies whispered to one another, "The Chinese Consul," and he paraded around followed by an admiring crowd of girls until he reached the flower stand, and one of the ladies said: "Ah, Let's come down to see the show?"

It was the cook of her elegant establishment in the Western Addition.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

### She Could Distinguish Them.

"Speaking of Mrs. Robinson and Mrs. Jones," remarked Fangle, "they resemble each other very much."

"Yes, they look a great deal alike," assented Mrs. Fangle.

"In fact, I can't tell them apart; but I suppose you can, my dear?"

"Well, I should just think I could. Why, Mrs. Jones' bonnets costs four times as much as Mrs. Robinson's.—*Oil City Derrick.*

## THE GOSPEL OF DOGS.

An Affecting Conversation Which Nearly Led to Manslaughter.

As we sailed down from Syracuse I fell asleep, but the old gentleman sitting beside me grew so restless and fidgety that he roused me; says Bob Burdette, in the *Brooklyn Eagle*. In the seat in front of us a lady and gentleman were carrying on one of those intellectual conversations that are evidently intended for the whole car, and tend to make travel such a rare pleasure to a man who has just escaped from the asylum. I lost the opening chapters of the dialogue, but it was evident that the lady wanted to buy a "dawg," and the gentleman knew all about "dawgs." She wanted a setter.

"Red or liver-colored?" he asked.

"Oh," she didn't care; just so it was a handsome setter. "I do so love a beautiful setter. And I never had one, and I just long for one."

"Well," he said, "they are beautiful dogs. I couldn't live without dogs. There's something so loving about a dog."

"So human," she said, "so more than human. There is nothing in all this world so devoted as a dog's affection."

"That's so. A dog's love is perfectly unselfish. If you feed him he loves you; if you beat him he still loves you."

"Oh," she cried, "how can any one beat a dog? I hate a man who can be cruel to a dog!"

"So do I. I'd shoot a man in a minute if I saw him kick one of my dogs."

"Oh, how happy you must be!"

"Yes, and there isn't a room in my house too good for those dogs, and they know it, too. You know my big black Newfoundland, St. Augustine Le Claire. I paid \$100 for him. Well, he sleeps in my room, and often he climbs right up on the bed and sleeps there."

"Oh, isn't that too cunning for anything?"

"Yes, my dogs live all over the house. Then my wife has three dogs of her own, that makes ten altogether. It seems like a good many."

"But yet you couldn't spare one."

"Oh, no. The house would seem lonely without them. They always welcome me when I come home; they're always glad to see me. Last spring when my Siberian bloodhound, Charlemagne, died, I thought my wife would go wild. She cried herself into hysteria, and went to bed, gave up society, put on mourning, and locked the piano. I couldn't eat anything myself for days. I felt as though I had lost a son."

"You have children, haven't you, Mr. Kennellthorpe?"

"Oh, yes; I have three—two boys and a girl—no, two girls—no, no; what am I thinking of? They're all girls."

Here the old gentleman collared me and dragged me furiously into the smoking car, where he backed me up against the wood box and held me fiercely by the collar.

"That's the cause of my hydrophobia," he howled. "That's the kind of stuff that makes a man mad! The bite of a mad dog is healing balm after such rot as that. One hundred dollars for a dog! Buy all the curs that ever yelped. I can buy 100 dogs for \$1, and then I'd only keep one, and I'd kill him! Am I right?"

I feebly said "Amén!"

"You are saved," he said, relaxing his hold; and now let us sit down and smoke one of the train-boy's non-combustible cigars, for I must nerve myself to a deed of awful justice."

"What is it you'll do?"

"I am going to kill that man when he gets off the train, and at the same time you will kill the woman, or I shall kill you."

But when we got to Utica they rushed the old gentleman off and took him to the asylum. And I was the only man on the train who knew what drove him mad.

No.

How differently people can pronounce that simple monosyllable "No." One says it so offensively that it tingles in the ear like an insult, or strikes you like a blow in the face; another gives it so gentle an intonation that it is relieved of all severity and almost sounds like an assent. That is characteristic of a woman's "No" frequently, and lovers have often translated it so with but feeble opposition. Some men pride themselves upon the firmness with which they can say "No." Firmness is commendable when necessity demands it, but "No" need not be pronounced

at all times with the weight and severity of a steam-hammer. Offensive, many times, to his business associates, the man who thunders "No!" on all occasions is the terror of wife and children at home. They dread to ask a favor of him, knowing well that if he refuse it will come like a thunder-clap. —*Texas Siftings.*

### Mental Training in Childhood.

Modern biologists have found little difficulty in tracing the first mental processes of early childhood to that faculty of imitation which is the common possession of all highly organized animals. For a considerable period of time beyond infancy, indeed, the mental development of a child may be entirely the result of example and imitation. Yet it seems clearly evident that this sort of training is not only unsatisfactory and dangerous in its results and tendencies but it tends directly to develop unpleasant personal characteristics or abnormal intellectual processes. A rational and coherent system of education and mental discipline is as necessary to the symmetrical intellectual growth of a child of tender years as a proper diet is to the development of its muscular system. Nobody at least no parent—would dream of denying this; yet comparatively few are found who steadily apply the principle in practice. Fairy stories of one sort or another are the heritage of all the children, while in many families the value of mental discipline as applied to very young children is a thing unrecognized and unknown. The child whose smart sayings and unexpected movements betoken an intellect more than ordinarily active is encouraged as an amusement and exhibited to visitors as a prodigy, and too frequently its infantile eccentricities are given so free a rein that general discomfort to the household is the result. The rational and legitimate supervision which should be exercised by the head of the family is usually relaxed in favor of the bright child, who, more than the others, should in truth be an object of constant solicitude. The parental idea of watchfulness over the developing mind may easily include and involve errors that result in confusion, as is seen when a child's babbling passes, by some quick transition of word to deed, into an act of wrong-doing whose consequences may be disastrous and irreparable. Experience through many generations has shown that the plastic and impressionable brain of childhood may retain a distinct perception of the methods of evil, while the mischief, the folly, and sin involved are ideas which the dawning intelligence may fail to grasp. The wisest course of training, therefore, should exclude all possibility of the introduction into the awakening mind of strange suggestions which may be interpreted by the child in a manner not to be foreseen by those in whom the intellectual powers have been ripened and rendered stable by the experience of years.—*Philadelphia Record.*

### Railways in China.

Engineers and capitalists have for some time past regarded the Celestial Empire as offering one of the most promising fields for railway enterprises that still remains unoccupied. They have manifested, consequently, a very strong desire to possess it. A dense population and large natural resources give undoubted assurance of success, could the officials who guard the imperial conservatism once be propitiated. But this is an obstacle which the most importunate diplomacy has not succeeded in overcoming. If one glances at the late history of China, however, her unwillingness to entertain any foreign propositions, without very careful consideration indeed, can easily be understood. The assertion is constantly being made that the empire is about to throw off her orientalism, and to become in effect an annex to Europe, as far as the adoption of western civilization and methods can produce such a transformation. But the change, has not come, and those familiar with her modes of thought do not regard it as possible until some years have passed. Her contact with western methods has not shown them to be altogether alluring. From experience, the Chinese officials have come to have a positive dread of the promoters of foreign enterprises.

### Censure.

Censure is most effectual when mixed with praise; so when a fault is discovered it is well to look up a virtue to go in company with it.



## NO WONDER IT COMES HIGH.

The Manufacture of Cut-Glass. The Reason Why It Costs So Much.

Symonds Standard.

Cut glass comes high, and it is no wonder. Down at Corning the other day I saw them making it, and though the half-gilded village of the southern tier is a very difficult place to reach from Syracuse, I felt repaid for the hardship of travel in what I had the privilege of seeing. Corning, N. Y., is getting bold advertisements the world over from this industry. Until the manufacture of cut glass was begun there several years ago by James Hore, it was thought to be as much a secret of foreign art as the making of hair springs for watches. Thomas Webb, of London, was the master of crystal cutting, and on the tables of half the monarchs of the old world his wares have an honorable place. Nowadays connoisseurs in these things concede that as fine cutting is done at Corning as abroad. The imitation of glass in this form has ceased almost entirely. Corning happened to have a glass works where a prime article in transparency was made. "That's what took me so far out of the world," said Mr. Hore, as he stood in the midst of his treasures, clad in a frowsy working blouse, with his sleeves rolled up. It is the greatest pride of the celebrated cutter that no man in his establishment can do so good a job as he can himself. All his riches will not take him out of the realm of buzzing wheels where the glass is going through the cutting process. There are seven of these, all of which require skilled labor of a high order, and at none of which can hurry be indulged. The prismatic intricacies of the ware are completed on a variety of wheels, supplied with sea-sand and dripping water. The most delicate colors are produced by the employment of wheels of various sizes. While I stood by, an artisan was cutting in relief the crest of the Prince of Wales on a set of goblets ordered by a wealthy Anglomane. The three wavy plumes in this heraldic sign were brought out with all the effectiveness of a cameo under the dainty touch of the workmen. Mr. Hore told me that the lead glass used for cutting costs him 60 cents a pound. There is a loss of over 50 per cent. in weight in producing the finished piece from the uncut vessel. The manufacture of this glass is in itself very interesting. The establishment is entirely distinct. All the bulbs used in the millions of electric lamps of the Edison plants throughout the world are made at these works. A small army of men were filling orders of this kind the day I walked through. At the Corning works the crucibles in which the glass is melted are now being made. For years it was thought necessary to import them, and as it is, their manufacture is a trade of itself. Talk about the mud-pies of our childhood, here is where you see the identical pranks of the gutter applied to a valuable industry. The wet clay is kneaded and mixed in troughs by men in bare feet, who give it the required consistency by repetitions of the process carried on for whole days. Then the clay is rolled into strips about the diameter of a bologna sausage and in the hands of modelers built little by little in the desired form. Each crucible represents a labor worth over \$100. They are left to dry in a store-room for eighteen months before put to the fearful test in the furnaces.

### Narcissus.

The fabulous story of Narcissus, as related by Ovid, is that he was the son of Cepheus, one of the Grecian River gods, and the nymph Liriope. He was uncommonly beautiful and fell so violently in love with himself on beholding his image in a fountain, that he wasted away with desire, until he was changed into the flower of the same name. He was beloved by the nymph Echo. In various ways this story has been wrought in verse; this by Gay:

"Here young Narcissus o'er the fountain stood,  
And viewed his image in the crystal flood;  
The crystal flood reflects his lovely charms,  
And the pleased image strives to meet his arms.  
No nymph his inexperienced breast subdued,  
Echo, in vain, the flying boy pursued.  
Himself alone, the foolish youth adores,  
And with fond look the smiling shade desires:  
O'er the smooth lake with fruitless tears he grieves;  
His spreading fingers shoot in variant leaves;  
Through his pale veins green sap now gently flows,  
And in a short-lived flower his beauty flows."

The Narcissus is one of the most popular of bulbs for forcing. Large quantities of it are raised for florists' use. The varieties most in demand for

this purpose are Paper White and the Double Roman Narcissus; the Jonquillare, also, largely used in this way. Amateurs will find all the varieties of Polyanthus Narcissus exceedingly interesting and easily raised as pot plants. The pure colors and the fragrance of these flowers are highly attractive and pleasing. The varieties of the Single and Double Narcissus are quite hardy, but the Polyanthus varieties are tender in this region in the open ground, and require to be well protected when planted out. They should be set in the open border in the same manner as Tulip bulbs. In potting them, place one bulb in a five or six-inch pot, and keep the neck of the bulb even with the surface of the soil, and otherwise treat the same as Hyacinths. Narcissus bulbs can also be bloomed in water.—*Pick's Magazine.*

### Riding on Turtles.

At Smithfield, N. C., monster green turtles, weighing as much as fifteen hundred pounds each, frequent the beach all the way down to Fort Caswell, four miles below the town. People eat their eggs, but do not eat the turtles. Beach parties of young folks go down there, gathering beautiful shells, have dances on the hard sand in the moonlight, roast oysters, and have fun with the turtles. When a female turtle wishes to lay her eggs she crawls up the sandy beach to a place that suits her fancy, digs with her flippers a big hole in the sand, and then lays in the hole two hundred or three hundred eggs. The eggs are not dumped in a pile, but laid out smoothly and neatly in rows. When she commences laying it makes no odds to her how large a beach party stands around superintending the process. She attends strictly to business, and even if the eggs are taken from the hole as fast as she lays them, it does not at all discourage or frighten her. When she gets through she scrapes the sand back into the hole, whether the eggs are there or not, and starts back to the water. That is the time for the beach party to have fun with her. As many of them as can mount her big dome-like back do so, and she carries them down to the water's edge, where they jump off and she goes on. She does not seem to mind their weight or show any disposition to resent their good-natured familiarity. Sometimes they turn her over on her back, but after she has helplessly pawed the air for a little while they right her again and she waddles off.—*New York Times.*

### Welsh Wisdom.

Three things of short continuance—a lady's love, a chip fire, and a brook flood.

Three miseries of a man's house—a smoky chimney, a dripping roof, and a scolding wife.

Three things that ought never to be from home—the cat, the chimney, and the house-wife.

Three essentials to a false storyteller—a good memory, a bold face, and fools for an audience.

Three things that are as good as the best—brown bread in famine, well-water in thirst, and a gray coat in cold.

Three things that are seen in a peacock—the garb of an angel, the walk of a thief, and the voice of the devil.

Three things it is unwise to boast of—the flavor of thy ale, the beauty of thy wife, and the contents of thy purse.

Three warnings from the grave—"Thou knowest what I was; thou seest what I am; remember what thou art to be."

Three things that never become rusty—the money of the benevolent, the shoes of the butcher's horse, and a woman's tongue.

Three things not easily done—to allay thirst with fire, to dry wet with water, and to please all in everything that is done.

Three things as good as their better—dirty water to extinguish the fire, an ugly wife to a blind man, and a wooden sword to a coward.

### An Old German Bible.

John Conrad, Preston, Ills., has in his possession a German bible which was printed in the fifteenth century, being 365 years old. It is 16 inches long, 10 inches deep, 6½ inches thick and weighs from fourteen to sixteen pounds. It also has a register of the Conrad family for 200 years. Its binding is made of suble leather, and lined with hard wood and bolted together. It is in a remarkably good state of preservation.—*New Orleans Times-Democrat.*

## Good Health

You cannot have without pure blood; therefore, to keep well, purify the blood by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla. This medicine is peculiarly designed to act upon the blood, and through that upon all the organs and tissues of the body. It has a specific action, also, upon the secretions and excretions, and assists nature to expel from the system all humors, impure particles, and effete matter through the lungs, liver, bowels, kidneys, and skin. It effectually aids weak, impaired, and debilitated organs, invigorates the nervous system, tones the digestion, and imparts new life and energy.

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The Original and Only Genuine.

Safe and always reliable. Beware of worthless imitations. Ladies, ask your Druggist for "Chichester's English" and take no other, or inclose to stamps for us for particulars in letter by return mail. Name paper. CHICHESTER CHEMICAL CO., 2513 Madison Square, Philada., Pa. Sold by Druggists everywhere. Ask for "Chichester's English" Pennyroyal Pills. Take no other.

**PILES** Dr. Williams' Indian Pile Ointment is a sure cure for blind, bleeding or itching piles. Cure guaranteed. Price 50c and \$1. At druggists or mailed by Walling, Kinnear & Marvin, Wholesale Agents, Toledo, Ohio.

## A MAN

WHO IS UNACQUAINTED WITH THE GEOGRAPHY OF THIS COUNTRY, WILL SEE BY EXAMINING THIS MAP, THAT THE



### CHICAGO, ROCK ISLAND & PACIFIC RY

By reason of its central position, close relation to principal lines East of Chicago and continuous lines at terminal points West, Northwest and Southwest—is the only true middle-link in that transcontinental system which invites and facilitates travel and traffic in either direction between the Atlantic and Pacific.

The Rock Island main line and branches include Chicago, Joliet, Ottawa, La Salle, Peoria, Geneseo, Moline and Rock Island, in Illinois; Davenport, Muscatine, Washington, Fairfield, Ottumwa, Oskaloosa, West Liberty, Iowa City, Des Moines, Indianola, Winterset, Atlantic, Knoxville, Audubon, Harlan, Guthrie Centre and Council Bluffs, in Iowa; Gallatin, Trenton, St. Joseph, Cameron and Kansas City, in Missouri; Leavenworth and Atchison, in Kansas; Albert Lea, Minneapolis and St. Paul, in Minnesota; Watertown in Dakota, and hundreds of intermediate cities, towns and villages.

### THE GREAT ROCK ISLAND ROUTE

Guarantees Speed, Comfort and Safety to those who travel over it. Its roadbed is thoroughly ballasted. Its track is of heavy steel. Its bridges are solid structures of stone and iron. Its rolling stock is perfect as human skill can make it. It has all the safety appliances that mechanical genius has invented and experience proved valuable. Its practical operation is conservative and methodical—its discipline strict and exacting. The luxury of its passenger accommodations is unequalled in the West—unsurpassed in the world.

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For a woman to say she does not use Procter & Gamble's Lenox Soap, is to admit she is "behind the times." Nobody uses ordinary soap now they can get "Lenox."



## SEEN IN A HOSPITAL.

Some Remarkable Work Done with Surgeons' Knives.

[New York-Mail and Express.]

A woman who was a private patient for several weeks in a leading hospital in this city consented to tell a reporter some interesting facts in regard to the operations performed. They are remarkable instances of medical and surgical skill. The lady was never in a hospital, and was quite curious to observe the actions of patients, nurses, and surgeons. She had an interesting experience with her next-door neighbor, who was suffering from dementia. The second night of her stay he jumped out of bed and shouted "Murder!" and "Police!" until half the hospital was aroused and nurses and attendants, orderlies and doctors came rushing to the scene. As that weird cry of murder rang and echoed through the long halls and corridors the effect was remarkable. An engineer in one of the private rooms, with crushed head and almost senseless, ceased his low moans of pain and listened. He had been brought to the hospital two days before after falling down an elevator shaft and striking on his head, sustaining an injury which, upon examination, proved to be a compound fracture of the skull. A very skillful operation was performed by the attending surgeons. His brains were entirely removed and broken pieces of the skull extracted, and the uninjured portions of the brain returned to their place. Even the little 3-months-old babe brought there with club feet, now straightened with brace and bandage, ceased its wailings of pain and listened too. A little 3-year-old boy with a broken leg, who had been moaning all day and calling for his mother, hushed his cries, and, clutching the bedclothes, lay with wide-open eyes the remainder of the night. In the woman's ward was a poor creature who had fallen from a fourth-story window, breaking both legs, three ribs, and sustaining internal injuries. The sound of the alarm below partially aroused her from her lethargy, and she began calling for the little children who were playing on the floor of her tenement room when she fell. Although everything was done for her at the hospital, the poor woman died the next day. The old man was finally coaxed back to his room, and the door locked this time to prevent another escapade.

"It is astonishing," said the lady, "to witness what is accomplished in difficult surgery at the hospitals, even in these days of scientific discoveries and achievements. If I should tell one-half of what I saw and heard during the three weeks of my stay I would scarcely be believed. After almost cutting people in pieces and putting them together again, and keeping them in bed a couple of weeks they turn them out cured. And it is done so easily. The simplest remedies possible, and system and regularity in every detail are strictly observed. The service is admirable. Only trained and experienced nurses, male and female, are employed, and then the conveniences and paraphernalia are so perfect. The ambulance comes and goes, and brings patient after patient. If their injuries are slight the wounds are dressed, and they are sent away; if serious they are immediately taken to the operating-room, and from thence to the wards. No questions are asked, no gossiping is allowed, and one of the nurses said to me, when she thought I was too inquisitive: 'We are here to work and not to talk.'

"One day I noticed unusual excitement among the orderlies, and my nurse informed me she would have to leave me for a couple of hours in charge of the nurse from the next ward. A middle-aged gentleman suffering from a cancer on his tongue had entered the hospital to be operated upon. The

seriousness of the case caused the flutter of excitement among the nurses. The scent of ether was in the air, and we knew the new patient was being conveyed to the operating-room. Two hours passed and he did not return. Another hour and the orderlies bore him to his room. The operation had been entirely successful. Some of the teeth were extracted and the under jaw had to be sawed apart in sections and turned down over the neck, while about two-thirds of the tongue and roots were removed; then the separated jaw was reunited, the head and face bandaged, and two hours after he was sleeping like a babe.

"The service in a first-class hospital, it seems to me, is the best medical and surgical skill that science can command. The great benevolence and self-denial with which the physicians work in such institutions are to be greatly admired. I want to say to all who are afflicted that to be conveyed to a hospital is by no means to be conveyed to the grave."

### THE HIGHLAND CROFTERS.

The crofters are a class of people living in the highlands of Scotland and in the islands north and west of that country. They are tenants or holders of small portions of land called crofts, land which lies in a valley or glen closely inclosed by hills. The crofts are small—at most but a few acres. Simple cottages—often rude and inconvenient—are built; the crofters cultivate their bit of land, own a few cows and sheep, and live in a certain kind of comfort; at least, they did a hundred years ago, and some of them continue to do so yet.

The houses of the crofters are usually divided into three rooms, a kitchen, a bed-room, and a room for the cattle, all being sheltered under the same roof. If some cottages of the better-kind have more extended accommodations, others are far less commodious, there often being no separating line between the family and the cattle. The land in Scotland requires much cultivation, and the crofters work hard for a living. If crops are scanty any year, they are forced to sell some of their cows or sheep to buy food. In connection with the crofts there are usually mountain pasture-lands, which are used in common as grazing-places for sheep and cattle. The women make their clothing from the wool, and oatmeal and milk are the chief articles of food.

Very simple are the crofters in their mode of life; they are able to obtain little education, and the struggle for bread is too continuous to allow much recreation, except what may be found in social intercourse when the hard day's work is done. But the highland crofter is brave, kind, courteous, and honest by nature, and his attachment to his native land is strong as life itself. He loves his wild, barren, heath-covered fells; he loves his sheltered glen, his lowly cottage. It is home—has been, perhaps, the home of his ancestors for generations—and no motives of gain or hope of bettering his condition would tempt him to leave his native land, or the special spot which has long been home, unless absolute lack of bread compelled.

Many times during the present century the crofters have been treated with great severity, and even cruelty, by the owners of the land on which they live or by their managing "factors," or agents. So that in many parts of the highlands and adjacent islands they are now reduced to a most deplorable condition, and their grievances have attracted much attention, not only in Great Britain, but in this and other countries. — *Illustrated Christian Weekly.*

HENRY J. RAYMOND once said: "There are very few things in this world worth getting angry about, and they are precisely the things which anger does not help."

J. H. CONRAD,

DEALER IN

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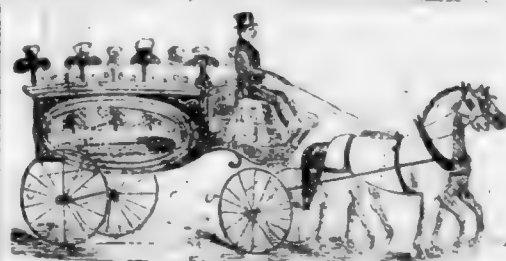
Farmers will save money by seeing me before buying. I will call on you with a sample in a few days. R. G. Coburn, St. Joe, Ind.

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Having returned from Tennessee, I will assist again in

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in short all kinds of Rope, Tackle and Jack-screw Work. Having had 15 years experience, and improved machinery, I feel safe in guaranteeing satisfaction. Heavy and difficult work a specialty. Correspondence solicited. Direct all communications to H. or M. Milliman, St. Joe Station, Ind., or A. Monroe, Hicksville, Ohio.

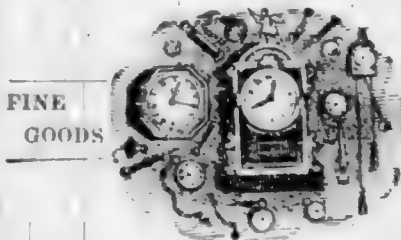


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# THE ST. JOE NEWS.

VOL. I.

ST. JOE, IND., FRIDAY, JULY 8, 1887.

NO. 24.

## Churches.

### DISCIPLE.

SERVICES every alternate Sunday evening, in the Lutheran church. Cottage prayer meeting every Friday evening.

J. A. THOMAS, PASTOR.

### METHODIST PROTESTANT.

SERVICES every alternate Sunday at 10:30 A. M. Prayer meeting every Tuesday evening. Sunday School at 9:30 A. M.

J. M. LANGLEY, PASTOR.

### EVANGELICAL LUTHERAN.

SERVICES every Sunday, one Sunday in the morning at 10:30, and the following Sunday in the evening. Prayer meeting every Thursday evening. Sunday School at 9:30 A. M.

S. P. FRYBERGER, PASTOR.

## Societies.

### G. A. R.

REGULAR meetings on Saturday evening on or before the full moon of each month, at their hall over Leighty's store.

O. H. WIDNEY, COMMANDER.  
J. M. MILLIMAN, ADJUTANT.

## Business Notices.

H. W. BOWMAN, M. D., Physician and Surgeon, St. Joe, Ind., Office opposite the Drugstore.

ST. JOE HOTEL, Wm. Leighty, proprietor. Special attention given to furnishing teams for commercial men.

B. S. SHEFFER, M. D., Physician and Surgeon, St. Joe, Ind. Prompt and careful attention to all business entrusted to his care.

ST. JOE BARBER SHOP, one door west of hotel, Will Gee, proprietor. Satisfaction guaranteed. Your patronage is solicited.

FILLEY, LOUNSBERRY AND SHULER, proprietors of the St. Joe Saw and Planing Mill. All work promptly done. Cash paid for Oak Logs.

CITY BARBER SHOP, St. Joe, Ind., John Hull, proprietor. Shaving, Hair Cutting &c. done in the best of style. Come and see me. Two doors west of Kinsey's Furniture Store.

SIMON WINELAND, proprietor St. Joe Handle and Feed Mills. Feed grinding a specialty. Highest prices paid for second growth White Ash. Enquire at the mill for full particulars.

## INDIANA STATE NEWS.

A most distressing case of poverty was revealed at Indianapolis. A deaf mute, Hiram Mobley, who has a wife and three children, was recently turned out of a house on Washington street, on the other side of the river, and the family have been unable since to provide themselves with permanent shelter. The youngest child, about three months old, became ill, and the father took the sick child to the room which he formerly occupied, where the poverty-stricken family watched it die. It was a distressing sight to witness their grief, which the mother and father could only make known by signs. The coroner was notified, and after holding an inquest, reached the conclusion that death resulted from starvation.

The following patents have been granted to Indiana inventors: James Boyd and W. F. Goldenburg, Vevay, gate; Francis A. Coffin, assignor to Indianapolis Cabinet Company, letter file; James N. Crabb, Richmond, horse collar; Henry B. Lowe, Kokomo, tax duplicate and receipt; Frank Prox, Terre Haute, sectional steam boiler; Franz P. H. Prox, Terre Haute, radiator; Harvey J. Schrock, Goschen, automatic gate; Mark A. Smith and J. Nurte, Evansville, washboard; Clarence C. Sprinkle, Majenica, barn-door fastening; Rudolph Stackwisch, Cory, combined harrow and cultivator; William Thom, Indianapolis, lock-seam elbow machine.

At Ireland, Huntington County, Ollie, the 7-year-old son of Isaac Alexander, of that place, was driving a team and wagon on his father's farm, when the horses became frightened and started to run, the sudden lurch throwing the boy out of the wagon. The wheels passed over his abdomen, crushing him horribly, from the effects of which he died in about an hour.

The other day, James, son of Russell Nicholson, of Washington Township, Green County, was thrown from a horse and his neck broken. He was riding sideways upon the horse, which was harnessed. The horse jumped and threw him off, one foot catching in the harness. The horse ran and broke his neck. He was about seventeen years old.

The reunion of Wilder's Brigade will occur this year at Greencastle, on Sept. 7 and 8. This brigade was known during the war on the Union side as "The Lightning Brigade," and among the rebels as "Wilder's Hellions." It was composed of brave men who never knew defeat, and who are bound together with a bond never to be broken.

A fatal accident occurred at Roger's lumber-yard, Jeffersonville. Clarence Vaughan, the 6-year-old son of Lemmon Vaughan, was playing on a lumber-pile, when it suddenly fell over, burying the boy under the heavy boards. His skull was frightfully crushed and internal injuries were sustained. There is no hope of his recovery.

John D. Turley, a prominent merchant at Galveston, has been arrested on the charge of sending a claim out of this State for the purpose of garnishment. The case will be watched with interest by Indiana merchants, who are in the habit of sending claims against railroad employees to Chicago and St. Louis for collection every month.

The women of Indianapolis are trying to purify the city. They have secured a large number of indictments against owners and keepers of disorderly houses. It has been decided in some States that the owner of a building let to a person who maintains it for immoral purposes, is himself legally the keeper of the house.

The Shelbyville School Board has elected Prof. J. C. Eagle, of Edinburg, to succeed Prof. W. H. Fertich as Superintendent of the public schools. Prof. Eagle has been Superintendent of the Edinburg schools for the past eight years. His

salary here will be \$1,350. Prof. Fertich goes to Larned, Kansas.

Patrick Crady, an Irishman living near Roachdale, and who is said to be 125 years of age, recently walked from Greencastle to his home, a distance of about eighteen miles. His wife is living, and is said to be 110 years of age. They live on a small farm which lies along side the above-named place.

The State Board of Health has appointed Dr. Edward J. Church, of LaPorte, as a member of the State Board of Dental Examiners. The board is now complete, the other member being Drs. Kirk, of Kokomo, Hunt of Indianapolis, Chapel of Knightstown, and Van Valzah of Terre Haute.

While William Barnhouse, of Muncie, was handling a double-barreled shotgun it was accidentally discharged and the contents of both barrels, one of which was heavily loaded, lodged in the head of the 5-year-old son of William Moffat, tearing his head almost from his body.

George McGregor, a man about 50 years of age, was killed near Oakland City, while at work in a field. He was kicked to death by a mule. Some neighbors witnessed the accident, and went to his assistance, but it was too late, as he was dead when reached.

In Harrison County James McKinney disguised himself as a tramp, and stealing Miss Katie Hardin from her adopted parents walked with her twenty-four miles, to Corydon, where they were married. It was the second attempt the couple had made.

The purchasing committee of the Nickel Plate Railroad will at once reorganize the company by filing articles of incorporation in the States through which the road passes. The incorporation for Indiana has been filed with the Secretary of State.

David Radv, a young man living at Ladoga, bursted a blood vessel while turning handspikes, and died instantly.

Jeff Sparrow, a yard switchman of the L. N. A. & C. Railroad at Monon, was killed by the cars while attempting to unloose a switch-rop from a moving car, the rope catching and drawing him under the car before it could be uncoupled.

While riding on a road-wagon, Philip Burch was sunstruck, from which he died instantly. In falling the vehicle ran over him. He lived in Greene County.

Richmond has passed an ordinance prohibiting music on the streets without a permit from the Mayor, the object being to suppress the Salvation Army.

William Denny, a carpenter, of Shoals, while at work on a new hotel at Montgomery fell from a scaffold, striking his head on the ground, and received fatal injuries. He is a married man.

At Marion an emery wheel burst in Butler's carriage shop, and M. S. Barrett was fatally injured, a flying fragment fracturing his skull. Barrett recently removed to Marion from Knightstown.

The New Albany Woolen Mills Company now has 700 employees on the payroll, and is compelled to run one of the mills night and day in order to keep up with their orders.

William Stewart, aged 16 years, son of John Stewart, living three miles northwest of Bloomfield, was kicked in the abdomen by a horse, and killed.

Mrs. Noah Ham, of Anderson, for three years a cripple, is alleged to have been cured by the faith process, at the "Woodworth revival."

James R. Henry, of Gosport, has been appointed State Bank Examiner.

A colt born near Lodis, recently, weighed 200 pounds at birth.

"A GOOD wife is the guide-post of life," says *Tid-Bits*. That's so; and the guide-post she uses on a refractory husband is the rolling-pin.—*Boston Courier*.

THE interesting discussion now going on as to the identity of the P. S. Ney, who taught schools in the Carolinas and Virginia half a century ago with the celebrated Marshal Ney, of France, who according to history, was executed in Luxembourg Garden, December 7, 1815, revives recollections of the pleasant fiction which ran through the pages of *Putnam's Monthly* some thirty years ago or more, in which it was sought to identify the Rev. Eleazer Williams with the lost Bourbon, Louis XVII. The discussion was an ingenious one, but hardly more so that the present effort to make it appear that Marshal Ney, instead of being shot, escaped to this country and became a Southern pedagogue. Right at this point, however, there is a missing link of vital consequence. History tells us that Marshal Ney was an illiterate man. At best he received only a scanty education, which ended when he was 17 years of age. At 18 he entered the army and began the career of a soldier, which was only terminated by death. He had no opportunities to study any lessons except the stern ones of battle. Even if the statement be correct, that he came to this country in 1816, the year after history says he was shot, he had no time to perfect his education, for according to the new history he was teaching Latin, Greek, and the higher mathematics after he arrived here. Men at the age of 50, without any previous acquaintance with dead languages and mathematics, do not acquire them in a year or two; and especially with such proficiency as to teach them. There can be no question that Marshal Ney was an uneducated man, that all the instruction he received—which was of a very crude kind—dates back of his 17th year, and that from his 17th to his 40th year he was in continuous active military service, with no opportunity to study. It will now be necessary to show that Marshal Ney was a finely educated man prior to the time he is alleged to have come to this country, or that in some mysterious way he was educated after he arrived here. If that can be shown an important link will be supplied in the question of identity; but even then it will be difficult to convince any one that the Marshal Ney, who was shot by his Bourbon enemies, pronounced dead by Bourbon surgeons, buried in Pere la Chaise, and whose memoirs were published by his own widow and children, escaped the penalty of death by his own shrewdness, fled from France, and lived many years as a school-teacher in the Carolinas.

A BUFFALO man has invented a device to prevent the spread of fire from floor to floor by way of the elevator shaft. He proposes to erect a stand-pipe in one corner of the shaft with branches of perforated pipes of smaller size surrounding the well at each floor. The water can be turned into each of these perforated pipe simultaneously by pulling a lever at a point remote from the elevator, thus filling the shaft with a shower of spray, which he claims will check any upward progress of the flames at that point.

"WELL, how did you get along?" inquired a country landlord, one rainy morning, of a guest whom he had put in a top-floor room, under a leaky roof. "Oh, swimmingly," was the reply.



# The St. Joe News.

ST. JOE, INDIANA.

MORT & WILL OLDS,

PUBLISHERS.

## SHARING THE BURDEN.

BY MATHIE DEAN KIMBALL.

The whomin-folks says I'm a Blue Beard—  
Hein't orter got married ag'in  
But that sort o' cackle don't worry,  
Cause I know it's a their natur to chin.  
Spect it war jest a little mite hasty,  
But I reckon this kentry is free,  
And people what talks 'bout their naybers  
Don't cut enny finger with me.

They can't talk to me about sorer,  
For I reckon I've had a good share,  
And it shoots through my heart like a bullet  
When I think up the angel up there.  
But I wouldn't hev Jane hear me say it  
For enny thing under the sun—  
Might hatch up the least mite of my envy  
Or jealousy to ards Number One.

You see, ez one day I was plowin'  
That little patch down by the creek,  
Th' ol' ox he kinder get shaky—  
Dropped off 'fore th' end of th' week.  
So I harnessed the high up single—  
Thought I'd try the ole critter alone—  
But I might hev jee-hawed him till doomsday,  
Thet plowin' would never bin done.

He balked like that mule in the circus,  
He snorted and bellered by turns,  
Then over the field he cavorted,  
A-plowin' it up with his horns.  
Kinder settled his dander a little  
When I goes down to Allen's shed night,  
And trades off my favor-ite, say  
For a sorrel ox speckled 'th white.

Ole Allen he drives a duse barg'in—  
He's th' suggest man over I see—  
And, reckonin' only on critters,  
Spect he did git the best, some, of me.  
But while he was sizin' up Jersey,  
Which I had left tied in the lane,  
I swapped a few words 'bout th' weather  
Ecter'ry with his darter Jane.

Didn't fool away much time a spoonin'—  
Popped the question the next Sunday night;  
Guy the pursin' a shiny gold fiver  
For tyin' the knot good and tight.  
Ole Allen he opened his peepers  
When we ast his consent, me and Jane—  
Kinder bruk him all up, but he gav it,  
And added a solemn Amen!

Don't care if they do call me Blue Beard,  
Cause I ast Deacon Jones' advice;  
He giv it a good 'nuff 'r'ial thinkin'  
And told me "by all means" to splice.  
But one thing I'm willin' to stand by,  
Whinther oxen or men, I don't care,  
Thet a yoke upon one pair of shoulders  
Ez a mighty hard burden to bear.

Kinder worried me some about Heaven—  
Hein't there with Marlin and Jane—  
How ter do the squar thing by two angels  
Don't seem so feetotally plain;  
But I've read about Solomon's family,  
And made up my mind wot to do;  
Ef Solomon's there 'th three hundred,  
I ain't going to worry 'bout two.

—Current.

## A BEAUTY'S CHOICE.

BY MARTHA DALZELL.

"A Queen of Hearts." Such was the name the admirers of Estelle Glyndon had given to her, and, petted and praised for her grace and beauty as she had always been, it was hardly to be wondered at that the girl had come to the age of 18 with a conviction that not for her were the trials of life.

Deep down in the girlish heart slumbered many noble impulses; but on the surface the rank plant of wordly pride had taken root.

As she stands now, beneath the shade of the old oak which guards her favorite seat, the most casual observer could not help but pronounce her rarely beautiful. The breeze is lifting gently the dark locks from the blue-veined temples, and its rude caresses have called up to the rounded cheek a delicate peach-bloom. But the lovely mouth is marred by a haughty expression, as with averted head she listens coldly to the young man by her side.

It is Douglas Macdonald, and in earnest tones he is speaking thus: "Oh, Estelle, can it be that I have deceived myself in thinking that you cared for me? And all this summer, in which I have been so foolishly happy, have you only been playing with me? It cannot be true; you cannot be so heartless! I have been told that Foster Severne is the favored suitor who has superseded me; but I said that until you confirmed it with your own lips I would not believe it. Oh, my darling, whom I love more than life, do not be so cold! Look up, Estelle, and tell me it is false!"

He had been growing more impassioned as he went on, and now he seized her hand.

At his touch a strange thrill shot through Estelle's heart, and suddenly a mask seemed to fall before her eyes. In that moment she knew that she loved this man thus pleading before her.

Estelle hesitated. Only the previous day another had laid his heart at her feet, and with it the richest fortune in all the country round.

She had not given her answer; but in her young heart pride was very strong, and she felt that to be mistress of The Elms would be an enviable position.

Then she thought she had swiftly through her mind of what her father would say if she should tell him that, for the sake of one who, though noble and respected, was poor, she had refused another who could

keep her in the atmosphere of luxury in which she had been born.

Douglas, eagerly watching her expressive features, conceived her thoughts.

"I see!" he exclaimed; "it was true—the report I heard. You intend to marry Foster Severne—dissipated man of the world though he be—simply because he is rich in this world's goods!"

The delicate hue on Estelle's countenance changed to a burning red.

"You have no right, Mr. Macdonald, to speak thus to me!"

"No right!" he exclaimed; "when I love you, Estelle, and see you dooming yourself to life-long unhappiness? Listen," he went on, as she was about to speak. "I came to-day to ask you a question upon which a great deal depended. Two openings are before me—one to settle in an honorable position in my native town; the other to go abroad, far away to the distant land of China. You do not love me—my choice is made. This will be my last farewell. To-morrow will see me on my way to a foreign shore."

He grasped her hand, wrung it; then, without waiting for answering words, turned and left her. She watched his tall form till it passed from her sight. Then suddenly, with a lightning flash, the knowledge of what she had done came to her, and she realized that in rejecting Douglas Macdonald's love she had wrecked beyond retrieval the happiness of her life.

That evening we see her in the midst of a fashionable throng. Though the heart bleed, it must not be worn on the sleeve for "daws to peck at," and Estelle is outwardly calm, though one knowing her well would wonder at her strange looks. Her roseate satin robes sweep in rich, flowing folds about her graceful figure, rendering even more exquisitely white the dimpled neck and arms upon which priceless diamonds gleam and glisten.

As he looks down at the woman on his arm, Foster Severne's heart leaps triumphantly as he thinks how proud he will be when he can call her his own. As if by accident, he leads her to the conservatory, where, amid the splash of fountains and the fragrance of flowers, he can speak undisturbedly. There once more he offers her his hand and his heart—all there is left of it—and, never doubting what it will be, awaits his answer.

Not for a moment does Estelle waver. Her reply is uncompromising: "Mr. Severne, I cannot become your wife."

An angry flush springs to the young man's face.

"Miss Glyndon! you cannot mean what you say! Think a little longer! You surely do not mean to refuse such a position as I can give you?"

If Estelle has been fearful that she will cause him pain, all such idea is swept away by his words, and she cannot help comparing him to the lover whom in her false pride she had rejected.

Ah! no more will pride's baneful influence overshadow Estelle Glyndon's young heart.

She sees it in its true aspect at last. When she reaches home Estelle is called upon to bear another trial. Truly, the day has been a hard one for the girl upon whom hitherto the winds have not been suffered to blow too roughly.

"So you have refused Foster Severne, when you knew it was the dearest wish of my heart that you should become his wife? Then let me tell you that in doing as you have done you have doomed both your father and yourself to penury. I am a ruined man! For a year past I have seen the crash approaching, and it is even now at hand. Estelle, there is yet time—retract your refusal, become Mr. Severne's wife, and all will be saved."

Estelle trembled as her father's words, first angry and then imploring, fell upon her ears.

"Father, I cannot! It would be a sin were I to marry him, for—I love another."

With an angry gesture Mr. Glyndon made a step forward; then, with an exclamation, he raised his hand to his head, staggered, and fell to the floor.

Poor Estelle! Jitter were the days that followed! On the very eve of his failure her father was stricken with paralysis, and before long the girl found herself homeless and almost penniless.

After the first shock had passed, then the noble nature that had slumbered quiescent so long in Estelle Glyndon's soul sprang to the surface. Steadily refusing all offers of assistance, she set herself unflinchingly amid the ranks of the world's workers. It was easier to obtain employment in the neighboring city than in her own small town, and to the city Estelle went.

After three years had glided by, Estelle was called to her dying parent; and as she knelt by the bed where he lay calm and still, she felt that she was, indeed, alone.

But still she never once regretted the decision she had made when, at a word, wealth and position would have been hers for life.

Better to be as she was, poor and hard-worked, than the mistress of The Elms, Foster Severne.

It was evening, a few months later. The streets were wet with the fast-falling rain. Claspings a large parcel in her arms, a girlish figure essays to cross a crowded thoroughfare. A carriage swiftly passes. There is a cry in a woman's voice. They, amid a babel of voices, "How sad! What is she?" How did it happen? A slight

form is borne upon men's arms into the nearest house. There is no clue by which to tell who the unconscious girl is.

"It does not matter who or what she is," says the kind minister into whose house the stranger has been carried. "We will care for her." And so, instead of being sent to the hospital, the sufferer remained at Dr. Stewart's home.

Time went by, and, at length, after the most unwearying care, Estelle Glyndon—for it was she—came back to reason and life.

As the weeks went by, her strength began to slowly return. Then, one day, with a voice whose trembling pathos showed how deeply their kindness had touched her heart, Estelle told her beneficent friends that very soon she must leave their hospitable roof and go once more out into the world to care for herself. Old Mrs. Stewart took the girl's thin fingers in her motherly clasp.

"Wait a little longer, my dear," she said, "before you think of running away from us. You must promise that you will not speak of it for at least another month. Then we will see."

Estelle looked up gratefully into the speaker's face. She had never known a mother's love, and in this short time the old lady, who in early life had lost her only child, and the girl thrown so strangely into her care had grown very dear to each other.

Another week went by, and one morning, with a beaming face, old Dr. Stewart, came into the room where his wife and Estelle were sitting.

"What do you think, wife?—our boy is coming home! He will be here this week. Isn't that news?"

Tears of joy sprang to the old lady's eyes.

"My dear boy! how glad I shall be to see him!"

When her husband had left the room, Mrs. Stewart explained to Estelle that it was her dead brother's son, who was as dearly loved by her husband and herself as though he had been their own, who was thus eagerly expected.

"It was a sad blow to us when he went so far away," she concluded; "and what made it sadder still was that the noble lad carried with him a heart full of pain. Some fashionable beauty had bewitched him, and then had deliberately crushed out his happiness. But I hope and trust he will return cured of his heart-wound."

Estelle winced as she listened. From the past came back the voice exclaiming, "All this summer, in which I have been so foolishly happy, have you only been playing with me?"

The days passed until the one came in which the expected guest was to arrive.

"I am anxious for you to meet and know my boy" (so the old lady always called her nephew), "for you cannot help but like him," said Mrs. Stewart to Estelle.

Clad in a simple dress of white, Estelle was reclining upon the library sofa when the carriage wheels sounded upon the gravel.

She heard the eager tones of welcome; and then the voices approached the room in which she was. The door opened, and there, older and graver than she remembered him, but still the same, stood Douglas Macdonald! For a moment he remained as if in a trance, his eyes resting incredulously upon the waste figure of the girl who, with a face whiter than her dress, returned his gaze.

Then, with a hasty bound, he was across the room; forgetting entirely the years that had passed, the way in which they had parted, and everything save that he once more beheld her to whose image his faithful heart had ever clung.

"Estelle!" he cried, "my darling! I came to seek you, and I have found you already! Oh, tell me that I am welcome—that you are glad to see me!"

With wondering faces, old Doctor Stewart and his wife stood quiet spectators of the strange scene before them.

As Estelle looked up into the noble face bent over her, she felt that the love which she had once rejected was still hers. It was easy to read the joy which filled her heart to overflowing; and Douglas was not blind.

"Estelle," he exclaimed, "I only lately heard of your refusing Mr. Severne and of your misfortunes. Then in my heart a faint hope sprang into existence, and I determined to return and seek you and try once more my fate. Can it indeed be that my hope is not to prove in vain?"

Estelle lifted her eyes to his, and in their luminous depths Douglas read his answer. Later, everything was explained to Douglas; how it was that he had so unexpectedly found Estelle in his uncle's house, and all that had occurred since they had parted.

"My dear friend, you little thought who was the fashionable, heartless girl who had refused your love's true heart," said Estelle, softly, to old Mrs. Stewart, as the happy group of four were drawn together about the lamp that evening; "but you will forgive her, I am sure, when she promises that henceforth that boy's happiness shall be her foremost care, and that she will try to the utmost of her power to repay him for the pain which, through her foolish, wicked pride, she once caused him to suffer."

If friends ask you to discover their faults beware, for you will discover you have no friends.

## PITH AND POINT.

It takes a sober man to walk a tight rope.

Church-going people often meet by chance.

A party question: What time do you think they will have supper?

It's a wise child that resembles its richest relative.—*Danville Breeze.*

The car-builder makes a bad brake when he makes one that will not stop a car.

Those who wish to paint New York red on Sundays must use water-colors.—*Life.*

The called bonds are bound to come. They are no longer of interest to the holders.

The flower known as the bachelor's button must be one that does not stay on long.

Two HABEAS-CORPUS judges are equal to a pair of suspenders.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

The other half of the embezzler's double life is generally a woman.—*Philadelphia Times.*

Parrots and the dudes have much in common. They have a plentiful lack of brains and talk in polly-syllables.—*Boston Gazette.*

Brown (soliloquizing at 2 a. m.): I wish all words in the English language wusspelt with an "sh" it'sshssshomuch easier to shay.—*Tid-Bits.*

A widow may not be much of a gardener, but she always has an idea that she can raise orange blossoms from weeds.—*Fall River Advertiser.*

UNDER THE CHESTNUT TREE.

This is my only farrow, it's true—

So glad to 've met you I am sure—

Come any day, we dine at six;

That little note of mine I'll fix

I've gone clear out of politics—

Ding-dong.

—*Burdette.*

"That makes the third time you've trod on my foot," said a man in a crowded hall, speaking to a fellow who stood just in front of him. "Are you certain it's three times?" replied the fellow, looking around. "Yes, I am."

"Well," said the aggressor, "you seem to be better in arithmetic than I am, and I reckon you'd better keep on with the count."—*Arkansas Traveler.*

FIRST OMAHA MAN.—No, sir, I'm going to send my boy to college. No public school system for him. Look at Jink's boy! Second Omaha man.—Jink's boy has just graduated from the public schools and is a young man of thorough culture. "Yes, and half dead with consumption, and has had brain fever three times. Now look at Wink's eldest son!" "Is he a college man?" "Regular graduate, strong as a horse, healthy as a mule, and makes \$5,000 a year in a base-ball team."—*Omaha World.*

BOY WITH THE BIG HEAD.

Yes, if his pa would give him rope He'd give suggestions to the Pope. He thinks that nature gave him birth To twirl the axis of the earth. And when he walks along the street He spins the world round with his feet— But still we like the little dunce. We used to be just like him once. We know how 'tis oneself a most dread. And little boy with the big head! He gives advice with generous hand And sows up broadcast o'er the land; He tans up like a sapling shoot. The broader knowledge by the root. He's never in the dark of doubt, Like Moses when the light went out. He volunteers, though no money call To show mankind he knows it all. When he dies, then is wisdom dead— The little boy with the big head! —*Tid-Bits.*

THERE was a little occurrence in Washington last spring which so far has kept out of the papers. It happened like this: There was a certain Senator who sitteth in the high places, led up of the Spirit into the wilderness to be tempted of the devil. And the devil taketh him up into an exceeding high mountain and showed him great wealth and the fullness thereof below. And he pointed to many sacks filled with pieces of silver and much stock, yea railroad stock, and steamship stock, and Pan-American telephone stock, and likewise fat jobs for his family and friends and all the glory of them all. And saith unto him, "All these things will I give thee, if thou wilt vote aright on my Little Measure." And the Senator answered and said unto him, "For heaven's sake do not get behind me, Satan. And just watch I'll vote to-morrow and see if it isn't all right!" —*Dakota Bell.*

Politicians.

The thorough-mixed politician must laugh at the narrow-mindedness of his conscience, and read another lecture.







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FRIDAY JULY 8, 1887.

## HOW SOME OF OUR PEOPLE SPENT THE FOURTH.

J. H. Conrad visited his mother at Paris, Ohio.

Mrs. Everett visited with friends at Waterloo.

The St. Joe band furnished the music at Maysville.

Bert Milliman enjoyed the day at home with his parents.

Mad Meek and wife spent the day in this place, the guests of his brother Harry.

Mrs. Joseph Metcalf visited with her son George at Garrett on the fourth.

The heavy rain about noon laid the dust, and it also took the starch out of white dresses.

Ben Leighty took a lay-off that day from railroading, and spent the time with his family.

John Leighty Jr. Fourth-of-Julyed at Chertabasco. We've forgotten the ladies name he went to see.

O. H. Widney and 'Squire' Ables got at home and attended to business just the same as usual.

The small boys indulged in a sack race in the morning, much to the amusement of some of the older heads.

Mrs. Dr. Bowman, Mrs. William Leighty, Mrs. Sol Barney and Miss Sake Bartlett took in the sights at Deliance.

Some of our young people went to Maysville to the picnic, some to Bryan to see the oil well, and some to Hillsdale in the evening to see Fiddle's Pond.

Dr. Bowman hung pretty close to his office all day, thinking perhaps that somebody would get blowed up with a fire cracker, and he would get a fall, but nobody got hurt.

J. D. Leighty and Henry Maxwell battered each other for a foot race, but neither one of them had the required amount of sand, and consequently the lookers on were cheated out of some first-class sport.

The W. C. T. U. ladies from this place who attended the picnic at Maysville, report having a very enjoyable time. The ladies are great on cold water, but they got a little more than they wanted along about noon.

In company with M. Bishop, Alex. Filley and Charley B. Lett we went to Cedar Beach on the 4th, to try our luck at fishing, and in the language of the small boy, we got there, in good shape. We succeeded in capturing about - oh well, say from seventy-five to one hundred fish; we don't want to get it any higher than it really was. Of course we don't say how large the fish was, but that we caught that many, there is not the least possible doubt; in our minds at least. There are some funny incidents connected with this trip which we might relate to the readers of the News, but space will not permit; besides we are so mixed up with the affair, that it would seem like telling a story on ourselves.

## OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

### PLEASANT HILL.

Willis Baker has purchased a new self binder.

Mrs. Maggie Fales is working at Auburn this week.

Mrs. Samuel Lawhead is working for Erve Lockwood.

Viola and Otto Widney visited there uncle last Sunday.

Daniel Baker and family visited with his brother Willis last Sunday.

Mrs. Andrew Jackson visited with Mrs. Jerry Ulm last Saturday afternoon.

Alfred Reasoner and wife visited with her parents, Isaac Lawhead's last Sunday.

### CONCORD.

Joseph Koch and family entertained friends last Sunday.

Lyman Knight visited at home last Saturday and Sunday.

B. B. White is having his new house painted and getting it ready for occupancy.

Miss Mary Morr has gone to Garrett to visit a few weeks with her sister, Mrs. Olinger.

N. Tustison and Green Brown with their wives were the guests of James Baker and family last Sunday.

The people of this place have been entertained with Phonological lectures for a few evenings during the past week.

Joseph Koch's young folks went to St. Joe last Sunday afternoon to assist in the practice of singing for Children's day.

The band saw mill men of Auburn are trying to purchase the church and grounds at the corners and place a saw mill thereon. There is considerable excitement over the matter.

Grandma Jenkins, who has been visiting with her children through out the neighborhood for a few weeks, has again returned home. She was very sick while visiting in the family of Joseph Koch.

### COBURN TOWN.

A. B. Coburn is visiting friends at St. Joe this week.

Many thanks to the kind friend who furnished the Coburntown items during my absence.

A. B. Coburn's condition is about the same as it was when he came home. We hope he may fully regain his health.

There was a surprise party in Coburntown, Tuesday, July 5th, but it would surprise most any one over this way to tell where it was.

The band boys say they made pretty near enough to defray their expenses at the celebration at Maysville, on the glorious Fourth.

Mrs. Robert from Ohio, is expected to arrive here to-day, (Wednesday) on a visit to her daughter, Mrs. J. M. Milliman; also Miss Anna Alton of Fremont, Mich., a niece of Mrs. Milliman.

Al Coburn says he don't mind being married; in fact he thinks he would rather enjoy it, but would like to have them wait until he gets there, before they tie the knot, as he wants to be around and see that it is done up right.

To relieve the anxiety of your readers who are making frequent enquiries, as to the whereabouts of your Coburntown correspondent, permit me to say, that he is right side up with care, and will endeavor to fill his little niche in the News again.

Ben Hamilton has hived 9 swarms of bees from three old ones, which he wintered through, making twelve hives in all. Who can beat that? Speaking of bees, reminds me that

they must have a new kind of a hive, as I saw by the News last week that 'Squire' Ables chased one all over town, that was running off with his bees. I'll bet he got in a few cuss words before he caught it.

### SPENCERVILLE.

Jason Keys, of Leo, visited in town this week.

A number of our people celebrated at Deliance.

Harry Keys was at Fort Wayne on the fourth.

Miss Maud Murray is visiting friends in Leo.

Mrs. P. Bishop is visiting in Van Wert this week.

Prof. Harrod closed his writing school last Friday evening.

Z. T. Kagey and family returned to their home in Ashland this week.

Dr. G. E. Fennel, William Tindall and others went to Maysville to celebrate.

Miss Edith Oberholzer has gone to St. Joe to live with her grandparents.

Geo. Smith, Willis Carey and Miss Louis Rummel are attending the Normal at Auburn.

Professors Price and Hootman visited Spencerville in the interest of the Normal school at St. Joe.

The Lutheran festival was a complete success as was also the supper at the parsonage. Proceeds over \$30.

We notice a short visit from John Leighty, who has returned from the Military school.

In the history of the organization of the Lutheran church at this place, was it not a mistake to leave out the name of Asa Fletcher? It is true, that he was not connected with the church at its beginning, but in its after history he was certainly an important factor in the growth and prosperity of the organization, and at his death he left \$200., the interest of which is to be paid annually to the support of the church. Honor to whom honor is due.

## LEIGHTY'S

is the place where Gossie Bunting and Suspenders were marked down 25 per cent; only a few left. Examine them before buying. Don't forget that we carry the celebrated Reed Shoes.

## Good Stock Farm

FOR SALE OR TRADE.

On account of ill health I wish to sell or trade my farm of 100 acres situated twenty-five miles north-east of Moberly, Mo. for anything good in or near St. Joe. Said farm is under fence, has house and twelve acres of thrifty young timber, a large spring of never failing water, about 20 acres in cultivation, and is all under good coal and lies within two and a half miles of a railroad station.

A. B. Coburn, St. Joe Station, Ind.

## NOTICE TO FARMERS.

S. H. Daniels, formerly head of the St. Joe Flouring Mill, and G. J. Wilson, a partner in the mill, and formerly of Spencerville, having rented the Hicksville Flouring Mill, would most respectfully solicit the patronage of the citizens of Hicksville and the surrounding country. We guarantee perfect satisfaction. Bring us your wheat.

Daniels & Wilson.

Last week was a good one for harvesting wheat and hay.

The out-look for a good crop of corn never was much better at this season of the year.

Why don't the St. Joe band give us an open air concert once in a while during the summer months?

St. Joe is now quite a desirable point for mail. Mail is received and sent out over four different routes from this place every day.

T. G. Dowell, editor of the Hicksville News, was in town Friday and made this office a call. T. G. is a very pleasant gentleman, and we hope he will come again.

This Space  
Belongs to S. & F. Barney.

## Millinery at Cost

Having enjoyed a large trade during the past few weeks, for which I am truly thankful, I now offer my entire stock at cost, to close them out. Call and see me if you want a bargain. Miss S. A. Barlett, St. Joe, over Bowman's office.

## Millinery at Cost

### CORNER STONE LAYING.

Last Saturday the Lutheran congregation of Spencer ville, laid the corner stone of their new church with the ceremonies usual on such occasions. The time was not appropriate, being right in the busiest time of harvest, yet a very good congregation assembled to hear the sermon, and witness the ceremonies. Rev. Trover of Auburn, preached the sermon, which was, to say the least, a grand, masterly and appropriate discourse. Rev. Galt of the U. B. church, assisted in the service at the church, at the close of which, the congregation, proceeded by the ministers, the council and the choir, marched to the foundation of the new church, and as they passed the corner stone, deposited therein their offerings. They then sang together "All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name," after which the pastor, Rev. Fryberger read the beautiful Libretto for the General Synod, and deposited in the vault, the customary articles, consisting of a bible, a Lutheran Catechism, a copy each of the "Lutheran Observer," "Lutheran Herald," "Missionary Journal," "Dispatch," "Courier," "St. Joe News," "Owl," a history of the organization, and a list of the names of the former pastors, council, building committee, trustees and members. Prayer was offered by Rev. Trover of Maysville, the stone was set, and the congregation dismissed. The church to be erected, is to be a substantial brick structure, large enough, to accommodate the congregation and Sabbath school, and will be a credit to the community. The building committee have made every effort to make it a convenient, and substantial church, one that will stand for generations to come. They have avoided every thing of the nature of mere "show," and have only aimed to build a house, that when completed, will serve every purpose for which it is intended. So far it certainly cannot fail to meet the hearty approbation of the whole community, and every citizen who desires to see the village prosper, rejoices in the success of the enterprise.

Mr. and Mrs. Al Evans visited in town this week.

Talk up the Normal school which begins here on the 18th of July.

John Widney killed a rattle-snake Tuesday which had five rattles.

Dan Baker has shaved off his moustache and he look like the—our devil.

A brother of G. V. James from Newark, Ohio, visited him last Saturday.

Case & Olds have a nobby line of Gent's Summer Neck-ties for 5 and 10 cents.

Joe Loveland, of the Corunna Head Light was in town one day last week.

Communion services next Sunday morning in the Lutheran church. All are invited.

The Lutheran Sunday School have supplied themselves with fifty new singing school.

Mrs. P. P. Shuler is visiting her parents in Ohio. She will be absent a couple of weeks.

Miss Ida Scholes will attend a course of lessons at the Fort Wayne Conservatory of Music.

"Jerry Andrews' horse "Jerry A" won the running race at the Montpelier, Ohio, races last week.

Several of our citizens took advantage of the low rates on the railroad and went to see their friends.

The Auburn papers had a good deal of gas in them last week, but it has probably all blown out before this time.

Those who think of attending a normal school, should by all means come to St. Joe, as it offers the best of advantages.

It is an offence against the laws of Indiana to hunt or fish or to engage in common labor on Sunday. Any person of the age of fourteen years or upwards, offending in this respect, may be fined \$10.

The circle of plastering over one of the chandeliers in the Methodist church loosened and fell one day the fore part of the week. No damage was done other than the breaking of the lamp shades.

Howard Northup presented the News with a quart of fine strawberries this week. It is a little late in the season for strawberries, but we didn't find any trouble in getting away with them. Thanks.

Mrs. J. D. Leighty entertained the Young People's Temperance Society on Wednesday evening. Refreshments, consisting of ice cream, cake and berries were served, and a very enjoyable time was had.

Some one was wondering what made the water in the St. Joe river so dirty last Friday, but when it was known that about a dozen fellows from Garrett had been down taking a bath, the matter was easily explained.

It is reported that they have struck a valuable vein of coal near Maysville, and in consequence the town is trying to work up a boom. Corner lots have doubled in price, and everything is on the raise; even the thermometer, went way up into the nineties last week, and people got so excited that it was impossible to keep cool.

The Y. P. T. U. A. will meet at the residence of Miss Georgio Van Fleit, on Wednesday evening, July 13th, 1887. The following program has been prepared. Declamation by Hugh Wineland; Select Reading by Clarence Widney; Essay by Anna Merrill; Impersonation by Bert Hull; Select Reading by Sake Wineland; Declamation by Frank Hart; Select Reading by Leo Shuler; Declamation by Ella Sanders; Declamation by Virginia Langley.

## STUBBORN FACTS.

The Champion is sold under the strongest warranty to do the work well, with ease to the driver and the team, to be well made of the first quality of material, to be more durable and less liable to get out of repair than any other binder made. Since its first introduction, the Champion has been the most successful of all harvesting machines. To the well-to-do farmer, who is willing to pay a fair price on fair terms of credit for a first-class implement, we offer the Champion Binder as the best and cheapest machine in the market. For prices, terms &c. call on

## SHUTT & WHITE.

## A Clock or a Watch Given Away

to draw trade is not legitimate business, and we do not intend to make such an offer, but if you will call at the Drugstore, we will show you a nice line of Clocks, Watches, the latest and very handsomest styles of Lace Pins, Necklaces, Scarf Pins, Rings, Cuff and Collar Buttons, Chains, Chains, at prices that help, but please.

G. E. EMANUEL, M. D., Physician and Surgeon, Spencerville, Ind. Office in J. Emanuel & Son's Drug Store. All calls promptly answered.

HOUSE PAINTING, Glazing, Paper Hanging and Ceiling Decorating a specialty. All work guaranteed. B. A. Woodcock. Call and see me, or leave orders at the St. Joe Drugstore.

### ST. JOE MARKETS.

CORRECTED EVERY FRIDAY.

Wheat	71 cts.
Oats	37 cts.
Corn	40 cts.
Batter	60 cts.
Eggs	12 cts.
Tallow	34 cts.
Lard	10 cts.
Potatoes	60 cts.

### Baltimore & Ohio R. R.

Trains Leave St. Joe as follows:

WESTBOUND		
No. 9 Mail and Express	11:05	A. M.
17 Accommodation	4:18	P. M.
3 Chicago Express	10:42	P. M.
35 Local Freight	3:42	P. M.
EAST BOUND		
No. 10 Express and Mail	2:08	P. M.
16 Accommodation	10:28	A. M.
4 Morning Express	4:55	A. M.
34 Local Freight	7:59	A. M.

G. V. JAMES, AGENT.

Miss Cora Dilley was taken quite suddenly ill last Tuesday.

Jerry Andrews has traded for the Slaughter property in this place.

Mrs. John Hull and children visited friends at Hicksville, over last Sunday.

A farmer down in the south part of the state, cut his wheat by gas light. "How do world do move."

Mrs. Nathan Matthews died at her home west of here, on Tuesday, and was buried on Wednesday at Newville.

Uncle Sam Lawhead has added much to the appearance of his residence by giving it a coat of paint. Sam White done the work.

## STAR WIND ENGINE



### TAKES THE LEAD.

E. A. WANEMAKER, NEWVILLE, IND., Has the agency for this county. See him, or write for prices on Wind Mills, Tanks, Pumps, Pipe &c. A special feature of the Star Wind Engine is the Regulator. See it before you buy.



Dear Readers of the News: I send myself to inform you that a grate calamity has befallen me, and the dearest kind of trouble has crawled into the back door of our usually quiet and peaceful mansion. I am sad, and as I pen these few lines I can not keep back the grate big wet tears, an if you see any spots or stains on this paper, you will know that the wet caws bi an ova-do ov eye-water. The trouble was brot about something like this: Mrs. Hippenhammer and myself were having a family talk together on the kurrent toppicks of the da, wen the subject turned on the forth ov Juli, an we got into a discussshun as to wat the forth ov Juli was the annaversary ov, an why the celebratid it evera yeer. I claimed that it was the annaversary ov the landing ov the pilgrim fathers, but she sed we celebrated it becaus jist 111 years ago Cristophir Colum bus discovered Amerka. I sed it wasnt so; she sed it was, an one word led on to another until finally I told her she diddnt know much az a yeerling skule boy, an then she got mad and sed she'd leave me, and shure enuf she did, and that's why I am so sad.

Barcus Q. Hippenhammer.







**Breaking Down and Building Up.**  
When a man breaks down in the matter of physical strength, the question of its recovery depends in great measure upon the length of time he allows to elapse before adopting medicinal means to recuperate it. A tonic which gives a speedy and powerful impulse to the processes of digestion and assimilation is the best auxiliary he can employ, and he should resort to it promptly. The most reliable dependence of the feeble, the aged, and the nervous has ever proved to be Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, an invigorant of national reputation and proven worth, commended by medical men of distinction, not only for building up a broken-down system, but as a remedy for dyspepsia, constipation, liver complaint, fever and ague, and kidney trouble. While not claimed to be a panacea, it is a most useful and comprehensive household remedy. It is, moreover, eminently safe as well as effective.

**Improvement in Machinery.**  
The wonderful improvement in labor saving appliances in this age of invention is no where more apparent than in wood-working machinery. The additional power given to man by replacing the old sickle with the self-binding reaper, and the flail by the steam thrasher is scarcely equal to the improvement on the saw-pit and the hand plane which our fathers depended on.

The Pennington Machine Works, manufacturing over 100 different wood-cutting machines, lately established in Fort Wayne, Ind., would seem to have about reached perfection in wood-working tools, in simplicity of construction, in range of work, and in rapidity of action, surpassing all other makers. As one art helps another, so the improvement in one line of manufacturing enables a different kind to better their work. The Pennington works having tools of latest design, embodying all modern improvements, can do far more exact work and turn it out far more rapidly than older factories, making it, therefore, at once better and cheaper. With a new shop, fitted for the work to be done, with entirely new machinery specially designed with new patterns combining all recent improvements, and with, with years of experience, the Pennington Machine Works is a striking example of the progress of the nineteenth century. As the United States is the timber producer and lumber manufacturer of the world, the establishment of such a factory in the very center of the wood-working industries is an event worthy of notice. All who are interested in first-class wood working machinery of every name and nature should investigate the merits of the Pennington Machine Works, of Fort Wayne, Ind.

**Would Need Prayers.**

Knock-kneed Sam, the colored evangelist, was preaching an ardent sermon, when someone who had just entered the church approached the pulpit, and in a low tone communicated something to the preacher. "Bredren," said Sam, when the messenger had sat down, "jes' now I wuz on de pint o' axin' de Lawd ter do suthin' dat he ain't done, but now, bredren an' sisters, I wishes dat yer' would jine me in er pra'r o' thankfulness for suthin' what hab already been 'complished."

"Tell us what it is?" someone asked. "Wall, bredren an' sisters, I want yer all ter jine in er pra'r o' thankfulness wid me, fur de Lawd hab dis day seed fitten ter let my wife Becky run er way wid er yaller scoun'el whut owes me \$10. Hole on er minit, bruders. De yalter scoun'el doan owe me but \$10, an' he oughten' be 'tirely skluded frum sympathy. So let us pray fur him jis' er little, fur, ef dar eber wuz er po' fool dat needed pra'rs, he gwine ter be de one."—*Arkansas Traveler.*

**CIVILITY:** An ancient form of behavior, popular in feudal times, but unsuited to the exigencies of modern civilization.

**COL. R. S. WITHERS,** Fair Lawn Stock Farm, Ky., and Joseph Cairne Simpson, Esq., Secretary Pacific Coast Blood Horse Association, commend St. Jacobs Oil for all horse complaints. Sold by all Druggists and Dealers.

The guilty wretch who pleads not guilty, hoping to escape going to the penitentiary, may find it is not a go-as-you-please affair.

**SIR ROGER TICHBORNE,** of England, was cured of rheumatism by the use of St. Jacobs Oil and recommends it highly. Sold by Druggists and Dealers everywhere.

**Cost of Our Fences.**

The cost of all fences in the United States amounts to \$1,747,549,931, or nearly equal to the interest-bearing debt, and about the same as the estimated value of all the farm animals, so that for every dollar invested in live stock another dollar is required for constructing protection against their ravages upon crops. The annual repairs, together with interest on the amount invested in the existing fences, amounted to nearly \$200,000,000, and the amount of wood needed must have been not far from five billion feet.

Sick and bilious headache cured by Dr. Pierce's "Pellets."

In prohibition States liquor seems to be a drug.—*Washington Post.*

Life is burdensome, alike to the sufferer and all around him, while dyspepsia and its attending evils hold sway. Complaints of this nature can be speedily cured by taking Prickly Ash Bitters regularly. Thousands once thus afflicted now bear cheerful testimony as to its merits.

A CYCLOPE is like three school-girls walking abreast—it doesn't turn out for anything.—*Waterloo Observer.*

**To Be Absolutely Certain**

Of most things is difficult, but if the limited testimony of people in every walk of life, for more than a quarter of a century, be good evidence, then dyspepsia, loss of appetite, headache, wakefulness and debilitation, from whatever cause, may be cured by Dr. Harter's Iron Tonic.

\*\*\* A disease of so delicate a nature as stricture of the urethra should only be entrusted to those of large experience and skill. By our improved methods we have been enabled to speedily and permanently cure hundreds of the worst cases. Pamphlets, references and terms, 10 cents in stamps. World's Dispensary Medical Association, 663 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

The man who paints the town red frequently gets some of the paint on his nose.—*Railway Advocate.*

PURE Cod Liver Oil made from selected livers, on the seashore, by Hazard, Hazard & Co., New York. It is absolutely pure and sweet. Patients who have once taken it prefer it to all others. Physicians have decided it superior to any of the other oils in market.

A POLITICIAN is honest when all other means have failed.—*Washington Critic.*

ONE pair of boots can be saved every year by using Lyon's Patent Metallic Heel Sufferers.



**\$350** Will buy a complete Newspaper Outfit, suitable for publishing a weekly paper in a town of 100, or over, inhabitants. Address FORT WAYNE NEWS-PAPER UNION, Fort Wayne, Ind.

**KIDDER'S PASTILLES.** Sure relief for ASTHMA. Price 25c. Sold by mail. Stoughton & Co., 100 North Main Street, Lowell, Mass.

**\$5** to \$8 a day. Samples worth \$1.50, FREE. Lines not under the horse's feet. Write Brewer Safety Rein Holder Co., Holly, Mich.

**PENSIONS COLLECTED** and increased by F. J. Rogers and J. Powell, Indianapolis, Ind. Address Rogers and Powell, Indianapolis, Ind. Send for copy of Laws, free.

# LIVER, BLOOD AND LUNG DISEASES.

## LIVER DISEASE AND HEART TROUBLE.

Mrs. MARY A. McCLURE, Columbus, Kans., writes: "I addressed you in November, 1884, in regard to my health, being afflicted with liver disease, heart trouble, and female weakness. I was advised to use Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, Favorite Prescription and Pellets. I used one bottle of the 'Prescription,' five of the 'Discovery' and four of the 'Pleasant Purgative Pellets.' My health began to improve under the use of your medicine, and my strength came back. My difficulties have all disappeared. I can work hard all day, or walk four or five miles a day, and stand it well; and when I began using the medicine I could scarcely walk across the room, most of the time, and I did not think I could ever feel well again. I have a little baby girl eight months old. Although she is a little delicate in size and appearance, she is healthy. I give your remedies all the credit for curing me, as I took no other treatment after beginning their use. I am very grateful for your kindness, and thank God and thank you that I am as well as I am after years of suffering."

## LIVER DISEASE.

Mrs. I. V. WEBBER, of Yorkshire, Cattaraugus Co., N. Y., writes: "I wish to say a few words in praise of your 'Golden Medical Discovery' and 'Pleasant Purgative Pellets.' For five years previous to taking them I was a great sufferer. I had a severe pain in my right side continually; was unable to do my own work. I am happy to say I am now well and strong, thanks to your medicines."

**Chronic Diarrhea Cured.**—D. LAZARRE, Esq., 275 and 277 Decatur Street, New Orleans, La., writes: "I used three bottles of the 'Golden Medical Discovery,' and it has cured me of chronic diarrhea. My bowels are now regular."

## GENERAL DEBILITY.

Mrs. PARMELIA BRUNDAGE, of 181 Lock Street, Lockport, N. Y., writes: "I was troubled with chills, nervous and general debility, with frequent sore throat, and my mouth was badly cankered. My liver was inactive, and I suffered much from dyspepsia. I am pleased to say that your 'Golden Medical Discovery' and 'Pellets' have cured me of all those ailments and I cannot say enough in their praise. I must also say a word in reference to your 'Favorite Prescription,' as it has proven itself a most excellent medicine for weak females. It has been used in my family with excellent results."

**Dyspepsia.**—JAMES L. COLBY, Esq., of Yucatan, Houston Co., Minn., writes: "I was troubled with indigestion, and would eat heartily and grow poor at the same time. I experienced heartburn, sour stomach, and many other disagreeable symptoms common to that disorder. I commenced taking your 'Golden Medical Discovery' and 'Pellets,' and I am now entirely free from the dyspepsia, and am, in fact, healthier than I have been for five years. I weigh one hundred and seventy-one and one-half pounds, and have done a much work the past summer as I have ever done in the same length of time in my life. I never took a medicine that seemed to tone up the muscles and invigorate the whole system equal to your 'Discovery' and 'Pellets.'"

## INVIGORATES THE SYSTEM.

**Dyspepsia.**—THERESA A. CASS, of Springfield, Mo., writes: "I was troubled one year with liver complaint, dyspepsia, and sleeplessness, but your 'Golden Medical Discovery' cured me."

**Chills and Fever.**—Rev. H. E. MOSLEY, Montmorency, S. C., writes: "Last August I thought I would die with chills and fever. I took your 'Discovery' and it stopped them in a very short time."

# "THE BLOOD IS THE LIFE."

Thoroughly cleanse the blood, which is the fountain of health, by using Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, and good digestion, a fair skin, buoyant spirits, and bodily health and vigor will be established. Golden Medical Discovery cures all humors, from the common pimple, blotch, or eruption, to the worst Scrofula, or blood-poison. Especially has it proven its efficacy in curing Salt-rheum or Tetter, Fever-sores, Hip-joint Disease, Scrofulous Sores and Swellings, Enlarged Glands, and Eating Ulcers.

## INDIGESTION BOILS, BLOTCHES.

Rev. F. ASBURY HOWELL, Pastor of the M. E. Church, of Silvertown, N. J., says: "I was afflicted with catarrh and indigestion. Boils and blotches began to arise on the surface of the skin, and I experienced a tired feeling and dullness. I began the use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery as directed by him for such complaints, and in one week's time I began to feel like a new man, and am now sound and well. The 'Pleasant Purgative Pellets' are the best remedy for bilious or sick headache, or tightness about the chest, and bad taste in the mouth, that I have ever used. My wife could not walk across the floor when she began to take your 'Golden Medical Discovery.' Now she can walk quite a little ways, and do some light work."

## HIP-JOINT DISEASE.

Mrs. IDA M. STRONG, of Attnsworth, Ind., writes: "My little boy had been troubled with hip-joint disease for two years. When he commenced the use of your 'Golden Medical Discovery' and 'Pellets,' he was confined to his bed, and could not be moved without suffering great pain. But now, thanks to your 'Discovery,' he is able to be up all the time."

and can walk with the help of crutches. He does not suffer any pain, and can eat and sleep as well as any one. It has only been about three months since he commenced using your medicine. I cannot find words with which to express my gratitude for the benefit he has received through you."

**A TERRIBLE AFFLICTION.** Skin Disease.—The "Democrat and News," of Cambridge, Maryland, says: "Mrs. ELIZA ANN POOLE, wife of Leonard Poole, of Williamsburg, Dorchester Co., Md., has been cured of a bad case of Eczema by using Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. The disease appeared first in her feet, extended to the knees, covering the whole of the lower limbs from feet to knees, then attacked the elbows and became so severe as to prostrate her. After being treated by several physicians for a year or two she commenced the use of the medicine named above. She soon began to mend and is now well and hearty. Mrs. Poole thinks the medicine has saved her life and prolonged her days."

Mr. T. A. AYRES, of East New Market, Dorchester County, Md., vouches for the above facts.

# CONSUMPTION, WEAK LUNGS, SPITTING OF BLOOD.

**GOLDEN MEDICAL DISCOVERY** cures Consumption (which is Scrofula of the Lungs), by its wonderful blood-purifying, invigorating and nutritive properties. For Weak Lungs, Spitting of Blood, Shortness of Breath, Bronchitis, Severe Coughs, Asthma, and kindred affections, it is a sovereign remedy. While it promptly cures the severest Coughs it strengthens the system and rapidly builds up the system, and increases the flesh and weight of those reduced below the usual standard of health by "wasting diseases."

**Consumption.**—Mrs. EDWARD NEWTON, of Harrowsmith, Ont., writes: "You will ever be praised by me for the remarkable cure in my case. I was so reduced that my friends had all given me up, and I had also been given up by two doctors. I then went to the best doctor in these parts. He told me that medicine was only a punishment in my case, and would not undertake to treat me. He said I might try Cod liver oil if I liked, as that was the only thing that could possibly have any curative power over consumption so far advanced. I tried the Cod liver oil as a last treatment, but I was so weak I could not keep it on my stomach. My husband, not feeling satisfied to give me up yet, though he had bought for me everything he saw advertised for my complaint, procured a quantity of your 'Golden Medical Discovery.' I took only four bottles, and, to the surprise of everybody, am to-day doing my own work, and am entirely free from that terrible cough which harassed me night and day. I have been afflicted with rheumatism for a number of years, and now feel so much better that I believe, with a continuation of your 'Golden Medical Discovery,' I will be restored to perfect health. I would say to those who are falling a prey to that terrible disease consumption, do not do as I did, take every-thing else first; but take the 'Golden Medical Discovery' in the early stages of the disease, and thereby save a great deal of suffering and be restored to health at once. Any person who is still in doubt, need but write me, inclosing a stamped, self-addressed envelope for reply, when the foregoing statement will be fully substantiated by me."

## GIVEN UP TO DIE.

**Ulcer Cured.**—ISAAC E. DOWNS, Esq., of Spring Valley, Rockland Co., N. Y. (P. O. Box 28), writes: "The 'Golden Medical Discovery' has cured my ulcer." Golden Medical Discovery is Sold by Druggists. Price \$1.00 per Bottle, or Six Bottles for \$5.00.

cal Discovery' has cured my daughter of a very bad ulcer located on the thigh. After trying almost everything without success, we procured three bottles of your 'Discovery,' which healed it up perfectly." Mr. Downs continues:

**Consumption and Heart Disease.**—"I also wish to thank you for the remarkable cure you have effected in my case. For three years I had suffered from that terrible disease, consumption, and heart disease. Before consulting you I had wasted away to a skeleton; could not sleep nor rest, and many times wished to die to be out of my misery. I then consulted you, and you told me you had hopes of curing me, but it would take time. I took five months' treatment in all. The first two months I was almost discouraged; could not perceive any favorable symptoms, but the third month I began to pick up in flesh and strength. I cannot now recite how, step by step, the signs and realities of returning health gradually but surely developed themselves. To-day I tip the scales at one hundred and sixty, and am well and strong."

Our principal reliance in curing Mr. Downs' terrible disease was the "Golden Medical Discovery."

**BLEEDING FROM LUNGS.** JOSEPH F. McFARLAND, Esq., Athens, La., writes: "My wife had frequent bleeding from the lungs before she commenced using your 'Golden Medical Discovery.' She has not had any since its use. For some six months she has been feeling so well that she has discontinued it."

**WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Proprietors,**  
No. 663 Main Street, BUFFALO, N. Y.

For a woman to say she does not use Procter & Gamble's Lenox Soap, is to admit she is "behind the times." Nobody uses ordinary soap now they can get "Lenox."



**PONIES.** Sheffield Mountain Ponies; America's most valuable breed. Largest herd in America. Now wanted to sell them. Sample FREE. Also opportunity for business. Packed stamped self-addressed envelope. BYRON VAN RAN B. BOERNE, Kendall Co., Texas.

N. U. F. W. No. 18-87. When Writing to Advertisers, please say you saw the Advertisement in this paper.



### The Elder Booth.

Booth, accompanied by his wife, arrived at Norfolk, Va., from the Island of Madeira in a vessel, unheralded and unknown. He made his first appearance in Richmond, Va., and presented himself to Mr. Gilfertt, the manager, and said that he wished to perform. He had no letters of introduction, and his identity was very much doubted, while at the rehearsal, which he merely "walked through," the actors looked upon him as a fraud. But at night he dispelled all doubts of his identity in the performance of "Richard." Now, the question has always arisen why he arrived from the old country in such a mysterious manner. I think I can throw some light upon the matter.

Just before Booth left England he was playing in Bath. Business was dull, for he did not draw. A celebrated gymnast was performing at the same time at an opposition theater. His name was Signior Antonio, or the "Little Devil." He drew the crowd by his wonderful performances on the slack rope. Booth, after his performance, went around to the other show and commenced shouting.

"Mountebank! Mountebank!! Humbug!!! A desecration of the temple of art!"

Of course he was ejected by the police, but returned after the performance and met Antonio. A few angry words followed, and they came to blows; next day they again met and a reconciliation took place. They then had a supper, at which wine was freely partaken of. They parted late that night. Antonio, going home, while passing through a park, heard a pistol snap behind him (a flint lock.) It missed fire. Antonio then turned and saw that it was Booth, who fired a second shot. The ball struck him in the cheek and lodged in the back of his head. He fell stunned, but was found shortly afterward and taken to his hotel. Booth fled from England to the continent, and this is why Booth came to this country in such a mysterious manner. Antonio recovered and came to the United States, where he played at the leading theaters with much success, and finally fixed his home in St. Louis, where he died a few years ago, respected and loved by all who came in contact with him. In his old age he became insane. The cause of his insanity was supposed to be the shot fired by the hand of the elder Booth. Booth and Antonio met in St. Louis and became firm friends, and his son, Alfonso, now has in his possession a watch seal which was presented by Booth with the letter "B" engraved upon an amethyst on the seal, which he keeps in remembrance of the drunken freak which occurred in his father's younger days.

Booth's ancestor's were from Spain. They were of Hebrew stock, and their family name was Cabana, which, in the Hebrew language, means Booth. They fled to England to escape persecution. His literary tastes and abilities were of high order. He was a linguist, as he spoke and wrote the French, German, and Hebrew languages fluently. He was a grand admirer of the Koran and familiar with the Taband.

One day I asked him: "Are you not a Jew in religion, Mr. Booth?"

"No," said he, "I am not. I was born a Jew, but if one be borne in a stable, it is no reason that he should be a horse. I am a Mohammedan."

I knew he was a frequenter of synagogues, but he had the highest respect for all places of religious worship, and never passed one without bowing his head. His charity was shown by deeds of philanthropy and humanity, not talk. "He did good by stealth, and blushed to find it fame."—*St. Louis Republican*.

### On the Bob-Tail Car.

Eastern visitor (in Omaha street car)—Why, these cars have no conductors! The company must have a good deal of faith in human nature.

Omaha man—Yes, Omaha folks are so honest that the company knows the fares will be left in that box.

"But who takes charge of the passengers?"

"There are generally people on board willing to ring the bell and act as guards without charging the company anything for it."

"How noble! What sort of people are they?"

"Pickpockets, mostly."—*Omaha World*.

"THE use we make of happiness gives us an eternal sentiment of satisfaction or repentance."—*Rousseau*.

### Aping English Customs.

Nearly every true American who daily perambulates the streets of our large cities is at times puzzled to know whether or not he has been suddenly transported to some English city. The conglomerated mass of humanity that surrounds him is confusing. Here, there, and everywhere can be seen all colors and classes of nationalities. At the corner he meets the Italian, the fruit monopolizer; in every avocation of life can be seen the Irishman; within the red-fronted store reigns the reticent Chinaman; on all sides his ears are besieged with mongrel Dutch, the more classic German, the hearty Southern intonation of the negro, and the insinuating oily phrases of the Frenchman.

After partially recovering from his bewilderment, the true American looks around him for a few of his kind. He finds three classes of Americans; the true American, clad in neat business suit, demonstrating that the wearer is more anxious to cultivate his brain than cater to public opinion as to what he should eat, drink, or wear.

Coming down the street can be seen American No. 2. He is a picture—and such a picture! Shoes, sharp at the toes as a toothpick (heels very apt to be run over), but highly polished—thanks to some friend's blacking and brush—skin-tight pantaloons, kid gloves, eye glass, a three-button cutaway, somebody's second-hand fall overcoat, cut down to the present wearer's size, a Central Park sycamore tree for a cane, a polished brass watch-chain running from either of the lower vest pockets to the end of which are keys; an often-brushed and time-honored plug hat, held together by the application of mucilage upon the inside. The back part of the head of the American No. 2 is closely cropped, *a la Sing Sing* style; on the top front is a slightly tufted dais, and a few strands of hair are brushed over either ear. No matter how cold the day, his cut-down fall overcoat is conspicuous—not by its absence, but by its presence. When importuned by his more sensible friends as to why he does not put on a warmer top-coat, he exclaims: "Cawn't do it, yer know; my flannels are so heavy, my dear fellow, that a heavy coat would be uncomfortable." At that very moment the summer flannel shirt is pitifully sighing for an envelopment beneath a warmer outside garment; the very bones sympathize one with the other in their chilled sockets; the watery blood is running at low tide, and the interrogated is shivering so perceptibly at the time he says "Cawn't do it, yer know," that the very words seem to be broken particles of ice. Who can wear a heavy coat if he hasn't got one, or can't beg, borrow, or steal one? This picture is the American dude. He dresses this way because "It's English, you know."

Here comes the third American-Englishman or English-American, just as you will have it. Always in a great hurry. He, too, carries a cane, or rather a small tree. Look at his shoes. Size No. 13, five inches wide, and soles at least an inch-thick. These shoes are called "Waukenphasts"—an English term. Every time a shoe strikes the pavement, the bricks groan and the unlucky insect that is in the path of the coming destroyer at once commence to pray, for he knows that the day for winding up earthly accounts has arrived. The Ulster of America, No. 3, would cover twelve dudes of average size and weight, and the majority of dudes are of feather weight and nominal size. But the prominent feature of No. 3 is the pantaloons. They are very apt to consist of large white and black blocks that look like a series of checkerboards sewed together.—*The Earth*.

NEAR the sea the shifting of sand by the winds is a familiar sight, and the drifts are often known to encroach on cultivated fields, forests and villages. Striking examples are found on Lake Michigan, where the withered tops of a forest are visible above a sand-drift, and in Norfolk, England, where farms and houses have been covered. The same phenomenon occurs in deserts, the great sandhills being not only carried about by the wind, but even forced beyond the proper limits of the sandy wastes. The extensive Registan Desert in central Afghanistan is reported as being steadily pushed north-eastwardly, and calculations have shown that its present rate of progress will cause it to overwhelm some of the most fertile and prosperous districts of the country in a few thousand years.

J. H. CONRAD,

DEALER IN

## ROOFING AND SPOUTING

GUTTERING, HOUSE FURNISHING GOODS,

Cutlery, Nails, Paints, Woodenware &c.

MAIN STREET, ST. JOE IND.

All work and goods guaranteed to give satisfaction: Give me a call.



WILLIAM CURIE,

PROPRIETOR OF

## St. Joe Meat Market,

ST. JOE, IND.

Highest market price paid for Hides, Tallow &c. Give me a call.

M. TUSTISON,

DEALER IN

## GROCERIES,

EARTHEN POTS FOR HOUSE PLANTS

PROVISIONS, OYSTERS, LEMONS.

ORANGES, CANDIES, CIGARS &c.

MAIN ST. ST. JOE, IND.

J. F. WALKER,

MAKER AND DEALER IN

## Harness, Collars,

WHIPS, HARNESS OIL &c.

ST. JOE, IND.

Repairing done promptly. Prices as low as the lowest. Call and see.

R. G. COBURN,

AGENT FOR THE

## ALBION Cultivator

AND FIELD HARROW,

## AND DAISY RAKE.

—ooo—

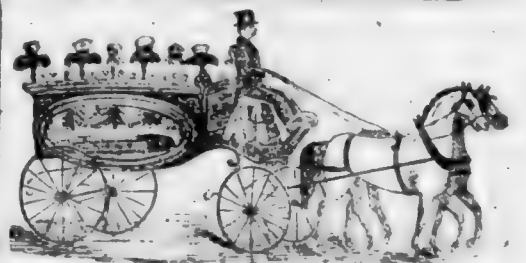
Farmers will save money by seeing me before buying. I will call on you with a sample in a few days. R. G. Coburn, St. Joe, Ind.

## Take Notice!

Having returned from Tennessee, I will assist again in

## Raising & Moving Buildings,

in short all kinds of Rope, Tackle and Jack-screw Work. Having had 15 years experience, and improved machinery, I feel safe in guaranteeing satisfaction. Heavy and difficult work a specialty. Correspondence solicited. Direct all communications to H. or M. Millman, St. Joe Station, Ind., or A. Monroe, Hicksville, Ohio.

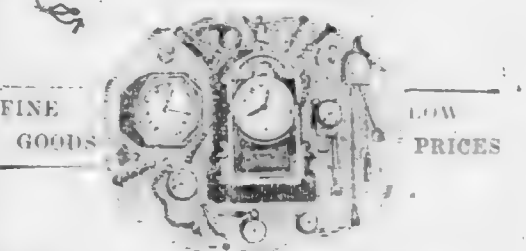


W. A. KINSEY,

Undertaker and Embalmer. Keeps on hand constantly a stock of Undertaking Supplies, Coffins, Caskets, Burial Robes &c. I can supply as fine goods as can be furnished. Will attend to making all arrangements for funerals. Calls responded to at all hours of the night. Office on corner of Main and Second Streets; residence on corner of Main and Fourth Streets, St. Joe, Ind.

Arthur James,

—DEALER IN—



## Watches, Clocks,

AND JEWELRY.

Repairing done promptly and all work warranted. Call and see me at Bair & Son's store, Spencerville, Ind.

M. T. BISHOP,

—DEALER IN—

## LUMBER

OF ALL KINDS,

Shingles, Lime, Lath, MOULDINGS &c.

Large Stock and Prices Low. Yard Near Depot, St. Joe, Ind.

F. A. ZEIGLER,

MAKER AND DEALER IN



## FLY Nets and Dusters,

HARNESS OIL &c.

Prices the Lowest. All work guaranteed. Call and see me.

ISSUE

MISSING



# THE ST. JOE NEWS.

VOL. I.

ST. JOE, IND., FRIDAY, JULY 22, 1887.

NO. 26.

## Churches.

### DISCIPLE.

SERVICES every alternate Sunday evening, in the Lutheran church. Cottage prayer meeting every Friday evening.

J. A. THOMAS, PASTOR.

### METHODIST PROTESTANT.

SERVICES every alternate Sunday at 10:30 A. M. Prayer meeting every Tuesday evening. Sunday School at 9:30 A. M.

J. M. LANGLEY, PASTOR.

### EVANGELICAL LUTHERAN.

SERVICES every Sunday, one Sunday in the morning at 10:30, and the following Sunday in the evening. Prayer meeting every Thursday evening. Sunday School at 9:30 A. M.

S. P. FRYBERGER, PASTOR.

## Societies.

### G. A. R.

REGULAR meetings on Saturday evening on or before the full moon of each month, at their hall over Leighty's store.

O. H. WIDNEY, COMMANDER.

J. M. MILLIMAN, ADJUTANT.

## Business Notices.

H. W. BOWMAN, M. D., Physician and Surgeon, St. Joe, Ind. Office opposite the Drugstore.

ST. JOE HOTEL, Wm. Leighty, proprietor. Special attention given to furnishing teams for commercial men.

B. S. SHEFFER, M. D., Physician and Surgeon, St. Joe, Ind. Prompt and careful attention to all business entrusted to his care.

ST. JOE BARBER SHOP, one door west of hotel, Will Gee, proprietor. Satisfaction guaranteed. Your patronage is solicited.

FILLEY, LOUNSBERRY AND SHULER, proprietors of the St. Joe Saw and Planing Mill. All work promptly done. Cash paid for Oak Logs.

CITY BARBER SHOP, St. Joe, Ind., John Hull, proprietor. Shaving, Hair Cutting &c. done in the best of style. Come and see me. Two doors west of Kinsey's Furniture Store.

SIMON WINELAND, proprietor St. Joe Handle and Feed Mills. Feed grinding a specialty. Highest prices paid for second growth White Ash. Enquire at the mill for full particulars.

## INDIANA STATE NEWS.

—A terrible tragedy occurred near Logansport, recently. Several months ago William Goerner received a large pension. Unscrupulous neighbors tried to borrow the money, and failing in doing so, made threats against Goerner and his family. In the past two years his house has been burned, two horses have been poisoned, and cattle and hogs turned into his growing crops. On this account, Goerner has lived in fear of assassination for some time, past, and has always retired with a gun and revolver within reach. Shortly after midnight, recently, he was awakened by a noise at his door. He seized his gun and commanded the supposed burglar to halt. The order was not heeded, and Goerner fired. Upon lighting a lamp, Goerner discovered that he had killed his wife, the load of shot entering the mouth and tearing out the entire right side of her throat. Goerner gave himself up, but was released after the coroner's inquest.

—The following patents have been issued to Indiana inventors: Alonzo Collon, Oaktown, gate; Peter Dion, assignor of one-half to L. Dion, South Bend, wheel; Albert M. Grimman, assignor of one-half to Wagner, Indianapolis, elevator gate, also barrel skid; Miller Kehoe and A. Zilker, New Albany, brick kiln; Llewellyn G. Kenton, Monticello, monument; Anson L. Massey, Rainsville, hame tug loop; Baker S. Ruddick, Columbus, harmonica holder; Chas. E. Wintrobe and E. L. Griffith, Washington, folding feed box for wagons. —At Evansville, Mrs. Helen McClure and daughter, colored, were cleared of the charge of the murder of John McClure, the husband and father, who died of arsenical poison. Several hundred colored people were in the court-room when the verdict was announced. They shouted and rushed forward to congratulate the defendants. Several old women hugged the Judge and the defendants' attorneys before the latter were aware of what was occurring. It was a ludicrous scene.

—The South Bend Common Council, by unanimous vote, ordered the Central Union Bell Telephone Company to remove its poles and wires from the city by the 10th of next month. A franchise will be given D. C. Boley & Co., of Chicago, to put in an exchange of the American Cushman telephone. This action is taken because the Bell people are trying to force their patrons to adopt the toll system as against the legal \$3 rate.

—John C. Ebert, a young patternmaker, residing with his parents at 572 North Pennsylvania avenue, Indianapolis, fell out of a fifth-story window of the Talbot Block, and was dead when picked up. Ebert had attended the meeting of Koerner Lodge, K. of P., and retired to a window in the corridor to cool off. The air was close, and it is supposed that the accident occurred while Ebert was sleeping.

—At Poseyville, Mr. Lavan W. Spellman, in company with a friend, was shooting at some crows, when his companion's gun was discharged in some manner, the shot taking effect in Spellman's thigh. The wound was not thought dangerous until recently when he was attacked with lock-jaw, which gradually grew worse, and resulted in his death.

—Andrew Walters, moving with his family in a wagon from Missouri to Indianapolis, met with a probably fatal accident near Evansville. He was in a state of intoxication, and let his team run away. Walters was thrown from the wagon, and both wagon wheels passed over his body, inflicting internal injuries. The family escaped unhurt.

—Joseph Mayer, a tramp from New York, stealing a ride to Chicago, attempted to board a freight train west on the Nickel Plate to ride to Fort Wayne, fell into a trestle work and was run over and both

legs cut off. He was picked up and brought to the St. Joseph Hospital at Fort Wayne, where he died.

—Lizzie Batson, aged about eighteen years, a resident of Lewisville, jumped off a car while the train was nearing the depot at Cambridge City. She was thrown violently to the ground and her collar-bone broken. Severe internal injuries will confine her to her bed for some time.

—While William Brown was threshing James Sharp's wheat, in the neighborhood of Conatsville, sparks from the engine ignited the wheat stacks, and the flames spread rapidly, consuming the thresher and about four hundred bushels of wheat. Loss, about \$1,000.

—The annual meeting of the Indiana Trotting and Pacing Horse-breeders' Association will be held at Terre Haute on August 2, 3, and 4. The entries already show a promising lot of speed horses, and the races give promise of being as good as any held in Indiana.

—The exhaustion of the Insane Hospital's funds has made it necessary for the managers to discharge thirty of the employees, of whom thirteen are sewing women. In consequence, insane women will be required to do much of the work of repairing clothing.

—David Harris, a wealthy farmer east of Montpelier, was found wandering about his barn-yard with a broken jaw and badly bruised. The peculiar feature of the case is that he doesn't know who struck him. There is much comment here over the occurrence.

—John Robinson murdered his neighbor, Samuel Hay, at Charleston Landing, by shooting him while he was waiting with his sister for the Louisville packet. He rested the gun on the shoulder of Hay's sister in order to take aim. An old feud.

—William Naylor, proprietor of the Brookville Hotel, aged about forty-five years, dropped dead, after performing a day's work. Heart disease is the supposed cause. He leaves a family.

—Two first-class passenger engines built at the Pennsylvania Company's shops in Fort Wayne, were turned out last week. It is said that in their construction they equal the best ever made at any of the leading locomotive works.

—Robert McGuire and Joseph Anderson, aged about twelve and thirteen years, respectively, were drowned in White River, near Hazleton, fifteen miles south of Vincennes.

—Benjamin Peebles, an old pioneer of Montgomery County, died at his home near Garfield, aged 80 years.

—The third annual reunion of the 130th Indiana Volunteer Infantry will be held at Wabash on August 6. All members of this organization are requested to be present.

—The annual old settlers' meeting of the counties of Montgomery, Fountain, and Tippecanoe will be held at Meharry's grove on Thursday, August 25.

—The State K. of P. encampment will be held at Crawfordsville, on August 26, 27, 28, and 29.

—The new Methodist Church at Jamestown was struck by lightning and burned to the ground.

—A number of the Salvation Army were arrested at Lafayette for disturbing the peace.

—Fred M. Hour, of Terre Haute, aged 15 years, was drowned in the Wabash River.

—The gas well at Peru has been abandoned, mineral water having been struck.

—A meeting of old settlers will be held at Russellville on the 4th of August.

THE lack of money may, but the lack of brains never, prevent a person from getting into what is called "society."—Boston Courier.

MOTTO for persons who preserve fruit—They can who think they can.

## PUZZLED.

Gilbert Stuart, one of America's great portrait painters, was a humorist and delighted in harmless jokes, such as excited a laugh but aroused no bitterness. Once while he was traveling in a crowded stage-coach, in England, his companions, curious to know the business of the man who amused them by his witty remarks, questioned him closely. In those days gentlemen wore powdered hair tied in queues, and ladies built up on their heads pomaded top-knots. Stuart gravely replied to his first questioner, "I sometimes dress ladies' and gentlemen's hair."

"You are a hair-dresser, then?" said one of the company.

"What! do you take me for a barber?" exclaimed Stuart, in a serious tone.

"I beg pardon, but I inferred as much from what you said; may I ask what then you are?"

"Why, I sometimes brush a gentleman's coat or hat, or adjust cravats."

"Oh, you are a valet to some nobleman."

"Indeed, I am not! I am not a servant—though, to be sure, I make coats and waistcoats for gentlemen."

"Oh, you are a tailor."

"Tailor! do I look like one? I assure you that I never handled a 'goose' that was not roasted."

"What are you then?" asked half-a-dozen voices, for by this time all were laughing uproariously.

"I'll tell you, said Stuart. 'What I have said is literally true. I dress hair, brush hats and coats, adjust a cravat, and make coats, waistcoats, and breeches, and brush also boots and shoes.'

"Ha! ha! a boot and shoemaker, after all!"

"Guess again, gentlemen! I never handled boot or shoe save for my own feet; yet all I have said is true."

"We may as well give up guessing," said one of the company; he's too much for all of us."

"Now, gentlemen," said Stuart, taking a pinch of snuff, "I will not play the fool with you any longer. Upon my word of honor, I get my bread by making faces," and he then so screwed his countenance, that the stage-coach shook with laughter.

"There, just as I thought!" exclaimed one, "the gentleman is a comedian."

"I never was on the stage, and seldom see the inside of a play-house," answered Stuart.

The mystified company looked at each other with astonishment. Just then the stage-coach stopped at the place where Stuart was to get off.

"Gentlemen," said he, "you will find that all I have said of my various employments is included in these few words—I am a portrait painter. If you will call at my studio in London, I shall be ready to brush you a coat or hat, dress your hair, supply you with a wig of any fashion; accommodate you with coats or shoes, give you ruffles or cravats, and make faces for you."

THERE is a kind of close relationship between all those who are suffering from some sorrow or other. If we are in mourning we feel somehow or other drawn to every black dress we meet.



# The St. Joe News.

ST JOE, INDIANA.

MORT & WILLIAMS.

## OUR SAINT.

BY CLINTON SCOLLARD.

The one I sang was born and bred  
Ere I and Queen Esther's whims had led  
A single thread to vex her mind.

Her form was like a flower so fair,  
Her hair like waves of golden hair,  
Her voice was sweet - her favorite air  
Was "Yankee Doodle."

She used to play an old spinnet,  
The shades in existence yet,  
And the dots and the crotchets set,  
High in our hearts.

And oft the sun from dawn till gloom  
In some quaint, low, beamed room,  
She loved the fabric of her gown,  
Nor seemed to wear it.

In stately minuet or reel,  
With large-bowed hips, high of heel,  
Here was the step that roused the zeal  
In hearts of all sorts.

Folk high and lowly both to please,  
To make bright moods and repartees,  
To bawls, to brews, she hummed these  
Among her tidbits.

When'd she passed in quilted gown  
Along the highways of the town,  
Small wonder that the swains bowed down  
In admiration;

And when a handsome stranger bore  
The fair one from her father's door,  
Why marvel that the jealous swore  
From sheer vexation?

A day more gay was seldom seen  
Than her bright wedding-day. I ween;  
And she, who bore her off a queen  
In look and motion.

And when, with him she loved, she led  
The wedding dance, more light her tread  
Than any bride that ever sped  
O'er wave or ocean.

The bridled bodice that she wore  
While footing it along the floor  
Has lain for fifty years or more  
In some dark chest hid;

And how she spun around the steeple,  
Sought while yet young the sturly goal,  
A goal which she had, patient soul,  
Long in her breast hid.

Her eyes are dim, her voice is faint,  
And yet she never makes a complaint;  
One more so near and like a saint  
I have to yet see.

Than she who in the convent sits  
And does, while she knits and knits,  
Her little nephew a socks and mitts,  
My great-aunt Betsy.

The Century.

## HIS LOVE TESTED.

BY EUGENE DANKLEY.

Arthur Hill, Esquire, commonly called "Master Arthur," aged 23, was engaged to a girl

"Whose face he never had gazed upon."

About eight years before my tale opens, a dispute had arisen at out a certain estate in Waterford, to which Mr. Hill, Arthur's father, and a certain George Wilson, both laid claims. Litigation seemed inevitable, and the legal fraternity began to "be on the look-out," when one morning, Mr. Hill, senior, received a note from Wilson containing the following passage:

"My daughter, Emily, will inherit all my property at my death, with the exception of a small house, which goes to Jack's boy. Don't you think it would be a wise plan if you or boy, Arthur, were to marry Emily? Let the property pass for eight years, secure, then Emily will be eighteen, and Arthur three-and-twenty; if they take to marry then, well and good, if not, I shall decline to carry out the arrangement, let the property go to the boy."

Mr. Hill readily acquiesced in his correspondent's suggestion, and Arthur found himself an engaged man at 15. Shortly after, Mr. Hill was obliged, through ill-health, to leave Ireland; and for many years he resided entirely on the Continent. Thus it happened that Arthur and his future bride never met.

Later, the fact of his being engaged had been a great deal in his mind, and the obligation began to seem irksome. He distorted everything that the last heir (or her, as) formed at last a most unfavorable portrait, over which he would brood, until at last he hated the very name of Wilson.

About a month before the date fixed for his decision, Arthur took himself to a small inn in the village of Portlaw, near Waterford, nominally to fish, and, as it were, to find time for a little reflection on so important a matter. One day, as he lay lazily smoking a cigar by the silver fireplace, a tribune of the Suir, something fell from a high bunk above him, and dropped lightly on the water at his feet, while a sweet musical voice exclaimed, "Gracious me! My hat!"

Arthur looked, and saw a very neat little hat sailing rapidly with the stream.

"Lather the owner!" exclaimed he. "I suppose she'll expect me to go and play the water-dog, and fetch it to her."

As he rose, he looked up to the spot from which the voice had proceeded, and saw there a girl whose beauty surprised him.

There she stood, Venus like, her head bare, gazing sorrowfully after her fast disappearing hat, and Arthur had a good opportunity to examine her critically, from the little head with its crisp brown hair, disordered by the wind, to the tiny ankles,

which her position exposed to Arthur's view as she stood over him.

Running some paces down the bank, he stepped out on an old willow which protruded itself over the stream, and waited in the hope that the current would bring the hat near enough for him to stay its course.

He was not disappointed, and in a few moments more he was again out of the firm with his prize.

After a few words had been exchanged, Arthur found the girl very charming; she seemed so delightfully free from all conventionalism without at all resembling his cousin, the "last girl."

All the next day he wandered by the river, but she came not. That day he was restless and ill-tempered with his hostess and everyone who approached him.

The day after, he was more fortunate. She was sitting in the old spot, and greeted him smilingly.

"You're just in time," she said. "Look at my tree; isn't it like those bright cauldrons you see in the pickle bottles?"

Arthur sat down, and set to work on the refractory tree, while she watched him.

"I say," she said, at last, "isn't this very improper? We've never been introduced, and I don't know who you are, or anything about you. Lady Henry would have a fit if she knew."

"I beg to introduce myself," said Arthur, laughing. "My name is Hill—Arthur Hill."

After a pause she said, slowly, "So you're Arthur Hill?"

"Yes," said he, looking up. "What do you know of me?"

"There is a young lady staying at Danan who is a particular friend of mine; she has told me all about you."

"Oh, indeed! And what's her name?"

"Miss Wilson; Emily Wilson."

One here now flushed, and in a low tone, exclaimed, "Emily Wilson?"

"Yes; Emily is my best and dearest friend, and she tells me everything," she replied, demurely.

Arthur began to paint viciously.

"I detest fast girls!" he said at last.

"How do you know Emily is fast? You never had the pleasure of seeing her."

"No, but I've heard of her," Arthur said, gloomily.

"What have you heard about her, pray?" his companion demanded, sharply.

"Why, there was Jack Heany—he met her a short time ago. She talked slang the whole time to him, and I wanted to—"

"What?"

"Smoke!"

Here the young girl burst into a violent fit of laughing, and after a long pause, exclaimed: "Oh, Jack's such a mule! He'd do that to frighten him. Well," continued his fair tormentor, "is that all you have to say against your bride?"

"He's not my bride."

"But she will be."

"No, never!"

"What will you buy your freedom with, Highfield and seven thousand a year?"

"Ay, and think it cheap, too."

"I assure you, Mr. Hill, that's very complimentary to Miss Wilson."

She watched him, softly averted; then her face lit up with mischief.

"You have not told me your name yet," Arthur said after a brief pause.

"My name, is it?" she repeated. "Oh, bother in name—never mind, Arthur—Mr. Hill, I mean; my name is, at present, of little importance."

"I must know your name. Won't you tell it to me?" Arthur persisted.

"Well, my name is Emily, too," she said, musingly.

"Then, please, shall I call on you, Emily?" he asked.

"Certainly not, sir," she coldly replied, and recommenced painting vigorously.

He was evidently getting on too fast.

"Well, won't you forgive me," he pleaded, after a while.

"Shall I?" she said, holding her sketch at arm's length to observe the effect.

"Yes, do, please, Em—Miss—oh, bother it!"

"Yes, I will, then," he laughed, and she gave him her hand.

Arthur felt sadly inclined to kiss it but refrained.

"Since when?"

He hesitated.

"Since when?" she again repeated, imperiously.

Arthur began to dig little holes with his stick.

"Well, within the last few days," he said at last.

If he had been looking at her, he might have seen the smile and blush of pleasure which lit up her face as he spoke.

"You see," he continued, "it's my father's marriage, not mine; and a man likes to choose his own wife. I dare say there's no real harm in the young girl. If she's your friend, it speaks well for her, but still—"

"But still what? You've never seen her; how can you tell whether you will like her or not?"

Arthur became more than ever absorbed in his excavations.

"Well, you see, the fact of the matter is," he blurted out between the digs, "I imagine that I have seen the only woman I'll ever ask to be my wife."

And he looked suddenly up at her.

She arose, confused, and began to consult her watch eagerly.

"Well, upon my word it's very late, and I really must go. Please give me my things. This is the park boundary, so I won't trouble you any more."

She sprang over the stile as she spoke, interposing it between them as they said adieu.

"When may I have the pleasure of seeing you again?" he asked, as he held out his hand at parting.

She allowed it to linger in his as she answered, "Well—soon—yes, very soon, perhaps sooner than you expect." And, gently returning the pressure of his hand, she walked quickly away toward the mansion, whose top appeared over the tallest of the great oak trees.

When the fair stranger had disappeared, Arthur seated himself on the stile and lit a cigar; for a few moments he puffed away silently, when suddenly he jumped up and exclaimed, "By jingo! I never got her name, after all!" and then he turned to go.

Immediately on arriving at his inn, he commenced a cross-examination of his hostess, by which he now learned two facts. First, that Danan was the property of Sir John Power; and second, that there were two young ladies staying there—Miss Wilson and Miss Morley.

Next day saw him speeding from Waterford in a fly to his father's house in Tramore, intent on destroying that worthy old gentleman's peace of mind by the announcement of his determination to give up Miss Wilson and Miss Morley.

"Is my father in, Washie?" he asked of the butler, when that functionary appeared to attend his young master.

"No, sir; Mr. Wilson was here, and the both of 'em are gone out."

"What! Mr. Wilson here?"

"Lor, yes, sir; him and Miss Wilson arrived this morning from Pangnan."

"Confound it!" exclaimed Arthur. "They seem to hunt me everywhere I go. And he retired precipitately into his own den. Bring me something to eat here, Murphy; and don't let Miss Wilson know that I am in the house."

By the time he had finished his lunch, his mind was made up. Selecting a huzely-crested sheet of note-paper, he sat down and wrote, resigning both the lady and Highfield.

"That will do, I think. I hope it won't smell of tobacco."

He then rang the bell, and Murphy appeared.

"Here, take this to Miss Wilson," he said, with his compliments.

Murphy was too well trained to show surprise at anything. He bowed and went. In ten minutes he returned.

"Miss Wilson's compliments, sir, and would you speak to her in the drawing-room."

"Oh, confound her!" exclaimed Arthur. But there was no escape. The drawing-room was darkened to exclude the afternoon sun, but our hero's covered a white figure at the far end which rose and bowed as he advanced.

"I am delighted, Miss Wilson," he began, "to have the pleasure of—Hu lo, Miss Morley! You here?"

"Miss Morley?" said the laughing voice of his Portlaw friend. "I am not Miss Morley."

"Then who, in the name of goodness, are you?" he demanded, eagerly.

"I'm that horrid Miss Wilson—a—Emily."

Arthur sat down and stared at her; presently he broke into a great laugh!

"Oh, it's all very well to laugh!" she said, in an undertone.

In a moment more he was on his knees before her, looking up into her eyes.

"Miss Wilson—Emily—I—I—"

"I told you not to call me Emily, yesterday," she said, sharply.

"Yes, dear, but yesterday is not to-day; we're engaged now."

"What do you mean, sir? Engaged! What after all this—"

"Oh, bother that letter! You know I love you to distraction. You are your own rival in love. You'll forgive me, Em, and marry me—won't you?"

"Certainly not, sir! You said I was vulgar, and fast—or go my hand—how dare you, sir? You said Highfield would be a cheap price to get rid of me. And

then this letter! Let go my hand, I say—he quiet, Mr. Hill! Arthur, don't!"

But our hero was not to be put off in this manner; he knew how leaving all women are, and he meant to win his promised bride.

"Oh, darling, don't you know that I love you? Did I not prove my love for you by offering, nay, actually agreeing to give up Highfield in order that I might marry you. Was it not for you dear that I intended to sacrifice all?"

At last he conquered. Miss Wilson surrendered ignominiously.

"Arthur," she whispered, as her head rested on his shoulder, "do you really love me?"

"And you will even marry me, now, kisses and blushes," "Well, then, Arthur dear, I'm yours; and I hope you'll find in me a loving wife."

"Oh, joy!" and he danced about like a puppet. "Emily, I know that you were once going to vex your friend Arthur, but why didn't you tell me the day we first met by the river, who you were?"

"Ah, can you ask? Why, you silly fellow, since I never saw you before, was it not right that I should put your love to the test?"

And so the matter ended. They were married shortly after, and a happier couple could not be discovered within the bounds of Erin's lovely island.

The Modern French Estimate of Napoleon.

It has not been difficult of late years to collect contemporary prints of the First Napoleon. It may have been otherwise under the Second Empire—probably it was—but since the establishment of the Third Republic it has been easy enough. This history of Napoleon's prestige in France may be told in a few words.

Napoleon's personal force was so great, and he had so identified himself with France, that in spite of the reaction consequent on the Restoration of Louis XVIII, the French people, as a whole, accepted him and glorified him as the national hero. His fame, and the magical influence of his name, suffered little even from the recollections of Leipzig and Waterloo; his reputation, in fact, increased steadily all through the period of the rule of the returned Bourbons, and at no time was more potent than in the reign of Louis Philippe. In his day Napoleon's remains were brought back from St. Helena, and interred, with great pomp, in the Invalides. The shops of Paris were full of pictures of his battles, of portraits of him and of his marshals. Up to the Revolution of 1848, Napoleon's government and policy were always, in the popular mind, opposed to the policy and government of the Bourbons. He stood for the principle of the national will; they—the older branch, of course, more particularly—for the principle of divine right. After the deposition of Louis Philippe, the tremendous influence of Napoleon's name carried Prince Louis into the chair of the President of the new Republic by an overwhelming majority, in spite of everything that the Government could do to prevent it. But from that moment a new chapter began. Napoleon was now no longer, in the minds of the French people, placed in contrast with the Bourbon kings, but with the Republic. The *coup d'etat* of December 2, 1851, emboldened the Republicans against the uncle almost as much as against the nephew, for it was by the uncle's name that the nephew had won. Hence came a systematic effort to write down the First Napoleon, with the view of weakening the hold of the Third Napoleon upon the popular mind. Lanfrey's History is the best illustration of a work of this kind. The fall of the Second Empire, with all its mortifying incidents and terrible disasters, did much—however illogically—to lower the prestige of Napoleon the First; and since 1871 Republicans and Bonapartists have been always at swords' points. In France to-day, whatever may be in fact the strength of the veneration felt for the First Napoleon, one sees and hears little of him. There are, of course, many prints, busts, medals, statuettes of him to be found in the shops; but they are not so highly prized, I fancy, to-day as they were forty years ago. From "Some Illustrations of Napoleon and his Times," by John C. Rojes, in Scribner's Magazine.

It is not necessary or right that all men should enjoy art, nature, or music to make them useful or honorable. When we go a pleasuring at least let us be honest, and not pretend to a liking for white-bait when we hunger for a good meal of wholesome coarse bread and salt herring.



## THE COTTAGE IN THE LANE.

BY WILLIAM C. MATHER.

Deserted it stands at the foot of the lane,  
Down by the orchard, lonely and drear,  
Shaken by winds, discolored by rain,  
Falling to pieces, year after year.  
Gone are the days when the little brown cot  
Shelter gave those now dead and forgot.

Whispers the wind that sweeps 'neath the eaves,  
Calling and sobbing when dark is the night,  
Mourning and wailing, it seems that it grieves  
Over the ones who are lost to our sight.  
Resting in graves at the foot of the lane  
Freed from the cares of this life and its pain.

Summers pass by, and winter snows fade,  
Stands the old cottage in the dreary, bare  
Lane,  
Lonely it looks in the sunshine or shade,  
Sadly in pears in the soft fall moonlight;  
Red is the sunlight of sunset that falls  
Touching the windows and faded brown walls.

Long later moonbeams beam on the lawn,  
Silently to gaze at the cottage, so vast,  
Never a light from its windows, so vast,  
Never a light from its windows, so vast,  
Gone are the days when the little brown cot  
Shelter gave those who are dead and forgot!

### The Old Folks at Home.

Or else here, no, a time new and then to sustain them under rowing immunities. No safer or more thorough investment for age and the delicate state can be found than the stomach. Little is a sensation, often in those ailments, of commonest occurrence. Liver complaint, indigestion and constipation, a pure botanic safeguard against malaria, and a reliable means of correcting the rheumatism. To the elderly, it is a valuable aid in the recovery of strength and to the delicate, nervous invalid it yields to equal slumber and renewed appetites. Two prime factors in the restoration of vitality, it is free from those objectionable ingredients of many of the so-called "Bitters," on the contrary, it is rich in the medicinal fruit.

Mr. GLADSTONE relates that when he was a young and ardent Tory at Oxford, he ventured to expostulate with a Liberal workman who was taking part in the reform agitation. Mr. Gladstone urged him to beware of these revolutionary notions and besought him to take warning by the fate of France. The honest workman listened respectfully for a time and then broke out with a reply which Mr. Gladstone to this day admits was conclusive. "D—n your foreign notions!" said he. "What has that got to do with old England?" Mr. Gladstone thinks Englishmen to-day are too apt to assume just that attitude toward the foreign opinion on home rule.

### Woman and Her Diseases.

Is the title of a book of this kind, by Dr. R. V. Pierce, Boston, N. Y., sent to you for a copy of the book.

### Our Monster Metropolis.

New York is indeed a great city. Its assessed valuation for 1887 shows an increase in every ward, and a total increase in real and personal property of over \$80,000,000. When we stop to think that this increase for a single year is \$20,000,000 more than the aggregate assessed value of real and personal property in the city of Albany, we begin to comprehend how stupendous the growth of New York City in the past year has been.

How often is the light of the household extinguished by the fire of the hearth? How often is the life of the family threatened by the fire of the hearth? How often is the life of the family threatened by the fire of the hearth? How often is the life of the family threatened by the fire of the hearth?

If you wish to be rid of a bothersome peddler, don't threaten to throw him out. Offer to buy him out instead.

## Boils and Pimples

And other affections arising from impure blood may appear at this season, when the blood is heated. Hood's Sarsaparilla removes the cause of these troubles by purifying, vitalizing, and enriching the blood, and at the same time it gives tone and strength to the whole system, and makes one feel "like a new man."

"I know Hood's Sarsaparilla to be good by the trial I gave it for eruptions on my face. I had a hard time to purify my blood, but succeeded at last with Hood's Sarsaparilla."—HARRY C. PARR, Champaign, Ill.

### Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists, \$1; six for \$5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar.

**PATENTS** R. E. & A. P. LACEY, Patents Attorneys, Washington, D. C. Instructions and opinions as to patentability FREE. 17 years' experience.

## PITH AND POINT.

ALWAYS seedy—The fig.  
In a tight box—Sardines.  
SLEEP is the brain's picnic.  
A HARD time—The Iron Age.  
A SEAL-SKIN—A notary public.  
OUT of order—A non-union man.  
A MATCHLESS story—One in which there are no weddings.  
THE farmer who raises a glass too often isn't likely to raise much else.

Love in a cottage means simply a life-long course of plates for two and bread for one. *Fuck.*

WIFE—Will you take me to the opera to-night, dear? Husband—Yes, go and undress. *London Courier.*

COMMERCIAL travelers don't like to be called drummers now. Some of them never eat partridge because it drums.

In ancient times kissing a pretty girl was a cure for the toothache. Drat the dentist! why did they ever come into power?

"AW, ARE you fond of calves' brains, Miss Belle?" "No, not particularly; but I can listen to you for quite awhile."

A good quality of celluloid is now being made from potatoes. Soon bullets will be made from the railway handwheels.

A PAWNBROKER refused to advance anything on a second-hand glass optic, remarking, "There is no speculation in those eyes." *Texas Sittings.*

"I wish I could get a man to do my ideal stripped of dreamy guise; And not a man to be a man." *That makes a man philosopher.*

DE CAD—That little Miss Beach is a regular little fool! Bagley—Oh, no. DE CAD—Yes, she is. Any girl who will flirt is a fool. Bagley—Does she flirt? DE CAD—Why, she flirted with me all last evening. Bagley—Oh, well, then she is a fool.

The little 3-year-old son of a shoemaker who accidentally wandered into a dentist's office, while that individual was extracting a number of teeth for a patient, ran home, exclaiming: "Oh, papa! papa! Here's a man up stairs a-cuttin' pears out of a woman's mouth!" *New York Tribune.*

It was one of the genus traps. He knocked at the door of a house, and when a kindly-looking woman opened it he said: "Madam, I am very hungry. I have had nothing for a week back." "Why, you poor soul," said the good woman, "wait a moment and I'll find something for you." And she gave him a porous plaster and closed the door before he had finished thanking her. *Carl Prentiss' Wit.*

The Dakota Relief Association was recently organized in Plankinton. It announced that it was "for the purpose of rendering assistance in the time of necessity." This was telegraphed around and the next day the Secretary staggered into the office with a bushel basket full of letters. "What have you there?" asked the President. "Three hundred and twenty-five letters from the editors in Dakota, each saying that if we are rendering assistance in time of necessity, to just send him a check." *Dakota Bel.*

An old fellow from Piney Bayou was gravely inspecting a railroad engine, which he beheld for the first time, when the boiler exploded. "Wall, I'll be dinged!" he remarked as he scrambled to his feet. "I didn't know it was the natur' o' the critter to belch itself all to pieces an' short bilin' water all over a feller this er way. W'y, Bill, she's as sudden ez er sneeze. Wall, I'll be dinged if he ain't layin' thar with his head off. The old man told you to keep your head when you got to town, and you 'lowed that you would, but I'll be snatched if it peers like you've did it."—*Arkansas Traveler.*

Mrs. Cleveland Uses Dumb Bells. It has been remarked that Mrs. Cleveland possesses exceptionally strong wrists, and is consequently able to endure the prolonged handshaking of public receptions without over fatigue. Her strength of muscle is attributed to the persistent use of dumbbells. She is said to be quite a gymnast and owes much of her graceful carriage to the thorough command of her body given by calisthenic exercises.

FRENCH experiments have shown that nickel may be effectively rolled upon soft steel plates, which are thus made as valuable for lamp reflectors and other purposes as silvered copper.

## PRICKLY ASH BITTERS

IT IS A PURELY VEGETABLE PREPARATION CONTAINING PRICKLY ASH BARK AND PRICKLY ASH BERRIES. SENNA-MANDRAKE-BUCHU AND OTHER EQUALLY EFFICIENT REMEDIES. It has stood the Test of Years, in Curing all Diseases of the BLOOD, LIVER, STOMACH, KIDNEYS, BOWELS, &c. It Purifies the Blood, Invigorates and Cleanses the System.

**PRICKLY ASH BITTERS**  
CURES ALL DISEASES OF THE LIVER, KIDNEYS, STOMACH AND BOWELS.  
FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.  
PRICE 1 DOLLAR.

It is purely a Medicine as its cathartic properties forbid its use as a beverage. It is pleasant to the taste, and as easily taken by children as adults.

**PRICKLY ASH BITTERS CO.**  
Sole Proprietors, ST. LOUIS, MO. KANSAS CITY.

## MARLIN REPEATING RIFLE

Guaranteed perfectly accurate and absolutely safe. Made in all sizes for large or small game.

**BALLARD**  
Gallery, Hunting and Target Rifles. Send for Illustrated Catalogue.

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ADVERTISERS of other papers who wish to examine this paper, or of two estimates on advertising space when in Chicago, will find it on file at 45 to 47 Randolph St.

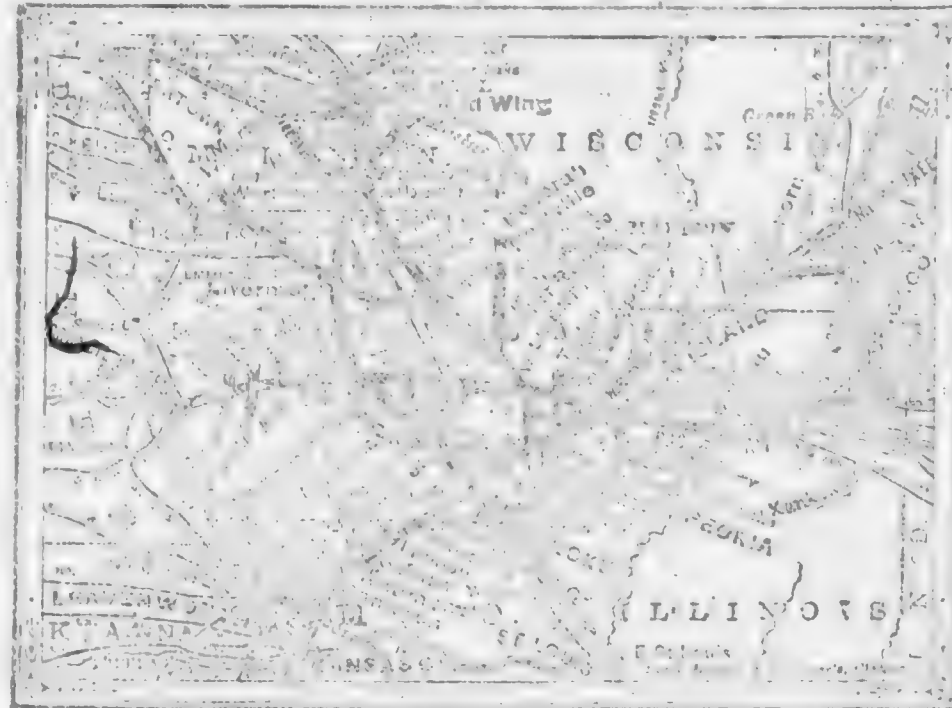
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**\$350** Will buy a complete Newspaper outfit, suitable for publishing a weekly paper in a town of 1000 or more. Includes hands, presses, type cases, and all the necessary machinery.

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## A MAN

WHO IS UNACQUAINTED WITH THE GEOGRAPHY OF THE COUNTRY, WILL SEE BY EXAMINING THIS MAP, THAT THE



## CHICAGO, ROCK ISLAND & PACIFIC R.R.

By reason of its central position, close relation to principal lines East of Chicago and continuous line at terminal points West, Northwest and Southwest, it is the only line connecting the East with the West by a continuous line. It is the only line connecting the East with the West by a continuous line. It is the only line connecting the East with the West by a continuous line.

The Rock Island line and branches include Chicago, Rock Island, La Salle, Peoria, Quincy, Moline and Rock Island, in Illinois; Davenport, Muscatine, Washington, Ottumwa, Oskaloosa, West Liberty, Iowa City, Des Moines, Indianola, Waterloo, Atlantic, Knoxville, Audubon, Earlham, Guthrie, Centerville, Council Bluffs, in Iowa; Gallatin, Trenton, St. Joseph, Cameron and Kansas City, in Missouri; Leavenworth and Atchison, in Kansas; Albert Lea, Minneapolis and St. Paul, in Minnesota; Watertown in Dakota, and hundreds of intermediate cities, towns and villages.

## THE GREAT ROCK ISLAND ROUTE

Guarantees Speed, Comfort and Safety to those who travel over it. Its roadbed is thoroughly ballasted. Its track is of heavy steel. Its bridges are solid structures of stone and iron. Its rolling stock is perfect as human skill can make it. It has all the safety appliances that mechanical genius has invented and experience proved valuable. Its practical operation is conservative and methodical—its discipline strict and exacting. The luxury of its passenger accommodations is unequalled in the West—unsurpassed in the world.

**ALL EXPRESS TRAINS** between Chicago and the Missouri River consist of comfortable DAY COACHES, magnificent PULLMAN PALACE PARLOR and SLEEPING CARS, elegant DINING CARS providing excellent meals, and —between Chicago, St. Joseph, Atchison and Kansas City—restful RECLINING CHAIR CARS.

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FRIDAY JULY 22, 1887.

St. Joe has the largest Normal school in the county.

The Jackson Cornet Band will be here to-morrow night at the band boys' festival.

Cole & Olds have a supply of Soft Sealing and Wax Fruit Jars on sale at lowest prices.

The W. C. T. U. of St. Joe will meet at the home of Mrs. Alex Filley on July 28th, at 3 o'clock. An invitation is extended to all.

The United States pays every year for cigars and cigarettes \$18,000,000 and for tobacco \$20,000,000.

The pipet of the...

OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

One hundred and six in the shade; but we can stand it.

R. G. Coburn had the good luck to lose a night last Sunday night.

Can't some one get up a dog fight or start a monkey show, or add any thing to give us a bit of fun?

Mrs. Al Monroe spent Sunday under the parental roof. She brought over A. B. Coburn, who has been spending a few days in the city.

Jake Whitewash is sky-larking around in this neighborhood last Monday, seeking whom he might catch some body. Delinquent taxes he wanted.

If any one sees any thing outland in Howard Northrup, they need not be alarmed. It is an eleven pound boy will make most any man hold up his head and step high. All parties standing well.

Spry-Frailer.

Most Shuttles returned home from a vacation.

Will Thoburn and Mrs. A. C. Young last Sunday at 7 A. M.

Frank B. Price...

M. J. Price...

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Prints, reduced to...  
Turkish Bath Towels, per pair...  
Blankets, per pair...  
Cotton and Wool Blankets...  
Six Cakes of Toilet Soap in a neat wooden...  
Twenty-five of each...

LEIGHTY'S, ST. JOE.

STILL AND EXAMINE THESE...

STAR WIND ENGINE Good Stock Farm

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Positive Assertions! True as Gospel!

No matter what others may say, we give more value for the money than any house in the county.

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GEN'L G. C. KNIFFEN, War Dept., Washington, D. C., after two years, says: "My wife has not had an attack for two years. I trust St. Jacobs Oil will reach the uttermost parts of the earth, and do as much good in every house as it has in mine."

Why should the letter "d" always be introduced into a family? Because it makes "kin" kind.

MR. FRANK L. COX, foreman *Herold and Times*, Gouverneur, N. Y., writes: "I sprained my ankle very badly and suffered intense pain. One bottle of St. Jacobs Oil cured the sprains and reduced the swelling."

#### How to Cook Snails.

This is the way to cook snails according to Jay Gould's formula: Boil them first in their shells; then submerge them in a highly-flavored sauce, and finally roast them. They are served in the shells, which by this time are thoroughly browned. When eaten, they are piled hot on a plate, after the manner of roasted clams, and the eater extracts them by holding a shell in his left hand, while with a fork in his right he gets the curious morsel out. The taste is pleasant, if one isn't squeamish, and a liking is easily acquired for the "escargots," as they are called in the restaurants where they have been this week suddenly introduced. Some of the snails eaten in New York are brought from France, but the bulk are gathered by boys in the outlying districts.

#### The Most Remarkable Business in the Country.

Our citizens have observed notices in the leading papers, from time to time, of a little harmless food plant called Moxie, found in South America last year. Its fine taste as a beverage, and ability to restore nervous, weakly women in a few days, and help overworked people of both sexes, to do two days' work in one with less fatigue, have made the demand so immense that 5,000,000 bottles have been sold in 17 months. What will be the sale in five years at this rate?

#### Loving Is a Curious Thing Sometimes.

A young man at Paris recently saved the life of a young woman who was about to drown and asked for her hand as a reward, only to learn that she was drowning herself for another man and could not love him. At last accounts the young man was trying to kill himself because she wouldn't have him; and the young woman was trying to kill herself again because the one she loved wouldn't have her. This "loving" business is a curious thing sometimes.

#### "Consumption Cure"

Would be a truthful name to give to Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery," the most efficacious medicine yet discovered for arresting the early development of pulmonary disease. But "consumption cure" would not sufficiently indicate the scope of its influence and usefulness. In all the many diseases which spring from a derangement of the liver and blood, the "Discovery" is a safe and sure specific. Of all druggists.

You can always distinguish the young lady who rules the household by her unusual air.

MEN'SMAN'S Peptonized Beef Tonic, the only preparation of beef containing its *entire nutritive properties*. It contains blood-making, force-generating and life-sustaining properties; invaluable for indigestion, dyspepsia, nervous prostration and all forms of general debility; also, in all feeble conditions, whether the work of exhaustion, nervous prostration, overwork or acute disease, particularly if resulting from pulmonary complaints. Hazard, Hazard & Co., proprietors, New York. Sold by druggists.

THE first thing planted in the garden of Eden—Adam's foot.

Life is burdensome, alike to the sufferer and all around him, while dyspepsia and its attending evils hold sway. Complaints of this nature can be speedily cured by taking Prickly Ash Bitters regularly. Thousands once afflicted now bear cheerful testimony as to its merits.

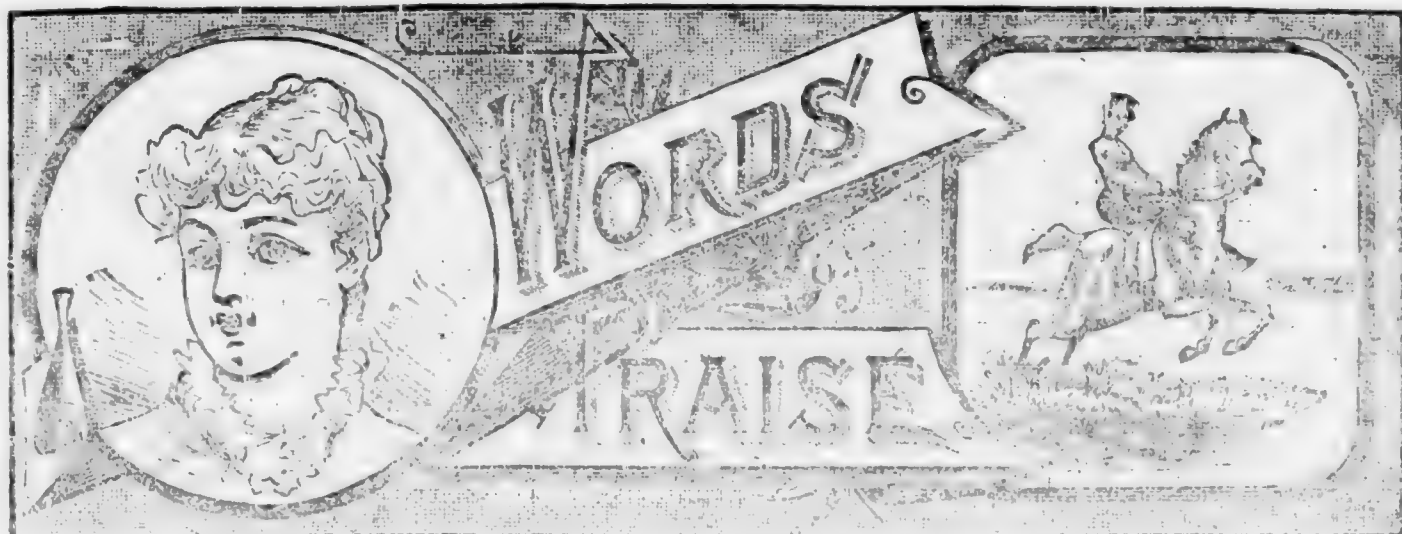
THE tight laced woman has always good staying power.—*Boston Gazette*.

THE Fraxer Aisle Grease is the very best. A trial will prove we are right.

BEST, easiest to use and cheapest. Pico's Remedy for Catarrh. By druggists. 50c.

#### A New Invention.

A Pittsburgh man is the inventor of a device which may completely revolutionize the weaving business. By it carpet can be made faster and wire woven into all conceivable shapes. In design it is not unlike the old-fashioned loom. The invention consists of a reversible shuttle. Two iron hooks perform the work now. Fifteen yards of carpet is the largest day's output accomplished by the old loom. The new one will turn out, so the inventor says, 500 yards. The chain was frequently broken by the old process. This is done away with by the new loom.



The following words, in praise of Dr. PIERCE'S FAVORITE PRESCRIPTION as a remedy for those delicate diseases and weaknesses peculiar to women, must be of interest to every sufferer from such maladies. They are fair samples of the spontaneous expressions with which thousands give utterance to their sense of gratitude for the incalculable boon of health which has been restored to them by the use of this world-famed medicine.

**\$100 THROWN AWAY.** JOHN E. SEGAR, of Millenbeck, Pa., writes: "My wife had been suffering for two or three years with female weakness, and had paid out one hundred dollars to physicians without relief. She took Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and it did her more good than all the medicine given to her by the physicians during the three years they had been practicing upon her."

**THE GREATEST EARTHLY BOON.** MRS. GEORGE HENDER, of Westfield, N. Y., writes: "I was a great sufferer from leucorrhea, bearing-down pains, and pain continually across my back. Three bottles of your 'Favorite Prescription' restored me to perfect health. I treated with Dr. — for nine months, without receiving any benefit. The 'Favorite Prescription' is the greatest earthly boon to us poor suffering women."

**THREW AWAY HER SUPPORTER.** MRS. SOPHIA E. BOSWELL, White Cottage, O., writes: "I took eleven bottles of your 'Favorite Prescription' and one bottle of your 'Vegetable' I am doing my work, and have been for some time. I have had to employ help for about six or seven months before I could stand taking your medicine. I have had to wear a supporter most of the time; this I have laid aside, and feel as well as I ever did."

**IT WORKS WONDERS.** MRS. MAY GLEASON, of Nunica, Ottawa Co., Mich., writes: "Your 'Favorite Prescription' has worked wonders in my case. Again she writes: 'Having taken several bottles of the 'Favorite Prescription' I have regained my health wonderfully, to the astonishment of myself and friends. I can now be on my feet all day, attending to the duties of my household.'

### TREATING THE WRONG DISEASE.

Many times women call on their family physicians, suffering, as they imagine, one from dyspepsia, another from heart disease, another from liver or kidney disease, another from nervous exhaustion or prostration, another with pain here or there, and in this way they all present alike to themselves and their easy-going and indifferent, or over-busy doctor, separate and distinct diseases, for which he prescribes his pills and potions, assuming them to be such, when, in reality, they are all only symptoms caused by some womb disorder. The physician, ignorant of the cause of suffering, encourages his practice until large bills are made. The suffering patient gets no better, but probably worse by reason of the delay, wrong treatment and consequent complications. A proper medicine, like Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, directed to the cause would have entirely removed the disease, thereby dispelling all those distressing symptoms, and instituting comfort instead of prolonged misery.

**3 PHYSICIANS FAILED.** MRS. E. F. MORGAN, of No. 21 Lexington St., East Boston, Mass., says: "Five years ago I was a dreadful sufferer from uterine troubles, having exhausted the skill of three physicians. I was completely discouraged, and so weak I could with difficulty cross the room alone. I began taking Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and using the local treatment recommended in his 'Common Sense Medical Adviser.' I commenced to improve at once. In three months I was perfectly cured, and have had no trouble since. I wrote a letter to my family paper, briefly mentioning how my health had been restored, and offering to send the full particulars to any one writing me for them, and enclosing a stamped envelope for reply. I have received over four hundred letters. In reply, I have described my case and the treatment used, and have earnestly advised them to 'do likewise.' From a great many I have received second letters of thanks, stating that they had commenced the use of 'Favorite Prescription,' had sent the \$1.50 required for the 'Medical Adviser,' and had applied the local treatment so fully and plainly laid down therein, and were much better already."

**JEALOUS DOCTORS.** A MARVELOUS CURE.—MRS. G. F. SPRAGUE, of Crystal, Mich., writes: "I was troubled with female weakness, leucorrhea and falling of the womb for seven years, so I had to keep my bed for a good part of the time. I doctored with an array of different physicians, and spent large sums of money, but received no lasting benefit. At last my husband persuaded me to try your medicines, which I was loath to do, because I was prejudiced against them, and the doctors said they would do me no good. I bought your 'Favorite Prescription,' also six bottles of the 'Discovery,' for ten dollars. I took three bottles of 'Discovery,' and four of 'Favorite Prescription,' and I have been a sound woman for four years. I then gave the balance of the medicine to my sister, who was troubled in the same way, and she cured herself in a short time. I have not had to take any medicine now for almost four years."

### THE OUTGROWTH OF A VAST EXPERIENCE.

The treatment of many thousands of cases of those chronic weaknesses and distressing ailments peculiar to females, at the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, Buffalo, N. Y., has afforded a vast experience in nicely adapting and thoroughly testing remedies for the cure of woman's peculiar maladies. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the outgrowth, or result, of this great and valuable experience. Thousands of testimonials, received from patients and from physicians who have tested it in the more aggravated and obstinate cases which had baffled their skill, prove it to be the most wonderful remedy ever devised for the relief and cure of suffering women. It is not recommended as a "cure-all," but as a most perfect specific for woman's peculiar ailments. As a powerful, invigorating tonic, it imparts strength to the whole system, and to the uterus, or womb and its appendages, in particular. For overworked, worn-out, "run-down," debilitated teachers, milliners, dressmakers, seamstresses, "shop-girls," housekeepers, nursing mothers, and feeble women generally, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the greatest earthly boon, being unequalled as an appetizing cordial and restorative tonic. It promotes digestion and assimilation of food, cures nausea, weakness of stomach, indigestion, bloating and eructations of gas. As a soothing and strengthening nerve, "Favorite Prescription" is unequalled and is invaluable in allaying and subduing nervous excitability, irritability, exhaustion, prostration, hysteria, spasms and other distressing, nervous symptoms commonly attendant upon functional and organic disease of the womb. It induces refreshing sleep and relieves mental anxiety and despondency. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is a legitimate medicine, carefully compounded by an experienced and skillful physician, and adapted to woman's delicate organization. It is purely vegetable in its composition and perfectly harmless in its effects in any condition of the system. "Favorite Prescription" is a positive cure for the most complicated and obstinate cases of leucorrhea, or "whites," excessive flowing at monthly periods, painful menstruation, unnatural suppressions, prolapsus or falling of the womb, weak back, "female weakness," anteversion, retroversion, bearing-down sensations, chronic congestion, inflammation and ulceration of the womb, inflammation, pain and tenderness in ovaries, accompanied with "internal heat."

In pregnancy, "Favorite Prescription" is a "mother's friend," relieving nausea, weakness of stomach and other distressing symptoms common to that condition. If its use is kept up in the latter months of gestation, it so prepares the system for delivery as to greatly lessen, and many times almost entirely do away with, the sufferings of that trying ordeal. "Favorite Prescription," when taken in connection with the use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, and small laxative doses of Dr. Pierce's Purgative (Little Liver Pills), cures Liver, Kidney and Bladder diseases. Their combined use also removes blood taints, and abolishes cancers and scrofulous humors from the system. "Favorite Prescription" is the only medicine for women sold by druggists, under a positive guarantee, from the manufacturers, that it will give satisfaction in every case, or money will be refunded. This guarantee has been printed on the bottle wrapper, and faithfully carried out for many years. Large bottles (100 doses) \$1.00, or six bottles for \$5.00. Send ten cents in stamps for Dr. Pierce's Book, "Illustrated Treatise (100 pages) on Diseases of Women."

Address, WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, No. 633 Main Street, BUFFALO, N. Y.



Smith's BILE BEANS purify the blood, by acting directly and promptly on the Liver, Skin and Kidneys. They consist of a vegetable combination that has no equal in medical science. They cure Constipation, Malaria, and Dyspepsia, and are a safeguard against all forms of fevers, chills and fever, gall stones, and Bright's disease. Send 4 cents postage for a sample package and test the TRUTH of what we say. Price, 25 cents per bottle, mailed to any address, postpaid. DOSE ONE BEAN. Sold by druggists. J. F. SMITH & CO., PROPRIETORS ST. LOUIS, MO.

One Agent (Merchant only) wanted in every town for BIRDSELL'S CLOVER HULLER. Your business is to sell our Clover Huller. We will pay you \$1.00 per dozen for every dozen you sell. We will also pay you \$1.00 per dozen for every dozen you sell. We will also pay you \$1.00 per dozen for every dozen you sell. Address: R. W. TANSILL & CO., Chicago.



NEW ENGLAND CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC Boston, Mass. THE LARGEST and BEST EQUIPPED in the WORLD—100 Instructors, 200 Students last year. Thorough instruction in Vocal and Instrumental Music, Piano and Organ Tuning, Fine Arts, Oratory, Literature, French, German, and Italian Language, English Branches, Gymnastics, etc. Tuition, \$5 to \$15; board and room with Steam Heat and Electric Light, \$5.00 to \$7.50 per week. Fall Term begins Sept. 4, 1897. For Illustrated Catalogue, with full information, address E. TOURJEL, Dir., Franklin Sq., BOSTON, Mass.

KIDDER'S PASTILLES. Price 50c. ASTHMA. Write by mail, Stowell & Co., Charlestown, Mass.

\$5 to \$8 a day. Samples worth \$1.50, FREE. Lines not under the horse's feet. Write Brewster & Jety Rem Holder Co., Holly, Mich. N. U. F. W. No. 30-87. When Writing to Advertisers, please say you saw the Advertisement in this paper.

For a woman to say she does not use Procter & Gamble's Lenox Soap, is to admit she is "behind the times." Nobody uses ordinary soap now they can get "Lenox."



## OLD KATE.

A Story of Early Days in California.

In 1850, says the author of "Pioneer Times in California," Bill Liddle had a pack-train of eight large mules at work for a trader in one of the northern mines. One day he loaded his train heavily and started for a mining camp far in the interior. On this trip he was obliged to pass along a dangerous trail some two miles in length. It was cut into the side of a rugged cliff that overhung the river. It was just wide enough for a loaded mule or horse to walk on safely, with the cliff on one side and a fearful precipice on the other.

Bill started his train in on this pass with old "Kate," a heavy, square-built bay mule, as usual in the lead. Old Kate was an animal of rare intelligence.

He had not advanced far on the narrow trail when Kate gave a loud bray, and in a moment all the mules were standing still. Just ahead was an unloaded train of fifteen California mules approaching from the other direction on a jog-trot.

It was impossible for Bill to turn his mules around with their loads on, and there was no room to unload, nor was there room for the mules of the two trains to pass without almost sure destruction.

Bill raised himself in the saddle, and, in a furious tone, called on the other conductor to stop his train. This he did, but told Bill that he would not go back on the trail because it was two miles to the end of the cliff, and Bill would lose only a few hundred yards by going back. Bill explained the impossibility of turning his large American mules, or of unloading them on such a narrow trail.

All this while old Kate stood right in the center of the trail, her forelegs well apart, as if to brace herself, her nose lower than usual, and her long, heavy ears thrown forward as if aimed at the head mule of the other train, while her eyes seemed fixed on the animal's motions.

"Well," said the conductor of the California mules, surlily, "I don't care. I won't go back. It's your place to get out, and if I lose a mule you'll have to pay for it." Then, cracking his whip, he called to his head mule, "Get up, Sal!"

His mules seemed to know that there was danger. Sal, the leader, hugged close to the rocks, and made an excited rush forward to get inside of Kate.

Old Kate had not moved a muscle, and stood just in the center of the trail as at first. Bill feared for a moment that she did not see the danger of letting Sal get the inside, and again raising himself in the saddle, he called at the top of his voice: "Kate, go for them! Pitch 'em all overboard!"

Before Bill's order was out old Kate gave an unearthly bray as if in answer; at the same time she dropped on her knees, with her head stretched out close along the rocks, her neck and lower jaw rubbing the trail, and received Sal across her neck.

In a second more poor Sal was high in the air, and then dropped heavily into the river below. Kate, keeping her kneeling position, waited for the next mule, which she sent after Sal.

The California mules huddled close together in fear of the kneeling monster before them, but their driver, maddened by his loss, halloed and whipped them on. He was hoping that by a sudden and furious rush they could be made to leap and dash over Kate, and then he could dislodge the rest of the train and get even for his loss. But he did not know old Kate.

In a minute one, two, and three more of the mules went after Sal into the river. The remainder sat back sullenly and refused to move for shouting or whips.

Old Kate rose to her feet and stood

as before, with her ears dropped forward as if nothing had happened. The discomfited conductor, seeing himself worsted, turned his mules, one by one, on the trail, and went back with five less than when he started.

The two conductors went to have the affair settled before an alcalde, who promptly gave a decision in favor of Bill, and, with the rough-and-ready justice meted out in those times, ordered the other driver to pay an ounce of gold as the costs of court.

### SEASONING TIMBER.

Trees, immediately after they are felled, unless they have been previously killed, contain a great deal of moisture, and are unfit for use until they undergo a seasoning process. This is simply the evaporation of the water, which if allowed to remain in the tree would ferment and decay, and if dried out too rapidly would leave the timber brittle, because the gum and other matters in the wood would evaporate with the water, instead of assimilating with the fibers and tending to bind them together as is the case where the drying is properly conducted. How to accomplish this is the principal thing, and there are many means of doing so. Some people say placing timber in a running stream for a time before stacking helps seasoning and renders it less liable to decay. But it is not always convenient, nor is the timber as good as if seasoned other ways, for it carries off more matter than necessary. Some say leave timber in the bulk some time before cutting into planks. There is great danger in doing this, for if there are any cracks through the bark to allow the moisture to lodge in, decay is certain. The best way is to cut the timber into planks at once after felling, and place it in a store or shed with good ventilation, but no violent draughts of air and no moisture. The floor should be perfectly dry and the roof lofty. In stacking the timber it is well, when convenient, to stand the planks on end, the root end upward and well raised from the ground. In all cases each plank or board should be separated from the next one by laths to allow the air to circulate freely between them. After being in this position for four or five months it is well to reverse them and brush off with a hard brush any moisture or mildew that may appear. Timber seasoned in this manner proves the toughest and most durable. In seasoning, hard woods take about one year to the inch, and soft woods much less. Where it is possible, it is well to cut all timber into scantlings, and in panels or boards to plane them sometime before being used, as they are apt to shrink, no matter how long they are seasoning, for the wood which requires least seasoning is generally found to be the most durable; it then becomes an essential point that trees should be felled during the winter months, that being the season when the tree has least sap or vegetation within it.

### THE TIES OF BLOOD.

There is a good deal of nonsense talked about the "ties of blood" between Great Britain and Canada, and the existence of these ties is spoken of as a reason why we should take an unfriendly attitude toward the United States. As a question of fact is the average native-born Canadian related more nearly to Great Britain than to the United States? Has not almost every Canadian a greater number of close relatives in the States than in Britain? Are there not nearly 1,100,000 native-born Canadians living in the States? And are there not an immense number of the stay-at-home Canadians descended from Americans?—*Toronto Globe.*

A DAKOTA Indian purchased a telephone last week and tried to grind coffee in it. He also tried to scalp the man that sold it to him.—*C. F. Walls, in Newman Independent.*

J. H. CONRAD,

DEALER IN

## ROOFING AND SPOUTING

GUTTERING, HOUSE FURNISHING GOODS,

Cutlery, Nails, Paints, Woodenware &c.

MAIN STREET, ST. JOE IND.

All work and goods guaranteed to give satisfaction. Give me a call.



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## St. Joe Meat Market,

ST. JOE, IND.

Highest market price paid for Hides, Tallow &c. Give me a call.

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## GROCERIES,

EARTHEN POTS FOR HOUSE PLANTS

PROVISIONS, OYSTERS, LEMONS,

ORANGES, CANDIES, CIGARS &c.

MAIN ST, ST. JOE, IND.

J. F. WALKER,

MAKER AND DEALER IN

## Harness, Collars,

WHIPS, HARNESS OIL &c.

ST. JOE, IND.

Repairing done promptly. Prices as low as the lowest. Call and see.

R. G. COBURN,

AGENT FOR THE

## A LBION SPRING Cultivator

AND FIELD HARROW,

## AND DAISY RAKE.

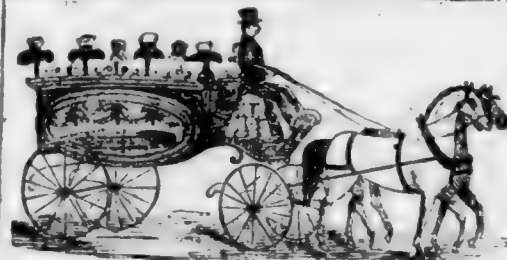
Farmers will save money by seeing me before buying. I will call on you with a sample in a few days. R. G. Coburn, St. Joe, Ind.

## Take Notice!

Having returned from Tennessee, I will assist again in

## Raising & Moving Buildings,

in short all kinds of Rope, Tackle and Jack-screw Work. Having had 15 years experience, and improved machinery, I feel safe in guaranteeing satisfaction. Heavy and difficult work a specialty. Correspondence solicited. Direct all communications to H. or M. Milliman, St. Joe Station, Ind., or A. Monroe, Hicksville, Ohio.

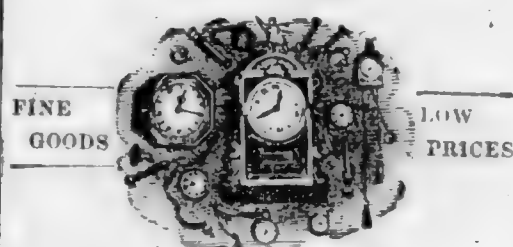


—A. KINSEY—

Undertaker and Embalmer. Keeps on hand constantly, a stock of Undertaking Supplies, Coffins, Caskets, Burial Robes &c. I can supply as fine goods as can be furnished. Will attend to making all arrangements for funerals. Calls responded to at all hours of the night. Office on corner of Main and Second Streets; residence on corner of Main and Fourth Streets, St. Joe, Ind.

Arthur James,

—DEALER IN—



## Watches, Clocks,

AND JEWELRY.

Repairing done promptly and all work warranted. Call and see me at Bair & Son's store, Spencerville, Ind.

M. T. BISHOP,

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## LUMBER

OF ALL KINDS,

Shingles, Lime, Lath, MOULDINGS &c.

Large Stock and Prices Low. Yard Near Depot, St. Joe, Ind.

F. A. ZEIGLER,

MAKER AND DEALER IN



COLLARS, WHIPS,

## Fly Nets and Dusters,

HARNESS OIL &c.

Prices the Lowest. All work guaranteed. Call and see me.



# THE ST. JOE NEWS.

VOL. I.

ST. JOE, IND., FRIDAY, JULY 29, 1887.

NO. 27.

## Churches.

### DISCIPLE.

SERVICES every alternate Sunday evening, in the Lutheran church. Cottage prayer meeting every Friday evening.

J. A. THOMAS, PASTOR.

### METHODIST PROTESTANT.

SERVICES every alternate Sunday at 10:30 A. M. Prayer meeting every Tuesday evening. Sunday School at 9:30 A. M.

J. McLANGLEY, PASTOR.

### EVANGELICAL LUTHERAN.

SERVICES every Sunday, one Sunday in the morning at 10:30, and the following Sunday in the evening. Prayer meeting every Thursday evening. Sunday School at 9:30 A. M.

S. P. FRYBERGER, PASTOR.

## Societies.

### G. A. R.

REGULAR meetings on Saturday evening on or before the full moon of each month, at their hall over Leighty's store.

O. H. WIDNEY, COMMANDER.

J. M. MILLMAN, ADJUTANT.

## Business Notices.

H. W. BOWMAN, M. D., Physician and Surgeon, St. Joe, Ind. Office opposite the Drugstore.

ST. JOE HOTEL, Wm. Leighty, proprietor. Special attention given to furnishing teams for commercial men.

B. S. SHEFFER, M. D., Physician and Surgeon, St. Joe, Ind. Prompt and careful attention to all business entrusted to his care.

ST. JOE BARBER SHOP, one door west of hotel, Will Gee, proprietor. Satisfaction guaranteed. Your patronage is solicited.

FILLEY, LOUNSBERRY AND SHULER, proprietors of the St. Joe Saw and Planing Mill. All work promptly done. Cash paid for Oak Logs.

CITY BARBER SHOP, St. Joe, Ind. John Hull, proprietor. Shaving, Hair Cutting &c. done in the best of style. Come and see me. Two doors west of Kinsey's Furniture Store.

SIMON WINELAND, proprietor St. Joe Handle and Feed Mills. Feed grinding a speciality. Highest prices paid for second growth White Ash. Enquire at the mill for full particulars.

## INDIANA STATE NEWS.

—The packing-house of L. F. Adams & Co., Indianapolis, furnishes a remarkable instance of the effect of the recent hot weather. Early in the month the firm received from Morland & Ross, of Russellville, a consignment of eggs, packed in boxes in the customary way. The eggs were stored away, and there was no occasion to open the boxes until recently. Upon removing the covering freshly-hatched chicks were found in some of the half broken shells, and within an hour fifteen pecked their way into the world. The same discovery was made upon opening other cases. The weather had actually been so hot as to have the effect upon the eggs of an incubator. The brood was placed in charge of a hen that showed a disposition to be a mother to the orphans.

—In reply to the State Board of Dentistry the Attorney General has given an opinion that a dentist who has practiced only two days of each month in one county of this State is not entitled to registration under the act of 1887. The act requires a five year's continuous practice in the State, but, although the dentist has visited the county as mentioned for that length of time, his practice has not been continuous in the meaning of the law. The Attorney General, in answer to Superintendent Fletcher, of the Indiana Hospital, is of the opinion that the Board of Trustees must purchase the clothing for the inmates. It is not his duty to do so. The Attorney General also holds that an employee at the hospital has no right to keep a cigar stand in the institution.

—Willis Bruce, who lives two and one-half miles south of Monrovia, has concluded that he has found gold on his farm. While digging a well he penetrated a stratum of sand and shining ore, at a depth of ten feet. The stratum was two feet in thickness, and the grains of sand are very thickly mingled with shining particles which glisten like gold. Two Californians, who were in the gold mines while in that State, have pronounced it gold. The mixture is much heavier than sand, and clings together more tenaciously. Some of the particles are as large as grains of wheat.

—There are 653 convicts in the prison north. There have been 151 convicts received there thus far during the year 1887. The heated term has not been so severe on the convicts as the people would naturally suppose, for if they will but stop and consider that the cell houses are constructed entirely of stone, and that the buildings are high and excellently ventilated, it will be seen that the place has been really quite cool. In the shops also the best of ventilation is afforded.

—While Mr. and Mrs. Frank Bratton were at the Water-works Park, Muncie, at which place there is a natural gas well, Mr. Bratton lighted a match, which instantly ignited the gas, causing a terrific explosion. They were both badly burned, Mrs. Bratton having her arms burned into a crisp, while her husband, in extinguishing the flames enveloping his wife, had his hands burned so badly as to cause the flesh to nearly drop off.

—Capt. David S. Holloway was found dead in a hay field adjoining his residence near Rushville. When found he was underneath a reaper he had been driving, and had evidently fallen off backwards and had pulled the horses, with the machine, back upon him. The deceased was Captain in Company D, Nineteenth Indiana Regiment, and was three years in active service.

—While a number of persons were returning from a funeral, near Fairbanks, Sullivan County, during a violent rain and wind storm, a large oak tree was blown across the road, crashing down on a buggy containing two brothers named Williams

and a man named Welch. One of the Williams boys and Welch were killed outright, and the other brother will die.

—A report from Roann, Wabash County, states that the town was attacked by a cloud of insects, resembling millers, so dense that lights had to be lighted. The pests covered everything. Business was suspended for a time. Bonfires were built, which attracted the insects, and their bodies were soon piled up in great heaps around each fire.

—In the month of June last year there was shipped out of Richmond, over the Pennsylvania lines, 3,457,546 pounds of agricultural implements, on which the freight was \$4,180.94. This year 4,299,516 pounds have been shipped, on which the freight was \$5,508.88.

—While loading a load of hay Benjamin Ramsey, a young married man who lives five miles southeast of Morristown, was accidentally shot by a hunter. The ball entered his head near the corner of his eye, passing through. He is still living, but it is thought he will die.

—On Sept. 18, 20, and 21, the annual reunion of the Ninth District veterans will be held at Crawfordsville. The necessary committees have been appointed and will do all that can be done to make the reunion a success. A sham battle will take place on the 20th.

—The following are the officers of the new town of Englewood, a suburb of Crawfordsville: D. S. Enoch, W. T. Harlan, and L. C. Ambrose, Trustees; T. J. Lehr, Treasurer; E. W. Safford, Clerk.

—Thomas Ellis, who lives near Whitlock, Montgomery County, had both legs almost severed from his body, by being thrown from the seat of a reaper, by a limb of a tree, in front of the knives.

—The fish in the river at Pekin are dying by the wagon-load, and some means will have to be adopted to remove the dead fish from the shores. Low and poisonous water is said to be the cause.

—In the city of New Albany an engineer is not allowed to blow the whistle on his engine except when life is endangered, and the city ordinance on the matter is carried out to the letter.

—While Ezra Lonks, of Wakarusa, Elkhart County, was working around his horses, he was kicked in the side so severely by one of the animals that his death is expected.

—A few days ago John Borgstede, who lives a short distance south of Waymansville, was gored by a cow. Internal hemorrhage set in, which caused his death.

—During the absence of the owner the large farmhouse of Thomas Shughrue, several miles east of Wabash, was burned. None of the contents were saved.

—A brick-yard employee named John Wood was crushed under a bank of clay at South Bend. Life was extinct when the body was recovered.

—Albert Smith, a highly esteemed young man, aged 19 years, was drowned in Rattlesnake Creek, three miles west of Spencer, while bathing.

—Mr. Nicholas O. Williams, an old-time Madison merchant, has just died at Washington, D. C., aged 71.

—Mrs. Nancy Swope killed Sarah Dawson, colored, with a butcher-knife in a quarrel in the Cartwright Hotel, Summitville.

—Ben Smith was stabbed by Tom Congleton at Ashboro in a quarrel about a girl.

—William Walls, a traveler for a Cincinnati firm, cut his throat at Bainbridge.

—How OFTEN you see a country tavern with the sign hanging outside on the inn side.

—SIGN of good breeding—Getting the prize at a dog show.

—WORKING for bare life—Making clothes for a new baby.

## A SPANISH DINNER.

The Spanish are a frugal and modest race. Two or three dishes and dessert—that is their dinner. There is no long bill of fare as among the French. The restaurant was a quiet room on the ground floor of a modest-looking house. There were one or two families and several gentlemen dining. The women wore handkerchiefs on their heads and shawls over their shoulders. People dropped in, had a soup and a dish of meat, an orange, some nuts, and went away satisfied. Our bill of fare was more extravagant, but it created a sensation. The landlord and all the waiters came in turns to look at the extraordinary Englishmen who had such gigantic appetites. Here is the exact menu: We began with olives and pickled pimientos and guindillas and chilis. These were the *horra de d'oures*. Then cigarettes. Then we had an ordinary thin soup, followed by cigarettes; and then came the great national dish, called *cocido* (pronounced *cothido* because of the Spanish lisp given to the *c* before certain vowels) you have a good deal for your dinner. It is a savory stew of chicken, potatoes, sauce, bacon, and white beans, all boiled up with pieces of beef. In most Spanish families this is the everyday dish. Of course the poorer classes have to leave out some of the ingredients, except on festive occasions. In Andalusia the peasants will sit around a huge panful of their version of this article. It is made according to their means, and often the vegetables are plentiful, but the pieces of meat few and far between, and each man ladles it out by spoonfuls into his mouth. Plates are dispensed with. The foreigner who is suddenly confronted with a huge dish of *cocido* and politely requested to help himself is in some difficulty. He takes a spoonful at hazard. The waiter still stands at his elbow. "The senior has only taken beans." Again you make a dash with the spoon and secure something else. The waiter stares, but does not move away. "The senior has only taken sausage." The senior, confused, requests the waiter to assist him; and then the process, though slow, is interesting. A spoonful of the beans on the plate; then, selected with the greatest care, a piece of chicken; then a patient search for a slice of sausage buried under a mound of cabbage; then the cabbage itself; then a minute devoted to a voyage of discovery in search of the nicest piece of beef; then an exploration in search of a succulent morsel of bacon; then a spoonful of the potatoes; and then over all an extra spoonful of the beautiful gravy. I timed my waiter, and he took six minutes and a half to help me to *cocido*. When the dish passes down the table *d'hotel* it takes about an hour to go round. It is for this reason that the Spaniards help themselves altogether at the same time from the common dish.—*Letter from Spain.*

A SOURCE of serious errors in analysis has been pointed out by a French chemist, who finds that filter-papers are often charged with chemicals that may be washed into the solutions filtered.

SILENCE is golden, but a woman is perfectly willing to take somebody else's word for it.—*Danville Breeze.*



# The St. Joe News.

ST. JOE, INDIANA.

MORT & WILL OLDS,

PUBLISHERS.

## SOME OTHER TIME.

BY FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE.

If ever it should come about  
That you and Tom seem falling out;  
You feel your temper's got the slip;  
And cutting words are on your lip;  
Or if you finger, half excited,  
To tell some story highly spiced,  
About the doings, wrong and rash,  
Of Mr. Blank and Mrs. Dash;  
Why, here's a bit of homely rhyme  
With counsel sage and true:  
"Some other time, some other time—  
No other time will do."

If you and Tom have had a tiff—  
For Tom is hot and you are stiff—  
And when you turn, and doubting stand,  
And think "I ought to take his hand,"  
Or if poor Jack, your neighbor there,  
Has got a heavy load to bear,  
And just a friendly word to Jack  
Might make it lighter on his back;  
Why, here's a bit of homely rhyme  
With counsel sage and true:  
"Oh, now's the time, the only time—  
No other time will do."

If, walking in or out of town,  
You meet with Jones, or Smith, or Brown;  
And Jones remarks (that friendly chap)  
"The crown has got a decent tap,"  
But "Mary's gown," you think, "is old,  
And Sammy's boots must soon be soled;  
Yet all the same, a glass of beer  
Is rather nice, and far from dear."  
Why, here's a bit of homely rhyme  
With counsel sage and true:  
"Some other time, some other time—  
Some other time will do."

If Green or Gray, who scorns to shirk,  
Is out of luck and out of work,  
And round his door, with savage growl,  
The gaunt old wolf begins to howl;  
And though (with eggs at twopence each)  
The ends don't greatly overreach  
You think, "I'll give a hand to Gray—  
I really will—some other day."  
Why, here's a bit of homely rhyme  
With counsel sage and true:  
"Oh, now's the time, the only time—  
No other time will do."

One wrot of old, a sage and king,  
"A time there is for everything;  
For every work beneath the sun,  
A season when 'tis wisely done;  
For selfish folly, idle play,  
The season is—some other day."  
For loving aid and service true,  
Oh, now's the time to be and do.  
One word to close my homely rhyme—  
An earnest word and true:  
"There's little time, there's little time,  
And lots of work to do."

Leisure Hours.

## FORTUNE AND MISFORTUNE.

BY JONAS JUTTON.

Honest Farmer Dodson and his son Frank, who had just attained his majority, were in the great city of New York. The purpose of their visit was to purchase some improved harvesting machinery, and some other farming implements, which could not be procured at their village stores. Mr. Dodson was also to meet two gentlemen from Albany who wished to purchase some property which he owned in that city.

"Wall," remarked the old gentleman to his son, "we will take a turn around town to-day and see the sights, and to-morrow we will buy the machinery, and as you know more 'bout sech things than I do you can take 'em home and have 'em all put together ginst my return. I will have to stay here to see them dratted fellows from Albany 'bout that property. They wrote me word to be sure and meet 'em here day after to-morrow."

"And we will attend the theater to-night, won't we, father?" inquired Frank, who had never seen the inside of one of those popular houses of amusement.

He was conversant though with a great many plays for he was a constant reader, and Shakespeare and Byron were his greatest pleasure. In fact, Frank's intelligence and general information were above mediocrity, for his father, who was very illiterate, realized the advantages of education, and being wealthy, he had given his son every advantage which erudite private tutors could bestow.

"I don't know 'bout that, Frank," replied Mr. Dodson. "I have allus been aginst sech things. I don't think any good ever comes er going to 'em. They say none er them show folks air Christians, and ever goes to church or prar-meeting. What would Den-on Smith say if he knowed I had been to the theater? I don't reckon though 'twould hurt to go once jest to see how they do, and as you are so anxious to go I guess we will go. I tell you right now though I don't never want you to say a word 'bout it outside the family."

"All-right, father, I won't," laughingly replied Frank. "I know, though, you will be pleased with the performance. You are only prejudiced by what you have heard."

"Wall, I've heard enough to make me know there air not many show folks that air decent God-sarving Christians."

Knowing that it would be useless to try and convince his father of his error, Frank said nothing further on the subject. Frank had heard of the great spectacular drama of "Black Crook," and as it was being played that week at Niblo's Garden he and his father concluded to spend the evening there. As soon as they had hurriedly eaten

supper they hired a hack and were driven to the garden. As they entered they were crowded and pressed so in getting to the ticket office that old man Dodson thought he would be suffocated, and he heartily wished he had not come. Once inside of the vast building, and occupying a cushioned seat he breathed freer; and with a red bandana he industriously wiped away the perspiration which flowed down his honest sun-burned cheeks. He was awed and astonished at his surroundings which, he thought, must equal in grandeur that of any theater in the world. Had Frank been perfectly familiar with the play they were to witness, and knowing his father's antipathy to the drama, he would have witnessed "Damon and Pythias," "Ten Nights in a Bar-room," or some similar play instead of the famous "Black Crook."

When the curtain rose upon the first act the old man who was unprepared for what he was to witness, was amazed and horror-struck; and as the play progressed he would turn every now and then to Frank and exclaimed in a whisper:

"Didn't I tell you 'twas no place for decent folks? Look at all them gals with their dresses 'bove their knives; don't you know no decent Christian people would dress like that? See how brazen that gal in the red and gold dress looks!"

It was unnecessary for the old gentleman to call Frank's attention to that flashily-attired figure, for he had seen but little else since her appearance upon the stage. He had seen a great many pretty women, but she was his ideal of beauty. He occupied a seat near the stage, and several times while he was rapturously feasting his eyes upon her beautiful countenance he caught her glances full upon his handsome face. He felt that he could remain in his seat, forever if he could only be rewarded by an occasional glimpse of the beautiful girl whom his father thought so brazen. The curtain fell upon the final act, and leaving the theater, Frank and his father entered a hack and were driven to their hotel.

"Wall," remarked the old man, as soon as they had gotten comfortably seated in the carriage, "it is fully as bad as I ever heard it was. I ain't got any better opinion of show-folks by a long shot. When we get home don't you ever breathe a word about my seeing the 'Black Crook,' for I would be eternally ruined with the church if 'twas known."

Frank was highly amused, but also a little vexed by his father's phlegmatic views, but he was too busy thinking of the fairy in red and gold to pay him much attention. The day after their visit to the theater the machinery was brought and shipped, and Frank returned home, leaving his father in the city. The day following Frank's departure the gentlemen from Albany arrived, and after Dodson had transacted his business with them entirely to his satisfaction he concluded to return home. Learning from the clerk that the depot was but a mile from the hotel, he concluded that, as nothing could be seen from a hack window, he would walk. He had covered half the distance, and was slowly wending his way down an unfrequented street, when suddenly turning to view an odd cigar sign, he slipped upon a banana peel and fell to the pavement with a cry of pain.

"Oh! sir, are you badly hurt?" feelingly exclaimed a young lady who was on the point of turning into a stairway near where he fell.

"I fear I am, Miss. Oh! I cannot move my leg!" he cried with a groan.

Three or four gentlemen who were passing had stopped, and to these the young lady said:

"Gentlemen, please carry him up stairs, and mother and I will see that he has attention, at least for the present. Come on. I will show you the way; then I will run and get a physician."

Gently picking him up they followed her up the stairs. A lady of thirty-five or forty was standing in a doorway, being attracted to the door by the unusual noise.

"Oh mamma!" exclaimed the young lady upon beholding her, "this gentleman has had a fall on the street near our door, and I fear he is badly injured. Arrange him comfortably, while I hurry after Dr. Brown."

As the Doctor's office was only around the corner, she soon returned with that important personage. After a careful examination of the suffering man the physician said:

"My man, you have had a pretty severe fall. Your left leg is broken just above the ankle, and it will be sometime before you can use it again."

Dodson did not hear the decision, for he had fainted from excruciating pain. After restoring him to consciousness the Doctor speedily set and splinted the broken limb and took his departure, with the admonition, that if the patient did not get along all right to let him know.

"My dear, kind ladies," said Dodson, addressing the two women who were standing beside his bed, "how can I ever repay you for your kindness to an old countryman? If I am not able to be carried home, I suppose I will have to go to the hospital. As I said before, I am a countryman, and not use to city ways, and I have always had a dread of the hospital; but it seems like I am to get there after all."

"Indeed, you need not go to the hospital unless you desire to," said the elder lady. "Until you are able to return home you are

welcome to the poor accommodations which our house affords."

"Thank you, thank you," replied Dodson. "I want to pay you for your kindness and trouble. I am able and willing to pay you whatever you mind to charge me."

"We could not think of receiving pay for only doing a Christian's duty," replied the young lady, softly.

"Thank the Lord I am in a Christian's house!" said Dodson, reverently; "but I tell you, my kind friends, if you will not let me pay for my board I will have to leave here if I have to crawl to the steps and roll down."

"Oh, well, you can pay your board if you wish," said the elder lady; "but, remember it is not required of you."

"All right, I will stay then, but I expect I had better send for my old woman, for she will be powerful oneasy if I am not home by to-morrow. Miss—, I declare I have never larnt your names, nor have you larnt mine. My name is Eben Dodson."

"My name is Fanny DuPont, and this is my mother," said the young lady, sweetly.

"I was going to say, Miss Fanny, that I would be ever so much obleged to you if you would take a message to the telegraph office for me. And I would like for you to get a carriage and meet my wife at the depot."

"Certainly, Mr. Dodson; it will afford me pleasure to accommodate you."

So the message was written and carried to the office; and just before train time Fanny secured a hack and went to the depot after Mrs. Dodson, whom she recognized without any difficulty, as Mr. Dodson had accurately described her. The old lady was very much excited, but Fanny relieved her fears by assuring her that there was nothing serious the matter, and that Mr. Dodson would be up and about in a few weeks. The old lady and gentleman were as delighted to see each other as if they had been separated a month instead of only three days. Mrs. DuPont and Fanny did everything in their power to make the old couple comfortable and to feel at home. Fanny contributed greatly to the old man's happiness by her exquisite music on the guitar, and by reading to him occasionally. Mr. Dodson wondered why it was that Fanny never came into his room after supper. About a week after the accident to Dodson, as Fanny was in the act of setting a glass upon the table from which she had handed him some water, he said: "I don't like to be inquisitive, Miss Fanny, but several times I have heard you speak about going to rehearsal, and I would like to know what that is."

"Why, you see, Mr. Dodson, I have lately been playing on the stage, and I have to rehearse, or practice, in the evening what I am to play at night."

"You don't mean to say you play in the theater?" inquired Dodson, his eyes wide open with amazement.

"Certainly," replied Fanny, who, noticing his astonishment, continued: "I am sure you, Mr. Dodson, that necessity is what compelled me to go upon the stage. We never knew what poverty was until about four years ago. Father was very wealthy, and our every wish was gratified; but he lost everything speculating, and when he died we had to depend upon our own exertions for a living. Mamma soon grew too feeble to sew, and as I knew nothing about it I had to do something else. I have what some call a pretty face and form and a good voice, so I had no trouble in securing minor parts on the stage. I do not like the theater, but I could not bear to see mamma suffer; so I was truly glad to obtain that kind of employment, as I knew how to do nothing else. My wages are only eight dollars a week, but I am trying to save enough of that to take mamma to the country for a month or two this summer. Mr. Dodson, I saw you at the Garden the night before such a serious accident happened to you. Don't you remember a girl in a red and gold dress?"

"Well, I'll swan! Was that you, Miss Fanny?"

"Yes, sir, that was me."

"I mean no offence Miss Fanny, but when I seen you on the stage I thought you a worldly-minded, heartless girl; but I find you a true Christian, and one of the noblest young ladies in the world."

"You must not judge all actresses as bad, Mr. Dodson," said Fanny, "for there are hundreds of pure Christian women who earn their living by appearing nightly before the foot-lights."

"I won't never speak against an actress any more if I live a hundred years. And as for you and your mother going to the country, we would like for you to go home with us and stay all summer, or as long as you want to. Wouldn't we, old lady?" he said, addressing his wife who, with Mrs. DuPont, had been sitting near the window, quiet listeners to the above conversation.

"Of course we would, Eben! I will be delighted if Mrs. DuPont and Fanny will go home with us and spend the summer."

And so it was arranged that as soon as Mr. Dodson was able to travel that they would all go to the Dodson homestead; and three weeks later thither they went. With the first glance at her beautiful, childlike face Frank recognized in her the fairy who had so captivated him the night he witnessed the "Black Crook." Ere the summer waned he told her of his love, and how he had loved her from the moment he had first seen her when she flitted like a vision

upon the stage at Niblo's Garden. She made him happy by the assurance that his love for her was no greater than her love for him, and that she had thought of him daily since the night he attended the theater. They were married in the early fall, and to-day, with Mrs. DuPont, they occupy a beautiful farm adjoining Mr. Dodson's, which was given them by that kind-hearted old gentleman.

## Some Old Folks.

Emanuel Cross, of Stoddard County, Missouri, is nearly 105 years old. He draws pension for services in Indian wars.

Francis Rondo, the Wisconsin pioneer who died recently at Fond du Lac, aged more than 100 years, left 454 descendants in three generations.

The oldest woman in Indiana is Mrs. Magdalena Boggs, of Milton. She was born near Lancaster, Pa., December 22, 1783, and is therefore nearly 104 years old. Her health is good.

The famous old Mr. Parr, of London, died at 155 from a surfeit of eating. Coming down to the present there are many instances of passing the century limit. Chevreul, the famous French chemist, celebrated the 100th anniversary of his birth a short time ago.

When are we old? Prof. Faraday holds that the duration of life in man and animal is five times the period of growth; man's growth requires twenty years; he should, therefore, under ordinary circumstances, live to be 100; infancy extending to the 20th year; youth to the 50th, when the tissues become firm; virility to 75, and old age from 75 to 100.

Walter Murray Gibson, late Premier of the Hawaiian Kingdom, is a man over 70 years of age, but hale and vigorous. Miss Howard St. Clair, a handsome California book agent, claims that the Premier has failed to keep a promise of marriage, and that the sum of \$100,000 will just about quiet the throbbings of her more or less broken heart. An effort at a compromise is being made.

Mrs. Ellen Rudden, the oldest woman in Newark, died recently at her home, 39 Stone street. She was 106 years old. She came to Newark over fifty years ago. Mrs. Rudden had eleven children, and three sons had one daughter are yet alive. The youngest is over 45 years old. She was always a hard-working woman. She walked to church until about three years ago.

Dr. Farr favors 100 years for the tenure of life, but makes these divisions: Boyhood, 10 to 15; youth, 15 to 25; manhood, 25 to 35; maturity, 35 to 45; ripeness, 45 to 55; and old age from 55 upward. Prof. J. R. Buchanan places the attainable limits of longevity at 140, and he cites the fourteen people of that age found in Italy by a census under one of the later Roman emperors.

Nine hundred and ninety persons in a thousand would say that a baby in the cradle would be likely to live longer than a man of 65, but statistics prove indisputably that 500 in every 1,000 infants die before the age of 5 years is recorded, while out of 1,000 healthy men aged 65 more than 500 of them will be alive in five, age, in ten years, or even a longer time. So it will be seen that a man of 65 may be considered younger than an infant as far as his chances of future life are concerned.

Mme. Candelaria, although 99 years old, is not only in full possession, but also the enjoyment, of all her faculties. She moves about her little house in Laredo street, San Antonio, as bright and as busy as a bee. She is held very dear by her townspeople on account of her romantic and heroic bearing during the siege of the Alamo in 1837 by the Mexicans, under Santa Anna. She nursed the wounded, and saw one and all of the noble defenders of the Alamo die. Col. Bowie died in her arms.

## The Raising of Polecats.

A novel business is that which some men have gone into up in Crawford County, Pa.—the raising of polecats. They have started two ranches for the purpose, one at Little's Corners and another at Miller's Corners. The object is to secure the fur of the cats. It is not generally known that this fur forms the trimmings of costly cloaks for women. It is obtained now from the animal caught in their wild state, but a finer and better can be obtained by shutting the animals up and improving them by care. They are extremely prolific, and as the pelts are worth \$1 apiece as they come from the animals, it is believed that the business can be made to pay well.—Pittsburgh Times.



## REMINISCENCES OF PUBLIC MEN.

LY BEN: PERLEY POORE.

Soon after the election of James K. Polk as President, over which the Whigs felt decidedly disgruntled, Mr. Clingman, of North Carolina, then a leading Whig, made a speech on the situation, in the House of Representatives. He gave, in the course of his remarks, a history of the recent political campaign, and accused the Democratic party of having resorted to the grossest frauds, especially in the States of New York, Pennsylvania, Louisiana and Georgia, and said very hard things, but in a playful manner, of his political opponents. The next day Mr. Yancey addressed the House on the Texas question, and took occasion in the commencement of his remarks, to depreciate the manner in which Mr. Clingman had spoken; and said that "in that portion of the country which he had the honor to represent, Mr. Clingman was everywhere viewed as the betrayer of his country. He was looked on by every one as a renegade, recreant to the principles and the interest of that portion of the Union. With this estimate of him beforehand even he (Mr. Yancey) was astonished when that gentleman got up to taunt his brothers of the South because their strenuous efforts and earnest and continued exertions had not been able to prevent the repeal of that rule of the House which prohibited the presentation of abolition petitions. The motives which he attributed to their conduct on that subject were such as could have been found only in the heart of him who, after betraying those who had trusted him and going over to the ranks of the enemy, turned and floated the colors of that enemy in the face of his own friends. Mr. Yancey knew that such had been the estimate entertained by nineteen-twentieths of the men of the South respecting this gentleman; and he must confess his surprise when he rose in this House, and bragged of what he termed the dishonesty and rascality of the State he had the honor to represent.

Mr. Clingman rose, and wished to explain, but Mr. Yancey said, "No sir, I want no explanations. Explanations elsewhere." And he proceeded with his remarks.

This was on Tuesday, and on the evening of that day, or on the morning ensuing, Mr. Clingman, through a friend, sent a note to Mr. Yancey asking him whether he meant his remarks as personal, or whether they were merely of a political character. Mr. Yancey replied by cutting from the *Globe* the report of his speech, and sending it to Mr. Clingman. Mr. Clingman deeming this an insult, invited Mr. Yancey out of the city to talk about the matter. Mr. Yancey did not hesitate, and left Washington in the cars on Wednesday evening, as it were, for Baltimore. Mr. Clingman took his departure the next morning. Mr. Hager, a son of the Senator, accompanied Mr. Yancey, and Mr. Clingman engaged the services of Dr. Carr, of Baltimore, late Consul to Tangier, who had the reputation of having killed three or four men in duels. The meeting took place near Bladensburg, at 3 o'clock in the afternoon. On the first fire, Mr. Yancey's ball struck near Mr. Clingman's foot, and Mr. Clingman's ball passed near Mr. Yancey's head. The seconds then interfered, explanations were made, and the combatants cordially shook hands.

"Long John" Wentworth, who was six feet seven, and Stephen A. Douglas, the "Little Giant," who was five feet four, were members of the House of Representatives at the same time. One day when they stood conversing in the area before the Speaker's chair, Wentworth bending over and Douglas on tiptoe, John Quincy Adams said, "Illinois there presents us with the long and the short of its position on the bill before the House."

John Randolph was, in his day, the lion of the Capitol, and the following story is told of a new member from Kentucky who wished to be presented to him. A friend, Gen. Raymond, promised to present him, saying though, "you must be prepared for an odd reception, for if Randolph is in a bad humor, he will do anything, say anything; if he is in a good humor, you will see a most finished gentleman." They called. Mr. Randolph was stretched out on a sofa. "He seemed," said the member, "a skeleton, endowed with those flashing eyes which ghost stories give to the reanimated body when sent upon some earthly mission."

The Congressman was presented by his friend, the General, as a member of Congress from Kentucky. "Ah, from Kentucky, sir," exclaimed Randolph, in his shrill voice, as he rose to receive him; "from Kentucky, sir; well, sir, I consider your State the Botany Bay of Virginia." The Kentuckian thought that the next remark would be a quotation from Barrington's Botany Bay epilogue, applied by Randolph to the Virginia settlers of Kentucky:

True patriots we, for be it understood,  
We left our country for our country's good.  
But Randolph, after a pause, continued: "I do not make this remark, sir, in application to the morals or mode of settlement of Kentucky. No, sir, I mean to say that it is my opinion, sir, that the time approaches when Botany Bay will in all respects surpass England, and I fear it will soon be so with regard to your State and mine."

Daniel Webster was always sore when it was charged that he had opposed the war of 1812. Finally, on the 22d of March, 1838, he made a speech in which he defined his position, and showed what efforts had been made to create prejudices against him. "Sir," said he, "The journals of the House have all been pored over, and the reports ransacked, and scraps of paragraphs and half-sentences have been collected, put together in the falsest manner, and then made to flare out as if there had been some discovery. But all this failed. The next report was to supposed correspondence. My letters were sought for, to learn if, in the confidence of private friendship, I had never said anything which an enemy could make use of. With this view the vicinity of my former residence has been searched as with a lighted candle. New Hampshire has been explored from the mouth of the Merrimack to the White Hills. In one instance a gentleman had left the State, gone 500 miles off and died. His papers were examined, a letter was found, and I have understood it was brought to Washington; a conclave was held to consider it, and the result was, that if there was nothing else against Mr. Webster, the matter had better be left alone. Sir, I hope to make everybody of that opinion who brings against me a charge of want of patriotism. Errors of opinion can be found, doubtless, on many subjects; but as such conduct flows from the feelings which animate the heart, I know that no act of my life has had its origin in the want of ardent love of country."

### Modern Jerusalem.

The alleys, for you cannot call them streets, especially in the Jewish quarter, are filthy, dirty, paved with mud and slime. Dogs are met on every hand, poor, miserable curs, ever ready to seize on anything in the shape of food, from a cast-off shoe to a stray bone. In the shops that line the narrow streets their keepers sit cross-legged with an assortment of souvenirs for travelers: pearls from the Red Sea, cut and polished at Bethlehem, shells from Acre, resurrection plant from Jericho, inlaid sandals, curved olive wood trinkets, souls of onyx, carnelian, jasper, or agate, with the Church of the Resurrection, the Mosque of Omar, the five crosses of the Franciscans the olive branch, star of Bethlehem, cut or painted in Hebrew, with Jerusalem "Mizpah" upon them, beautiful silver filigree from Damascus, olive or castile soap flavored with "spice of Arabi," paraffine candles, painted and ornamented in many colors, to be used in collecting and maintaining some of the "holy Greek fire" that will spring off the "holy sepulchre" the day before Easter. Last week the Mohammedans celebrated the feast of the ascension of the prophet, and annually many sons of Islam come here; many are still here to "look on with silent contempt the goings-on of the Christians." It is estimated that there are 75,000 strangers in the city—some for pleasure, but the greater number Christian pilgrims to participate in the Easter festival.—*Rev. Ira Harris.*

### Worth a Dozen of Her.

"Go to the ant, thou sluggard," exclaimed King Solomon, wisely conjecturing that the sluggard was about to strike him for a grub stake. "I have been there," calmly replied the sluggard, "and have considered her ways and they are n. g. I can give you a pointer on my relatives; go to my uncle; he's worth a ten-acre lot of her." And pulling out the chain from which his gold watch used to depend, he remarked that he would just step around into the spice garden and see what time it was by the sun dial.—*Burdette.*

## HOW A HOG WON A RACE.

It Beats a Fast Horse and Wins Its Shrawd Owner a Tidy Sum.

Several years ago some wealthy Englishmen who were buying horses and cattle in Holland provoked an old Dutch farmer by depreciating the stock he was showing them and praising their own at home in England.

The old farmer, says the *Humane Journal*, bore it all patiently until the Englishmen boastfully mentioned the great endurance and speed of the English horses. He then said, although he did not raise horses for racing purposes, that he had an old sow that he knew was a good racer; and was willing to wager £100 that she would outrun anything the Englishmen could produce.

Seeing that the Dutchman was in earnest, they asked to be shown the wonderful hog, and although they found the animal to be a long, lean, ravenous-looking creature, capable of accomplishing all that the Dutchman claimed, the challenge was so novel and ridiculous that the gentlemen accepted it, more for the sport than for the purpose of winning the money.

The terms agreed upon were that the Dutchman should be allowed two weeks' time to train the hog, and the Englishmen should produce a horse to contend with it in a three-mile race over the public road.

"People who heard of the singular match were wondering how the old Dutchman could train his hog to run a race with a horse, but he managed it in this way: About three miles from his home he had another small piece of land, and all of his animals were accustomed to go there for food. So the old sow was kept penned up at home without food; but regularly every morning, except the two last mornings before the race, she was driven out to the farm for her breakfast and then back again home. The first two mornings she was rather contrary about going away hungry, but after that she would start off on a keen run, followed by one of the farmer's sons on horseback, who, by the way, could not keep within gunshot of the hungry hog.

When the eventful morning came the scene around the old Hollander's home presented a lively appearance, for not only many of the people came from the country around, but the Englishmen came with a noted race-horse, and also brought many of their friends to witness the sport and learn how the Dutchman could get a hog to run a race with a horse.

When all was ready the hungry old sow was let loose and allowed a few rods start of the horse and rider. At first it looked as though the horse would pass the hog, but the half-starved creature, hearing the clatter of the horse's feet upon the road, seemed to think she was going to be headed off and turned back from her breakfast, and it only urged her on to a greater speed, and she out-distanced the horse by a number of rods in the three-mile race. The horse and rider came up puffing and panting followed by an excited crowd, while the poor famished hog was enjoying its meal, unmindful of the excitement and admiration it had caused among the more intelligent beings.

### A Large City.

If any one were to walk one way through all the streets of London, he would be obliged to go a distance of two thousand six hundred miles, or as far as it is across the American continent from New York to San Francisco. This will give an idea of what would have to be done in order to see even the greater part of London.

In our approach to this city, as well as in our rambles through its streets, we shall not be struck so much by its splendid and imposing appearance as by its immensity. Go where we may, there seems to be no end to the town. It is fourteen miles one way, and eight miles the other, and contains a population of nearly four million people, which is greater, indeed, than that of Switzerland or the kingdom of Denmark and Greece combined. We are told on good authority that there are more Scotchmen in London than in Edinburgh, more Irishmen than in Dublin, and more Jews than in Palestine, with foreigners from all parts of the world, including a great number of Americans. Yet there are so many Englishmen in London, that one is not likely to notice the presence of these people of other nations.

This vast body of citizens, some so

rich that they never can count their money, and some so poor that they never have any to count, eat every year four hundred thousand oxen, one and a half million sheep, eight million chickens and game birds, not to speak of calves, hogs, and different kinds of fish. They consume five hundred million oysters, which, although it seems like a large number, would only give, if equally divided among all the people, one oyster every third day to each person. There are three hundred thousand servants in London, enough people to make a large city; but as this gives only one servant to each dozen citizens, it is quite evident that a great many of the people must wait on themselves. Things are very unequally divided in London; and I have no doubt that instead of there being one servant to twelve persons, some of the rich lords and ladies have twelve servants apiece.—*Frank R. Stockton.*

### Diamond Mines.

How did the South African diamonds ever get there? How much deeper are we going down? Are diamonds going to be found in as large quantities as at present?

There are various theories as to how these mines have been formed, but all agree in attributing them to volcanic action. They are funnel-shaped, the sides of the funnel being composed of a dense igneous rock, known in miners' parlance as "reos." It is of a soapy nature, easily acted upon by the atmosphere, consequently most dangerous, as large pieces, in some instances weighing hundreds of tons, yet detached. There are no means of shoring it up, and without warning these enormous slices will slide off into the working portion of the mine, burying the claims and sometimes killing the employees. The whole of this funnel is filled with this "blue" ground, the reef sloping at various angles, but on an average of one in fifteen. The theory is, that in time the sides of the reef will meet at some great depth, supposed by some to be 1,000 feet, by others more; and that then we shall arrive at the aperture forming the bottom of the funnel. Whether that hole will again expand into a further cavity, is, of course, matter of speculation. It should be remembered that the diamonds were not formed where they are now found.

The hot liquid containing the diamonds was forced by some great cataclysm of nature through the solid earth, the bulging in of the sides of the mines being very soft and shady, showing where the rock was not sufficiently hard to resist the enormous pressure. Now it has been observed that in Kimberley there must have been ten distinct upheavals; in Dutoitspan, twenty-five; in Bultfontein, three or five; and in De Beers, three; and this has been proved by the varying nature of the ground. If one upheaval only had taken place the center of the funnel would have contained only one particular kind of soil. As the miners go deeper a great alternation is noticed in the character of the soil. They have actually found pieces of the top reef at the depth of 400 feet. This shows that in the succeeding upheavals vacuums were formed, and the whole funnel became in a state of tumult, the upper layers of oxidized earth returning to their ancient depths to give place to the other carbonaceous matter which, by successive exposure to the atmosphere, became oxidized and assumed the yellow color seen so frequently in the heaps and embankments of rejected debris.—*New York Mail.*

### A Much-Debated Question.

An old legend asserts that a scorpion, when placed within a ring of red-hot embers, will, after futile efforts to pass the fiery circle, deliberately commit suicide by stinging itself in the head. Eminent scientific men have often disagreed concerning the truthfulness of the assertion, and many chapters have been written on it. The subject has lately been thoroughly investigated by Prof. A. G. Bourne, of Madras, who finds that the greatest effect of scorpion poison upon a scorpion is a slight sluggishness, and that death within a firing must be due to heat. Sir Joseph Fayrer had already shown that the poison of the deadly cobra will not affect a cobra.

WHEN for a short time one is deprived of pleasure, one no longer feels the longing thereafter; and even if she does at length knock at our door, we open it with fear and trembling, dreading that it may be sorrow in disguise.



MORR & WILLIAMS, PUBLISHERS.  
SUBSCRIPTION RATES:  
One Year, in advance ..... \$0.75  
Six Months ..... 50  
Three Months ..... 25

Entered at the Post Office at St. Joe as second-class matter.

FRIDAY JULY 29, 1887.

GARR'S SCHOOL HOUSE.

Editor of News: We've long been wanting to write some items for your interesting paper, but until recently nothing has occurred worthy of mention. But last Thursday something happened which we thought some of your readers would like to know, and we thought we would follow your advice; that if we knew any thing that you did not know, and would like to know so you could tell others that did not know, we should let you know so you could let it be generally known. This neighborhood was thrown into the wildest state of excitement by the advent of a new boy baby at Will Koch's. Grandmothers looked happy, neighbors came and went all day, and every thing went nicely, but we expect the out-come of it all will be a duel. For grandpa Timmerman is sure the baby has the angelical cast of features of his family, and grandpa Koch is equally sure it looks like him. We don't see how it can be settled unless they call the youngster Joseph Henry. But there is another difficulty, aunt Delta wants to name it some scripture name, like Ignatious Ephraim Abraham, and call it Abner. But aunt Nannie wants to call it something historical like Hippomenes Bellerophon, and she don't believe in nicknames. Will don't seem to care, it's papa's boy any way and he gave vent to his excitement by buying his boy a new set of ditching tools, and drawing all the baking powder and glass dishes Henry Baker had in his store.

ONE WHO KNOWS.

FOUR CORRESPONDENTS' CONCORD.

John Guysinger visited in Auburn last Sunday with his sick mother.  
Mrs. Pervines and daughter Ollie, of Spencerville, attended church at Concord last Sunday.  
Grandpa Koch is very much elated over the advent of a grandson in the family of his son, Will.  
Miss Lily Jones, of near Farmer's Center, will visit for a few weeks with her sister Mrs. Fetters.  
Green Brown and wife visited last Sunday with their son and family of Jackson township. His wife is very sick.  
The Auburn mill men are putting in a side track at the corners, and are preparing to build a saw mill near by.  
Mrs. G. Morr has gone to Garrett to attend upon her daughter, Mrs. Olinger who is very sick with typhoid fever.  
Jim Wyatt's mule ran away last Saturday breaking the thill and otherwise damaging his buggy. Fortunately no one was hurt.  
George Wade Sr. met with quite a serious accident a short time ago. He was on a load of hay, when the horses started very suddenly jerking him off, breaking two of his ribs and otherwise injuring him. He is recovering very slowly.

Wm. Hefty steps around as though he was monarch of all he surveys, and none his right would dare dispute, and all because a little boy has come to his house to stay.

Grandma Wyatt has sufficiently recovered as to be able to sit up a part of the time. It is hoped her recovery may be permanent and she may be spared to her family for years to come.

While visiting in the family of F. Buchanan last week, Mrs. Rigby fell and sprained her ankle quite severely. She has sufficiently recovered however, as to be able to return with her husband to Auburn, where they will remain a few days and they will go farther west to remain until late in the fall.

SPENCERVILLE.

Mrs. Luther Jones is on the sick list.  
George Smith spent Sunday at home.  
Will Baltz is the proud father of another girl.  
Mrs. Baltz and Mrs. Bishop visited at Leo last Friday.  
George Baltz moved his family to Auburn last Tuesday.  
Henry Carnes and wife of Brakeslee, are visiting in town.  
Mrs. Beery has been quite sick during the past few days.  
W. C. Tindall and wife were at Fort Wayne last Wednesday.  
The heavy weight bricklayer on the church job quit work this week.  
Mark Barney and wife have been visiting under the parental roof this week.  
Miss Mary Wilson, of Hicksville, was the guest of Minnie Province last Sunday.  
Misses Minnie Zimmerman and Hattie Shearer, of Auburn, spent Sunday at this place.  
One of the workmen on the new church was seriously injured by falling, one day last week.  
Miss Nellie Steward entertained a number of her little friends at a birthday party last Wednesday.  
The Woman's Foreign Missionary Society will be entertained by Mrs. James Hart, Saturday afternoon, Aug. 6th, 1887. A cordial invitation is extended to all.  
The ladies of the M. E. church will give a social at the residence of Mrs. Henry Murray, Saturday evening July 30th. Some of the attractions during the evening will be a grab-bag, soap bubble contest, &c. Lunch will be served.

PIGEON'S RETREAT.

Work hands are scarce as icicles in August.  
Mrs. Minnie Shilling was quite sick last week.  
Several of our farmers have thrashed their wheat.  
Martin Kline "bushed" in the harvest field on Tuesday.  
Oh Barons! We thought you had died of grief for your faithless better-half.  
James Ryan, of St. Joe, will board at E. L. Dilley's while working on the Dilley ditch.  
Al Harnish "took in" the festival at Spencerville and the way he Beamed on the pretty girls was enough to cast a professional dude in the shade.  
A couple of belles from the Retreat received some rather left-handed compliments at the Hursttown festival. O Hark(ey) girls to the lesson taught.  
Bab, still maintains that the Rose is the fairest flower that blows. (it's nose) but Miss Jones would no doubt rather possess £150 in shillings than a Shilling in 150 lbs.

LEIGHTY  
HAS A FEW OF THE  
4 1/2  
CENT PRINTS LEFT

Tell every body you see and those you don't see send word to, that they expect to have a nice time at the boys festival at Boot's grove, on Saturday evening.

Miss Ida Krist has had the good fortune to have the measles twice. She had them about two years ago, and week before last she took them again. Expect it will be all the style before long to have the measles once a year.

Girls, if you want to make a sensation and don't know exactly how to go about it, go some place to a festival for instance, and carry a cane. Carry it under your arm, not in your hand, for you know it isn't to walk with, only to put on style. You have no idea how much fun you'll have punching out people's eyes and knocking off their hats. People will notice you, and make remarks about you, but never mind, you have gained your point, viz: made a sensation.

S. E. Smith's, formerly of the Anchor Mill, Wilson, a practical and formerly of Spencerville, would most respectfully call on the village and the surrounding country. We guarantee perfect goods as you want.

Verdict Unanimous.

W. D. Smith, D.D., has had, testified, and electric Bitters as a remedy. Every bottle gives relief in six bottles, and is a guarantee of 10 years. I have ever had thousands of people testify to their testimony. It is a guarantee that it cures all diseases of the liver, kidney or blood. Buy a bottle at W. C. R. Smith's.

STAR WIND ENGINE



TAKES THE LEAD.

E. A. WANEMAKER, NEWVILLE, IND.  
Has the agency for this county. See him, or write for prices on Wind Mills, Tanks, Pumps, Pipe &c. A special feature of the Star Wind Engine is the Regulator. See it before you buy.

Blacksmith and Repair Shop.

Having secured the services of experienced workmen, I am prepared to do all kinds of smithing and repairing in a class manner. Special attention given to repairing machinery. Give me a call. Prices reasonable.  
A. W. Hall, St. Joe.

Positive Assertions! True as Gospel!

No matter what others may say, we give more value for the money than any house in the county.

Sugars 5 & 6 cts.	Granulated 7 cts.	Salts ..... 5 cts.
Cheese ..... 10 cts.	Splendid Tea ..... 25 cts.	Sulphur ..... 5 cts.
Rosin ..... 5 cts.	Alum ..... 5 cts.	All Prints, to close ..... 5 cts.
		Lawns ..... 4 cts.
		Good Gingham ..... 6 cts.

All other goods in proportion. Highest market price paid for Wheat, Oats, and Seeds. Butter 10 cts, Eggs 12 cts.

S. & F. BARNEY, ST. JOE, IND.



# Novelty Stationery Package.

Everybody uses more or less stationery, and of course they want a good quality, and they want to buy it as cheap as it can be bought. This can be obtained by buying the Novelty Stationery Package. Sold only by W. C. Patterson, St. Joe. Also a full line of Fancy Note Paper, Pass Books, Scratch Books &c.

## Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

THE BEST SALVE in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Chcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chills, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. PRICE 25 cents per box. For sale by W. C. Patterson.

## A Woman's Discovery.

Another wonderful discovery has been made and that too by a lady in this county. Disease fastened its clutches upon her and for seven years she withstood its severest tests, but her vital organs were undermined and death seemed imminent. For three months she coughed incessantly and could not sleep. She bought of us a bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption and was so much relieved on taking first dose that she slept all night and with one bottle has been miraculously cured. Her name is Mrs. Luther Cuts. Thus writes W. C. Patterson & Co., of Shelby, N. C. Get a free trial bottle at W. C. Patterson's Drug Store.

## LOCALS.

Wes Hart burned a kiln of brick last week.

John Hamilton of Butler was in town Tuesday.

Some correspondence was received too late this week.

Go to Rome City next Thursday and have a good time.

Bro. Holstington of the Dispatch called on us yesterday.

There will be a picnic at Newville on Saturday, August 6th.

Sweet corn, cucumbers, and other green things are in the market.

Fare for the round trip to Rome City on the 4th of August is only \$1.00.

Frank Meek, Mrs. Charley Meek and Miss Aggie Meek, all of Avilla, visited in this place last Monday.

Mrs. Poulard and Mrs. W. G. Gallo-way, of Garrett, visited in town this week the guests of Mrs. Sanders.

Quarterly meeting at Concord next Saturday and Sunday. Quarterly conference on Saturday at 2 P. M.

The Y. P. T. U. will meet at the residence of Miss Prudie Lounsberry on Wednesday evening, Aug. 3rd.

We acknowledge the receipt of a copy of the Sharpsville (Penn.) Times, sent us by our former townsman, James Reed. Thanks.

A package of Gingham, Thread, Buttons, &c., was left at Kinsey's furniture store, about 10 days ago. The owner can have same by calling at the above place.

Dan Baker has bought of Charley Grubb the property where he now resides. This is a pretty sure indication that Daniel will settle down permanently in St. Joe.

If you want a first-class carriage or buggy, buy an Eckhart.

Miss Mattie Irwin went to Kansas last Monday to remain several months.

Dr. Gerry Emanuel had charge of Dr. Sheffer's patients during his absence.

Mr. Eli-Leigh of West Newton Penn., is visiting relatives in this vicinity.

There was six festivals within a radius of seven miles of St. Joe, on last Saturday evening.

Daniel Reason and wife of Auburn, visited with their children in this neighborhood, over last Sunday.

There will be preaching in the Methodist church next Sunday evening, by the pastor, Rev. Langley.

Dr. Sheffer and family were at Kendallville over last Sunday attending annual reunion of the Sheffer family.

The Avilla News got out of humor last week and called us a "phunny-man," just because we intimated that the population of Avilla was only about three hundred. Don't be so touchy.

Any person wishing to purchase a first class buggy at bed rock prices, inside of the next six weeks, can learn something greatly to their advantage by applying to Dick White, St. Joe, Ind.

Most of the county papers had an item last week telling their readers that it was dog-days. We want to keep our readers posted on all such important matters, but really, we forgot to mention it.

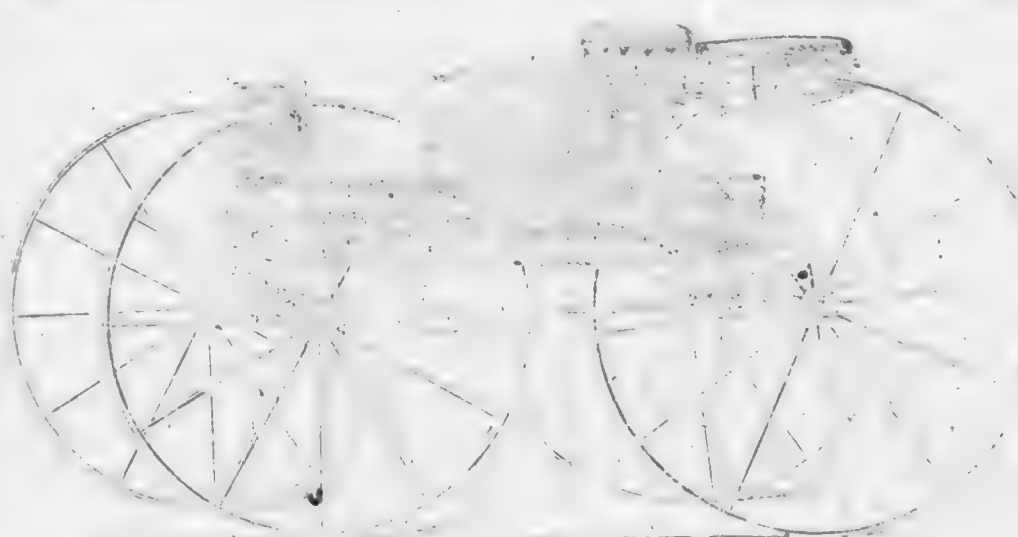
The mob at Auburn last week was a disgraceful affair, and it is said that the end is not yet. When people will bite at the bait of a patent medicine man, they ought not to squeal when they get caught.

John Hull has bought of M. T. Bishop the property were Mell now lives. Since John has been in St. Joe, he has attended closely to business and we are glad to see this evidence of his prosperity. John can now sleep under his own roof, and none dare molest or make him afraid, and better still, he will have no rent to pay.

The flies are so bad now, that there is not much comfort in sleeping in church. We noticed last Sunday morning that some of the good old brethren would try to sleep, and just about the time they got their head laid back in a comfortable position, Mr. fly would come waltzing down over their nose, and walk right into their mouth, and of course it was impossible to sleep under such circumstances.

Notwithstanding the fact that there was a festival in nearly every direction from St. Joe, yet the band boys had a liberal patronage on Saturday evening, and furnished a very good program. Twice the Jackson band has been billed to play at this place, but has failed to put in an appearance either time. The St. Joe band played for them at one of their festivals, and courtesy to one another would demand that they return the compliment. The question is, why don't they?

While at Auburn last week we were shown through the large carriage works of Charles Eckhart, located one half mile east of town. This manufactory was established in 1874 and since that time it has had a steady and permanent growth, until to-day it has the reputation of sending out the best and most durable work of any carriage factory in the country. Mr. Eckhart personally superintends the manufacture of all work, and as he uses the best of material and employs none but experienced workmen, people can always rely on getting the best; in fact every piece of work is warranted.



MOUNTED WITH THE HERBARD GEARING

ECKHART CARRIAGE WORKS.

AUBURN DE KALB CO., IND.

MANUFACTURERS

FIRST CLASS CARRIAGES.

CHARLES ECKHART, PROPRIETOR

Call on me when in need of a first class Carriage or Buggy, and I guarantee all work as represented.

G. E. EMANUEL, M. D., Physician and Surgeon, Spencerville, Ind. Office in J. Emanuel & Son's Drug Store. All calls promptly answered.

HOUSE PAINTING, Graining, Glazing, Paper Hanging and Ceiling Decorating a specialty. All work guaranteed. B. A. Wendenox, Call and see me, or leave orders at J. C. Joe Hardware.

ST. JOE MARKETS, CORRECTED EVERY FRIDAY.

Wheat	68 cts.
Oats	22 cts.
Corn	35 cts.
Butter	10 cts.
Eggs	12 cts.
Tallow	31 cts.
Lard	10 cts.
Potatoes	50 cts.

Baltimore & Ohio R. R.

Trains Leave St. Joe as follows:  
WESTBOUND.  
No. 9 Mail and Express 11:05 A. M.  
37 Accommodation 1:15 P. M.  
3 Chicago Express 10:42 P. M.  
25 Local Freight 3:42 P. M.  
EASTBOUND.  
No. 10 Express and Mail 2:08 P. M.  
16 Accommodation 10:25 A. M.  
4 Morning Express 4:53 A. M.  
34 Local Freight 7:59 A. M.  
W. I. McKee, AGENT.

Oats will yield a big crop this season.

Mr. and Mrs. Charlie Grubb were in town Monday.

Buy Grain Sacks of Case & Olds and get them marked free of charge.

Case & Olds offer Lawns at 4 and 6 cents, to close them out. Good desirable patterns.

Edgerton claims to have struck a large vein of gas. Do like Auburn, send up a balloon.

It's almost too hot to live, and yet if a person should die they might get where it is hotter.

Rev. Langley was at Kendallville last Sunday, assisting Rev. Hussey in a quarterly meeting.

A nine months old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Al Brooks died at Hicksville last week. Mrs. Brooks was formerly Miss Dot Reasoner of this place.

GRAND ARMY DAY

THURSDAY, AUG. 5.

The patrons of the Grand Army Day letter-days of will not be disappointed. The music for the occasion will be furnished by the Grand Army Band. The Stewart Club is preparing the Assembly Chorus. The direction of Prof. C. C. C. dresses will be by the Women of Ohio, and Hon. R. B. Midgley. Some of the noted and one of the best for such occasions. Mr. Horn, through the platform, has a debate on the floor of representatives in Washington won for him distinction. He is only strong and brilliant, but wily, and he will have a great pet a good deal.

Bunches are getting in the in our big bunch to us.

Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Colburn Newville, visited friends in town yesterday.

Prof. Colburn wants to hold a Conviction at this place, couple of weeks.

The band boys took in about twenty dollars at their festival Saturday evening.

Charley Sheppard of Hicksville was on our streets one day week. Charley says he is not doing any thing at present.

Miss Blanche Nichols of Spencerville, who is attending the Normal at this place, and boarding at Mrs. Bowman's, took quite sick last day and has been unable to leave since.

Another terrible wreck occurred the B. & O. just west of Alldon Tuesday evening, whereby four lives were lost. From some unknown source the switch had been left causing the east bound fast line to run into a west bound freight standing on the siding, demolishing both engines, and killing Engineer Kramer and his fireman, and a train who was stealing a ride under the baggage car. Engineer Devine of the freight train was badly hurt and has since died. The passengers escaped without injury.



## TURKISH FUNERAL RITES.

Death and Burial in the Land of the Crescent.

If a Turk dies or look as if he were dead, no physician, no inspector comes to make sure that death has really taken place; but if it has not the fact will soon be established, thanks to a procedure more efficient than all the gentle and refined means in vogue in the West to make sure that the deceased is not hoaxing his heirs.

Scarcely has the last breath been taken when the corpse is lifted up violently by vigorous arms, says Emilie Julliard in the *Cosmopolitan*, the clothing snatched off, laid on the flagstones in the mortuary chamber or vestibule and sprinkled with hot water, which is thrown upon it by the imam, provided with a large pail. The sprinkling is repeated two or three times, so that the family runs little danger of seeing the deceased resuscitated.

Thus scalded as a preliminary step, the body is washed and dried. Then it is bepowdered with camphor, and, after being covered with a cloth embroidered with verses from the Koran, it is exposed for several hours in the courtyard. Afterward the imam returns and accompanies the corpse to its last resting place.

The flat, covered bier is usually carried on the shoulders of friends of the deceased, or upon those of hired pall-bearers. Sometimes strangers assume this duty gratuitously, looking upon it as a pious and meritorious act. The cortege is made up only of those that carry the coffin by turns, thus relieving one another without stopping. The coffin is made of cedar, and it is seldom varnished, but it is covered with a rug or shawl, and there is placed at the head a turban or a fez if the deceased is a male.

The procession always moves hastily, not for the purpose of getting rid of the dismal burden, but to hasten the moment when deceased shall enjoy eternal repose; for the Mussulman believes that the soul is restless and unhappy as long as the corpse is unburied. This is why three or four hours only elapse between death and burial.

On arriving at the cemetery the imam so places the bier that the face of the deceased is turned toward Mecca; he then approaches the brink of the grave and utters a very long prayer, the conclusion of which is as follows: "Draw near Mounkir and Nekir, angels of death and ministers of Allah. Great and blessed God, we humbly beseech Thee to make the earth light for Thy servant. May he find grace and mercy with Thee, Amen." A Christian's prayer does not say anything more nor any better.

According to the Koran the deceased is the owner of his grave in perpetuity, and the objectionable system of sepulture in rotation is unknown to the Mussulmans; and in Constantinople, in Eyoub and Scitari, the room occupied by cemeteries is almost as extensive as that covered by dwellings. Within recent years it has been found necessary, in order to open roads that have been much needed, to curtail and even suppress some of the cemeteries, but it required an express order from the Sultan, which made the ulmas utter the wail of ligots.

The cypress is pre-eminently the funeral tree. Each tomb has to have its own. And Turkish cemeteries become gloomy forests in time, which impart to certain Oriental landscapes an aspect singularly still and somber. It is upon the seashore that these funeral forests are found in the greatest abundance; the trees, being nourished by the soil fertilized by human remains, reach a prodigious size and height. The largest and most celebrated of these cemeteries is that of Scitari, upon the Asiatic coast of the Bosphorus; it extends over an area more than six miles square.

The tombstones are in the shape of an oval, wider at the top than the bottom, and surmounted with a turban or a fez, the form of which, varying greatly, indicates the rank of the deceased. A gilt inscription in Turkish characters cut in relief on a blue background gives the name and enumerates the virtues of deceased and implores divine mercy in his behalf. These stones are sometimes perpendicular, sometimes leaning very much. In the latter case a hole is dug at the base of the tomb, intended to catch rain for the little birds that come to quench their thirst.

The dead are not buried very deep,

and it is strange that the custom does not cause more sickness than it does. A large proportion of the epidemics of dysentery and typhoid fever that invade the low quarters of Constantinople can be traced to this custom. The proximity of the cadavers to the top of the ground produces during the summer night, particularly in swampy and damp cemeteries, a myriad of phosphorescent lights, which dance and flit around the tombs, and those myriad sparks of fire, while inspiring the poets, also frighten children.

### A Heroine of the War.

"She was a beautiful woman, and I have always wondered what mission she was on." The speaker was Mr. Reid, who was a scout in the war under Gen. Early.

"One morning in the valley," he continued, "I was ordered by Lieut. Atwood, who was chief scout, to report to Gen. Early for orders. I rode at once to headquarters, where I found a finely caparisoned steed with a lady's side-saddle on standing in front of the tent door. Gen. Early came out and simply said: 'You will go as escort to a lady; obey her orders.'

"Soon a beautiful woman tripped forth, and, leaping on the charger, set out in a gallop. I followed. We galloped full eleven miles. Not a word was exchanged. That evening, when within a mile or two of the Potomac, I saw a large white farm-house over to the left. Here the first word was spoken. Reining up she motioned me to halt, and said:

"I will dismount and go to that house. Take the horses and conceal them in the woods; feed and curry them, and come to the house for your supper." She went on to the house and I did as ordered. After we had supper she signaled me to leave, and I was soon out and had the horses ready and waiting in the bend of the road. She was promptly on hand, and as before set off on a gallop. We rode all night long, silently, swiftly. As day dawned we left the public roads and took across the country. About 9 a. m., while going across an old field, my fair companion halted beside a broad, deep ditch, and beckoned me to her.

"Place these horses in that ditch and get in yourself, and stay there until I come to you," said she. She dismounted, and I occupied the ditch as directed and saw her disappear through a thick skirt of woods that fringed the edge of the field. I judged we were in the locality of Boonsboro, Md. Tired and worn out, I soon fell asleep. It must have been late dinner-time when I was aroused by what seemed the very ground in a jar and rumble. I sprang from the ditch and crept to the woods, and discovered that a plank road ran just parallel and that a very large force of federals, artillery, wagons, etc., were passing down it. I soon got back to the ditch, dreading discovery by bummers or stragglers, but I was ready to take care of them if not more than one or two had come. But none appeared. There I laid full an hour, when a light step and the rustling of a dress caught my ear, and, looking up, there she stood.

"Quick, bring out the horses," she said. Which I did. Then, mounting her own, she handed me a message sealed up in tissue paper, and said: 'Give that to Gen. Early,' and away she went. That is the last of her I ever heard or knew. Sometimes it crosses me as a dream in fairyland, and I wonder who she was and where she is—but that is all. I took my time getting back and drew a long breath of relief when I struck the Virginia side. When I saluted and handed her message to Gen. Early he read it and said to his orderly: 'Give this man something to eat and have his horse fed.'

### Coal Products.

There seems to be no end to the variety of new products from coal. It is but a short time since the discovery of a new saccharine substance was announced, excelling all others in the intensity of its sweetness, and now still another substance, which will be known as "pyrofuxin," which it is claimed may be economically used for tanning leather fuxin to the litre is announced. In its purified form it is a fine, non-triturable substance, without taste or smell, non-poisonous, and in appearance like catechu. Some Russian coals contain 18 per cent. pyrofuxin.

THE sweetest of all pleasures, and one that will never decay, is to cherish the heart that loves you.

## BEWARE HOW YOU CALL NAMES.

The Sad Experience of a Man Down in Indiana.

Forty-seven years ago there was much talk of log cabins, hard cider, and coons. Gen. Harrison was running for the Presidency against Van Buren. The Democrats sneered at the Whig leader and his qualifications, and said he would be best employed sitting in a log cabin guzzling hard cider and skinning coons. The nickname for the Whigs was coons, and the chorus of one of the Van Buren songs ran:

"Big, big, big, we'll tear the husky raccoons down."

But the Whigs did not get angry. They took up the log cabin, the hard cider, and the coon, and made them the war cries of a triumphant campaign.

Since then there has been no use of "coon" as a nickname until of late years, when it has been applied contemptuously by some people to American citizens of color, having driven out "moke," which was used for quite a time. How this use of "coon" started is unknown. Whether it was based on the traditional affection of the colored man for that animal or has some other origin is at this moment veiled in darkness. But, whence-soever it comes, those to whom it is applied do not take as kindly to the word as the Whigs in 1840 did. It is indeed a fighting word, and it is well that people should learn the dangers of using it. Only a few days ago an Illinois editor was sued for libel for speaking of colored men as "coons." The case has not yet come to trial, and the Judge has not decided what meaning the word was meant to convey, and consequently whether it was libelous. So there will be no information from that quarter for some time. But without waiting for a decision others have taken the law into their own hands and have pounded those whom they believe to have insulted them.

One striking instance comes from Indiana. The colored porter of a chair-car on one of the railroads was rather curt in his answers to a man who got on the train. A little later the conductor passed through the car. The man said to him, "Why would not your coon answer my civil question?" Thereupon the colored man, who was standing near by, fell upon the questioner. This is what he did to him, according to the methodical statement of the victim, who appears to be of a legal turn of mind:

"Said assault was in manner and form as follows—viz:

"One blow from said assailant's fist on my lip.

"One on my nose.

"One under my right eye, which now shows bad discoloration and swelling.

"Also one or more kicks in the abdomen.

"Also a tirade of insults and abuse unmentionable.

"All this while I was down at full length on a reclining-chair on above train in the County and State aforesaid."

So it will be well for people to take care of their tongues, and not let slip words which may lead them into a scrape like that of the gentleman from Indiana.

### The Cigarette.

Dr. Joseph Mulhall says: I am a cigarette smoker myself, and I am a defender of the habit, or, at least, an apologist for it. The charm of the smoking of cigarettes, by which I mean not the puff in and out of the mouth of the smoke, but its inhalation, is the quick and powerful stimulant it gives smoker. The cigar smoker says to the cigarette smoker, "What enjoyment can you get from smoking that tiny roll of paper with its little pinch of tobacco?" Why don't you use a cigar or a pipe?" To which the cigarette smoker can reply, if he wants to argue, "My cigarette is a more powerful stimulant than the cigar," and he can prove it if the other will submit to a test. The stimulation of tobacco is caused by the absorption of the nicotine by the system. The smoke of a cigar or pipe reaches only the mucous membrane of the mouth, because it is not inhaled. The cigarette smoker inhales the smoke of his cigarette, and it touches not only the mouth but also the throat, and the membranes all the way down absorb the stimulant. The cigarette smoker, too, cannot smoke a weak cigarette with enjoyment, for one-half the pleasure of the smoke is caused by the contact of the smoke with the membranes. It must grip the throat, so to speak, to produce the pleasure. As to the evil effects of cigarette smoking there is much exaggeration. The habit can be

justly charged with only one injurious effect which is not produced by other kinds of smoking. That is an irritation of the throat, which is noticed by almost all confirmed cigarette smokers in themselves. The idea that the smoke penetrates the lungs is a vulgar and absurd one. It never gets beyond the tidal air, and that means that it never reaches the lungs. Cigarette-smoking causes irregularity of the heart beats, what is known as "tobacco heat," and dimness of the vision, but these effects are produced by the use of tobacco in other forms. Boys, of course, are often permanently injured by it, but for adults it is a superior smoke to a cigar, and no more harmful.

### Does the Precocious Child Make the Distinguished Man?

The idea that genius reveals itself early in life does not at once recommend itself to common sense. Observation of Nature as a whole suggests, first of all, perhaps that her choicer and more costly gifts are the result of a long process of preparation. And, however this be, there is certainly more of moral suggestiveness in the thought that intellectual distinction is the reward of a strenuous adolescence and manhood than in the supposition that it can be reached by the stripling at a bound through sheer force of native talent. And it may not improbably have been a lively perception of this ethical significance which fostered in the classic mind so widespread a disbelief in early promises of great intellectual power. We find a typical expression of this sentiment in the saying of Quintilian: "*Ilud ingeniorum velut praeconis genus non temere unquam pervenit ad frugem.*" That is to say, the early blossom of talent is rarely followed by the fruit of great achievement.

It is evident that this saying embodies something like a general theory of the relation between rank and talent, and rate of development. Where superior intellectual ability shows itself at an early date, it is of the sort that reaches its full stature early, and so never attains to the greatest height. On the other hand, genius of the finer order declares itself more slowly.

In order to estimate the soundness of this view, two lines of inquiry would be necessary. We should need to ask, first of all, what proportion of those who had shown marked precocity have afterward redeemed the promise of their youth; and, secondly, what number of those who have unquestionably obtained a place among the great were previously distinguished by precocity.

These two lines of investigation are, however, in a measure distinct. It may turn out that a large proportion of clever children never attain to anything but mediocrity in later life, and yet that the majority of great men have been remarkable as children. Hence, we may confine ourselves in the present essay to the second branch of the above inquiry, the retrogressive search for signs of precocity in the early life of those who have attained distinction, *Popular Science Monthly*.

### A Worthy Example.

A writer in the *Indianapolis Journal* relates this of the late Hon. Washington C. De Pauw: "Some years ago the New Albany rolling mill shut down and 300 men were thrown out of employment. Mr. De Pauw owned half of the stock of the mill. He proposed to the other stockholders to let them run the mill and he would resign all profits due him if they would start up for the benefit of the unemployed men. They refused, and he then offered to do the same thing and they consented. At the end of the first month, when the statement came in, he looked at it and saw that he had lost \$1,000. Handing it back to the book-keeper he said: 'It is \$1,000 out of my pocket, but \$1,000 in clothing and food for the poor of New Albany.' The mill lost him money for several months, but the latter part of the year it paid well, and at the close the balance-sheet was in his favor."

### Liked a Cockade.

Barber—Bay rum?

Granger (whose shave has been supplemented by an application of the powder puff-ball)—No, I'm temp'rance; but, friend, 'f you'd jest's lieve pass that air cockade over my face agin you'd oblige me.—*Tid Bits*.

PLATO, hearing that some asserted he was a very bad man, said: "I shall take care so to live that nobody will believe them."—*Guardian*.



## A PRETTY GOOD SPEECH.

How John C. Breckinridge Carried the Crowd with Him.

Gen. John C. Breckinridge used to tell a story of ante-bellum politics, which he enjoyed none the less because the joke was on himself. On one occasion during his second canvass for Congress, he had an appointment to speak in a certain county where the sentiment of the voters was pretty equally divided, and partisan prejudice against him very fairly set off the strong personal devotion which he could so generally inspire. He felt, therefore, an unusual interest in the event of this meeting, and determined to exert to the utmost the powers of oratory and persuasion which had so often served him. He was quartered on the previous night at the house of a Mr. C., an enthusiastic personal friend and "leading Democrat" of the county.

When they reached the ground Major Breckinridge did "mix," and to good purpose, if the earnest approbation accorded his remarks about the crops and live stock and the open-mouthed laughter which greeted his jests were any evidence thereof.

It was scarcely necessary to say that John C. Breckinridge, at that period, had no peer in Kentucky upon the stump.

On this occasion he surpassed himself, and seemed resolved to subject every auditor and conquer every prejudice. The crowd soon yielded to the spell of his eloquence, with one exception. A tall, burly, hard-featured, sarcastic-looking "cuss" had posted himself in the front rank of the closely-packed audience, and it became immediately apparent that he was not a "Breckinridge man," but very hostile to the Democratic candidate and orator.

Indeed, before the speaker had well-opened his argument, this individual had interrupted him half a dozen times in an exceedingly offensive manner. The crowd became indignant—Mr. C. arose, and in a voice almost inarticulate with wrath, threatened the noisy ruffian with expulsion and punishment if he did not desist. Major Breckinridge interfered. He deprecated the popular fury, and begged that the man might be allowed to remain, modestly announcing his belief that if he would only listen he would be converted. The crowd became pacified, the defiant disturber of the peace granted that he would be quiet and listen, but added, "You'll have a hell of a time a convertin' me," and the orator proceeded. The speech seemed now addressed particularly to this individual, who still maintained a conspicuous position. No longer noisy and boisterous, he was yet sufficiently demonstrative in the way of look and gesture, and intimated his dissent by derisive glances and half-muttered ejaculations of contempt. Gradually, however, his manner changed, as the voice, whose "mellifluous thunder" used to sway all hearts, poured on him in the full tide of its winning, resistless eloquence. The rigid terrors of his brow relaxed, the smile of scorn faded from his lip, he shifted from one foot to the other, as uneasy as a bear on hot plates, and turned once or twice as if seeking to escape, but the dense crowd held him in his place. Tears at length began to steal down his cheeks, and finally bursting into sobs, he exclaimed, "By hell, Brackinridge, you ken beat 'em all! I'm fur you agin' the worl'." The effect on the audience was electrical. All opposition vanished at once, and in one grand cheer the crowd declared itself unanimously "for Brackinridge."

As the Major and Mr. C. were riding home in the cool of the evening, the former, all aglow still with his triumph, alluded to the incident just described, with pardonable pride. "I must have been making a pretty good speech, C.," he said, "to affect that fellow as I did."

"You think you did it, do you?" said C., dryly, with a very quizzical glance out of the corner of his eye.

An indefinable dismay smote the Major, a dim feeling that some cherished conviction was about to be destroyed, that something on which he had relied was about to be proven delusive. "Why," he stammered, "what do you mean?"

"Well, I'll tell you. While you were 'mixing,' I caught sight of this fellow, who is the biggest bummer unhung, but as smart as an old coon. I knew the people here didn't know much about him, for he don't live in this precinct. Thinks I, I'll put Bill to work right off. I called him to one side, and says I, 'Bill, how do you stand in this race?'

Said he, 'I'm out of it; neither side ain't never showed cause yet.' 'Well,' I said, 'I'll give you \$10 if you'll go to work for Breckinridge.' He reflected a moment. 'Jim C.," he said, 'if you'll make it twenty-five I'll act a piece afore that crowd to-day which'll fetch every dad burned son-of-a-gun in it; git 'em all. I'll jes' have 'em a-whoopin' fur Breckinridge.' With that he sketched the program you saw him carry out. Before he got half through I closed the bargain. I felt sure that you would show up well—do the magnanimous and all that, and I felt that we had the work done. Now don't you think I did pretty well, to put that fellow up."

Gen. Breckinridge always declared that for a moment he felt stunned, dazed—and then as it all dawned on him in its full significance, as he realized the dramatic perfection and histrionic success of the plot, he forgot all chagrin at finding that he had been deceived, in admiration of the rascal's ingenuity and cheek.

## Destruction of Babylon.

The following is taken from the American Cyclopædia: The last successor of Nebuchadnezzar, Nabonadius, joined the league formed to check the threatening power of Persia. This brought upon him the invasion of Cyrus. Having associated with himself in the Government his son Belshazzar, Nabonadius, leaving him in command of Babylon, advanced to meet Cyrus. Being defeated in the field, he threw himself into Borsippa, while Cyrus advanced to the siege of Babylon. The city was provisioned for a long siege, and the strength of its walls defied direct assault. It was taken only by the stratagem of diverting the river from its course, and marching in through its dry bed. Herodotus relates that Cyrus turned the Euphrates into the great reservoir excavated by Nitocris. This appears incredible, for even assuming the existence of this reservoir, its waters must have been on a level with those of the river, and no cutting could have laid bare the river bed. Xenophon, a much better authority in this matter, says that Cyrus drained the bed by means of two cuttings of his own, from a point above the city to another below it. If we suppose that the river was not the Euphrates itself, but a bayou or side branch, shallower than the river, the whole operation becomes perfectly comprehensible. He had only to dam up the mouth of the bayou above the city, and deepen the channel below by which it re-entered the Euphrates. In an hour after cutting away the bulkhead below, the channel would be dry. This was done in the dead of night. It was a complete surprise. So confident were the besieged in the impregnability of their outer defenses that they neglected to close the water-gates which fronted the river at the foot of each street, and Belshazzar and his court passed the night in revelry. When morning dawned the inner defenses had all fallen into the hands of the besiegers (538). Cyrus, having dismantled Babylon, moved upon Borsippa, still held by Nabonadius, who surrendered and received kind treatment. Cyrus assigned him a residence and estate in Caramania, where the last king of Babylon ended his days in peace. For a time Babylon was a royal residence of the Persian kings. Two attempts were made to revolt, and each time Babylon stood a siege and was further dismantled. It ceased to be a royal city; its brick walls and palaces fell into decay; and when Alexander the Great took possession of it it was comparatively a ruin. He intended to restore the city and make it his Asiatic Capital, but his death prevented the execution of his scheme.

## Insect Life.

It is an error to suppose that severe winters are destructive to insect life. According to Mr. McLachlan, an English entomologist, larvae may be frozen until as brittle as a rotten stick, in which condition they can scarcely be said to live, but on the return of warm weather they revive, quite uninjured by their freezing. It is a noteworthy fact that butterflies and bumblebees have been found almost as close to the North Pole as man has ever approached.

WHENEVER I find a great deal of gratitude in a poor man I take it for granted there would be as much generosity if he were a rich man.

THE more you murmur against your cross, the greater its burden will be.

## Seeds That Germinate Quickly.

The human system is a fruitful soil, and among seeds that germinate most rapidly in it are those of rheumatism and neuralgia. A slight cold, brought on by sitting in a draught, wet feet or damp clothes, will develop either of these abominable, painful maladies with unpleasant rapidity. The proper preventive of this agonizing vegetation is Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, a medicine which nullifies a tendency to either of the maladies named, and soothes the aches which they cause. Nor is it less effective as a remedy for rheumatism than as its preventive, a fact as amply attested as any other relating to its curative properties. Mariners, miners, frontiersmen, and others have ever found it a faithful preservative of health in unfavorable regions, and a benign remedy for malarial disorders, and stomach, liver and bowel complaints. It is a fine promoter of appetite and a capital tonic.

## An Assessor's Arithmetic.

There is a certain Township Assessor who valued a tract of ten acres for taxation at \$1,000. The valuation had not been changed for a score of years. At length one acre was sold to a stranger for \$1,000. The following year the assessor valued the single acre at \$1,000 and the nine acres which remained in the original holder's possession were valued at \$900. The assessor then claimed that the one-acre plot, being then sold for \$1,000, he was required to value it at that sum, but that the nine-acre plot having been diminished by one-tenth should be valued at one-tenth less. —Trenton Emporium.

## A Total Eclipse

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SO LOW were the funds in the Public Treasury of the United States at the close of 1789 that the Attorney General and several Congressmen were indebted to the private credit of Alexander Hamilton, then Secretary of State, to discharge their personal expenses. President Washington was obliged to pass a note to Tobias Lear, his private secretary, to meet his household expenses, the note being discounted at the rate of 2 per cent. a month, and members of Congress were paid in due bills.

VERY few men keep a diary now-a-days. It is not worth while. If a man does anything good or bad worth recording he will find it in the papers. —Omaha World.

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## Delicate Diseases

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It is only after she becomes a centenarian that a woman is willing to own up to her age. —Boston Post.

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"HAVE you ever seen a ghost, Pogkins?" "No, Snippet," was the spirited reply, "and I never expecter."

## Summer Excursions.

At all principal railroad ticket offices will be found on sale, at low rates, during the tourist season, round-trip tickets, via the Burlington Route, C. B. & Q. R. R., to Portland, St. Paul, Minneapolis, and all principal resorts in the Northwest; and also to Denver, Colorado Springs, and Pueblo, Col. In addition, the Burlington Route runs at frequent dates in each month excursions to San Francisco, Los Angeles, and San Diego. When ready to start, call on your nearest ticket agent, or address Paul Morton, General Passenger and Ticket Agent C. B. & Q. R. R., Chicago, Ill.

## Zinc Collar Pads for Horses.

This is not an advertising paper, but for the good of horses we take pleasure in saying that, after many conversations with horse-men, and seeing many certificates of veterinary surgeons and others, we believe that for curing and preventing sores on horses there has been no better invention than the Boss zinc and leather collar pads, patented, manufactured, and sold by Dexter Curtis, of Madison, Wis., who was superintendent of the department of horses at the World's New Orleans Exposition. —From the Humane Society Journal, "Our Dumb Animals."

## R. W. Tansill & Co., Chicago.

Our frequent orders during the past five years attest the merits of your "Tansill's Punch" 5-cent cigar. WINTER & CUSHING, Druggists, Princeton, Ill.

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## Years Teach More Than Books.

Among other valuable lessons imparted by this teacher is the fact that for a very long time Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" has been the prince of liver correctives and blood purifiers, being the household physician of the poor man, and the able consulting physician to the rich patient, and praised by all for its magnificent service and efficiency in all diseases of a chronic nature, as malarial poisoning, ailments of the respiratory and digestive systems, liver disease and in all cases where the use of an alternative remedy is indicated.

A WAIF from home—the baby in the basket. —Cincinnati Telegram.

## Warm Weather

Often causes extreme tired feeling and debility, and in the weakened condition of the system, diseases arising from impure blood are liable to appear. To gain strength, to overcome disease, and to purify, vitalize, and enrich the blood, take Hood's Sarsaparilla, which is peculiarly adapted to the needs of the body at this season.

"When I took Hood's Sarsaparilla that heaviness in my stomach left; the dullness in my head and the gloomy, dependent feeling disappeared. I began to get stronger, my blood gained better circulation, the coldness in my hands and feet left me, and my kidneys do not bother me as before." —G. W. HULL, Attorney-at-Law, Millersburg, O.

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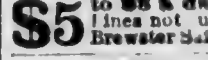
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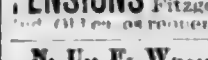
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"Several years ago I was traveling for a well-known house on commission only, although my expenses were paid. At the time I was almost desperate for the want of money. To add to my woes my wife was very sick, and the recent death of my mother had taken every cent I had saved to pay her funeral expenses. My last trip had been a wretched one, and I had sold only one little bill of goods. At the same time I had made large collections for the firm on old accounts.

"In my wallet I had a little over \$1,000 belonging to the firm. Early in the evening I had taken several drinks to cheer me up, and when, a little later, a game of poker was proposed, I willingly made one of the party, recklessly feeling that if I lost my \$25 I would not be much worse off. We started in at a dollar ante and \$10 limit, and, having good luck, I soon ran my small stake up to \$100. Meantime the game grew hotter and the limit had been raised to \$50, while the ante grew proportionally. All the players except myself were men able to lose \$1,000 and never wink even; but of course they did not know my own straitened circumstances.

"An hour after midnight we agreed to play a farewell jackpot and quit. Each man put up \$50, which made the pot \$250 to start with, as there were five of us. The cards were dealt several times and none of us had openers. At last the man ahead of me and next to the dealer opened the pot for a fifty-dollar note. I looked at my cards and found three aces, but simply stayed not wishing to drive the others out. The player on my left, richest man of the party, saw the opening bet and raised another fifty. The next two dropped out and the opener simply called the raise. Then it was my turn and I hesitated, for I was in a frightful quandary. My own funds were not sufficient to enable me to call, and until that moment I had never thought of using the firm's funds.

"From a dreadful mental struggle I was recalled to the fact that I must do something, by the dealer, saying, 'Come, come, X. Say something. I want to put up the cards and go to bed.' In a moment I formed a plan which either meant ruin or brighten hopes. I unbuttoned my coat, and drawing out the wallet with the firm's money in it, I laid \$50 of my employers' money on the table. It was the supreme moment of my life; it was my first dishonest act—if boyish thefts on orchards don't count—yet I was as cool as I had ever been in my existence. The opener drew two cards, and, knowing I had him beat, I, too, took two. The third man took none. His standing pat made me shudder, for I was now looking dishonest in the face. The original opener scanned his cards carefully, and then, in a confident manner, bet \$50. That he had filled I was morally certain; but, having gone too far to recede, I called him, mechanically, without even looking at my draw. 'Fifty dollars more than you,' said the player next to me. The opener hesitated, and then simply called the last raise. Hopelessly I looked at my draw. The first card was the two-spot of hearts, and with a feeling of despair I looked at the next. It was an ace of spades. I knew I had drawn to the ace of clubs and the two red aces. The revulsion of feeling made me faint, and I hastily gulped down a glass of seltzer near me. My knees knocked together under the table, but I managed to get out a \$100-bill and announced that I raised the pot \$50 more. The 'pat' man immediately raised me \$50. The opener now laid down his hand, remarking that he had no further business in the deal. My single opponent looked me over carefully and said:

"You can bet me \$250 if you want to, allowing me the privilege of a like raise.' I bet him the full \$250, and he promptly raised me a like sum. I saw this bet and went \$250 harder. My opponent hesitated and then said good-naturedly:

"Enough is as good as a feast, and I won't press you too hard, so I'll call."

"At the same time he laid down four queens and reached for the pot. When I showed my four aces he was the most surprised man you ever saw, but without a word he arose from the table and left the room. I never touched a card again, for I had determined to kill myself had I lost."—Cor. New York Clipper.

## DANDRUFF.

Simple as the skin appears to be, it is very complicated, and plays an important part in the working of the physical system. Its glands secrete the oil that keeps the surface soft and supple. Another set of its glands pour out a fluid, the evaporation of which enables the body to maintain its proper heat amid the many and sudden changes of atmospheric temperature.

It is one of the eliminating organs for expelling from the system waste and poisonous matter. Its network of nerves is the source of sensations that recognize the presence and qualities of external objects, that is, of the sense of touch.

It consists of three parts. The innermost is the seat of color. The middle, a tough, elastic, and fibrous membrane, is the true skin, and is the seat of the nerves of touch. The outermost, a transparent and horny film, is itself wholly without sensation, and protects the sensitive skin below.

The human nail and the horse's hoof are merely modifications of this, which is called the epidermis.

So complicated an organ must be exposed to many ailments. There are nearly fifty, comprising hundreds of varieties, and among them is dandruff, or *pitiriasis*, from a Greek word signifying bran.

Says Sir Erasmus Wilson: "Pityriasis is a superficial, chronic inflammation of the skin, without exudation, or swelling, but especially characterized by disturbed nutrition of the epidermis, and its desquamation in minute scales. Essentially it is a mild manifestation of eczema, and must be regarded as one of the forms of dry eczema."

"It seems to be due to an enfeebled state of the skin, in many cases transmitted by heredity. It is a trivial affection, and yields readily to treatment; but constantly tends to return. The aim should be to improve the nutritive functions of the skin by the use of general tonics."

Besides this, rub the scalp every night with glycerine, containing a small quantity of carbolic acid, five grains of the acid to an ounce of the glycerine, and wash the head thoroughly in the morning with soap and water. Repeat till the scalp is clean.—*Youth's Companion*.

## A BONANZA IN HONEY.

Prison Director Sonntag recently moved into the Orr residence at San Rafael. During the late hot weather he was surprised to find streams of honey dripping from the eaves of his house. Bees were seen to come and go from the kitchen roof, and on removing a board Mr. Sonntag discovered a bonanza of honey ten feet long by two feet thick. He managed to take out 100 pounds. Before the find could be utilized the bees had to be killed, but at last accounts there were enough left to make that particular part of the residence uncomfortable.—*Alta California*.

The man who is suspicious lives in a constant state of unhappiness. It would be better for his piece of mind to be too trustful than too guarded.

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## AND DAISY RAKE.

—000—

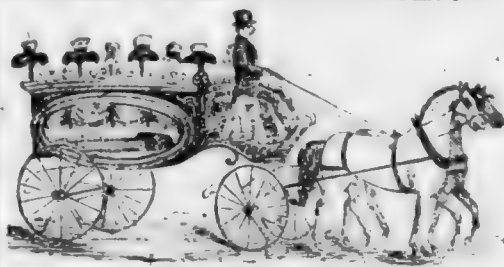
Farmers will save money by seeing me before buying. I will call on you with a sample in a few days. R. G. Coburn, St. Joe, Ind.

## Take Notice!

Having returned from Tennessee, I will assist again in

## Raising & Moving Buildings,

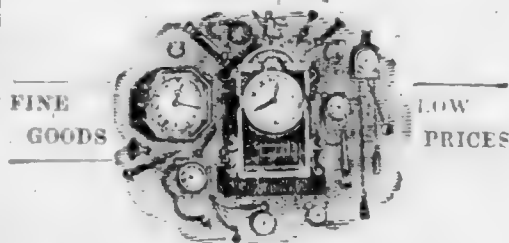
in short all kinds of Rope, Tackle and Jack-screw Work. Having had 15 years experience, and improved machinery, I feel safe in guaranteeing satisfaction. Heavy and difficult work a specialty. Correspondence solicited. Direct all communications to H. or M. Milliman, St. Joe Station, Ind., or A. Monroe, Hicksville, Ohio.



Undertaker and Embalmer. Keeps on hand constantly a stock of Undertaking Supplies, Coffins, Caskets, Burial Robes &c. I can supply as fine goods as can be furnished. Will attend to making all arrangements for funerals. Calls responded to at all hours of the night. Office on corner of Main and Second Streets; residence on corner of Main and Fourth Streets, St. Joe, Ind.

Arthur James,

—DEALER IN—



## Watches, Clocks,

AND JEWELRY.

Repairing done promptly and all work warranted. Call and see me at Bair & Son's store, Spencerville, Ind.

M. T. BISHOP,

—DEALER IN—

## LUMBER

OF ALL KINDS,

Shingles, Lime, Lath,

MOULDINGS &c.

Large Stock and Prices Low. Yard Near Depot, St. Joe, Ind.

F. A. ZEIGLER,

MAKER AND DEALER IN



COLLARS, WHIPS,

Fly Nets and Dusters,

HARNESS OIL &c.

Prices the Lowest. All work guaranteed. Call and see me.



AUGUST

# THE ST. JOE NEWS.

VOL. I.

ST. JOE, IND., FRIDAY, AUGUST 5, 1887.

NO. 28.

## Churches.

### DISCIPLE.

SERVICES every alternate Sunday evening, in the Lutheran church. Cottage prayer meeting every Friday evening.

J. A. THOMAS, PASTOR.

### METHODIST PROTESTANT.

SERVICES every alternate Sunday at 10:30 A. M. Prayer meeting every Tuesday evening. Sunday School at 9:30 A. M.

J. M. LANGLEY, PASTOR.

### EVANGELICAL LUTHERAN.

SERVICES every Sunday, one Sunday in the morning at 10:30, and the following Sunday in the evening. Prayer meeting every Thursday evening. Sunday School at 9:30 A. M.

S. P. FRYBERGER, PASTOR.

## Societies.

### G. A. R.

REGULAR meetings on Saturday evening on or before the full moon of each month, at their hall over Leighty's store.

O. H. WIDNEY, COMMANDER.

J. M. MILLIMAN, ADJUTANT.

## Business Notices.

H. W. BOWMAN, M. D., Physician and Surgeon, St. Joe, Ind. Office opposite the Drugstore.

ST. JOE HOTEL, Wm. Leighty, proprietor. Special attention given to furnishing teams for commercial men.

B. S. SHEFFER, M. D., Physician and Surgeon, St. Joe, Ind. Prompt and careful attention to all business entrusted to his care.

ST. JOE BARBER SHOP, one door west of hotel, Will Gee, proprietor. Satisfaction guaranteed. Your patronage is solicited.

FILLEY, LOUNSBERRY AND SHULER, proprietors of the St. Joe Saw and Planing Mill. All work promptly done. Cash paid for Oak Logs.

CITY BARBER SHOP, St. Joe, Ind, John Hull, proprietor. Shaving, Hair Cutting &c. done in the best of style. Come and see me. Two doors west of Kinsey's Furniture Store.

SIMON WINELAND, proprietor St. Joe Handle and Feed Mills. Feed grinding a specialty. Highest prices paid for second growth White Ash. Enquire at the mill for full particulars.

## EDUCATION AND INDUSTRY.

Does the First Diminish the Last?  
(Science.)

Education of the modern kind does not diminish industry, and does not, except for a very short period, break the habit of assiduity at work. Nor does it diminish the readiness to do manual labor in those who can do it, though it does diminish their number—the "delicate lads" as their mothers call them, who, if left uneducated, would have gone on in the groove of their forefathers, taking, by a species of natural selection, to the higher tasks. The remainder work as before, though probably not in old, machine-like way. They spare themselves more, are more quick to avoid unnecessary toil, and, no doubt, as a large proportion are and must be selfish men, in numberless instances, they "scamp" their work in ways the unintelligent never think of. That scamping, together with the eagerness for more money produced by new wants, and a certain idiosyncrasy or independence, combine to produce an unfavorable impression as to industry which is not justified, or rather is due to other causes than aversion to work. The English must wait a little for full information, the boys who have passed through school not being 30 yet; but they do not despair of seeing plenty of Hugh Millers among their workmen—that is, men who are educated, yet have a definite love for and pride in exceedingly hard and monotonous manual toil. Miller set up stone walls for eight hours a day—a real back-breaking occupation—but he had learned more than most lads. It would be well if half time could be made general, as many are nearly convinced it would increase learning, by allowing school time to last longer, and would not discourage any scheme for keeping up the habit of manual labor, which will be the lot of the great majority while the world goes round, and which is, in fact, the permanent gymnasium of the human race; but there is little fear, even if the present system continues. The changes which may come will not be produced by laziness, but by a longing for larger wages and the comfort they bring, which some industries, agricultural especially, in closely populated countries, may find it difficult to satisfy. It will be satisfied, however, in one way or another, for education opens wide the grand safety valve, the power of wandering over earth in search of the opportunity to toil. For what we know, the human race may be destined some day to perish like mites on cheese, through their own multiplication; but at present there is ample space for all of our race, who may for the next century, at a cost only of expatriation, have their twenty acres apiece to work on. Germans, Englishmen, Italians, are swarming out in thousands daily; but there is no danger that they will perish for want of room, or be driven, like Chinamen, to that ceaseless work for bare existence under which other virtues than industry are apt to perish. Another Europe could live and prosper on the unpeopled river basins of South America. Education helps to disperse mankind, and we certainly do not find that emigrants, who are rarely of the know-nothing class, are at all reluctant to undertake severe toil. Is there not

in the whole discussion a defect caused by tradition, an impression that as brain workers avoid hard labor, knowing well that they cannot do both up to their full power, those whose brains have never been developed will never do it? Fortunately or unfortunately they will specially feel the great discipline force of the world, the strong conscription of hunger which constrains us all. If all the world were Newtons, nobody would get a mouthful of bread without somebody facing all weathers to plow and sow and reap.

## THE GOVERNORS HAD QUARRELED.

Carlyle draws a picture, at once ludicrous and sad, of a body of peaceful English peasants who are disciplined and drilled and dressed in red and sent away to Spain, and there placed opposite to an equal number of French peasants, also in uniform, and with guns in their hands. At the word of command, both parties fire, and thirty men on either side fall dead; "and in place of sixty brisk, useful craftsmen, the world has sixty dead carcasses, which it must bury and anew shed tears for. Had these men any quarrel? Busy as the devil is, not the smallest! They lived far enough apart, were the entirest strangers; nay, in so wide a universe there was even unconsciously by commerce some mutual helpfulness between them. How then? Simpleton! Their Governors had fallen out; and instead of shooting one another, had the cunning to make these poor blockheads shoot." Is not this, in a nutshell, the history of half the wars the world has seen? The Governors have quarreled, and the people have been made to believe the quarrel was their own; and is there not the strongest reason for supposing that as education spreads, as governments become more truly representative of the people whom they govern, and as the people come to understand more truly their real interests, wars of this kind, at least, into which kings lead their subjects blindfolded, will no more be heard of?

## A RAT AND A SNAKE FIGHT.

One of our popular young farmers, noted for truthfulness as well as modesty, tells the following story of a fight between a rat and a snake. He was at his stable one morning, and after doing some chores around the lot he sat down and began to meditate—he is given to such things occasionally—and while sitting on the fence near his stable he saw a snake crawl out from under the crib in quite a hurry; presently a large rat followed and attacked the snake fiercely. It jumped upon its snakeship, and at once the reptile coiled and endeavored to strike the rat, but it was quick and escaped the bites, meanwhile plying its own teeth in a fearless manner. The rat and the snake clinched, rolled up in a wad, the snake trying to coil around the rat. Just at that moment the rat, securing a good chance, seized the snake by the tail and bit it terribly. In much pain and agony the serpent quickly gave up the fight and made off, the rat following a short distance, and then, returning, went back to the crib. Several times it came out and smelled along through the weeds, as if scenting the snake. It is supposed the snake had eaten the old rats' young, and it was determined to have revenge.—*Lafayette Messenger*

## INDIANA STATE NEWS.

### County and District Fairs.

—The County and District Fairs of the State will be held at the following times and places:

Blackford	Hartford City	Aug. 23-25
Boone	Lebanon	Aug. 15-19
Cass	Logansport	Aug. 20-Sept. 2
Clark	Charleston	Sept. 5-9
Clinton	Frankfort	Aug. 23-27
Daviess	Washington	Sept. 26-Oct. 7
Dearborn	Lawrenceburg	Aug. 23-27
Decatur	Greensburg	Aug. 30-Sept. 3
Dea. a. w.	Manoia	Aug. 16-20
Elkhart	Goshen	Sept. 20-24
Fulton	Rochester	Sept. 27-Oct. 1
Gibson	Princeton	Sept. 12-16
Grant	Marion City	Aug. 30-Sept. 3
Greene	Linton	Oct. 5-7
Hamilton	Noblesville	Aug. 22-26
Hancock	Greenfield	Aug. 23-27
Harrison	Corydon	Aug. 30-Sept. 3
Henry	New Castle	Aug. 9-13
Howard	Kokomo	Sept. 12-16
Huntington	Huntington	Sept. 27-Oct. 1
Jackson	Brownstown	Aug. 29-Sept. 2
Jasper	Rensselaer	Aug. 30-Sept. 3
Jay	Portland	Sept. 27-30
Jennings	No. Vernon	Aug. 9-12
Knox	Vincennes	Oct. 10-15
LaGrange	LaGrange	Sept. 27-30
Lake	Crown Point	Sept. 13-16
LaPorte	LaPorte	Sept. 27-30
Lawrence	Redford	Sept. 13-17
Mallison	Anderson	Sept. 5-9
Monroe	Bloomington	Sept. 27-30
Montgomery	Crawfordsville	Sept. 5-9
Newton	Morocco	Sept. 20-23
Noble	Ligonier	Oct. 11-14
Orange	Paoli	Sept. 7-10
Parke	Rockville	Aug. 15-20
Perry	Tell City	Sept. 13-17
Pike	Petersburg	Sept. 5-10
Porter	Valparaiso	Sept. 20-23
Posey	New Harmony	Sept. 19-23
Randolph	Winchester	Aug. 30-Sept. 3
Ripley	Osgood	Aug. 16-19
Rush	Rushville	Sept. 13-16
Shelby	Shelbyville	Sept. 7-10
Spencer	Chrisney	Oct. 3-6
Steuben	Angola	Oct. 11-14
Sullivan	Sullivan	Sept. 5-10
Tippacano	Lafayette	Aug. 29-Sept. 3
Tipton	Tipton	Aug. 15-19
Vermillion	Eugene	Aug. 22-27
Vigo	Terre Haute	Aug. 29-Sept. 2
Wabash	Wabash	Sept. 16-18
Warren	W. Lebanon	Aug. 16-19
Warrick	Boonville	Aug. 23-Sept. 3
Washington	Salmon	Aug. 23-27

### DISTRICT, ETC.

Acton Fair Asso.	Acton	Aug. 30-Sept. 3
Arcadia Fair Asso.	Arcadia	Aug. 29-Sept. 3
Black Hawk	LaPorte	Aug. 30-Sept. 3
Bridgeton Union	Bridgeton	Aug. 22-27
East Ind. Agr'l.	Kendallville	Oct. 3-7
Fairmont Union	Fairmont	Sept. 13-16
Fountain, Warren & Vernon	Covington	Sept. 20-23
Francisville Agr'l.	Francisville	Sept. 27-30
Henry, Madison & Delaware	Middletown	Aug. 16-19
Inter-State	Fort Wayne	Sept. 7-10
Kingston Union	Kintstien	Aug. 30-Sept. 3
Lawrence Dist.	Lawrence	Sept. 12-15
Loogootee Dist.	Loogootee	Aug. 30-Sept. 3
Miami & Fulton	Macy	Sept. 21-24
New Ross Agr'l.	New Ross	Sept. 9-13
Northwestern Ind.	Waterloo	Sept. 26-30
North Manchester	Manchester	Oct. 4-7
Tri-Co.	No. Manchester	Oct. 4-7
No. Ind. So. Mich.	South Bend	Sept. 12-15
Orleans Agr'l.	Orleans	Sept. 30-31
Perry Co. Agr'l. and Meehan's Asso.		Oct. 3-6
Poplar Grove, A. H. & M. A.	Poplar Grove	Sept. 26-30
Seymour Fair Asso.	Seymour	Oct. 4-8
Switzer and Ohio	East Kenton	Sept. 13-16
Union City A. & M. A. Union City	Union City	Sept. 5-9
Urbansville Agr'l.	Urbansville	Oct. 6-8
Warren Trio-Co.	Warren	Sept. 21-24
Washington and Clark	Pekin	Sept. 6-10
Wayne, Henry and Randolph	Dalton	Sept. 6-9
Xenia Union	Xenia	Aug. 24-28

### Minor State Items.

—The biggest job of ditching ever undertaken in Northern Indiana is progressing in the big swamp in the western part of Allen County. It is called the Little River ditch, and, with its branches, will be fifty miles long. Nine miles have been completed, and the contractors have until December, 1888, to finish the job. Between fifty and sixty feet are excavated daily. An immense tract of very fertile land in Allen and Huntington counties will be redeemed by this ditch, which will cost about \$100,000.

—John Atkins, living in Floyd County, eight miles from New Albany, has a fish pond 150 feet long by eighty feet wide, which is stocked with German carp. Some of the fish are now two feet in length, although the pond has been in use only a comparative short time. The pond fairly teems with small carp, and unless something untoward occurs, Mr. Atkins will have next season a larger profit from his pond than on fifty times that area of ground devoted to any other purpose.



# The St. Joe News.

ST JOE, INDIANA.

MORT & WILL OLDS.

PUBLISHERS.

## TRUE ECONOMY.

BY MISS GEORGE ARCHIBALD.

A thrifty and most economical dame,  
Owned a pair of fine fowls whose fair qualities  
came,  
Through a line of fine fowls of an excellent  
fame.

And Madam, the hen, had a musical way,  
Of daily announcing an egg every day,  
While Sir Cockorum would join in the lay.

And once on a time in the cold of the year,  
When eggs they were scarce and when eggs they  
were dear,  
Still daily their cackle was truthful and clear.

And ere their commendable labors did cease  
A bountiful basketful showed the increase,  
All fresh and all fair and worth four cents  
apiece.

Since eggs they were scarce and since eggs they  
were high,  
The thrifty old dame, with a natural sigh,  
(For she liked a good egg), put the basketful by.

"In the list of my sins," with decision said she,  
"The sin of extravagance never shall be,  
Such eating is quite too expensive for me."

It chanced, when the far-away farmers had  
heard  
The price of good eggs, that their spirits were  
stirred,  
To send in by cartloads the fruit of the bird.

And long ere these efforts for profit did cease,  
An over-topped market had felt the increase,  
And eggs, they were selling for one cent apiece.

The thrifty old dame with a heart that was gay,  
Brought forth her full basket without a delay,  
From where she so lately had stowed it away.

"The price has come down while the eggs are  
yet a-see,"  
She said, "which will give me a plenty to eat;  
At twelve cents a dozen they're cheaper than  
meat."  
—Good Housekeeping.

## A WOMAN'S WOES.

BY MRS. H. E. BARRETT.

"Come with me, fair and false,  
To our home; come home."

"To-morrow, Grace—to-morrow, all  
my own!"

They were parting in the laurel walk,  
half-way to the cottage from the garden-  
gate.

She lifted up her face to him, in the  
clear moonbeams—her face, with the  
soft love-light in it, tenderer than moon-  
light ever was. And yet there was a  
look of pain in the dark, shining eyes.

"If I had always been all your own,  
Norman! If I had always belonged to  
you as I do now!"

His arm tightened about her, and a  
little cloud came into his eyes, which he  
turned from her.

Always his own? What did he know  
of the twenty-five years that lay behind  
her?—this beautiful woman whom he  
had met for the first time six months  
ago, when she came to dwell with the  
staid old matron, her companion, in this  
little cottage of hers, half a mile across  
the cliffs from his park gates.

What did he know? Little enough,  
perhaps—only that she was the one  
woman in the world to him.

Further than that, she had told him,  
after their chance acquaintance had  
ripened into intimacy, that she had  
spent all her young life abroad—that  
she had no near relations surviving—no  
one, in fact, but this far-away widowed  
cousin, whom she had engaged to live  
with her when she came here to settle  
down at last in a quiet home of her  
own, and which she had not meant to  
leave, but for the narrower home, only  
a little quieter, of the grave.

And yet she was leaving it to-morrow  
for Wyndham Park, the great house of  
the neighborhood.

Norman Wyndham, like herself, had  
no near kindred, no one to consult,  
when he fell suddenly and violently in  
love—nothing to interfere with this  
passion of his, except that the beautiful  
stranger had been very hard to win.  
But after a easily and coldly repulsing  
every attention from him for five weary  
months, she suddenly broke down with  
a complete surrender, which showed  
she had been secretly won long before.  
She did not even remonstrate when he  
fixed the wedding-day only a month  
later; and she schooled herself to meet,  
with a certain stately graciousness, his  
many friends, who had not taken the  
smallest notice of her before, but who  
now flocked to make her acquaintance,  
as the neighborhood could not afford to  
be but on the best terms with Wynd-  
ham Park. And so to-morrow was the  
wedding-day.

But he cloud in her lover's eyes was  
not the shadow of a doubt of her, of

whom he actually knew so little; it was  
rather of jealousy that there had been  
a time when she was not his own. It  
was gone almost as soon as come, how-  
ever, for to-morrow was the wedding-  
day.

Grace had not seen the cloud at all.  
She had lost her lovely color suddenly,  
and was looking down, pushing the  
gravel restlessly with her foot, her  
lips moving voicelessly, as if she tried  
to speak, but could not. And then  
suddenly and swiftly, she turned and  
hid her face upon his breast, as in a sure  
refuge.

"Norman! Oh, Norman! I am all  
your own! The past is only a dream—  
this is my life!"

"My darling—my darling!"  
But she was still pale as death be-  
neath his kisses; and presently she  
drew herself out of his arms, and held  
him off from her with her two hands.

"Tell me, Norman—answer me—  
could you be happy now without me?"  
"Grace!"

It was answer enough for her—that  
one word in his thrilling voice. She  
bent her head, and the next instant her  
lips touched his hand. And before he  
could start out of his amazement, and  
stop her, the flying white figure was  
half-way to the porch.

"Until to-morrow—to-morrow, Nor-  
man!" was the good-night she flung  
back to him as she went.

And then she heard the click of the  
gate after him as she went up the  
porch-steps.

Up the porch-steps, into the vine-  
shadows, and brushed against a man  
who lounged with folded arms there in  
the doorway.

The woman started back; her lips  
parted as if to cry out at the strange  
intrusion.

But somehow, no cry came. A  
trembling seized on her; she shook  
from head to foot; for the man stepped  
forward from his place, into a ray of  
moonlight striking athwart, through  
the vines; and the ray fell upon his  
face—an evil face, full of a sullen  
triumph, as if he leered on her. A dark,  
haggard, dissipated face that matched  
well with the slouching, and yet baily-  
ing, figure, and the slovenly, yet flashy,  
style of dress. One would have thought  
she would have cried out all the more,  
the clearer view she had of him. And  
yet she uttered not a sound. She only  
reeled back a pace or two, and smote  
her hands together with a wild, de-  
spairing gesture.

At that he gave a low and guarded  
chuckle.

"So, my dear, you recognize me in-  
stantly? I might have known you  
could not forget me, though it's six  
long years since last we met: One  
does not easily forget one's husband,  
and one's first love, eh, my dear Grace?  
I might have known you would have  
been faithful, dear."

She shuddered back, out of reach of  
his extended hands; she made no an-  
swer to his jeering speech. Only she  
said, hoarsely, after a moment, "You—  
alive! You were not lost on board the  
Petrol, then?"

"Obviously, not," he answered, care-  
lessly.

"And you suffered me to believe you  
were all these years! You left me, lit-  
tle more than a child, to struggle or  
starve in the great city, where I was a  
stranger!"

"My dear, reflect a moment. Had  
you not yourself to thank for that? I  
married you, all in good faith, meaning  
to keep my part of the bargain just as  
long as you kept yours. Your part of  
the bargain was to obey me, you re-  
member; that was what you vowed to  
do. But when you turned rusty on  
my hand—"

"That is," said she, bitterly, "when I  
did not prove the smooth, easily-hand-  
led tool you thought the inexperi-  
enced girl would be? When you found  
you could not use me as your decoy,  
your trap, whereby to snare the foolish  
young gamblers you would plunder, at  
all those places you took me to?"

"Exactly; I perceive you understand.  
Well, as I have said, you turned rusty  
on my hands, and I found I could do  
nothing further with you, it seemed to  
me the best thing for us both that we  
should part. I never embarked on the  
Petrol, as you may suppose. I only  
took advantage of its wreck, with all  
hands lost, to write you that letter in a  
feigned hand, as if from one of your  
husband's friends; to tell you he had  
sailed on her, and so make you a  
widow. I thought you might be able  
to endure your weeds; though, Grace,  
you certainly did love me once."

"I deny it." The low voice was clear

and steady now. "It was a girlish  
fancy, an ignorant belief that you were  
something very different from your-  
self. Love! I thought it was; but  
now I know better."

"Since you've taken up with this fine  
fellow from the Park, eh, Grace?"

She had no retort to this insult from  
him. She only lifted her eyes, haughtily,  
full on him. She could look full at  
him; for to this man, Ashford Bell,  
she had done no wrong. To Norman  
Wyndham—but she dare not think of  
him now.

"May I ask why, having lost sight of  
me these six years, you take the trouble  
to look me up now?"

"For two reasons, my dear. To be  
exact, I never have lost sight of you.  
It was easy enough for me to keep on  
your track without your perceiving it."

"You knew, then, what a struggle I  
had at first to keep mere body and soul  
together?" she interrupted him, bit-  
terly.

"You were a brave little woman, my  
dear; I knew you would come through  
it triumphantly. But, still, I confess I  
was very much relieved when your  
obliging old aunt betook herself to the  
other world, and you fell heir to her  
snug little property."

"I understand; it is that which has  
brought you here."

"Pardon me; I think I told you there  
were two things which have brought  
me to you. You have owned that snug  
little property these four years; and I  
have been aware of it all this time.  
But I was doing excellently well then  
in my own line of business, and I saw  
no reason to interfere with you. Lately,  
however, I have had losses upon losses;  
indeed, I see nothing for it but to  
throw up my hand: under which cir-  
cumstances you may suppose I have  
felt a powerful attraction drawing me  
in this direction. So much for reason  
number one; for I have no doubt you  
will insist upon ranking this one first.  
As for me, I gave the precedence to  
that which you will call number two—  
a certain objection to seeing my wife  
the wife of another man."

There was a ring of truth in the last  
words, mockingly though they were  
spoken. Grace looked at him, and  
calmed herself.

"At least I owe you something for  
saying me from that," she said, quietly.  
"The little fortune you spoke of is no  
much to pay that debt. No, stand  
aside; there is nothing more to be said  
to-night. To-morrow, everything shall  
be arranged between us."

She went past him, into the house,  
and up-stairs to her own room.

He understood her well enough; she  
was leaving him there as master of the  
house; only to-night, as she had told  
him, there was nothing more to be said  
between them.

Well, so let it be. He was content  
enough. He lit his cigar, which he had  
taken from his lips when Grace first  
came up, but had not ventured to light  
while its spark might have betrayed  
him to Wyndham loitering with Grace  
in the garden; and when he had smoked  
com placently awhile, he flung himself  
to sleep on the drawing-room sofa.

Everything was going well; he was  
quite at his ease. So much at his ease,  
so comfortably asleep, that when there  
was a light rustling through the shrub-  
bery under those windows, it never  
roused him.

It was but an instant; a dark figure  
guined the gate, and sped on swiftly up  
the road.

In the morning they found her cham-  
ber empty, her bonnet and shawl gone,  
her purse and a small satchel filled  
from her open bureau-drawers, and  
two sealed notes upon her dressing-  
table. One was addressed to Ashford  
Bell, and it ran thus:—

"I told you I owed you something for saving  
me. Take, in repayment, my little property,  
which my aunt left me, and which I gave  
freely to you, trusting that this clears off all  
scores between you and

"GRACE BELL."

The other note was Norman Wynd-  
ham's:

"Forgive me if you can, when you read be-  
low, and see that I have deceived you—that  
seven years before I met you I had ceased to  
be Grace Lindsay. Forgive me—I tried to tell  
you of my past; when you see the man who is  
my husband you will understand how I shrink  
from the humiliation of the confession: I  
think I need not tell you I had full reason to  
believe him dead—dead and blotted out of my  
life six years ago. I might have known such  
a blot as that could not leave any after-page  
fair and clean. I did know—but I loved you—  
though I am

"GRACE BELL."

And that was all—the last page of  
her life that those two men ever read.

No man should so act as to take ad-  
vantage of another's folly.—Cicero.

## PITH AND POINT.

A BANG is a fore-tress.

THE "last" fraud—a cheap boot.

A SMOKE-STACK—a bunch of cigars.

A LONG weight—2200 pounds to the  
ton of coal.

A PILLOW maker ought to be pleased  
to have his watch run "down."

WE hear of a dress subdued in tone.  
They should sell by the score.

At what age do men usually wish to  
retire from life? Hermit-age.

VIRTUE should be founded on prin-  
ciple; often principle is weak and virtue  
indeed "found dead."—Texas Siftings.

MOTHER—Janet, did William kiss you  
on the front steps last night? Daugh-  
ter—About what part of the evening,  
ma?

A TRAMP says that he doesn't go in  
for this half-holiday movement. What  
he wants is half a day free from move-  
ment.

TORRIST (to Highland sentry on a  
cold, frosty morning)—Sentry, are you  
cold with the kilt? Sentry—No; but  
I'm near kilt wi' the cauld.

"Don't you find the people around  
here very sociable?" asked Cobwigger  
of a new neighbor. "Yes, indeed I do,"  
was the hearty response. "Only a  
moment ago I met a beggar and he held  
out his hand to me."—Harper's Bazar.

THE late Prof. Conington could re-  
cite the works of Virgil and Homer  
from beginning to end. But his friends  
always went away and left him with  
charming unanimity whenever he  
started out to do it.—Somerville Jour-  
nal.

A SENTIMENTAL writer asks: "Did  
you ever watch a dear baby waking in  
the morning?" Many times. It gen-  
erally occurs about 5 o'clock, and en-  
ables the father to get up a splendid  
appetite for breakfast.—Dry-Goods  
Chronicle.

"Did you meet with success?" asked  
a neighbor of a man who had returned  
from prospecting for silver in New  
Mexico. "Oh, yes, I met with success,  
but success was going the other way.  
If I could have overtaken success I  
would have been all right."—Texas  
Siftings.

"I WONDER that you never get mar-  
ried," said Mrs. Yeast to young Crim-  
sonbeak, a brakeman on the railroad.  
"I don't see why you should wonder.  
We railroad men never marry, you  
know." "How's that?" "Oh, we under-  
stand the danger that is attached to  
coupling, you know."

BETWEEN husbands—"Say, do you  
ever read the letters addressed to your  
wife?" (With indignation). "Never."  
"What, you have absolute confidence in  
her?" "O, it is not that. I am afraid  
that I would find something in them  
that might be disagreeable for me to  
know, and I adore her!"—French Fun.

"AND is this to be the end of all?"  
said O'Reilly De Vere, as he seized the  
girl's hand. "That is about the size of  
it," she replied, coldly. "You tell me  
that your employer has refused to raise  
your salary?" "Yes," cried the youth,  
eagerly; "but next year—"

"Excuse me," she interrupted with Arctic frigid-  
ity, "but I am not investing in  
futures—not this week."—Tit-Bits.

HE (trying to get out of it pleas-  
antly)—"I'm awfully sorry that I must  
go to-night, Miss Be-sie. What an  
agreeable two weeks we've had of it. I  
will go and ask your father—" he was  
going to say "to harness the horse."  
She—"Oh, William, I knew it would  
come, and I asked pa yesterday, so as  
to have no more trouble. He is more  
than willing."—Carl Prezel's Weekly.

## HAMLET AND EGGLET.

Said the kiddet from his cockpit  
To the Hamlet, on the stage:  
"Good, my Hamlet, here's an egglet.  
Though it doesn't suit your age,  
For, dear Hamlet, you're aware that  
You're exceeding young and fresh,  
While this egglet—hot a keg, that  
It's mature in it's profess."  
Then the kiddet throws the egglet  
He's the Hamlet in the cockpit,  
And the kiddet in the front row  
Cries to ring the curtain down.  
Then the kiddet let, ah, I fear it  
Makes a bid, t for a bee-lee,  
While the Hamlet, like a champion,  
Wanders silent through the town  
Like a dreamlet or a gleamlet  
On the surface of a streamlet,  
Searching for carbolic acid,  
Goes he's sent through the town.  
—Detroit Free Press.

A LARGE piece of meteoric iron has  
been found in a bed of tertiary lignite,  
Upper Austria. This is the first find  
of that sort in distinct geological pe-  
riods, a proof that meteoric stones fell  
also in former periods of the earth's  
existence.



## Java.

Java is regarded as the most fertile and prosperous tropical island on the globe. It is south of Borneo, and the fourth island of the Malayan archipelago in size, having an area of 50,260 square miles. It is a colonial possession of Holland. The surface of the island is mountainous, a range of lofty peaks running from one end of the island to the other, and another range skirting the south coast. All of these mountains are of volcanic formation, and there are on the island thirty-eight volcanoes, the most of them constantly active. Some of the most terrible eruptions on record have occurred on this island, among which may be mentioned the outbreaks of the volcano Papandayang in the year 1772, of Galunggung in 1822, and Krakatoa in 1833. Between the peaks of the mountains in the central part of the island are several plateaus which are very fertile, and have a delightful climate, owing to their elevation above the hot district of the shore. Along the north side of the island is a long, low, and very very fertile plain. All of the island is well watered. The seasons are two, the wet and the dry, and the temperature of the island is very equable. All tropical fruits, birds, and animals abound in the lowlands, and on the high plateaus all grains and fruits of temperate climates can be successfully raised. Java is one of the principal coffee-growing countries in the world; sugar is next in importance; then comes rice, of which two crops are annually raised; indigo, pepper, tea, and tobacco are also exported. The population of Java is estimated at over 17,500,000. About 30,000 Europeans reside on the island; there are also about 190,000 Chinese, and some 20,000 Arabs and other foreign orientals; the rest are natives. The Javanese are almost entirely occupied in agriculture, though they have some knowledge of the mechanic arts, and make bricks and tiles, build houses and boats, and work in metals with some skill. The women of the country also weave a stout cotton cloth, and make coarse silk cloth from raw silk imported from China. The ancestors of the present race of Javanese must have had considerable knowledge of architecture, judging from the remarkable specimens of ancient temples, most of them in ruins, to be seen throughout the island, but this knowledge has been entirely lost. The Javanese have made some progress in music, of which they are passionately fond, and they have both wind and stringed instruments. In religion the Javanese are Mohammedans, this faith having been established among them by the Arabs in the fifteenth century. The principal unit in Javanese politics is the village, whose officers are all elected by the people, and are charged with the collection of the taxes and the maintenance of public order. The native rulers are allowed by the Dutch to retain their rank and nominal power as regents; but the real power is in the Governor General appointed by the Netherlands Government, who is assisted by a vice president and a council of four, and has his orders directly from the King of Holland. —*Inter-Ocean.*

## Forced War Loans.

When Gen. Martinez of Mexico was fighting against Maximilian he and his soldiers were in the habit of taking what they wanted from the people, even going so far as to levy on the treasures of the churches. One day the sacristan of a certain church found two of the soldiers from the army of Martinez on their knees before the altar of Our Lady of Guadalupe. The shrine was covered with coins and jewels, placed there by devotees on offering up prayers for the safety of the absent ones, or in gratitude for deliverance from some peril. And one of the "Macheteros" was praying like this: "My dear, holy lady! I'm a poor boy. I've been in the army a year, and I haven't made anything so far. I've a very poor family. They may be starving. I'm obliged to take some of these precious things. If I have good luck in robbing some other place I'll return these."

So saying he arose from his knees and coolly swept the shrine of its valuables. —*New York Tribune.*

A RECENT computation makes the velocity of the solar system in space only about 10,000,000 miles a year. By a different method another computer has determined the rate to be about 525,000,000 miles in a year.

## A Perilous Postponement.

To postpone, when the duty for immediate action is clear, is always unwise. Especially is it so when increasing ill-health calls for a resort to medication. Diseases of the kidneys and bladder are of an of swift growth—always of fatal tendency if not combatted at the outset. We have all—even those of us who are not remarkably well instructed—heard something of the danger attending Bright's disease, diabetes, and other diseases of the kidneys or bladder. Let no one be foolhardy enough to procrastinate if he perceives the renal organs to be inactive. Hostetter's Stomach Bitter is peculiarly adapted to overcome this action, to sufficiently stimulate, without exciting, the kidneys and bladder. Infinitely is this diuretic to be preferred to the impure and fiery stimulants of commerce, which prove the bane of unwary persons with a tendency to renal troubles. They are likewise incomparable for dyspepsia, debility, fever and ague, and biliousness.

## Circumstances Have Changed.

For centuries the Turks were most overbearing, but they have made considerable progress in diplomacy during the last 200 years. When the Ambassador of Louis XIV. announced to the Sultan that his master had gained a great victory over the Germans, the Grand Vizier replied through the interpreter:

"Know, unbeliever, that it is all the same to his Majesty, the Sultan, whether the dog eats the swine, or the swine the dog."

Nowadays the Sultan is much more polite. When he is informed by any foreign ambassador of any occurrence of national import, he replies in courteous and diplomatic language. —*Texas Siftings.*

## The Poor Little Ones.

We often see children with red eruptions on face and hands, rough, scaly skin, and often sores on the head. These things indicate a depraved condition of the blood. In the growing period children have need of pure blood by which to build up strong and healthy bodies. If Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" is given the blood is purged of its bad elements, and the child's development will be healthy, and as it should be. Scrofulous affections, rickets, fever sores, hip-joint disease, or other grave maladies and sufferings are sure to result from neglect and lack of proper attention to such cases.

It is very likely that Alfred Collier's comic opera "Dorothy," which has had upward of 150 performances in London, will be produced here during the coming season. Mr. Stephenson, of "Billie Taylor" fame, is the author of the book. Mr. Arthur Wallack represents the interests of the co-authors in this country.

## Political Temperance Parties.

It would be the most remarkable thing in the history of the world if the little bar of the Nerve Food plant should substitute the use of stimulants, and take the wind out of the sails of the political temperance parties. There is the best of authority for the statement that the drinker is better satisfied with it, and the liquor dealer has to keep it or lose his custom. It is a powerful factor that they can make just as much money on it, and pay no license. Also, the women and churches back it to the utmost. At the dealers say its sale is enormous. The company putting it on the market offer the chemists \$5,000 if they can find anything in it more deleterious than common bitter root and wintergreen. We thank God it can do so well without harm.

HERE joys that endure forever, fresh and in vigor, are opposed to satisfactions that are attended with satiety and surfeits, and flatter in the very tasting. —*L'Estrange.*

LOTTA's cottage at Lake Hopateong, N. J., is a pioneer palace in the woods, where the air is bracing, the water cold without icing, and the mosquito never comes.

MILD, soothing, and healing is Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy.

FOLLY is the quality exhibited by a man who is jealous of a cross-eyed wife. —*New Haven News.*

For dyspepsia, indigestion, depression of spirits, and general debility, in their various forms, also as a preventive against fever and ague, and other intermittent fevers, the "Ferro-Phosphated Elixir of Calisaya," made by Hazard, Hazard & Co., New York, and sold by all druggists, is the best tonic; and for patients recovering from fever or other sickness it has no equal.

THE burden of a song is the being obliged to a still and listen to it.

## I. O. O. F. ANNOUNCEMENT.

The Transportation Committee of the Sovereign Grand Lodge, I. O. O. F., to-day announces that the grand official route from Chicago to Denver and return in September will be Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific Ry., Chicago to Kansas City, Union Pacific Ry., Kansas City to Denver, returning via Burlington Route, Denver to Chicago. Official train will leave Chicago for Denver at 3 p. m., Wednesday, September 14th.

GET Lyon's Patent Heel Stiffeners applied to your new boots and shoes before you wear them out.

3 MONTHS' treatment for 50c. Piso's Remedy for Catarrh. Sold by druggists.

USE Frazee Axle Grease, 'tis the best in the world—will wear twice as long as any other.

THE Agent of the German Baptist Publication Society, Cleveland, Ohio, Mr. H. Schulte, writes: "We keep St. Jacobs Oil on hand and consider it most valuable in case of burns, scalds, etc." Use according to directions.

If you want to make a friend, praise a dog in its owner's presence.

Mr. J. W. Mavis, 28 Rock Street, Lowell, Mass., writes: "I was taken with a crick in neck and suffered agony. St. Jacobs Oil cured me." For sale Druggists and Dealers.

## Jubilee Orchid Bouquet.

Orchid amateurs must be wild with envy at the description of the jubilee orchid bouquet sent to the queen at Buckingham palace. It is five feet high, of globular shape, and is composed of the rarest of orchids and orchid leaves alone. Fifty spikes of each species are introduced, representing fifty years of the queen's reign; orange red blooms twine into the letters "V. R. L." while a golden variety forms a crown surmounting the whole bouquet. —*Chicago News.*

## A Lovely Complexion.

"What a lovely complexion," we often hear persons say; "I wonder what she does for it?" In every case the purity and real loveliness of the complexion depends upon the blood. Those who have sallow, blotchy faces may make their skin smooth and healthy by taking enough of Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" to drive out the humors lurking in the system.

THE author of the saying that "you must always take a man as you find him," was a policeman.

PRICKLY ASH BITTERS is an unfailing cure for all diseases originating in biliary derangements caused by the malaria of miasmatic countries. No other medicine now on sale will so effectually remove the disturbing elements, and at the same time tone up the whole system. It is pure and safe in its action.

A COOK who prefers Burns to Browning shouldn't have anything to do with Bacon or Lamb.

## Prof. Loissette's Memory Discovery.

No doubt can be entertained about the value and genuineness of Prof. Loissette's Memory System, as it is so strongly recommended by Mark Twain, Mr. Proctor, Hon. W. W. Astor, Judah P. Benjamin, Dr. Buckley, and others. For full details send for Prof. Loissette's prospectus at 257 Fifth Ave., New York. From it the system is taught by correspondence, quite as well as by personal instruction. Colleges near New York have secured his lectures. He has had 110 Columbia Law students, two classes of 200 each at Yale, 200 at Meriden, 200 at Norwich, 400 at Wellesley College, and 400 at University of Penn. We cannot conceive how a system could receive any higher endorsement.

If afflicted with Sore Eyes, use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye Water. Druggists sell it 25c.

The best and surest Remedy for Cure of all diseases caused by any derangement of the Liver, Kidneys, Stomach and Bowels. Dyspepsia, Sick Headache, Constipation, Bilious Complaints and Malaria of all kinds yield readily to the beneficial influence of

# PRICKLY ASH BITTERS

It is pleasant to the taste, tones up the system, restores and preserves health. It is purely Vegetable, and cannot fail to prove beneficial, both to old and young. As a Blood Purifier it is superior to all others. Sold everywhere at \$1.00 a bottle.

## RUBBER STAMP OUTFIT FOR SALE CHEAP.

Vulcanizer, 16 fonts of Type, Cuts, and everything used in the business. Address E. H. 174 E. Berry St., Fort Wayne, Ind.

ADVERTISERS or others, who wish to examine this paper, or obtain estimates on advertising space when in Chicago, will find it on file at 45 to 49 Randolph St., the Advertising Agency of

**LORD & THOMAS.**

**KIDDER'S PASTILLES.** Price 50c. ASTHMA. Sure relief. Price 50c. by mail. Stowell & Co., Charlestown, Mass.

**ENSIONS COLLECTED and Increased by** Fitzgerald & Powell, Indianapolis, Ind. Old cases reopened. Send for copy of Laws, free.

**OPIMUM** Morphine Habit Cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till cured. Dr. J. Stephens, Lebanon, Ohio.

**\$5** to \$25 a day. Samples worth \$1.50 FREE. Lines not under the horse's feet. Write Brewster Safety Rein Holder Co., Holly, Mich.

# WHAT AILS YOU?

Do you feel dull, languid, low-spirited, lifeless, and indescribably miserable; both physically and mentally; experience a sense of fullness or bloating after eating, or of "goneness," or emptiness of stomach in the morning, tongue coated, bitter or bad taste in mouth, irregular appetite, dizziness, frequent headaches, blurred eyesight, "floating specks" before the eyes, nervous prostration or exhaustion, irritability of temper, hot flushes, "starting" with chilly sensations, sharp, biting, transient pains here and there, cold feet, drowsiness after meals, wakefulness, or disturbed and unrefreshing sleep, constant, indescribable feeling of dread, or of impending calamity?

If you have all, or any considerable number of these symptoms, you are suffering from that most common of American maladies—Bilious Dyspepsia, or Torpid Liver, associated with Dyspepsia, or Indigestion. The more complicated your disease has become, the greater the number and diversity of symptoms. No matter what stage it has reached, Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery will subdue it, if taken according to directions for a reasonable length of time. If not cured, complications multiply and Consumption of the Lungs, Skin Diseases, Heart Disease, Rheumatism, Kidney Disease, or other grave maladies are quite liable to set in and, sooner or later, induce a fatal termination.

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery acts powerfully upon the Liver, and through that great blood-purifying organ, cleanses the system of all blood-taints and impurities, from whatever cause arising. It is equally efficacious in acting upon the Kidneys, and other excretory organs, cleansing, strengthening, and healing their diseases. As an appetizing, restorative tonic, it promotes digestion and nutrition, thereby building up both flesh and strength. In malarial districts, this wonderful medicine has gained great celebrity in curing Fever and Ague, Chills and Fever, Dumb Ague, and kindred diseases.

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery

## CURES ALL HUMORS,

from a common Blotch, or Eruption, to the worst Scrofula. "Salt-rheum," "Fever-sores," Sores or Rough Skin, in short, all diseases caused by bad blood are conquered by this powerful, purifying, and invigorating medicine. Great Eating Ulcers rapidly heal under its benign influence. Especially has it manifested its potency in curing Tetter, Eczema, Erysipelas, Boils, Carbuncles, Sore Eyes, Scrofulous Sores and Swellings, Hip-joint Disease, "White Swellings," Gout, or Thick Nails, and Enlarged Glands. Send ten cents in stamps for a large Treatise, with colored plates, on Skin Diseases, or the same amount for a Treatise on Scrofulous Affections.

"FOR THE BLOOD IS THE LIFE." Thoroughly cleanse it by using Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, and good digestion, a fair skin, buoyant spirits, vital strength and bodily health will be established.

## CONSUMPTION,

which is Scrofula of the Lungs, is arrested and cured by this remedy. It taken in the earlier stages of the disease. From its marvelous power over this terribly fatal disease, when first offering this now world-famed remedy to the public, Dr. Pierce thought seriously of calling it his "Consumption Cure," but abandoned that name as too restrictive for a medicine which, from its wonderful combination of tonic, or strengthening, alternative, or blood-cleansing, anti-bilious, pectoral, and nutritive properties, is unequalled, not only as a remedy for Consumption, but for all Chronic Diseases of the

## Liver, Blood, and Lungs.

For Weak Lungs, Spitting of Blood, Shortness of Breath, Chronic Nasal Catarrh, Bronchitis, Asthma, Severe Coughs, and kindred affections, it is an efficient remedy.

Sold by Druggists, at \$1.00, or Six Bottles for \$5.00.

Send ten cents in stamps for Dr. Pierce's book on Consumption. Address,

World's Dispensary Medical Association,

663 Main St., BUFFALO, N. Y.

## NEW ENGLAND CONSERVATORY

OF MUSIC Boston, Mass.

THE LARGEST and BEST EQUIPPED in the WORLD—100 instructors, five studios last year. Thorough instruction in Vocal and Instrumental Music, Piano and Organ Tuning, Fine Arts, Oratory, Literature, French, German, and Italian Languages, English Branches, Gymnastics, etc. Tuition, \$5 to \$25 board and room with Steam Heat and Electric Light, \$5.00 to \$7.50 per week. Fall Term begins Sept. 8, 1897. For Illustrated Catalogue, with full information, address E. T. O'NEILL, Dir., Franklin Sq., BOSTON, Mass.

## MARLIN REPEATING RIFLE

Guaranteed perfectly accurate and absolutely safe. Made in all sizes for large or small game.

**BALLARD** Gallery, Hunting and Target Rifles. Read for Illustrated Catalogue. Marlin Fire Arms Co., New Haven, Conn.

One Agent (Merchant only) wanted in every town for

**TANSILL'S PUNCH**

Everybody wants "Tansill's Punch" so cigar now; they were always good, but of late they have improved. I heartily approve of your way of doing business; you are sure to build and increase your trade.

A. ARENS, Druggist, Chicago, Ill.

Address R. W. TANSILL & CO., Chicago.

Piso's Remedy for Catarrh is the Best, Easiest to Use, and Cheapest.

**CATARRH**

Sold by druggists or sent by mail. 50c. R. T. Hazeltine, Warren, Pa.

N. U. P. W. No. 32-87 When Writing to Advertisers, please say you saw the Advertisement in this paper.





MORT & WILL OLDS, PUBLISHERS.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:

One Year, in advance ..... \$0.75  
Six Months ..... 50  
Three Months ..... 25

Entered at the Post Office at St. Joe as second-class matter.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 5, 1887.

There has been a scarcity of binder twine this year. In some of the western states they have had to use the old reapers and cradles, because they could not get twine to run their binders. Even here it was difficult to get enough twine to do up the oats crop.

The St. Joe furniture man got a rig of Bill Leighty Tuesday evening, and went some where. Nothing strange about that, but Bill says the rig came home by itself about two o'clock the next morning. Will August please rise and explain why this was thusly.

The Presbyterian people of Auburn will run an excursion to Warsaw, on Thursday, August 18th, at a very low rate of fare. Warsaw as a pleasure resort is equal to, if not ahead of Rome City, and those who want to enjoy a day of real pleasure should take in this excursion.

The Spiritualists of Paulding, Delaware and adjoining counties will hold their annual grove meeting in Daniel Wentworth's grove, southwest of Hicksville, on Saturday and Sunday, Aug. 13th and 14th. The speakers will be A. B. French, of Clyde, Ohio, and Mrs. Pearson of Michigan. Fine music will be rendered by the Misses Rose, of Van Wert. Everybody invited.

The devil is rustivating at Rome City this week. We mean the devil of this paper. Mell Bishop feels greatly relieved at his absence, as he says that he now gets a chance to sleep some at night. By the way, Mell claims that was one reason why he sold out, was because our devil was over in that neighborhood so much. He says he could put up with a little racket occasionally, but when it comes to six and eight nights in the week, he could not stand it.

The W. C. T. U. will meet at the residence of Mrs. Wes Hart, on Aug. 11th, at 2:30 o'clock. An invitation is extended to all. The following program has been arranged: Reading of the scriptures and prayer; Song; Roll call; Quotations from different Authors about women; Select reading by Mrs. B. Smith; Song by Mrs. M. J. Widney and Mrs. Langley; Scrap-book by Mrs. Irwin; Song by the Union; Essay by Mrs. Widney; Select reading by the president.

A country merchant who places a \$10 advertisement in his local paper, and flatters himself that he is a liberal advertiser, will be surprised to learn that a yearly "ad" one column in length, in the New York Herald costs the advertiser \$39,000. This is the lowest price, and for display on the first page the price is \$48,000. The New York Tribune for its lowest, charges \$28,754, and the Chicago Tribune \$26,000, and those papers are never at loss for advertising to fill their columns. The fact is, merchants find that careful, liberal advertising pays.—Waterloo Press.

OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

SPENCERVILLE.

Rev. Fryberger will go to Ohio this week to spend a few days.

Mrs. George Baltz and children spent Sunday at this place.

Z. T. Kagey was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. P. Bishop last Sunday.

Several of our young people have been rustivating at Rome City this week.

John Fairfield fell from a scaffold on the new church Monday and was quite seriously hurt.

No preaching in the Lutheran church next Sunday, owing to the absence of the pastor, Rev. Fryberger.

The Lutherans will have a grand reunion picnic, in Baltz's grove, on Saturday, August 13th. The exercises of the day will close with a "pink" festival in the evening.

CONCORD.

Bertha Hennesey visited in Auburn last week.

Ayle Simanton and family visited in Auburn last Sunday.

Sadie Hilderbrandt visited under the parental roof last Sunday.

Mrs. Keeler of Auburn is visiting among relatives here this week.

Mr. McDowell of Auburn was the guest of Miss Emma Morr last Saturday.

Miss Ida Koch commenced a select school last Monday at Pigeon Retreat school house.

Mrs. G. Morr has returned from Garrett bringing her daughter with her, who is convalescent.

Misses Ada Hart and Lulu Ables of Coburntown, were the guests of Belle Hilderbrandt last Sunday.

Several of the girls have come home to enjoy a rest during this very, very warm weather. Among them we notice Misses Emma Morr, Belle Hilderbrandt and Ollie Morr.

Some one entered our house last Tuesday while we were away, and very carefully wrapped the organ in a comforter, and other-wise disarranged things in the sitting-room. We do not know as they would come under the head of burglars, for we have not missed anything yet.

The Quarterly meeting was largely attended Sabbath morning; nearly one hundred partook of the sacrament. Saturday afternoon the Quarterly Conference was well attended, and the business transacted harmoniously. The pastor was made happy in receiving the one thing needful to supply his temporal wants. Rev. J. M. Langley has received a unanimous call to remain on the pastorate of the St. Joe class for another year. J. R. Shilling was elected delegate to represent the church at the approaching annual conference.

COBURNTOWN.

Lorain Saylor and family are visiting with his parents.

Ezra Coburn has got back again to Coburntown after spending the winter in Michigan.

Coburntown Sunday school will picnic with the Newville school Aug. 6th, in Ashelman's grove.

Charley Tustison has been quite poorly for a week or two, caused he thinks by over work and heat; and his wife's health is also very poor.

I am glad our pigeon has come out of her retreat and got into the News again. I began to fear that she had spread her wings and flown to other parts.

Wilmot Coburn has had a sheet iron roof put on his barn which adds much to the looks of it. Wilmot is evidently getting ready for something. I think he will get there by and by.

THE BEST

UNLAUNDRIED SHIRT

ONLY  
45  
CENTS.

AT J. D. LEIGHTY'S.

John Swaidner and wife, of Springfield, in company with their daughter, in-law Mrs. Mell Monroe, of Kansas City, made us a pleasant call last Sunday.

As I failed to get my items in on time last week, I will try to be a little more prompt in the future, as it makes Mort look awful sour to hand in items after he has gone to press.

Exceptions were taken to Eld. Thomas' sermon last Sunday by some of the members of the church. Perhaps he could explain the matter to their satisfaction by giving them another discourse on the same subject.

Marion Dermott has bought the old cheese factory and will move it into his place and convert it into a barn. Wilson Countryman bought the land it stood on, and some parties from Auburn bought the boiler, so you see Cheeseville is busted.

Miss Rhett Milliman lost a tidy from the back of her chair while at the concert at St. Joe last Saturday evening, on the road home, and as it was a present to her from her blind aunt who knit it, she prized it highly. If any one has or should find it, they will confer a favor by leaving at the post office.

If this hot dry weather continues much longer, I shall go back on my prohibition principals, for in the language of the immortal P. H., give me water or give me beer. A good many wells are drying up, and some are driving their stock two and three miles to water. We don't have to boil our potatoes, as they are already cooked when we dig them.

Al and August Coburn are practicing now days: shooting at a mark with their revolvers. With a little more practice they will be a dead shot; in fact I don't think it safe to be around where they are now. I did object at first to them putting their target on my barn as I didn't want it shot full of holes, but after seeing them practice a while I withdrew my objection. The barn is perfectly safe.

NOTICE TO FARMERS.

S. E. Daniels, formerly head miller in the Anchor Mills, and G. B. Wilson, a practical miller of Iowa and formerly of Spencerville, having rented the Hicksville Flouring Mills, would most respectfully solicit the patronage of the citizens of Hicksville and the surrounding country. We guarantee perfect satisfaction. Bring us your wheat.

Daniels & Wilson

Blacksmith

AND

Repair Shop.

Having secured the services of an experienced workman, I am now prepared to do all kinds of Blacksmithing and Repairing in a first class manner. Special attention given to repairing machinery. Give me a call. Prices reasonable.

A. W. Hall, St. Joe.

THEIR BUSINESS BOOMING.

Probably no one thing has caused such a general revival of trade at W. C. Patterson's Drug Store as their giving away to their customers of so many free trial bottles of Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption. Their trade is simply enormous in this very valuable article from the fact that it always cures and never disappoints. Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Bronchitis, Croup, and all throat and lung diseases cured. You can test it before buying by getting a trial bottle free, large size \$1. Every bottle warranted.

Buy your grain sacks of us and have them marked free of charge.

A Disastrous Flood!

Heavy damages done by the over-throw of High Prices, and we will continue same. Good Brown Sugar 5 and 6 cts. Granulated 7 cts. Rosin 5 cts. Alum 5 cts. Salts 5 cts. Bird Seed 8 cts. Salt Peter 12 1/2 cts. Prunes 6 1/2 cts. Good Gingham 6 cts. Dress Goods at your own price. Grain Sacks 18 cts. All goods as cheap as the cheapest. Highest market price paid for Wheat, Oats and Seeds.

S. & F. Barney



## STAR WIND ENGINE



### TAKES THE LEAD.

E. A. WANEMAKER,  
NEWVILLE, IND.

Has the agency for this county. See him, or write for prices on Wind Mills, Tanks, Pumps, Pipe &c. A special feature of the Star Wind Engine is the Regulator. See it before you buy.

## Novelty Stationery Package.

Everybody uses more or less stationery, and of course they want a good quality, and they want to buy it as cheap as it can be bought. This can be obtained by buying the Novelty Stationery Package. Sold only by W. C. Patterson, St. Joe. Also a full line of Fancy Note Paper, Pass Books, Scratch Books &c.

### LOCALS.

New wheat is bringing 68 cents.  
Mrs. Shuler is expected home this week.  
One hundred and five in the shade will do.  
Sunday school Picnic at Newville Saturday.  
Jake White's condition remains about the same.  
A band of gypsies passed through town yesterday.  
T. P. Keator lectures at Newville to-morrow night.  
James Ables Esq., now wears a father-hubbard coat.  
The county "dads" have been taking in St. Joe this week.  
For once, the excursion train was right on time yesterday.  
Geo. Metcalf has been visiting his parents a few days this week.  
The Waterloo Fair will be held from the 26th to the 30th of Sept.  
Miss Sake Bartlett and Miss Ida Scholes have been at Rome City part of this week.  
The Methodist Sunday school will have a picnic here some time in the latter part of this month.  
Emanuel Elm left Wednesday night for the west. Should he find a location to suit him he will buy a tract of land.  
Ed White added two Eckhart buggies to his livery barn last week. The Eckhart buggy seems to be out selling all others in this part of the county.  
There were 227 tickets sold at this place yesterday for Rome City. A great many more would have gone if the weather had not been so extremely hot and dry.  
Ladies who are looking for the best Magazine, should by all means subscribe for Demorest's Monthly. Published by W. JENNINGS DEMOREST 15 E. 14th St., N. Y.

What can I use to clean carpets?  
Use your husband.

Picnics are now taking the place of socials and festivals.

Mahlon Baker has the foundation laid for his new residence.

Considerable real estate has changed hands in this place in the past month.

Misses Addie Widney and Nina Filley attended the examination last Saturday.

Mell Bishop is putting up a new barn on the lot he recently purchased of Wash Woodcox.

There are 1,500 women in New York who receive salaries for singing in the church choirs.

Editor S. S. Sheffer of the Kendallville News made this office a pleasant call on Monday. He and his family spent the Sabbath in this place, the guests of his brother, Dr. Sheffer.

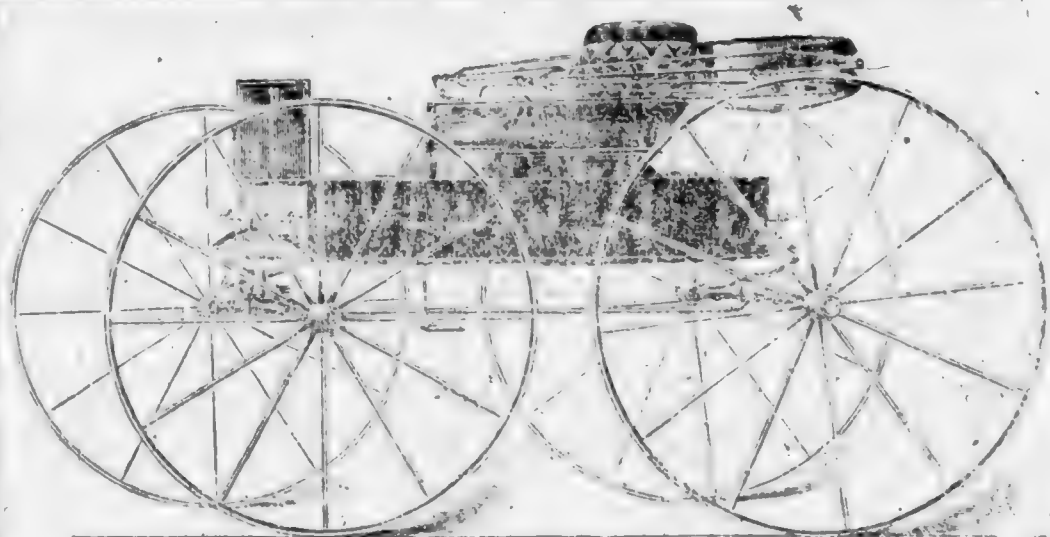
We noticed Al Weirick with a grip-sack in his hand headed for the depot, Tuesday, and we asked him where he was bound for, and he said he was going to Los Angeles, California. That's all we know about it.

A man by the name of Whirlledge has been awarded the privilege of selling beer on the Defiance fair grounds this fall, paying \$365.00 for the right. If we had the letting of such a contract, we wouldn't let it, that's all, for we don't believe that beer ought to be sold on a fair ground, or any other place, for that matter.

Daniels & Wilson, of the Hicksville Flouring Mills, are having a large and constantly increasing run of business. Z. T. Kagey has taken an interest in the mill and will move to Hicksville. Zack is a practical miller and a jolly good fellow, and will make a valuable acquisition to the milling interests of our neighboring city.

They are having some trouble in regard to the post office at Newville. It seems that a petition, signed by a number of the citizens of the town and vicinity, was forwarded to Washington, asking for the removal of Postmaster Weeks, and the appointment of Milo Stafford in his stead. The matter was referred to ex-congressman Robert Lowery, and he, in turn wrote to B. F. Blair in regard to it. Mr. Blair after consulting several of the prominent citizens of Newville, wrote Mr. Lowery not to recommend a change, until he heard from him again. A remonstrance was then gotten up and sent to Washington. Thus the matter stands, and the end is probably not yet.

This is a great age for strikes. In almost every locality they are trying to strike something; if they can't get oil, why they are satisfied with gas. Over east of here a short time ago they claimed to have struck a valuable vein of coal, and now Newville comes to the front and claims to have struck a bonanza in the shape of a mine of mineral substance, such as has been found no where else in the country. It is located underneath a seven acre muck swamp belonging to A. Stepleton, who claims to have taken a sample of it to Fort Wayne, and had it analyzed, and found that it contains properties for scouring and polishing, far superior to any thing that has ever been discovered. It is said that a company has been formed at Fort Wayne for the purpose of getting it into the market. They offer to buy Stepleton's farm at a good round figure, but he wants twenty thousand dollars for it and won't take a cent less. If all reports are true somebody's going to get rich.



MOUNTED WITH THE HERBAND GEAR SYSTEM.

## ECKHART CARRIAGE WORKS,

AUBURN, DE KALB CO., IND.

—MANUFACTURER OF—

## FIRST CLASS CARRIAGES.

CHARLES ECKHART, PROPRIETOR.

Call on me when in need of a first-class Carriage or Buggy, and I will save you money. I guarantee all work as represented.

G. E. EMANUEL, M. D., Physician and Surgeon, Spencerville, Ind. Office in J. Emanuel & Son's Drug Store. All calls promptly answered.

HOUSE PAINTING, Graining, Glazing Paper Hanging and Ceiling Decorating a specialty. All work guaranteed. B. A. Woodcox. Call and see me, or leave orders at the St. Joe Drugstore.

### ST. JOE MARKETS.

CORRECTED EVERY FRIDAY.

Wheat	68 cts.
Oats	24 cts.
Corn	35 cts.
Butter	10 cts.
Eggs	12 cts.
Tallow	3 1/2 cts.
Lard	10 cts.
Potatoes	50 cts.

## Baltimore & Ohio R. R.

Trains Leave St. Joe as follows:

WESTBOUND.	
No. 9 Mail and Express	11:05 A. M.
17 Accommodation	4:18 P. M.
3 Chicago Express	10:42 P. M.
35 Local Freight	3:42 P. M.
EAST BOUND.	
No. 10 Express and Mail	2:08 P. M.
16 Accommodation	10:28 A. M.
4 Morning Express	4:55 A. M.
34 Local Freight	7:59 A. M.
W. I. McKee, Agent.	

### Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

THE BEST SALVE in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. PRICE 25 cents per box. For sale by W. C. Patterson.

The B. & O. discharged 25 more men last week. Ben Leighty was among the number.

The Y. P. T. E. A. will meet at the residence of Miss Sake Bartlett, on Wednesday evening, Aug. 10th. A good program has been arranged.

Any person wishing to purchase a first class buggy at bed rock prices, inside of the next six weeks, can learn something greatly to their advantage by applying to Dick White, St. Joe, Ind.

### Brace Up.

You are feeling depressed, your appetite is poor, you are bothered with Headache, you are fidgety, nervous, and generally out of sorts, and want to brace up. Brace up, but not with stimulants, spring medicines, or bitters, which have for their basis very cheap, bad whisky, and which stimulate you for an hour, and then leave you in worse condition than before. What you want is an alternative that will purify your blood, start healthy action of Liver and Kidneys, restore your vitality, and give renewed health and strength. Such a medicine you will find in Electric Bitters, and only 50 cents a bottle at W. C. Patterson's Drug Store.

Subscribe for the St. Joe News



Last week Jon Bishop and his mother, of Spencerville, went to Hixvill. Tha drove a young four year old colt, an on the wa over tha both expressed a desire to meet a thrashing engine. Tha wanted to see how the colt wood act up. Well, tha diddnt run across one going over, but shure enuff, on ther wa home tha met a thrashing out-fit. When tha saw tha was in fur it, Jon begin to git skared; he told his mother to git out ov the buggy an go down the rode an tel the men who was running the engine to slack up a littel, an not blo the wissel ana, an tu run jist az quiett az tha cood. In the meen tyme Jon had got the colt unhitched fram the buggy, an backed it into fence corner, then he take the colt off tu the othar side ov the rode and tied it tu the fence bi the legs while he braced himself and held onto its hed. Then he moshaned for the engine to cum on steady. Well, it cum an az it aproched the colt diddnt seemed tu mind it at awl, while Jon was trembling like a leaf, an was the worst skart ov the two. After the engine had got bi, tha hitched up and went home, fulli covinced that ther wassent much skare in that colt.

Barcus Q. Hippenhammer.



## THE ELECTION OF THE FUTURE.

A Conversation of the Days of Female Suffrage—When They Come.

When the right of suffrage is finally given to women and they both vote and hold office, we may expect to hear candidates for office sized up in the following scathing manner by women at the polls:

"Who are you going to vote for, Bessie?"

"Oh, I really don't know. But don't you think it's just perfectly lovely for us to have the right to vote at all?"

"Oh, it's too awfully jolly for anything. But, do you know I was just worried to death for fear Madam Fittens wouldn't have my dress done in time for election day."

"But she did, I see; and it's just lovely. I was worried awfully over my election bonnet, but it came at the last moment or I wouldn't have come near the polls. Are you going to vote for Mamie Berkeley for City Treasurer?"

"No, I'm not; we've been 'out' for a long time, and I think she's just horrid."

"I think so too; she dresses away beyond her means, and there'd be no living in the same town with her if she was City Treasurer. What do you think of Mrs. St. John for Mayor?"

"Oh, I think she'd be lovely. She has such a queenly manner and dresses in such perfect taste; but most of the girls are voting for Howard Percy for Mayor; he's so handsome, you know."

"Oh, yes; but then he's so conceited, and such a dreadful flirt. He's engaged to half the girls in town just to secure their votes."

"The mean, horrid thing!"

"What do you think of Mrs. Ranter for Congress?"

"I think she'd better stay at home and look after her children. There's six or seven of them running around here now peddling out her tickets. Do tell me, Janie, are my frizzes all coming out?"

"No, they look nicely. How are mine?"

"Lovely! Your hair does frizz, so beautifully. Look at Mr. Meek electioneering for his wife for Representative. They say if she's elected she's going to leave her six-weeks-old baby at home with him while she goes to the capital for the legislative session."

"Think of it! And won't she dress, though. I'd vote for Hugh Mandeville, but they say he's engaged to Helen Smythe, and I can't endure her. She's around here some place trying to get the other girls to vote for Hugh."

"I call that cheeky. But I shan't vote for him. Margie Montague is my candidate. She's going to invite me to Washington if she's elected."

"How lovely that will be! I've half a mind to vote for Margie myself. Do you know, Belle Fielding and Libbie Lavelle have had an awful quarrel over the office of City Councilman?"

"No! How perfectly dreadful!"

"Isn't it? Libbie accused Belle of buying up votes with French bon-bons and boxes of kid gloves; and Belle told right out before everybody that eight of Libbie's upper teeth were false and that her lovely waves are not her own hair."

"How mean of Belle! If I was Libbie I'd never forgive her. I intended voting for Belle, but I shan't now. I cannot conscientiously vote for a girl who could deliberately give another girl away in that shameful manner. It's a mercy she didn't know all I know about Libbie, or the poor girl might have been mortified clear out of the campaign. I shall scratch Belle."

"I've scratched about everybody on my ticket."

"So have I. Most of the girls running for office are so horrid."

"So they are."

### Breaking It to Him Gently.

The story is told that a husband was sitting in his store when a letter in a familiar handwriting was handed to him. It was from his wife, whom he had left at home that morning with every assurance of affection and devotion. But the very first sentence startled him, and as he read on the most horrible suspicion seized him: "I am forced to do something that I know will trouble you; but it is my duty to do so. I am determined you shall know it, let the result be what it may. I have known for a week that this trial was coming, but kept it to myself until to-day, when it has reached a crisis and I can keep it no longer. You must not censure me too harshly, for you must

reap the reward as well as myself. I do hope it won't crush you. The flour is out. Please send me some this afternoon. I thought by this method you would not forget it." She was right. He didn't.—*Brooklyn Eagle*.

### Acupuncture.

Shampooing, acupuncture, or piercing of the body with needles and the burning of moxas on the skin have from the earliest times formed the staple of Japanese surgical skill. The blind and dumb have always been educated in the first two, and have acquired extraordinary skill as shampooers in many muscular or intestinal complaints. They are allowed to combine music and money-lending with their main calling, and go about toward evening with a low whistle for a street cry. The best of the shampooers know all the superficial muscles, and their services are called in for headache, hysteria, and paralysis. Legrees, too, were conferred on them, with ceremonial robes and white wands surmounted by wooden balls. The medical school, established A. D. 639, had a professor of shampooing with ten pupils, and another of acupuncture with twenty. In 820 five acupuncturists were attached to the imperial palace, being paid by the month, and obliged to keep up their knowledge of their own subjects as well as of the pulse, surgery, botany, and prescribing by studying particular books. Acupuncture is not an invention of the Japanese, the first treatise upon it being attributed to a Chinese under the Sung dynasty, although the form of the needles used and the mode of their employment have been much improved upon by them: tubular needles, for instance, were invented in 1688. It should not be forgotten that Aesculapiades, in the first century of our era recommended needle-puncture for dysentery. The operation consists in driving fine gold, silver, or steel needles from one-half to three-quarters of an inch into the flesh. The needles are of various forms and have spirally-grooved handles for the better twirling of the instrument. The operator holds a needle lightly with the left hand, resting the point upon the skin of the patient. He then inserts it by a slight tap on the handle, given with a small wooden mallet held in the right hand. The needle is then gently pushed and twirled until it penetrates to the proper depth, and after a few seconds is slowly drawn in the same manner, the skin about the puncture being subsequently chafed for a few moments. The number of perforations made at one time varies from one to twenty, and they are oftenest made in the abdomen, to which, however, they are not confined; special treatises laying down the spots to be pierced in various diseases, and one division of study distinguishing on the back the so-called hollow spots (more than a hundred in number)—"where the end of the nerve-fibers are found"—for the application of the needle or the moxa. A faint effort was made to introduce the Japanese needles into England and France in 1825, but although combined with electricity, it came to nothing.—*Westminster Review*.

### The Man on the Horse.

It is a fact that Gen. William H. Lytle had on when he fell at Chicamanga a pair of new black kid gloves. One of the Confederate officers who knew him well and saw him within a few minutes after his death related the fact to us. We refer to Capt. Williams, son of Dr. Williams, of College Hill. Dr. Williams was a very earnest anti-slavery man, but his son had Southern associations, and joined the Confederate army. Another incident of the death of Lytle is that he had a cigar in his mouth, one of a handful that had been given him by Major Bond of Rosecrans' staff. The gallant Lytle was in the thick of the storm and knew it, and handled his brigade with the greatest intelligence until his death. He had refused to dismount when struck by four balls—a whole platoon of Mississippians firing upon "the man on the horse" who was conspicuous above the hazel brush in which the deadly struggle took place.—*Cincinnati Commercial Gazette*.

A LEAF of the giant water lily (*Nelumbo regia*) has been known to measure twenty-four feet 9½ inches in circumference, its weight being nearly fourteen pounds. One of the flowers was four feet two inches in circumference, with petals nine inches in length, and weighed 3½ pounds.

### Ancient Mining Operations.

That mining operations were carried on in this country by the Romans during their occupation there is abundance of evidence, but nothing in this direction has equalled the discoveries recently made in connection with the St. Domingo mines of Spain. These were worked by the Romans in what may be termed a scientific manner, considering their appliances, for in some of them they actually excavated galleries for draining purposes nearly three miles in length, while in others the water was raised by means of wheels carrying it over rocks. Eight of these have recently been found by the miners who are employed in continuous workings in these old mines and all in a high state of preservation. They are made of wood, the wheels and axles, where the greatest strain would be, being of oak and the other parts of pine. It is estimated that the wheels are at least 1,500 years old, although the wood is in a perfect state of preservation, owing to the water being discharged with metallic salts, including those of copper and iron. It would appear that the wheels must have been worked by men on the tread-mill principle by standing upon one side of it, the water being raised by one wheel into a large basin, and then lifted on the other stage by a second one, and then in the same way by the others. Not the least interesting matter in connection with the discovery is the state in which the wood was found. When wood is placed in water, or near to it, the decay is rather rapid, but there are means by which it can be kept for ages in a good state of preservation, as shown in the case of the St. Domingo mines. Some metallic refuse is found even now efficient for the purpose. Leavening has long been in use for preventing fermentation and decay, which is done by steeping the timber in a corrosive sublimate, the perchloride of mercury. Creosote has also been found an excellent preservative of timber subjected to the action of water. It may also be said that while the Romans knew how to preserve timber underground, the Greeks also knew how to keep it in a good state in their buildings. This they did by charring the timber before placing it in position, so that we are told "the beams of the theater at Herulanum were converted into charcoal by the burning lava which overflowed the city, and after a lapse of more than 1,000 years were found as entire as if they had been formed but yesterday." The same property was known even before this; as the Temple of Ephesus was built on piles charred to prevent them from decay. The history of the past—even in mining it appears after a lapse of 1,000 years—may be of advantage to the miners of the present age.—*London Mining Journal*.

### Scotch Cure for Whooping-Cough.

Old Scottish people, or those conversant with the superstitious and customs of the country, are well aware of the efficacy of the cure which the ass was supposed to have wrought in the case of the whooping-cough, and the following incidents will be read with interest: One afternoon recently a curious display of superstition occurred at Maryhill, within view of the police office. Measels and whooping-cough are prevalent among children in the burg at present, and a traveling candyman and rag gatherer, with a cart drawn by an ass, drew up in front of a row of houses known as "Pirrat's row," a little off of the highway. Two children living in the quarter are afflicted with whooping-cough. It has not transpired what compensation the proprietor of the ass received for the superstitious use of it, in the belief that it would cure the children of the cough, but after a short conversation the mothers of the children took up a position on each side of the ass. One woman then took up a position on each side of the ass. One woman then took one of the children and passed it through below the ass' belly to the other women, the child's face being toward the ground. The woman on the other side caught hold of the child, and giving it a gentle somersault, handed it back to the other woman over the ass, the child's head being turned toward the sky. The process having been repeated three times, the child was taken away to the house, and then the second child was similarly treated. While this was going on two other children were quickly brought to undergo the magical cure. In order that the operation may have its due effect the ass must not be forgotten, and at

the close of the ceremony each mother must carry her child to the head of the animal and allow it to eat something, such as bread or biscuits, out of the child's lap. This proceeding having been performed in turn by the four mothers, the prescribed course was concluded. When it began there were not many people present, but before it was finished quite a crowd of spectators had gathered. From inquiries made afterward, it seems the mothers are thoroughly satisfied that their children are the better of the enchantment.—*Greenock Telegraph*.

### The United States and Mexico.

The political relations of the United States with Mexico, whether the people of the government of the former wish it or not, are going to be intimate and complex in the future. The United States is geographically married to Mexico, and there can be no divorce between the parties. Inter-communication between the two countries, which a few years ago was very difficult, is now comparatively easy, and facilities for the same are rapidly increasing. And with the rapid increase of the population in the United States, and with increased facilities for travel, the number of people—restless, adventurous, speculative, or otherwise minded—who are certain to cross the borders into Mexico for all purposes, good and bad, is likely to rapidly increase in the near future. An extensive strip of territory within the Mexican frontier is already dominated, to a great extent, for the purposes of contraband trade by a class of men who acknowledge no allegiance to any government, and whom the Mexican authorities tacitly admit they cannot restrain. Out of such a condition of things, political complications between the two countries, at no distant day, are almost certain to arise. Again, in asserting the "Monroe doctrine," the United States virtually assumes a protectorate over Mexico. For, whatever else the Monroe doctrine may embody, it unmistakably says to Mexico, "You shall not change your form of government." "You shall not enter into any European alliance." "You shall not make concessions of territory, except as we the United States shall approve." and in return, "We will not allow any foreign power, ourselves excepted, to bully, invade, or subjugate you." It may be, and is, replied that the necessity of repelling from the outset any attempt at further aggrandizement of any European power on the North American continent, with its contingent menace to the maintenance of democratic institutions, sufficiently justifies the assertion of the Monroe doctrine, and is for the good of Mexico as well as the United States. But at the same time, if there was any power on the American continent which should arrogate to itself the right to dictate to or control the United States as the United States arrogates to itself the right to dictate or control Mexico, and had sufficiency of power to make its assumptions respectable, could there be any doubt that the people of the federal union would regard such pretensions as a justifiable occasion for hostile protest and defiance.—*Popular Science Monthly*.

### Discharged the Prisoner.

A constable recently brought a man before a justice of the peace in a Dakota "no-license county charged with selling liquor.

"Well, Jim," said the justice, addressing the officer, "where's the licker he was selling?"

"They had just finished drinkin' the last of it, your honor."

"Hey?" thundered the court.

"I say it was all gone 'fore I got there."

"All gone before your got there! Great Scott, where was you all the time? Do you think I am goin' on with a case like this without some licker put in as evidence for the court to sample? Let the prisoner go, and mebbe he'll bring some more to town. And you see that you get around and make your arrest just before he begins to sell, and not after it's all been swallowed by a lot o' fellers that ain't half as dry as the court!"—*Dakota Bell*.

REAL friendship is a slow grower, and never thrives, unless engrafted upon a stock of known and reciprocal merit.—*Chesterfield*.

It is very much like striving for the unattainable to wear a pair of tight boots and try to feel good-natured



## DUEL OF THE STORKS.

Bitter Combat Between Male Birds, Which Disposed of an Ancient Superstition.

(Pittsburgh Dispatch.)

The popular superstition, according to which storks, when deprived of their mates, are supposed to spend the remainder of their lives in solitary grief, mourning over the loss of their departed one, has just received a rude shock. According to the following account, of which the truth is vouched for, it would appear that the female stork is just as liable to err from the paths of virtue as the remainder of her sex. For several years past a couple of storks had been in the habit of spending the summer months in a comfortable nest, which they had laboriously constructed on the gable end of a barn which formed a part of a farm not far from Buda Pesth. They used to arrive in the early spring, hatch the regular number of eggs, and after spending the hot days of July and August in educating their young would all fly off to warmer climes on the approach of winter. Last summer they arrived as usual, and after a time began to devote all their energies to hatching the eggs. When the hen bird was not setting her husband would gravely take her place, carefully spreading himself in such a manner as to cover all the unborn olive branches of the family. One day, however, just about at the time when the little ones were about to make their entry into the world, a great noise was heard on the roof of the barn. Looking upward the farmer perceived that a new male stork of unusual size and beauty had made his arrival and was engaged in a warm discussion with the couple established in the nest. Clapper, clapper, clapper went the long bills, feathers began to be ruffled, and at length, aroused by some terribly insulting expression on the part of the stranger, the male bird issued forth from his nest and began a pitched battle in defense of his honor and home. The duel lasted for a long time, and the battle waxed fast and furious. Curiously enough, the hen bird did not attempt to take the slightest part in the combat. She showed some evidences of excitement, occasionally stood up in her nest and made some remarks with her bill and wings in stork language, and then sat down again upon her eggs. When the sun went down the strange stork flew away, both of the combatants covered with blood. The hen bird received her lord and master with all the signs of a most exaggerated affection, and appeared to congratulate him on his gallant conduct. The next morning, however, the stranger reappeared and recommenced the battle of the day before. Thoroughly exasperated against the intruder, the farmer got out his gun, and, forgetful of the superstition which exists against killing a stork, fired at the strange bird. Sad to relate, instead of killing the latter, the husband stork fell lifeless to the ground. Curiously enough, the sound of the gun did not appear to create the least impression on the remaining birds. The hen stork did not make the slightest attempt to continue the trouble or to take to flight. She remained quietly setting in her nest, the stranger standing at some distance off. Gradually he began to edge along the ridge of the roof toward the nest, and when he got quite close thereto the hen likewise arose and stood upright. For more than an hour they remained standing next to one another engaged in the most eager discussion. At length they seemed to have come to an understanding. After a moment's pause they suddenly hopped into the nest, and working like very furries they united their efforts in throwing the whole of the eggs out of it on to the ground below. As soon as they had completed this work of destruction they both appeared to be slightly overcome, and for about ten minutes remained standing perfectly still each on one leg, their bills resting on each other's shoulders. At length they simultaneously flew up into the air, and after circling round a few times disappeared out of sight. It may be only a coincidence, but within a few weeks of the above flight not only the barn, but a large portion of the farm, was destroyed by fire, entailing a heavy loss on the proprietor.

### Trichiniasis in Italy.

Trichina has been discovered in a human body which was being prepared for anatomical demonstration at the University of Cambrino. The man had lived for many years in a neighboring

commune and died without the presence of the trichina being suspected. Peculiar interest attaches to the case for the reason that it is said to be the first case of trichiniasis ever observed in Italy. —Chicago News.

### Wrens and Bluebirds Fighting.

The bluebirds early took possession, and in June their first brood had flown. The wrens had been hanging around, evidently with an eye on the place—such little comedies may be witnessed anywhere—and now very naturally thought it was their turn. A day or two after the young bluebirds had flown I noticed some fine, dry grass clinging to the eave of the cavity, a circumstance which I understood a few moments later, when the wren rushed by me into the eave of a small Norway spruce, hotly pursued by the male bluebird. It was a brown streak and a blue streak pretty close together. The wren had gone to house cleaning, and the bluebird had returned to find his bed and bedding being pitched out of doors, and had thereupon given the wren to understand in the most emphatic manner that he had no intentions of vacating the premises so early in the season. Day after day, for more than two weeks, the male bluebird had to clear his premises of these intruders. It occupied much of his time and not a little of his strength, as I sat with a book in a summer-house near by, laughing at his pretty fury and spiteful onset. On two occasions the wren rushed under the chair in which I sat, and a streak of blue lightning almost flashed in my face. One day, just as I had passed the tree in which the cavity was placed, I heard the wren scream desperately; turning, I saw the little varabnd fall into the grass with the wretched bluebird fairly upon him. The latter had returned just in time to catch him, and was evidently bent on punishing him well. But in the squab in the grass the wren escaped and took refuge in the friendly evergreen. The bluebird paused for a moment with outstretched wings looking for the fugitive, then flew away. A score of times during the month of June did I see the wren taxing every energy to get away from the bluebird. He would dart into the store-wall, under the floor of the summer-house, into the weeds—anywhere to hide his diminished head. The bluebird with his bright coat looked like a policeman in uniform in pursuit of some wicked, rusty little street gammer. Generally the favorite house of refuge of the wren was a little spruce, into which their pursuer made no attempt to follow them. The female would sit concealed amid the branches, chattering in a scolding, fretful way, while the male, with his eye upon his tormentor, would perch on the topmost shoot and sing. Why he sang at such times—whether in triumph and derision, or to keep his courage up and reassure his mate—I could not make out. When his song was suddenly cut short, and I glanced to see him dart down into the spruce, my eye usually caught a twinkle of blue wings hovering near. The wrens finally gave up the fight, and their numbers reared their second brood in peace. —Cassell's Magazine.

### A Volume in a Paragraph.

"What is the Object of Life?" is the question asked by Prof. G. J. Romanes in the *Forum*. A flippant paragrapher gives this answer: "One of the chief objects is to live poor and die rich, that those who come after you may live rich and die poor."

It is an ugly way of putting it, but the paragrapher made his cutting little sentence speak volumes.

One reason why Americans break down shortly after middle age is because they "live poor" in more ways than one. They may enjoy many of the luxuries of life, but their business is largely made up of hurry and worry.

It does not pay. Men should enjoy their full share of the sweets of existence as they go along. They are not bound to make themselves miserable on account of posterity. It is a commendable thing for a man to strive to leave a competency to his family, but an ambition to accumulate an immense fortune for his heirs is a very different matter. —Atlanta Constitution.

EVERY man who rises above the common level receives two educations. First, from his instructors; the second, the most personal and important, from himself.

The water in Philadelphia is so dirty that before being used it has to be washed. —Puck.

## Tired Languid Dull

Expresses the condition of thousands of people at this season. The depressing effects of the warm weather and that tired feeling so quickly overcome by the use of Hood's Sarsaparilla. It gives strength in place of weakness, gives tone to every organ, creates an appetite, and purifies the blood. Give it a trial now.

"I have been troubled for many years with violent headaches. Hood's Sarsaparilla did me so much good that I feel like a new being. I earnestly recommend Hood's Sarsaparilla to all who suffer with headaches." Mrs. E. Satchell, Gates Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.

### Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists, \$1; six for \$5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

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## A MAN

WHO IS UNACQUAINTED WITH THE GEOGRAPHY OF THIS COUNTRY, WILL SEE BY EXAMINING THIS MAP, THAT THE



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By reason of its central position, close relation to principal lines East of Chicago and continuous lines at terminal points West, Northwest and Southwest, it is the only true middle-link in that transcontinental system which invites and facilitates travel and traffic in either direction between the Atlantic and Pacific. The Rock Island main line and branches include Chicago, Joliet, Ottawa, La Salle, Peoria, Geneseo, Moline and Rock Island, in Illinois; Davenport, Muscatine, Washington, Fairfield, Ottumwa, Oskaloosa, West Liberty, Iowa City, Des Moines, Indianola, Winterset, Atlantic, Knoxville, Audubon, Harlan, Guthrie Centro and Council Bluffs, in Iowa; Gallatin, Trenton, St. Joseph, Cameron and Kansas City, in Missouri; Leavenworth and Atchison, in Kansas; Albert Lea, Minneapolis and St. Paul, in Minnesota; Watertown in Dakota, and hundreds of intermediate cities, towns and villages.

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Guarantees Speed, Comfort and Safety to those who travel over it. Its roadbed is thoroughly ballasted. Its track is of heavy steel. Its bridges are solid structures of stone and iron. Its rolling stock is perfect as human skill can make it. It has all the safety appliances that mechanical genius has invented and experience proved valuable. Its practical operation is conservative and methodical—its discipline strict and exacting. The luxury of its passenger accommodations is unequalled in the West—unsurpassed in the world. ALL EXPRESS TRAINS between Chicago and the Missouri River consist of comfortable DAY COACHES, magnificent PULLMAN PALACE PARLOR and SLEEPING CARS, elegant DINING CARS providing excellent meals, and between Chicago, St. Joseph, Atchison and Kansas City—restful RECLINING CHAIR CARS.

### THE FAMOUS ALBERT LEA ROUTE

Is the direct, favorite line between Chicago and Minneapolis and St. Paul. Over this route solid Fast Express Trains run daily to the summer resorts, picturesque localities and hunting and fishing grounds of Iowa and Minnesota. The rich wheat fields and grazing lands of interior Dakota are reached via Watertown. A short desirable route, via Seneca and Kankakee, offers superior inducements to travelers between Cincinnati, Indianapolis, Lafayette and Council Bluffs, St. Joseph, Atchison, Leavenworth, Kansas City, Minneapolis, St. Paul and intermediate points.

All classes of patrons, especially families, ladies and children, receive from officials and employees of Rock Island trains protection, respectful courtesy and kindly attention.

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R. R. CABLE, E. ST. JOHN, E. A. HOLDROCK, Pres't & Gen'l Mgr, Chicago, Asst Gen'l Mgr, Chicago, Gen'l Tkt. & Pass. Agt., Chicago.



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Just such a life as they enjoy Who use the Smith's Bile Beans.

Smith's BILE BEANS purify the blood, by acting directly and promptly on the Liver, Skin and Kidneys. They consist of a vegetable combination that has no equal in medical science. They cure Constipation, Malaria, and Dyspepsia, and are a safeguard against all forms of fevers, chills and fever, gall stones, and Bright's disease. Send 4 cents postage for a sample package and test the TRUTH of what we say. Price, 25 cents per bottle, mailed to any address, postpaid. DOSE ONE BEAN. Sold by druggists. J. F. SMITH & CO., PROPRIETORS ST. LOUIS, MO.

The original Photograph, panel size, of this picture sent on receipt of 10c. in stamps. Address: BILE BEANS, St. Louis, Mo.

For a woman to say she does not use Procter & Gamble's Lenox Soap, is to admit she is "behind the times." Nobody uses ordinary soap now they can get "Lenox."



**Tubs Do Not Exist in Houses and Every River Bank Becomes a Laundry.**

The garments, after being washed, are spread upon the rocks and gravel-beds, and the bright sun, which shines here almost daily for eight month in the year, dries them before one has scarcely had time to turn around. This custom of river washing is necessitated by the scarcity of water. There is scarcely any part of the country in which either wells or cisterns are to be found. All the drinking water is brought in pipes tapping the river a few miles above the city, and is conducted to fountains or basins conveniently located in different sections of the town. To and from these reservoirs during all hours of the day, but more especially in the morning and evening, a constant stream of water carriers go and come. Two men with a barrel swung upon a pole, an end of the pole resting upon a shoulder of each; bits of boys with two buckets balanced on a stick in Japanese fashion; women and girls with allers (round earthen jars) of all sizes on their heads or shoulders, keep up an endless procession to and from the fountains. So it will be apparent to every one that, with this state of affairs existing, it is more convenient to take the laundry to the river than to carry the water to the house, and this will serve to show why it will be difficult to introduce the use of tub, wash-board, and clothes-lines.

A few feet from the margin of the river an occasional hole is dug and the water which filters therein through the sand is used by hundreds of families for all domestic purposes. There is so

**THE SHIP DIARY.**

"June 1—How cold and unfeeling language seems when I try to tell in this little book the wealth of bliss that floods my soul! Alone on the ocean—the boundless ocean—with Willie! I have taken out all the scent bottles, and my lovely toilet set, put up a few vases on the ledges, and made our precious Eden of a stateroom a perfect bower. Willie calls me to come and see the lightship. Dear little diary, I will confide to you my inmost heart, and return to you with fresh confidence very soon. June 2—Oh, dear! I have been on my knees an hour picking up the pieces of my beautiful toilet set. Everything got broken and made a beastly mess. Willie was far from kind, and called me a fool. June 3—I'm wretchedly ill, and Willie stops in the smoking-room. Told me I was a perfect fright. He had no idea I depended so much on dress. June 4—Oh! that I had never left my ma's brownstone front. This is the most dreadful experience. Willie plays poker all the time in the smoking—oh dear! those interruptions are dreadful. June 5—I'm not going to write any more in this dreadful book. Willie's conduct is awful. There isn't a court in the world that will refuse me a divorce, if I should write all that has happened, and put the book into evidence. June 6—Willie sleeps with the doctor."

This is Miss Millicent Melrose's diary: "June 1—We left the wharf in splendid spirits; lovely folks on board; know I'm going to have a just too lovely time. June 2—Passed a very quiet day; most every one sick; don't feel well myself; took a pill. June 3—Captain very attentive. June 4—Wish I could go ashore; captain persecutes me with his attentions; declares his affection in a frightful seafaring manner; asks me to give him a kiss. June 5—The captain is going on like anything; swears if I do not kiss him he will do something dreadful; if I continue obdurate he will scuttle the ship and drown the 700 souls on board. June 6—Seven hundred souls saved."—*Texas Siftings*.

**'A CRUEL RULE,**

LOVE is without prudence, and anger is without counsel.

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MAIN STREET,

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 All work and goods guaranteed to give satisfaction. Give me a call.



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Highest market price paid for Hides,  
Tallow &c. Give me a call.

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PROVISIONS, OYSTERS, LEMONS.

ORANGES, CANDIES, CIGARS &c.

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AGENT FOR THE

AND FIELD HARROW,

—000—

Farmers will save money by seeing me before buying. I will call on you with a sample in a few days.  
R. G. Coburn, St. Joe, Ind.

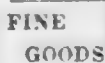
Having returned from Tennessee,  
I will assist again in

in short all kinds of Rope, Tackle and Jack-screw Work. Having had 15 years experience, and improved machinery, I feel safe in guaranteeing satisfaction. Heavy and difficult work a specialty. Correspondence solicited. Direct all communications to H. or M. Milliman, St. Joe Station, Ind., or A. Monroe, Hicksville, Ohio.



**Undertaker and Embalmer.** Keeps on hand constantly, a stock of Undertaking Supplies, Coffins, Caskets, Burial Robes &c. I can supply as fine goods as can be furnished. Will attend to making all arrangements for funerals. Calls responded to at all hours of the night. Office on corner of Main and Second Streets; residence on corner of Main and Fourth Streets, St. Joe, Ind.

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# THE ST. JOE NEWS.

VOL. I.

ST. JOE, IND., FRIDAY, AUGUST 12, 1887.

NO. 29.

## Churches.

### DISCIPLE.

SERVICES every alternate Sunday evening, in the Lutheran church. Cottage prayer meeting every Friday evening.

J. A. THOMAS, PASTOR.

### METHODIST PROTESTANT.

SERVICES every alternate Sunday at 10:30 A. M. Prayer meeting every Tuesday evening. Sunday School at 9:30 A. M.

J. M. LANGLEY, PASTOR.

### EVANGELICAL LUTHERAN.

SERVICES every Sunday, one Sunday in the morning at 10:30, and the following Sunday in the evening. Prayer meeting every Thursday evening. Sunday School at 9:30 A. M.

S. P. FRYBERGER, PASTOR.

## Societies.

### G. A. R.

REGULAR meetings on Saturday evening on or before the full moon of each month, at their hall over Leighty's store.

O. H. WIDNEY, COMMANDER.  
J. M. MILLMAN, ADJUTANT.

## Business Notices.

H. W. BOWMAN, M. D., Physician and Surgeon, St. Joe, Ind. Office opposite the Drugstore.

ST. JOE HOTEL, Wm. Leighty, proprietor. Special attention given to furnishing teams for commercial men.

B. S. SIEFFER, M. D., Physician and Surgeon, St. Joe, Ind. Prompt and careful attention to all business entrusted to his care.

ST. JOE BARBER SHOP, one door west of hotel, Will Gee, proprietor. Satisfaction guaranteed. Your patronage is solicited.

MILLEY, LOUNSBERRY AND SHULER, proprietors of the St. Joe Saw and Planing Mill. All work promptly done. Cash paid for Oak Logs.

CITY BARBER SHOP, St. Joe, Ind. John Hull, proprietor. Shaving, Hair Cutting &c. done in the best of style. Come and see me. Two doors west of Kinsey's Furniture Store.

SIMON WINELAND, proprietor St. Joe Handle and Feed Mills. Feed grinding a specialty. Highest prices paid for second growth White Ash. Enquire at the mill for full particulars.

## INDIANA STATE NEWS.

—The following patents have been issued to Indiana inventors: Conant, Ossian, A. C., Terre Haute, flour packer; Gustavel, Louis, G. W., Monticello, hamo tug; Harrod, Sanford H., Canton, and S. J. Lamb, assignors of one-third to W. W. Borden, New Albany, station indicator; Hartman, Charles R., Vincennes, spring hoe attachment for cultivators, seed drills, etc.; Hazen, David H. and D. H. Kirkpatrick, Francesville, fence machine; Jones, William A., Liberty, mail sack; Kelley, George W., Goshen, carpet sweeper; McCann, George, Goodland, power mechanism, for reciprocating plungers; Mendenhall, John C., Indianapolis, sweat-pad fastener; Parks, George W., and Z. C. Mathers, Scottsburg, railway cattle guard; Purcell, William C., assignor of one-half to J. H. Jones, Souersville, axle skein; Speicher, Joseph B. and D. L., Wabash, automatically-supplying watering trough.

—There is much excitement in Martin County, east of Washington, on account of a proposed new bridge over White River, at Hindostan, in that county. The Commissioners decided to build the bridge, but about half the county rebelled and took steps to prevent it, if possible. Attorneys on either side went to Washington, and proceedings were opened before Judge Hoffman to enjoin the Commissioners from contracting for the building of the bridge. The case was argued and the Court granted a restraining order, enjoining the Commissioners from letting the contract until the injunction suit is finally settled in the Martin Circuit Court, which will probably be in September. The bridge, if built, is to cost \$10,000. The feeling in Martin is so intense over the matter that the inhabitants of the extreme western part of the county are making arrangements to be annexed to Davies County.

—The Sixty-eighth Indiana Infantry will hold a reunion Aug. 19, at Greensburg, that being twenty-five years from the date of the muster-in to the United States service. The regiment will form and march to the old rendezvous camp on the Cobb farm, when the survivors will again respond to the roll-call. The boys will march under the old silken flag that was presented by the ladies of Greensburg and was saved at the capture at Mumfordsville, Ky., by Col. King secreting it underneath his clothing. Rev. E. H. Wood, of Company K, is expected to deliver the address. All soldiers and citizens are invited to attend what promises to be one of the most pleasant reunions since the war. Every survivor of the regiment is urged to be present. The press will confer a favor by publishing this notice.

—The survivors of the late war, of both the Federal and Confederate armies, will meet in fraternal concourse at Evansville, September 20, 21, 22, and 23, 1887, under the direction of Farragut Post, No. 27, G. A. R., of that city. Among the specially interesting features of the reunion will be the following: Speeches by the most distinguished generals on both sides; infantry, cavalry and battery drills for prizes amounting to \$3,100; grand sham battle with 1,000 participants, general "camp-fire" scenes and incidents.

—A peculiar case came up in the Mayor's Court at Vincennes. Charles Bohn had J. H. Bunch arrested for taking off his wife and living with her. Bunch is a blind pensioner, and had quite a sum of money. Mrs. Bohn had a strong liking for the blind Bunch, and she gave her husband the bounce, but it now appears that Bohn really sold his wife to Bunch for \$300, and held Bunch's note therefor. The sale was a reality, but the note was never paid; hence the difficulty.

—The subject of water-works is being discussed at Huntington, and a proposition

has been received by the Council from water-works contractors, S. P. Bullock & Co., to erect the same. The Council is investigating the different systems, and has committees appointed to visit Muncie, Anderson, Marion, Logansport, and Peru, and inspect the water-works there.

—William Burger, a farmer living near Freedom, Owen County, was found in an unconscious condition in a pasture near his residence. It is supposed that a horse which he was taking to pasture had kicked him, as blood was oozing from his mouth, eyes, and ears. He died in a short time after being removed to his house. He leaves a family.

—The section men on most of the Indianapolis railroads are now kept busy putting out fires which catch from sparks and burn up fences, and in some cases, fields of wheat. Unless there is rain soon, the running of trains will become almost impossible without setting fire to fields and destroying property.

In the northern part of Wabash County the drought is more severe than any known in years. Corn is drying up. No rain has fallen there for over a month. Eel River was never known to be so low before. It has been necessary to shut down mills which were supplied with motive power by this stream.

—While trying to throw a belt from a pulley in Davis Bros' mill at New Castle, John Murray was caught in the belt and thrown against the building with great force. He was rendered insensible for some time and received severe injuries, including sundry cuts and bruises.

—Scarlet fever has broken out in the southern part of Blackford County. The disease assumes first the form of scarlet rash, but directly changes into malignant scarlet fever. The very dry weather has caused the fever to spread with alarming rapidity.

A young man named Goodrich was fatally hurt by a powder explosion while making cartridges at Columbia City.

—At Fort Wayne, Henry Griffith, after coming down stairs at his boarding-house, fell on the floor and died in a few minutes. It is supposed to be a case of heart disease. The deceased was about 35 years old, a stonemason, and leaves a family.

—E. W. Good, a prominent traveling man of Evansville, died suddenly from the effects of a stroke of paralysis and the excessive heat. He was 66 years of age.

Rev. Aaron Wood, D. D., the oldest Methodist minister in the Northwestern Indiana Conference, is very ill at his home in Younsville, Montgomery County.

—The Attorney General has given his opinion to the State Auditor favorable to the claim of Lieutenant Governor Robertson to per diem salary and mileage during the session of the Legislature at which he was not allowed to preside.

—The Huntington Daily Herald published a list of over 120 new houses in process of erection there. The list includes several fine business houses, ranging in cost from \$5,000 to \$15,000.

—Dr. Lesher Trexler, one of the oldest and most prominent physicians of Fort Wayne, died. He leaves an estate valued at \$200,000.

—The 4-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Boulenger, of Winchester, was fatally burned recently. She was playing with matches and ignited her clothing.

—Mrs. Eli Trost, living two miles north of Connersville, fell across a log, ruptured a blood vessel and died almost immediately.

—Fred Shultz was drowned while bathing near Delphi.

It is said that 600 Chinese in New York are now members of the Knights of Labor, and that many more are about to join the order.

## NAMES OF SHIPS.

Ships have always been objects of more than common solicitude and affection both to their owners and to their masters. As one goes along the wharves of a great seaport, and reads the names of the craft lying at their piers, he cannot fail to understand the story which the names of these vessels tell.

From whatever part of the world the ships may have come, their names are, for the most part, feminine. They always have a homely look and a homely sound. The name of the ship most often reminds one of the wife or a daughter in a home where the craft is owned. Ships are christened in a spirit of chivalry and of loyalty. The "Sarah Jane" and the "Martha Ann" visit all climes, but who ever saw the "Patti" or the "Langtry" afloat?

It is also to be noticed that the name of the ships rarely assume the form of pet names. "Sarah Jane" does not become "Sadie," "Jennie," nor does "Martha Ann" appear as "Mattie" or "Annie." This is proof of the conservatism of shipbuilders. It helps to trace the genealogy of ships, for ships have a lineage.

There are successive generations, of them as there are of men and women. They are also grouped in families according to the service they follow.

The permanence of names of ships opens up many questions in history. The name "Mayflower" has reminded the world again and again during the past year of the ship that came into these waters more than two hundred and fifty years ago. But there was a "Mayflower" belonging to the Parliament fleet in 1651. It is pretty certain that she was originally intended for the merchant service, as that fleet was made up of such craft taken into commission on short notice. It would not be strange to find the staunch sea-going ship of 1620 fit for service in 1651. If this was not the "Mayflower" of Puritan fame, it was very probably her daughter.

The continuance of names among war-vessels and merchantmen is quite as noticeable as the permanence of family names. There is now in the British navy a well-known ship called the "Hector." There was a "Hector" in the Parliament fleet which cruised off Ireland in the summer of 1651. There was also a "Swiftsure" in that squadron, and there is a "Swiftsure" now. This permanence of names is good evidence of the affection with which ships are regarded by their owners and their crews.—*Youth's Companion.*

## MORE POWERFUL THAN DYNAMITE.

Old Mr. Bentley—I see that one of these German cannon manufacturers has made a cannon of 46,453 horsepower.

Old Mrs. Bentley—My, but it must be a powerful gun.

Old Mr. Bentley—Yes, but that isn't a circumstance to what they're at work on.

Old Mrs. Bentley—What! something more powerful?

Old Mr. Bentley—Yes, they're perfecting a cannon of one mile power.—*Tid-Bits.*

PERHAPS you never thought of it, but the most touching thing in nature is a dog's nose.—*The Colonel.*



# The St. Joe News.

ST. JOE, INDIANA.

MORT & WILLIAMS. PUBLISHERS.

## MORTAL MAN AT REST.

BY RICHARD HALE.

[The following poem was found among the effects of Col. Richard Realf, of California, written the day before he committed suicide, November, 1878.]

"De mortuis nil nisi bonum." When  
For me the end has come and I am dead,  
And little volubly, chattering daws of men  
Peek at me curiously, let it soon be said  
By some one brave enough to speak the truth:  
Here lies a great son, killed by cruel wrong.  
Down all the balmy days of his fresh youth  
To his bleak, desolate noon, with sword and  
And speech that rushed up hotly from the heart,  
He wrought for liberty; till his own wound  
He had been stabbed; concealed with painful  
art.

Through wasting years, mastered him and he  
swooned.  
And sank there where you see him lying now,  
With the word "Failure" written on his brow.

But say that he succeeded. If he missed  
World's honors and world's plaudits and the  
wage  
Of the world's deft lackeys, still his lips were  
kissed.

Daddy by those high angels who assuage  
The thirstings of the poets—for he was  
Born unto singing—and a burden lay  
Mighty on him, and he moaned because  
He could not rightly utter to this day  
What God taught in the night. Sometimes,  
naïf-like,

Power fell upon him, and bright tongues of  
flames  
And blessings reached him from poor souls in  
stress;

And benedictions from black pits of shame;  
And little children's love; and old men's  
prayer  
And a Great Hand that led him unawares

So he died rich. And if his eyes were blurred  
With thick tears, silence he is in his grave.  
Gave he his life for the world's good?  
Yet broke his heart in the night for the  
Ker did I

The popular slogan of the age  
But shade for her when God himself seemed  
to

And all the cheering she could give  
He was weary, but he fought the fight,  
And stood for simple manhood, and was  
joyed

To see the anvil broadening of the light  
And new earths heaving heavenward from the  
void.

He loved his fellow-men and for his love was sweet—  
Plant daisies at his head and at his feet.

## RAISED FROM THE SLUMS.

Adelaide Morrison was metaphysically inclined. She had as yet no specially fixed creed or dogged obstinacies, but at times she would so express herself that one could readily perceive a sort of mental agitation, and divine the uprising of embryo theories concerning much-debated questions. Had her profession been that of letters instead of art, it is quite possible these vague tendencies might have strengthened in time to absolute beliefs, and blossomed or fruited in verse or prose for the delectation of the world at large.

But she was not a writer. And brush and pencil afford one slight opportunity to define one's "isms."

She was not superstitious; yet she believed a good deal in dreams. She had some thoughts on evolution, but did not relinquish her Christian faith. She dearly loved to investigate; and many a psychological problem came to engross her as she toiled away in her sixth-story studio, day after day, far above the rush and clamor of the city, or strolled dreamily homeward when the sun went down.

It was something in this line that occupied her thoughts as she walked westward that pleasant afternoon. The setting sun was full in her face, yet so absorbed was she that she knew naught of it, nor of the noisy tangle of wagons and cabs and street-cars and promenaders, out of whose maze she had safely threaded her way. Instinct impelled her; her gaze was introspective, and her face relaxed into a tender expression, a rather poetic face, with dusky eyes and hair. As she passed away from the central hubbub and through a quieter street, some one touched her arm, and she stopped.

"In a dream as usual," said the blithe voice of a friend. "Been to the matinee?"

Adelaide answered slowly as one just awakened.

"No, I have come from the studio. I would have stopped at your house, Nina, but I did not notice when I passed it."

"Come back," said the other, a pretty little doll of a blonde.

Miss Morrison shook her head.

"No, I must go on home. But you—will you not come with me?" She put a slender, gray-gloved hand upon her friend's arm, and at that gentlest of touches the blonde seemed to melt into accordant motion. They walked

at a moderate pace. Adelaide spoke first, looking straight ahead in an abstracted way, while her companion gazed up in her face.

"I cannot tell you what it is, but something is making me very restless to-day. It seems as if some one I have known were in trouble and calling for me—calling, calling in a great despair. If I could only know where to go and find him."

The little friend laughed.

"It is a he."

But Adelaide's somber eyes reflected no pleasure. She went on in the same serious way.

"It seems to me as if I must in some way discover where to go."

When she had said this, they walked along in silence until Nina remarked, suddenly.

"To-morrow is Sunday. Have you anything new to wear?"

The trifling question jarred upon Adelaide at the moment. She did not reply. They had reached her home by this time and they went in together.

Nina resumed upon the topic obviously dearest to her soul.

"My new costume," she said, as they entered the vestibule, "is a perfect poem."

Adelaide was fumbling for her key.

"Yes," she said, mechanically.

"A perfect symphony."

They were ascending the stairs. Adelaide, leading, to the topmost floor, where a sunny parlor made home for the young artist. On the first landing the symphony had been hastily sketched in four movements: bonnet, parasol, gloves, and dress. On the second a brief rhapsody had been audible concerning minor details, and on the third the young lady of fashion had combined a minimum of Christian charity with a preponderance of self-congratulation.

"My dressmaker is such a worthy woman," she said, and works so cheap! Indeed the poor thing has a hard time making ends meet. If you want an opportunity to interest yourself in any one, Adelaide, here it is. I will take you to see her."

Adelaide's parlor had two windows at which white curtains fluttered, for the day had been warm. Before each stood a rocking-chair. She motioned Nina to one and took the other. Then she spoke with an effort, reverting to that of which she had already made mention.

"One person has been in my mind all the afternoon. I had not thought of him before in a long time, and now I cannot help but remember."

Her friend's brightened from languid attitude to one of interest.

"You mean that man who acted so awfully last summer?" she asked.

Miss Morrison replied slowly. A sudden bright color glowed in her face and went away again. At the same moment she seemed to have felt a nervous closing of the throat.

"I mean the man who injured me."

"And you think he is in trouble, and you would go to him?"

Adelaide turned and gazed out of the window. In the street below a junk-cart's noisy bells were jangling. Adelaide's clear profile scarcely stirred.

"I should hope," she answered quickly, "I should hope that I would go to any one in trouble, any one whom I could help."

Nina grew animated.

"I wish," she said, clasping her hands about her knees and leaning forward, eagerly, "I wish you would tell me the whole affair from first to last. You never have done so, and I only know that he acted outrageously."

Adelaide started from her seat, crossed the room and returned.

"There is nothing much to tell. It was trust betrayed—treacherous actions. We were engaged to be married this summer. I had entrusted property to his management. He was thoughtless, criminally thoughtless. He tried to speculate, and lost, and involved me terribly, and finally resorted to falsehoods to screen himself. That is all. He was quite handsome—very fascinating—but he was weak. Please don't ask me any more."

"O Adelaide! It's so very—romantic!"

"It was very terrible," said Miss Morrison, "very terrible. But I never mind. I have tried to forget. Let it pass. It was bitterer injury than you could dream of."

She stood up and paced the room. "I wish you would take me to see your dressmaker," she said presently. "A widow with many children, no doubt."

"Widow? Yes; but only one child: a little lame boy. We'll go the first of the week."

"No," said Adelaide, impatiently, "now, let us not put it off."

"But, my dear, I will if you insist. We'll go this evening after dinner."

In the afterglow of the same sunset through which Adelaide Morrison had gone home, a man was staggering blindly across another section of the town. His face was toward the East, and his uncertain footsteps bore him through streets of sin and squalor. Sometimes he paused and tottered as if ready to sink to the ground; then again he seemed to pluck new strength from despair. His bloodshot eyes had the look of fever. His dishevelled hair had here and there a streak of gray. Yet he was not old, save with present misery. His face was unshaven, and he breathed with parched lips.

As the afterglow turned to purple haze he struggled at last into a neighborhood near the eastern edge of the great island—a neighborhood where only at intervals one saw a house that was not tenement; where children swarmed upon the pavement and shrieked aloud their pitiful emotions! The neighborhood of the slaves of the world. Into this neighborhood the man staggered to seek one door of many and to drag himself step by step up barren stairways to a garret yet more barren. Friendless, penniless, hopeless! Run to the end of his rope. "Only to die," he moaned, as he fell across his miserable bed. Where were his former trials, the gay, the careless? What would they do for him? Who would stretch out a hand to save him?

And then one word came huskily from his parched throat—the name of a woman—a soft, sweet name.

He lay there alone and unsuccored, in darkness closed around him. By and by, a long time after, some one pushed the door ajar, peered shyly into the gloom, and turned away, with light, irregular footfall. The little, lame child of a neighbor had been the only one to think or care.

Miss Morrison and her friend Nina were late in calling upon the dressmaker. The poor woman was eating her supper by lamplight in the swift and greedy fashion of her half-starved, overworked kind. Her child sat opposite her—a wan little elf with jetty hair and unearthly eyes. He gazed at Adelaide as though fascinated—the spoon dropped from his hand, his cup of tea remained untouched.

Miss Morrison spoke very gently:

"My dear, how old are you?"

"Eight," said the child. Then, in strange confusion, and quite as if the artist's dark, mild eye had wrested the confidence from him, "there's a man sick upstairs."

"A man that is sick, my dear?" Miss Morrison repeated.

"I heard him groan," said the child, pausing, as if to make sure of the word, "and I looked in, but I couldn't see—because it was—so—dark."

Miss Morrison glanced at the mother, who nodded assent.

"It's true," she said, wearily. "God knows us poor folks have our troubles. He ain't been long in the house, and looks as though he'd lived better. I met him on the stairs last night. He came up groaning and didn't see me. It's hard to be sick and without friends or money."

"I think," said Adelaide, slowly, "that I should like to go and see if I could do anything for him."

Her friend interposed.

"Oh, Adelaide, don't. It might be contagious!"

A faint shade of scorn came over Miss Morrison's face. She arose quickly.

"Little boy," she said, "will you show me the way?"

She borrowed a lamp of the dressmaker, and the lame little child went on before her. The door was still ajar. They pushed it wider and entered.

She set the lamp upon the table. She was cold from head to foot. She bade the child go down and finish his supper; and when he had gone she bent and touched the prostrate form, laying her cool hand upon one that burned with fever, and speaking quietly one word:

"Ronald!"

At the sound and the touch he stirred and moaned aloud:

"Adelaide, Adelaide, only forgive!"

Her swift glance swept the room and

read its wretchedness. She could see his past since they had parted—the reckless, ruinous past that had stretched him here and left him to his death.

Evil companions and evil ways! Where had he been, to what had he fallen since that dark morning in the summer past? And how strangely had she been guided! Either! What might it all portend? A friend's friend, a woman who toiled with needle, a little lame child! And a voice crying all day long in her ears that Ronald Power was in distress!

He stirred again and moaned her name. Was he so very ill? Would he recover? It gave her a terrible pang to think that he might not. And all at once she felt hard soles arising in her throat.

Yet the darkest night leads to another dawn.

And when the summer Sabbath wrapped the earth in glory, and the splendor of the sunrise transfigured land and sea, and the twitter of a single bird was echoed by another and another until a million were alive on tree or house-top, Ronald Power awakened and beheld the sweet countenance he had thought to see no more.

"Adelaide!" he said, "O, Adelaide!" and covered his face.

But Adelaide had prayed for strength and was calm.

"By and by," she said when he pleaded for forgiveness, "let and by we will talk. I knew that you have sinned. You must be forgiven."

And then she stooped and kissed him and touched his forehead with her lips.

And from that hour it

was a new life.

Workman on a ladder.

The writer, however, in the own living, and often in the family. In London, however, every day. Hundreds are employed in the post-office, in some of the insurance companies as cashiers and book-keepers, in trading engineers' plans, in typewriting, in telephone work and cigarette-making—all employment of comparatively recent date, for it is not so many years ago since the trial of female clerks in the clearing-house of the post-office was thought a wonderful innovation, and one which many wise heads predicted much evil of. There are besides, of course, the very large number of working women in the more ordinary sense—the dressmakers, milliners, and shop assistants. Among the latter, says the Brooklyn *Magazine*, perhaps it is truest that we know little of how they live. One thing is not half known about them, and that is, the large number of the girls and women employed in London at a rate of payment which is quite inadequate for them to live upon, however careful they may be. The rare generally dressmakers or milliners' assistants, sometimes attendants in second-rate shops. It is a common thing for these women to earn eight shillings a week or less. They think themselves well off when they earn nine shillings a week—and the work is not constant, because when the time are hard or the slack season hits in they are turned off. They will go day after day to some of the shops where their work is known and in the waiting-room on the chance of an odd hand being wanted. With savings is only a part of the hour she'd make it is well thought; the girls work pays the rent if it does not always keep her, and she is not without food or shelter during the time work fails. But it is wholly different with the young woman who has no home but what she pays for. If she is quiet and respectable she generally lodges with some fellow-worker older than herself who has furniture. She pays two shillings a week for a bed in the same room and for her share of the firing and light. She buys her own food and cooks it herself. Six shillings for a week is not very much, every one will allow; but when we show that the recipient is expected to dress well—that is, respectably—and find herself in boots, hat in going out in all weather her clothes wear out more quickly, no one need be surprised that her wages alone can not keep her and dress her.

A new theory of the final destruction of the earth is that the polar ice is penetrating the interior of the globe like a wedge, and that as soon as it reaches the furnace there will be an explosion that will split the world into pieces too small for trucks.



**Painless Regulation.**  
It is no longer a question of doubt—although the contrary was once believed—that medicines which produce violent effects are unsuited to other than desperate emergencies. In other words, that super-potent remedies are calculated to weaken and injure the system rather than reform its irregularities. Among medicines of debilitating effect are cathartics and cholagogues which copiously and abruptly evacuate the bowels. Because it does not do this, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is preferable to the droning class of purgatives. Painless in its effects, it is sufficiently active to remedy chronic constipation. It relieves by invigorating the intestines, and enables, not to force, them to perform the duty imposed upon them by nature. Promoting the secretion of bile in normal quantities by its healthfully stimulating effect upon the liver, it is eminently conducive to digestion, and contributes in no small degree to keep the bowels regular.

**Queer Freak of Insomnia.**  
To illustrate the alleged sleepiness of a certain college town the following story is told: A certain professor, who made the unusual complaint of insomnia, was advised to consult a New York physician. He did so, and the latter, after a most thorough examination of heart, lungs, and all the vital organs, pronounced the professor absolutely sound. "I am at a loss," the doctor said, "to account for it. You seem perfectly well. Perhaps something is prying upon your mind?" "O, no," said the professor, "nothing at all." "Perhaps you have some business cares?" "No; nothing of that sort." "And yet you say that you get no sleep at night?" "O, no! I never said that. I'm all right at night; but it's insomnia in the daytime that bothers me!"—*New York Independent.*

A LEADING physician has made the startling revelation that six thousand people, mostly children, die yearly in this country from the effects of cough mixtures containing morphia or opium. Red Star Cough Cure contains neither opiates nor poisons; purely vegetable.

AN unmixed evil—whisky straight.—*Burlington Free Press.*

MARCH, 1882. Rev. L. N. St. Onge, P. P. Indian Missionary, Glen Falls, N. Y., wrote: "A single application of St. Jacobs Oil relieved me of rheumatism." October 29, 1886, he writes again: "It cured me then."

**A Pet Wild Cat.**  
An old German farmer, living about ten miles back of Sebawing, Mich., has a wild cat for a pet. It was caught when very young, but has now been the familiar friend of the farmer for eight years. It follows him like a dog and truly loyal, with but one exception, and that is that he dotes on chickens. This is slightly offset by the fact that he can kill more rats than 1,000 tame cats.—*Chicago Herald.*

**Blowing Up Hell Gate.**  
Has been a laborious and costly work, but the end justifies the effort. Obstruction in any important channel means disaster. Obstructions in the organs of the human body bring inevitable disease. They must be cleared away, or physical wreck will follow. Keep the liver in order, and the pure blood courses through the body, conveying health, strength, and life; let it become disordered and the channels are clogged with impurities, which result in disease and death. No other medicine equals Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" for acting upon the liver and purifying the blood.

**Preventing Cruelty.**  
Two boys walking down a suburban street, each with a collection of bird's eggs in his hat, were accosted by a young lady with:  
"For shame, you little imps—you are both deserving sound punishment!"  
"Aw, rats! If we didn't take the eggs some of the other boys'd stone the birds when they hatched! Anyhow, the bird crop around Detroit'll be light; 'less Bill an' me breaks our necks!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

**No Trouble to Swallow**  
Dr. Pierce's "Pellets" (the original "little liver pills"), and no pain or griping. Cure sick or bilious headache, sour stomach, and cleanse the system and bowels. 25 cts. a vial.

A BOY'S upper lip is like Banquo's ghost when it will not down.

Pisó's Remedy for Catarrh is agreeable to use. It is not a liquid or a snuff. 50c.  
PREVENT crooked boots and blistered heels by wearing Lavin's Patent Heel Supporters.

BOATMEN on the Seine receive 15 francs for each dead body they find in the river in the department of the Seine. In the two adjoining departments no reward is paid. It has now been discovered that all dead bodies found above or below the prescribed limits have been carefully towed down or up stream until they could be profitably passed over to the police.

**Good Health**  
You cannot have without pure blood; therefore, to keep well, purify the blood by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla. This medicine is peculiarly designed to act upon the blood, and through that upon all the organs and tissues of the body. It has a specific action, also, upon the secretions and excretions, and assists nature to expel from the system all humors, impure particles, and off to matter through the lungs, liver, bowels, kidneys, and skin. It effectually aids weak, impaired, and debilitated organs, invigorates the nervous system, and tones the digestion.

**Hood's Sarsaparilla**  
Sold by all druggists, \$1; six for \$5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass.  
100 Doses One Dollar.

**PATENTS** R. S. & A. P. LACEY, Patent Attorneys, Washington, D. C. Just attorneys and opinions as to patentability FREE. 15-17 years' experience.

## LIVER, BLOOD AND LUNG DISEASES.

### LIVER DISEASE AND HEART TROUBLE.

Mrs. MARY A. McCLEURE, Columbus, Kans., writes: "I addressed you in November, 1884, in regard to my health, being afflicted with liver disease, heart trouble, and female weakness. I was advised to use Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, Favorite Prescription and Pellets. I used one bottle of the 'Prescription,' five of the 'Discovery,' and four of the 'Pleasant Purgative Pellets.' My health began to improve under the use of your medicine, and my strength came back. My difficulties have all disappeared. I can work hard all day, or walk four or five miles a day, and stand it well; and when I began using the medicine I could scarcely walk across the room, most of the time, and I did not think I could ever feel well again. I have a little baby girl eight months old. Although she is a little delicate in size and appearance, she is healthy. I give your remedies all the credit for curing me, as I took no other treatment after beginning their use. I am very grateful for your kindness, and thank God and thank you that I am as well as I am after years of suffering."

### LIVER DISEASE.

Mrs. I. V. WEBBER, of Yorkshire, Cattaraugus Co., N. Y., writes: "I wish to say a few words in praise of your 'Golden Medical Discovery' and 'Pleasant Purgative Pellets.' For five years previous to taking them I was a great sufferer; I had a severe pain in my right side continually; was unable to do my own work. I am happy to say I am now well and strong, thanks to your medicines."

**Chronic Diarrhea Cured.**—D. LAZARRE, Esq., 575 and 577 Decatur Street, New Orleans, La., writes: "I used three bottles of the 'Golden Medical Discovery,' and it has cured me of chronic diarrhea. My bowels are now regular."

**"THE BLOOD IS THE LIFE."**  
Thoroughly cleanse the blood, which is the fountain of health, by using Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, and good digestion, a fair skin, buoyant spirits, and bodily health and vigor will be established. Golden Medical Discovery cures all humors, from the common pimple, blotch, or eruption, to the worst Scrofula, or blood-poison. Especially has it proven its efficacy in curing Salt-rheum or Tetter, Fever-sores, Hip-joint Disease, Scrofulous Sores and Swellings, Enlarged Glands, and Eating Ulcers.

### INDIGESTION BOILS, BLOTCHES.

Rev. F. ASBURY HOWELL, Pastor of the M. E. Church, of Silverton, N. J., says: "I was afflicted with catarrh and indigestion. Boils and blotches began to arise on the surface of the skin, and I experienced a tired feeling and dullness. I began the use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery as directed by him for such complaints, and in one week's time I began to feel like a new man, and am now sound and well. The 'Pleasant Purgative Pellets' are the best remedy for bilious or sick headache, or tightness about the chest, and bad taste in the mouth, that I have ever used. My wife could not walk across the floor when she began to take your 'Golden Medical Discovery.' Now she can walk quite a little ways, and do some light work."

### HIP-JOINT DISEASE.

Mrs. IDA M. STRONG, of Ansonia, Ind., writes: "My little boy had been troubled with hip-joint disease for two years. When he commenced the use of your 'Golden Medical Discovery' and 'Pellets,' he was confined to his bed, and could not be moved without suffering great pain. But now, thanks to your 'Discovery,' he is able to be up all the time."

## CONSUMPTION, WEAK LUNGS, SPITTING OF BLOOD.

GOLDEN MEDICAL DISCOVERY cures Consumption (which is Scrofula of the Lungs), by its wonderful blood-purifying, invigorating and nutritive properties. For Weak Lungs, Spitting of Blood, Shortness of Breath, Bronchitis, Sore Throat, Coughs, Asthma, and kindred affections, it is a sovereign remedy. While it promptly cures the severest Coughs it strengthens the system and purifies the blood.

It rapidly builds up the system, and increases the flesh and weight of those reduced below the usual standard of health by "wasting disease."

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### GIVEN UP TO DIE.

**Ulcus Cured.**—ISAAC E. DOWNS, Esq., of Spring Valley, Rockland Co., N. Y. (P. O. Box 28), writes: "The 'Golden Medical Discovery' has cured my daughter of a very bad ulcer located on the thigh. After trying almost everything without success, we procured three bottles of your 'Discovery,' which healed it up perfectly." Mr. Downs continues:  
**Consumption and Heart Disease.**—I also wish to thank you for the remarkable cure you have effected in my case. For three years I had suffered from that terrible disease, consumption, and heart disease. Before consulting you I had wasted away to a skeleton; could not sleep nor rest, and many times wished to die to be out of my misery. I then consulted you, and you told me you had hopes of curing me, but it would take time. I took five months' treatment in all. The first two months I was almost discouraged; could not perceive any favorable symptoms, but the third month I began to pick up in flesh and strength. I cannot now recite how, step by step, the signs and realities of returning health gradually but surely developed themselves. Today I tip the scales at one hundred and sixty, and am well and strong.  
Our principal reliance in curing Mr. Downs' terrible disease was the "Golden Medical Discovery."

**Bleeding from Lungs.** JOSEPH F. McFARLAND, Esq., Athens, La., writes: "My wife had frequent bleeding from the lungs before she commenced using your 'Golden Medical Discovery.' She has not had any since its use. For some six months she has been feeling so well that she has discontinued it."

Golden Medical Discovery is Sold by Druggists. Price \$1.00 per Bottle, or Six Bottles for \$5.00.

WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Proprietors, No. 663 Main Street, BUFFALO, N. Y.

**For a woman to say she does not use Procter & Gamble's Lenox Soap, is to admit she is "behind the times."**  
Nobody uses ordinary soap now they can get "Lenox."



**FRAZER AXLE GREASE.**  
Best in the World. Get the genuine. Every package has our Trade-mark and is marked Frazer's. SOLD EVERYWHERE.  
**KIDDER'S PASTILLES.** Sure relief. Price 35 cts. ASTHMA. Write for sample. Stowell & Co., Charlestown, Mass.

**MARVELOUS MEMORY DISCOVERY.**  
Wholly unlike artificial systems. Any book learned in one reading. Recommended by Mark Twain, Richard Proctor, the scientist Hon. W. W. Astor, Judah P. Benjamin, Dr. Minor, etc. A class of 100 Columbia law students, two classes 200 each at Yale, and University of Penn., 300 at Wellesley College, etc. Prospectus post free. Price, 10c. L. S. L. 237 Fifth Ave., New York.

**PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION.**  
CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.

**PILES.** Dr. Williams' Indian Pile Ointment is a sure cure for blind, bleeding or itching piles. Cure guaranteed. Price 50c and \$1. At drugists or mailed by Wm. B. Williams & Marvin, Who. Ohio, Agents, Toledo, Ohio.

## CONSUMPTION, WEAK LUNGS, SPITTING OF BLOOD.

**GENERAL DEBILITY.** Mrs. PARMELIA BRUNDAGE, of 162 Lock Street, Lockport, N. Y., writes: "I was troubled with chills, nervous and general debility, with frequent sore throat, and my mouth was badly tattered. My liver was inactive, and I suffered much from dyspepsia. I am pleased to say that your 'Golden Medical Discovery' and 'Pellets' have cured me of all these ailments and I cannot say enough in their praise. I must also say a word in reference to your 'Favorite Prescription,' as it has proven itself a most excellent medicine for weak females. It has been used in my family with excellent results."

**Dyspepsia.**—JAMES L. COLBY, Esq., of Tuckton, Houston Co., Minn., writes: "I was troubled with indigestion, and would eat heartily and grow poor at the same time. I experienced heartburn, sour stomach, and many other disagreeable symptoms common to that disorder. I commenced taking your 'Golden Medical Discovery' and 'Pellets,' and I am now entirely free from the dyspepsia, and am, in fact, healthier than I have been for five years. I weigh one hundred and seventy-one and one-half pounds, and have done as much work the past summer as I have ever done in the same length of time in my life. I never took a medicine that seemed to tone up the muscles and invigorate the whole system equal to your 'Discovery' and 'Pellets.'"

**Dyspepsia.**—THERESA A. CASS, of Springfield, Mo., writes: "I was troubled one year with liver complaint, dyspepsia, and sleeplessness, but your 'Golden Medical Discovery' cured me."

**Chills and Fever.**—Rev. H. E. MOSLEY, Montmorency, S. C., writes: "Last August I thought I would die with chills and fever. I took your 'Discovery' and it stopped them in a very short time."

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and can walk with the help of crutches. He does not suffer any pain, and can eat as well as any one. It has only been about three months since he commenced using your medicine. I cannot find words with which to express my gratitude for the benefit he has received through you."

**A TERRIBLE AFFLICTION.** Skin Disease.—The "Democrat and News," of Cambridge, Maryland, says: "Mrs. ELIZA ANN POOLE, wife of Leonard Poole, of Williamsburg, Dorchester Co., Md., has been cured of a bad case of Eczema by using Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. The disease appeared first in her feet, extended to the knees, covering the whole of the lower limbs from feet to knees, then attacked the elbows and became so severe as to prostrate her. After being treated by several physicians for a year or two she commenced the use of the medicine named above. She soon began to mend and is now well and hearty. Mrs. Poole thanks the medicine has saved her life and prolonged her days." Mr. T. A. AYRES, of East New Market, Dorchester County, Md., vouches for the above facts.

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### GIVEN UP TO DIE.

**Ulcus Cured.**—ISAAC E. DOWNS, Esq., of Spring Valley, Rockland Co., N. Y. (P. O. Box 28), writes: "The 'Golden Medical Discovery' has cured my daughter of a very bad ulcer located on the thigh. After trying almost everything without success, we procured three bottles of your 'Discovery,' which healed it up perfectly." Mr. Downs continues:  
**Consumption and Heart Disease.**—I also wish to thank you for the remarkable cure you have effected in my case. For three years I had suffered from that terrible disease, consumption, and heart disease. Before consulting you I had wasted away to a skeleton; could not sleep nor rest, and many times wished to die to be out of my misery. I then consulted you, and you told me you had hopes of curing me, but it would take time. I took five months' treatment in all. The first two months I was almost discouraged; could not perceive any favorable symptoms, but the third month I began to pick up in flesh and strength. I cannot now recite how, step by step, the signs and realities of returning health gradually but surely developed themselves. Today I tip the scales at one hundred and sixty, and am well and strong.  
Our principal reliance in curing Mr. Downs' terrible disease was the "Golden Medical Discovery."

**Bleeding from Lungs.** JOSEPH F. McFARLAND, Esq., Athens, La., writes: "My wife had frequent bleeding from the lungs before she commenced using your 'Golden Medical Discovery.' She has not had any since its use. For some six months she has been feeling so well that she has discontinued it."

Golden Medical Discovery is Sold by Druggists. Price \$1.00 per Bottle, or Six Bottles for \$5.00.

WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Proprietors, No. 663 Main Street, BUFFALO, N. Y.

**Celebrated Eye Water.**  
The Oldest Medicine in the World is probably Dr. Isaac Thompson's. This article is a carefully prepared physician's prescription, and has been in constant use for nearly a century, and notwithstanding the many other preparations that have been introduced into the market, the use of this article is constantly increasing. If the directions are followed it will never fail. We particularly invite the attention of physicians to its merits. John L. Thompson, Sons & Co., Troy, N. Y.  
**PENSIONS COLLECTED AND INCREASED** by Fitzgerald & Powell, Indianapolis, Ind. Old cases reviewed. Send for copy of laws, etc.  
N. U. F. W. No. 33-87  
When Writing to Advertisers, please say you saw the Advertisement in this paper.



On the 20th of the month of August, 1904, at the extraordinary low rate of for the month of August.

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Residents of the City of...

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THE BEST

UNLAUNDRIED SHIRT

ONLY 45 CENTS

AT J. D. LEIGHTY

Mrs. Hennery has been quite ill for the past week, but at present is some better.

Harry Buchanan and Bert Pearson made a business trip to Auburn.

Mrs. M. J. Dawson, of North Creek, Mich., is the guest of her sister for a few weeks.

Mrs. J. Mangley and Mrs. S. Bailey were the guests of Mrs. F. H. H. on last Wednesday afternoon.

Joe Koch, who rents down Auburn, and James Baker, in the slams at Race City, on Friday day.

George Baker says there is no place for him just for now. He wants to stay a week or so.

Thelma Rickett has been getting on, but not feeling well all summer and does not seem to be getting any better.

Thelma and wife of P. H. C. were the guests of other friends at the Jenkins' last Saturday and Sunday.

A fine looking dog was run over by the cars and killed one of the corners one day this week. It is supposed to have been the property of John Taylor.

Nathan Wyatt is again in the middle and is in very feeble health, not being able to speak above a whisper. He is at present staying with his aunt, Mrs. Nancy Wyatt.

There was a sound of revelry in the night, for about fifty fair maidens and brave boys gathered at the hidden banquet residence last Wednesday evening to surprise Betty upon her twenty-first birthday. And it was a success, for she had not received a hint of it. She received a great many nice presents, among them was a beautiful gold ring. The refreshments were prepared and taken in by the girls, which the boys pronounced perfectly splendid. Now we do not know which the boys meant, the girls or the supper.

The days are getting shorter. Picnic at Spencerville to-morrow. Buy your grub sacks of us, and have them marked free of charge.

Several persons from this place attended the prohibition picnic at Hicksville, Monday.

A Disastrous Flood!

Heavy damages done by the over-throw of High Prices, and we will continue same. Good Brown Sugar 5 and 6 cts. Granulated 7 cts. Rosin 5 cts. Alum 5 cts. Salts 5 cts. Bird Seed 8 cts. Salt Peter 12 1/2 cts. Prunes 6 1/2 cts. Good Gingham 6 cts. Dress Goods at your own price. Grain Sacks 18 cts. All goods as cheap as the cheapest. Highest market price paid for Wheat, Oats and Seeds.

S. & F. Barney

Everybody uses more of these rationers, and of course they stand a good quality, and they value for their being cheap as if you had bought them. This can be obtained for a price in the Novels' Stationery Pack, and sold only by W. C. Patterson, St. Paul. Also a full description No. 1000. Press Locks, and the Books are.

There's a boy, like a new chip  
with a heart of gold.

Somebody coming out early in the light.

Seven poems and articles were crowded out of this issue. They will appear next week.

Prof. J. E. T. L. A. will meet at the residence of Rev. J. M. Langley, on Wednesday evening, Aug. 17th. A good program has been arranged.

A letter received this week, contains the joyful news that H. K. Reynolds is the proud father of a baby. We'll bet ten cents that Henry is not "stuck up" for anything.

Mrs. Hugh Nelson, mother of Mr. W. C. Patterson, of this place, died at her home in Hicksville, Wednesday afternoon at three o'clock. The funeral occurs to-day at half past ten o'clock. Mr. and Mrs. Patterson have the sympathy of the entire community in this sad affliction.

son William, wife, and son of  
ing to be visiting in town  
opposed the guest of Mr. J. H.  
er. A. LARSEN.

Some undisciplined fellows enter the Nova Theatre's indoor patch of asphalt each week and soke the benches with their "No's." Nels thinks he knows who the chaps were, and he will make it good—God better for them than the ax that has been for the past two weeks.

\* The picnic at Newville last Saturday was one of those pleasant occasions that go to make life pleasant. The day was beautiful, and the place selected for holding the picnic could not have been more desirable. The exercises were all good, and the managers certainly have the gratification of knowing that everything proved a success.

The Spencerville correspondent of the Auburn Dispatch last week copied an article we published in the News some time ago in regard to the mail arrangements between here and Spencerville, and then he asked: "Does it hurt?" We suppose that he means to imply that St. Joe feels badly hurt because Spencerville has a daily mail. No indeed, Mr. correspondent, we don't feel the least bit hurt; in fact we're glad of it, and you remember rightly, most of our citizens signed the petition asking for this same daily mail. Hurt, what should it hurt, when it is a great accommodation to our citizens. It is often a difficult matter to reach these little towns off of the railroad, that only have a mail twice or three times a week, but by this arrangement we can get mail to Spencerville every day. No, it don't hurt.



Wheat	1.8 cts.
Oats	84 cts.
Corn	35 cts.
Butter	10 cts.
Eggs	1.29 cts.
Tallow	50 cts.
Lard	10 cts.
Potatoes	50 cts.

Baltimore & Ohio R. R. to be derived therefrom. Every teacher should be present. Notify

Trains leave for Joe as follows:

WESTBOUND.	
No. 9 Mail and Express	11:05 A. M.
17 Accommodation	1:18 P. M.
3 Chicago Express	10:42 P. M.
35 Local Freight	3:42 P. M.

EASTBOUND.

No. 10 Express and Mail	2:08 P. M.
16 Accommodation	10:28 A. M.
4 Morning Express	4:55 A. M.
34 Local Freight	7:59 A. M.

W. I. McKEE, AGENT.

**Bucklen's Arnica Salve.**  
THE BEST SALVE in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Childbed Sores, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. PRICE 25 cents per box. For sale by W. C. Patterson.

J. D. Leighty is in Cleveland this week buying goods.

Dan Baker loaded one thousand bushels of oats into a car Tuesday.

Grant Burchfield is learning the harness trade with Frank Walker, Saturday, and while out on his rounds their six months old twin babies took very sick and died. Arrange-

John Hull and Frank Walker have decorated the fronts of their buildings with tasty signs.

The Lutheran Sunday school of this place will attend the picnic at Spencerville to-morrow.



## REMINISCENCES OF PUBLIC MEN.

THE PHILADELPHIA RECORD.

Senator La Fayette Foster, of Ohio, told a story about Gov. Trumbull of his State, who, on the occasion of a grand visit, ascended a block and attempted by a speech to quiet the people, when a random missile hitting him in the head felled him to the ground. He was badly hurt, and as his friends were carrying him into his house his wife met him at the door and exclaimed: "Why, my husband, they have knocked your brains out." "No, they haven't," said the Governor. "If I'd had any brains, I shouldn't have gone there."

When Senator Ben. Wade was a circuit judge in Ohio, one of his decisions was reversed by the Supreme Court of the State, and the case came back to him on mandate. He disregarded the mandate and followed his first decision. "But, your honor," exclaimed the beaten counsel, "the Supreme Court reversed your former judgment!" "Yes, so I have heard," was the reply. "I will give them a chance to get right." The decision was again reviewed, this time with Judge Wade's written opinion, and the court decided that he was right. A bill of costs had been before him for three terms, and had been dismissed at inordinate length. As he was about closing the third term, the attorney in the case reminded him that the matter had not been disposed of. "What is the amount in dispute?" asked Judge Wade. "Nine dollars and — cents." "I pay the blanked thing myself," said he, throwing a \$10 bill to the clerk. "Enter the costs satisfied."

Mr. Blaine's friends claimed that, all things considered, he was the greatest leader of men in the Senate when he left it, possessing force, bravery, and audacity. Edmunds stated a proposition with more clear-cut distinctness than Blaine. It was a purely intellectual act, and no other element entered into it. His words were the coinage of the brain, and were void of personality save in the mental qualities they attested. Conkling spoke an imperious and imperial intellect. His speeches took wider range and were pitched upon higher keys of ideas and ornamentation than Blaine's. His speeches showed the fullest equipped brain in the Senate. But he spoke to illustrate himself, not to persuade others. Lamar was the man in the Senate most persuaded that it was possible to adjust Government to general principles. If administration were an affair of the schools he would have been a statesman. In the difficulty of devising a philosophy of legislation he was confused between his impulses and his incapacity to formulate them to his own apprehension or apply them to the conduct of public affairs. He was a partisan without confidence in partisanship. So great was his intellect his inability to think out his political philosophy to where it touched the springs of action put in uncertainty into his ideas and paralysis upon his will that put him at a great disadvantage in a contest with a man of clear-cut and practical partisan ideas and great force, like Mr. Blaine. Mr. Thurman was, like Mr. Blaine, a great practical political leader, and about the only difference between them intellectually and in traits in a contest was that, man for man, Blaine had the most force.

Gen. Jackson's deathbed at the Hermitage, one bright Sabbath morning in June, 1845, is described as a scene never to be forgotten. He bade them all adieu in the tenderest terms, and enjoined them, old and young, white and black, to meet him in Heaven. All were in tears, and when he had breathed his last the outburst of grief was irrepressible. The congregation at the little Presbyterian church on the plantation, which the General had built to gratify his deceased wife, the morning service over, came flocking to the mansion as his eyes were closing, and added their bewailment to the general sorrow. Shortly after this mournful event a lady friend of the family encountered an old servant in the kitchen, who was sobbing as though her heart would break. "Ole missus is gone," she brokenly said to the lady, "and how ole massa is gone; dey's all gone, and dey was our bes' friens. And ole massa, not satisfied with teachin' us how to live, has now taught us how to die." The poor, unlettered creature did not know that she was paraphrasing one of the most beautiful passages in Tilkell's elegy upon the "Death of Addison": "He taught us how to live, and oh, too high The price for knowledge, taught us how to die."

Daniel Webster used to relate an incident which occurred when he was visiting Ralph W. N. C. A gentleman proposing to call upon him, asked his son, a little lad, if he did not wish to go and see Mr. Webster. The boy answered, "Is it that Mr. Webster who made the spelling-book, and set me so many hard lessons? If that is the man, I never want to see him so long as I live." Mr. Webster, after telling this story once, when several Southern gentlemen were present, added, "I know, gentlemen, that my sentiments on some subjects are not altogether acceptable, I am sorry to say, to your section of the country, but I set no lessons, I make no spelling-books. If I spell out some parts of the Constitution of the United States in a manner different from that practiced by others, I readily concede, nevertheless, to all others a right to disclaim my spelling and adopt an orthography more suitable to their own opinions, leaving all to that general public judgment to which we must in the end all submit."

Gen. Hamilton of South Carolina narrated the following interesting account of the commencement of the Revolutionary struggle: "When," said he, "John Huger and Samuel and John Adams determined to resist the oppression of the Mother Country, they sent Josiah Quincy, Jr. to South Carolina, to obtain the support of that cavalier colony, the very pet of the British crown, to stand by them in the coming struggle. The first person on whom Mr. Quincy called was Thomas Lynch, Sr., who, with a princely fortune, had staked everything from the jump in the glorious contest. Mr. Quincy, coming by land from Boston, drove up to Mr. Lynch's residence on the South Santee River, now called Peach Tree. After communicating his message, which met with the warm concurrence of Mr. Lynch, he and Mr. Quincy started for Charleston, and in the house of Miles Burton, then an opulent and patriotic merchant, whose wealth greatly depended on peace with England, met John Rutledge, Christopher Gadsden and other South Carolina patriots. Then and there was concocted the great scheme of colonial resistance which was afterwards uttered in the war-shout at Bunker Hill, and re-echoed in the thunders from the palmetto fort at Charleston on the 28th of June following."

Mr. Travers, the New York millionaire, has left behind him lots of clever things which he said during his life. On one occasion he was sitting in a crowded street-car and held his boy Charlie in his lap. A handsome and elegantly-dressed lady got into the car, and for a minute or two nobody offered her a seat. Mr. Travers took in the situation, and said to his son, "Get up, Charlie, and give the lady your seat." There was a roar of laughter, and the blushing and smiling lady was offered a dozen seats at once. It was Mr. Travers who, at a dinner presided over by Mr. Stewart, the merchant prince, became a little noisy. At least, he made the people around him noisy by his witticisms. Mr. Stewart rapped on the table to call him to order. Immediately Travers called out in a feminine voice, "Ca-a-a-sh," and the howl of laughter that followed obliged Mr. Stewart to drop his frown and smile, though he did not like it a bit.

### The Uses of a Friend.

Thackeray asks in one of his letters: "Why do I trouble you with all these perplexities? If I mayn't tell you of what I feel, what is the use of a friend?"

Certainly, Thackeray, old boy, you're right. What is the use of a friend if you can't tell him all about your ills—how you had the toothache Monday and suffered an attack of the rheumatism Tuesday, and was down with the plumbago Wednesday, and had an attack of the blues Thursday, and wasn't feeling very well the rest of the week. One wouldn't do this to an enemy, of course not. It would be a degree of cruelty that you would not think of employing in moments of direst animosity. But with a friend it is different. A man often pours into the ear of a patient friend a story of petty worries and perplexities that would make him shunned forever after by any one less devoted, and the patient friend often tries in vain to escape. Unless he has an accumulation of miseries of his own that he is waiting to unload, in his turn. "What's the use of a friend unless you can use him?" is a maxim that is lived up to in more ways than one.—*Texas Siftings*.

### The Economic Statistics of Paris.

The annual return published by the prefecture of the Seine with regard to the population of Paris, the consumption of food, the circulation of vehicles and passengers by train, and other economic facts bearing upon life in the metropolis, is always full of interest, and from that relating to 1886, it will be gathered that the food supply of Paris comprised, in addition to 261,377 live oxen, 231,319 calves, 1,891,871 sheep, 247,105 pigs, 13,377 horses and 304 donkeys, 152,605 tons of butchers' meat, 24,152 tons of pork, 3,375 tons of horseflesh, 24,143 tons of poultry, 17,559 tons of butter, 5,412 tons of cheese, and 4,544 tons of turbot, salmon and red mullet. The quantity of other kinds of fish consumed is much larger, but as they are not subjected to octroi dues there are no statistics forthcoming. In addition to the above, Paris consumed last year over 400,000,000 eggs, while in the way of liquids the consumption was 87,560,000 gallons of wine, 3,217,000 gallons of spirits and liquors, 6,705,000 gallons of cider, and 6,120,000 gallons of beer. The gas company distributed during the year about 251,000,000 cubic meters of gas, of which about 25,000,000 meters were for the streets and public buildings, while the quantity of water supplied from various sources was about 150,000,000 cubic meters, there being 60,000 subscribers to the water-rate, but of about 82,000 householders living in streets and squares, avenues, etc., with a total length of just about 600 miles. Turning to the vital statistics, it will be found that the number of births during the year was 60,636, of whom over 17,000 were illegitimate, while the number of deaths was 57,027, of which over 10,000 were due to pulmonary complaints. The total number of patients in the hospitals during the year was 130,765, of whom 13,920 died. There were 20,604 marriages and 488 divorces. Circulation inside Paris was upon a larger scale than ever before, the omnibus company having carried over 191,000,000 passengers, while nearly 50,000,000 traveled by the two independent tramway lines. The boats on the Seine carried about 20,000,000 passengers, while between 17,000,000 and 18,000,000 used the circular railway. The analysts of the municipality ordered the destruction of 1,117 articles of food, and instituted over 4,000 prosecutions for adulteration; while the police arrested 35,894 men and 6,253 women, of whom 2,703 were foreigners, mostly for trifling offenses such as disorderly conduct or begging.—*London Times*.

### Capitalists in Rags.

While thousands of deserving poor are daily dying of slow starvation, there are in Paris gangs of professional beggars, like the "gueux" referred to in Beranger's song, who are a happy race. Only a few days ago a chiffonier, who would not pay his rent in the Belleville quarter, was ejected from his premises by force, and as the hussier's men were hustling him out a sum of money, in gold and silver, amounting to nearly £80, rolled out of his rags. There is also an old story of a Parisian blind beggar who was stationed every day on one of the bridges, and to whom a passing Samaritan once gave a gold louis instead of a franc. Having discovered his mistake the almsgiver went back to the beggar, but found that he had left his post. After having made inquiries in the neighborhood, the person obtained the mendicant's address, whither he repaired in the evening. He found the blind man installed in a comfortable villa, the door of which was opened by a tidy servant, who said that her master was at dinner and could not be disturbed. The stranger, however, made known his errand, and the beggar sent down a message by his man, saying that it was quite possible that he had taken a louis for a franc, but that he had not yet made up his account for the day. Finally, the almsgiver was told to meet the blind man on the bridge next day, and the error, if any, would be rectified. Only recently a true narrative of the same sort, but with a slight variation, was told by M. Thivet before the tribunal of correctional police, where a man named Samuel was being tried for begging. Samuel is about 64 years old, and was in the habit of begging from house to house. When arrested he was found living in a comfortable apartment in the Rue Communes, for which he paid £5 a year as rent. An account-book was also found in his rooms, in which he entered his takings. These

in some cases amounted to 20 francs or to stilling, in one day. M. Thivet, the prosecutor, said that in December last Samuel went to his house and represented himself as a commercial traveler temporarily out of employment, having a wife and family in destitution. He gave him two francs, but seeing him next day going into another house he watched him and found him begging. He then had him arrested as a professional mendicant, which was proved by the account-book found in his rooms. The tribunal ordered Samuel to be sent to jail for two months.—*Paris Letter*.

### Freemont's Wooley Horse.

An old story is thus recalled by the *Philadelphia Record*: It seems that after Lieut. Fremont had first announced his discoveries in the great West, a Philadelphia showman of a speculative turn, undertook to exploit Fremont's discoveries, and at the same time make a little money for himself. So he came to Washington, and, hiring a shop on the avenue, proceeded to exhibit "Lieut. Fremont's wooley horse," captured by the red and blue plains in the very heart of the Rocky mountains at the risk of his life. Of course, it was only an ordinary, every-day horse, with patches of wool stuck on. But it took, and the showman began to make money on it. One fine day, Senator Benton, Fremont's father-in-law, heard of the humbug, and started out, vowing to drive it out of town before evening. Taking a brother senator with him he marched at once on the enemy's shop. The showman, who was standing outside the door, and who knew him perfectly well, had the impudence to go right on with his lecture. He even went so far as to say to the crowd: "Here is Lieut. Fremont's father-in-law, Senator Benton. Won't you walk in, Senator, and take your friend with you? It won't cost you a cent."

"Come inside," said Benton, sternly, handing him \$1 and striding in with his friend, "where is the animal?"

"Here he is," said the showman, beginning at the beginning of his lecture again.

"Stop," said Benton, in a tone that had often made the Senate chamber ring. "If you don't take that fraud out of this town before dark I'll make you wish you had never been born."

The impudence of the man was frightened out of him by Benton's severity and earnestness.

"I'll go," he said, and went that evening.

### Danger from Electric Lights.

While our knowledge of the phenomena caused in the human body by electricity is not inconsiderable, we know comparatively little regarding death from electric shock. We find that practical electricians recognize a marked difference in the susceptibility of the different persons to electricity, and only employ men to work upon the electric light who after trial are found to be not shocked by the ordinary manipulations which are deemed entirely safe. At the inquest upon a recent fatal case, a workman was brought before the jury who had served a circuit of forty-eight lamps, possessing an electric force of over 2,000 volts. Although made insensible by the shock and fastened by muscular spasm to the wire, he was rescued by his comrades. The length of time that he was subjected to this tremendous shock, which was not only the primary current but the current of reaction as well, was several minutes. He recovered consciousness very soon, and although his hands were severely burned he made a good recovery.—*The Medical News*.

### A Sacred Usage.

"Young man," kindly said the city editor of a Dakota daily to the new reporter, "in this article of yours about the new railroad I notice you omit to say that 'the dirt will begin to fly soon,' so I slipped it in three or four places. It must always go in and it is to your own interest to remember it. If that article was printed without it the editor would rear, so in the morning that the doors on the safe would tremble, and you would lose your place. The dirt has flown, on paper, for ten years before it was built, on every road in Dakota, ever since the territory was organized, and it is no time now to rush in and attempt to change old established customs."—*Dakota Bell*.

CHICAGO's costly and beautiful "Auditorium" will hold 8,000 people.



## THAMES MYSTERIES.

Strange Features That Mark the History of the Great English Water.

London Chronicle.

Although the dark arches leading to the river side, from the various small streets and courts abutting on the southern side of the Strand have long since passed away, and are not even available for fictional purposes such as the late Charles Dickens was wont to employ them for in his stirring realistic works, old Father Thames has still much to answer for in the way of unaccountable and mysterious disappearances, hardly a week passes without one or more inquests being held on the bodies of persons found drowned; but, as the jury phrase it in returning their verdict, "How or when they came into the water there is no evidence to determine."

Nervous individuals of a certain type have a morbid feeling ever before them that many murders are annually committed through the medium of the river, and it is, to say the least of it, worthy of note that many of the reclaimed bodies bear in the shape of marks and bruises presumptive evidence to denote that there has been foul play somewhere, although in such cases it is rarely that the crime (supposing that one has been committed) is ever satisfactorily brought home to any one.

Again, instances are by no means uncommon of a man or woman being seen for the last time, by some friend or acquaintance, at almost any hour of the day or night, apparently in the best of health and spirits, to be no more seen or heard of until some time afterwards, when the fact of a body having been found in the Thames, and lying for recognition in this or that mortuary, induces some friend or relative of the missing person to go and see if by any chance the body is that of the missing individual; should this turn out to be the case—and such a circumstance came under our immediate cognizance not very many years ago—a coroner's inquest is forthwith held, at which the evidence of the last person who saw the deceased alive and that of the finder of the body do little or nothing to clear up what has to be added to the already lengthy list of Thames mysteries. In the case to which we refer there was not the slightest mark of violence, money and valuables were all intact and the idea of suicide was scouted by those best qualified to form an opinion as too utterly preposterous to be entertained even for a single moment.

Turning from the somber side of the subject, what a vast field for speculation is opened up by considering the enormous amount of valuable property, watches, rings, coins, and a thousand and one other unconsidered tridles that must be imbedded deep down in the mud of the upper reaches of the river! Just below the landing stage above the bridge at Eton, it is computed that there must at one time or another have been lost beyond recovery (for although the water is of no very great depth there, the strong undercurrent renders diving operations out of the question) sufficient jewelry to set up a moderately sized jeweler's shop! And it is probable that at other equally frequented stages the loss must have been quite as great, if not greater. We ourselves have known a valuable watch lost in this way, and the owner being anxious to recover his property, had a special diver down from London to attempt its recovery, and in the end his fees (although sad to relate his best efforts were unavailing) amounted to more than the value of the watch itself!

Although dredging operations are continually being carried on in various parts of the river, it is rarely or never that anything of value is brought to light, and so the only natural supposition is that most of the things must get swept seaward when the heavy winter floods and subsequent spring tides reign supreme.

Apropos of these, mention must not be omitted of the unaccountable phenomenon which has now three times occurred; in 1658, 1682, and 1777—namely, the tidal part of the river ebbing and flowing twice and three times, in the two former years, within the space of three and four hours and on the last occasion twice in three hours again.

The recurrence from time to time of devastating floods caused by extra high tides can hardly be called mysterious, seeing that they can be satisfactorily accounted for by scientific reasoning; but the composition of the bed of the river in its various parts has at times

given rise to no small amount of discussion, and to a certain extent still remains one of its principal mysteries.—*London Chronicle.*

## Something About Corkscrews.

There seems to be nothing to say about a corkscrew. The corkscrew is ubiquitous and necessary, but who ever stops to think of anything about the history or character of the cork extractor? Yet there is really an interesting article to be written about the little instrument. There are makes of corkscrews made every year. Yes, and a good many millions. It isn't generally known that the corkscrew is made in the greatest quantities in Newark, Jersey's metropolis; yet such is the case. There is one firm in Newark that beats the world at making and selling corkscrews. I got my information about the little utensil from one of the firm. It is a startling tale he told, and if it wasn't that he had the figures to back what he said, I should have thought his story was as crooked as the wire on the cork extractor he makes. In round numbers there were 150,000,000 corkscrews made by this one Newark firm last year, or corkscrews enough for nearly every voter on the globe. If the corkscrews, which average three inches in length, that were made during the year 1886 could have been laid end to end, they would have reached from New York to San Francisco and then spanned the great Pacific and touched the shores of Japan. That will give some idea of the number. If all these screws could have been melted into one big or w. some Co. screw could have pulled the globe from the surface of the earth and set the gyres spinning and the volcanoes erupting from the interior of the globe. But this was only one firm, although the largest, it is true. Could all the corkscrews made last year be known there must have been enough manufactured to supply nearly every man, woman and child on this mundane sphere with one. To make the 150,000,000 of the Newark firm required seventy-five men simply for the twisting of the screws, to say nothing of the making of the wooden and other styles of handles. They worked steadily the year round at it.

One would hardly think that more than three or four varieties were required, but there are about forty varieties on the market.

The funniest of all the corkscrews is a left-handed one. The first one was made for a left-handed bar-keeper, and it suited so well that the Newark firm now keeps them constantly in stock. Another Newark firm makes 300,000 pocket corkscrews a year. The question naturally arises, what is done with them all? Lots of them are broken, of course. Large New York restaurants, like Delmonico's, the Brunswick, and the St. James, buy corkscrews direct from Newark, and get them by the hundreds at a time. It is no unusual thing for big hardware houses in Newark, Boston, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, Cincinnati, and big western cities to buy 10,000 corkscrews at a time.

## A Novel for Peddlers.

There was a man.  
And he had a horse and wagon.  
And he went about the streets selling strawberries.  
And he yelled "Straw-burries! Straw-burries!" at the top of his voice.  
The sick groaned in despair.  
The well gritted their teeth with indignation.  
And the police couldn't stop him.  
But one day Providence picked him up with a congestive chill and sent him home to die, and he expired in agony.

He was buried in a cheap coffin, in a cheap lot, and six weeks later his widow was married to a tinker.

And there was another man, and he also sold strawberries. Instead of roaring "Strawburries!" from down in his boots, he drove about at a gentle pace, and knocked softly at every back door, and, as the girl appeared, he quietly remarked: "Please ask the lady of the house if she will buy fresh strawberries at eight cents a quart."

And his ways were taking, and his berries went as fast as he could load up, and a syndicate of millionaires took hold of him and made him president of a national bank, with a salary of \$10,000 per year.—*Detroit Free Press.*

The skins of 7,000 goats and 20,000 sheep have been used for the covers of Gen. Grant's work, of which 312,000 sets have been sold.

## The Proper Study of Mankind Is Man.

Says the illustrious Pope. If he had included woman in the list, he would have been nearer the truth, if not so poetical. Dr. R. V. Pierce has made them both a life study, especially woman, and the peculiar derangements to which her delicate system is liable. Many women in the land who are acquainted with Dr. Pierce only through his "Favorite Prescription," bless him with all their hearts, for he has brought them the panacea for all those chronic ailments peculiar to their sex; such as prostrations and other displacements, ulceration, "internal fever," bloating, tendency to uterine cancer, and other ailments. Price reduced to one dollar. By druggists.

A CYCLONE is like three school-girls walking abreast—it doesn't turn out for anything.—*Washington Observer.*

PRICKLY ASH BITTERS is an unfailing cure for all diseases originating in biliary derangements caused by the malaria of malarial countries. No other medicine now on sale will so effectually remove the disturbing elements, and at the same time tone up the whole system. It is sure and safe in its action.

In prohibition States liquor seems to be a drug. *Washington Post.*

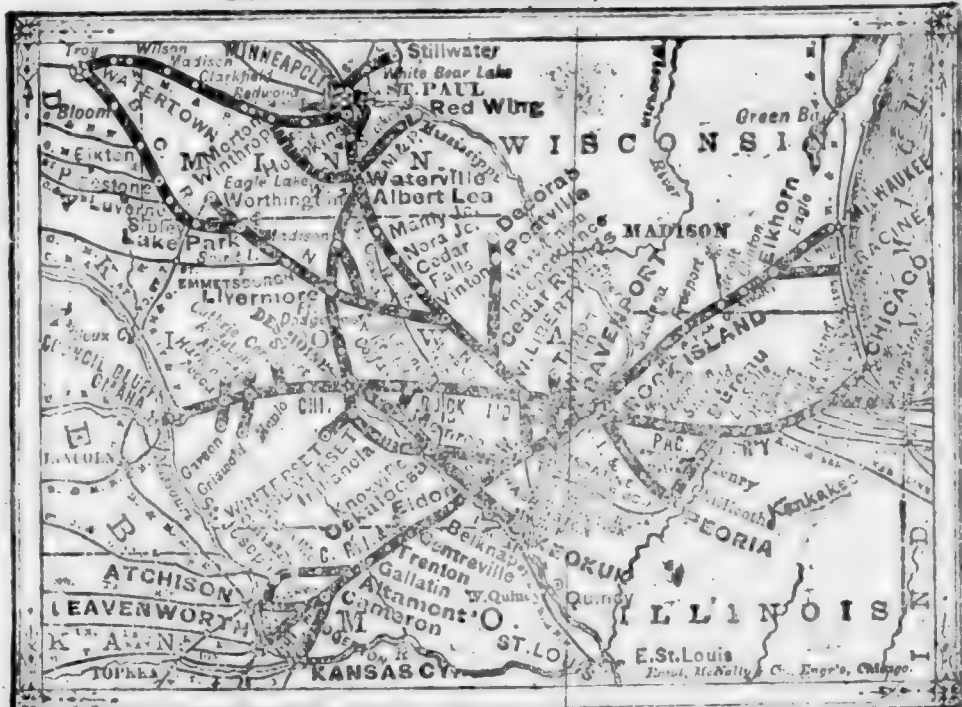
R. W. Tansill & Co., Chicago:  
The "Tansill's Punch" cigars are booming. Never sold so many in so short a time. Will try and give you another order this month. P. & A. L. MILLARD, Ellensburg, N. Y.

NO CURE "CELORE" NO PAY!  
HOLLINGSWORTH'S  
ONE PACKAGE.  
Cures MALARIA, CHILLS and FEVER.  
Send 30¢ in stamps for package and mailing and 5¢ for each additional package. No PAY.  
Address: E. LOOMIS, 1303 Columbia Ave., Phila.

ADVERTISERS or others who wish to examine this paper, or obtain estimates on advertising space when in Chicago, will find it on file at 45, 104-105 Randolph St., the Advertising Agency of  
**LORD & THOMAS.**

**OPPIUM** Morphine Habit Cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till cured.  
Dr. J. Stephens, Lebanon, Ohio.  
\$5 to \$25 a day. Samples worth \$1.00. FREE. Lines sent under the postpaid list. Write Brewster Safety Linen Holder Co., Holly, Mich.

**A MAN**  
WHO IS UNACQUAINTED WITH THE GEOGRAPHY OF THIS COUNTRY, WILL SEE BY EXAMINING THIS MAP, THAT THE



**CHICAGO, ROCK ISLAND & PACIFIC RY**  
By reason of its central position, close relation to principal lines East of Chicago and continuous lines at terminal points West, Northwest and Southwest—is the only true middle-link in that transcontinental system which invites and facilitates travel and traffic in either direction between the Atlantic and Pacific.  
The Rock Island main line and branches include Chicago, Joliet, Ottawa, La Salle, Peoria, Geneseo, Moline and Rock Island, in Illinois; Davenport, Muscatine, Washington, Fairfield, Ottumwa, Oskaloosa, West Liberty, Iowa City, Des Moines, Indianola, Winterset, Atlantic, Knoxville, Audubon, Harlan, Guthrie Centre and Council Bluffs, in Iowa; Gallatin, Trenton, St. Joseph, Cameron and Kansas City, in Missouri; Leavenworth and Atchison, in Kansas; Albert Lea, Minneapolis and St. Paul, in Minnesota; Watertown in Dakota, and hundreds of intermediate cities, towns and villages.

**THE GREAT ROCK ISLAND ROUTE**  
Guarantees Speed, Comfort and Safety to those who travel over it. Its roadbed is thoroughly ballasted. Its track is of heavy steel. Its bridges are solid structures of stone and iron. Its rolling stock is perfect as human skill can make it. It has all the safety appliances that mechanical genius has invented and experience proved valuable. Its practical operation is conservative and methodical—its discipline strict and exacting. The luxury of its passenger accommodations is unequalled in the West—unsurpassed in the world.  
ALL EXPRESS TRAINS between Chicago and the Missouri River consist of comfortable DAY COACHES, magnificent PULLMAN PALACE PARLOR and SLEEPING CARS, elegant DINING CARS providing excellent meals, and—between Chicago, St. Joseph, Atchison and Kansas City—restful RECLINING CHAIR CARS.

**THE FAMOUS ALBERT LEA ROUTE**  
Is the direct, favorite line between Chicago and Minneapolis and St. Paul. Over this route solid Fast Express Trains run daily to the summer resorts, picturesque localities and hunting and fishing grounds of Iowa and Minnesota. The rich wheat fields and grazing lands of interior Dakota are reached via Watertown. A short desirable route, via Seneca and Kanabakee, offers superior inducements to travelers between Cincinnati, Indianapolis, Lafayette and Council Bluffs, St. Joseph, Atchison, Leavenworth, Kansas City, Minneapolis, St. Paul and intermediate points.  
All classes of patrons, especially families, ladies and children, receive from officials and employees of Rock Island trains protection, respectful courtesy and kindly attention.

For Tickets, Maps, Folders—obtainable at all principal Ticket Offices in the United States and Canada—or any desired information, address,  
**R. R. GABLE,** E. ST. JOHN, E. A. HOLBROOK,  
Pres't & Gen'l Mgr, Chicago. Asst Gen'l Mgr, Chicago. Gen'l Tkt. & Pass. Agt, Chicago.

The best and surest Remedy for Cure of all diseases caused by any derangement of the Liver, Kidneys, Stomach and Bowels. Dyspepsia, Sick Headache, Constipation, Bilious Complaints and Malaria of all kinds yield readily to the benedict influence of

**PRICKLY ASH BITTERS**

It is pleasant to the taste, tones up the system, restores and preserves health. It is purely Vegetable, and cannot fail to prove beneficial, both to old and young. As a Blood Purifier it is superior to all others. Sold everywhere at \$1.00 a bottle.

**JONES**  
PAYS THE FREIGHT  
5 Ton Wagon Scales,  
Pan Balance, Spring Scales,  
Tare Boxes and all kinds of  
\$60.  
Free estimates and prices given by mail. Write to the  
JONES OF BINGHAMTON,  
BINGHAMTON, N. Y.

*Miss A. Stevens & Co.*  
**PENSIONS.** Metropolitan Block,  
Chicago, Ills.

**DETECTIVES**  
Wanted in every County. Shrewd men to act under any instructions in our Secret Service. Experience not necessary. Send stamp for particulars. **GRANNAN DETECTIVE BUREAU,** 44 Arcade, Cincinnati, O.



## HARNEY ITEMS.

Following News Paragraphs from the Center of Semi-Civilization Recorded in Words That Burn.

[Estelline Bell.]

The following clippings are from the *Harney Hooter*, one of the most prized of the *Bell's* many exchanges:

There are cuts of the Chicago Anarchists on our inside this week.

The parties who threw the old rotten, bad-smelling turnip at us while we were returning to our home at a late hour last Tuesday night might have been in better business.

We give notice to the sickly and weak-winded boy who makes a drivelling attempt to run the disgusting opposition sheet, the *Harney Hooter*, that we have been very busy with job work this week. Our business men know where to get good work. How do you like it, sonny? We again want to place on record a prediction that the weak and wobbly career of the *Hooter* is almost ended.

Numerous inquiries were made concerning us last Saturday, and much speculation indulged in as to why we were not at our office or seen on the street. The cause was this: While at Jim Honck's popular place saloon, we learned from friends of a fiendish plot to blow up our office with dynamite. We instantly communicated the intelligence to the city authorities, and proceeded rapidly home, where we stayed till we learned that the vile plan had been frustrated. Thus another cowardly attempt to down us fails.

We are pained to announce that our greatly respected fellow-citizen, Captain Thomas H. Howard, died at his handsome residence on Coteau street early yesterday morning. He was universally liked. The coroner's jury had not returned a verdict up to the time of going to press. He was a kind husband and an indulgent father. He was an old subscriber to the *Hooter* and was paid eight months in advance. His family will continue to receive the paper regularly.

We deem a word of explanation due our readers in regard to an item published in last week's *Hooter*. It stated that our worthy fellow-citizen, Judge Ezra R. Fuller, had been arrested and bound over for getting drunk and riding up and down the street on a mule he had stolen from a neighbor and shooting right and left, and wounding several persons. There was a slight error in the item, as it should have read that "Baldy" Ford was the man that was arrested and our esteemed friend, Judge Fuller, the justice before whom he was arraigned. We cheerfully make the correction. In the hurry of getting the forms to press for a large paper like the *Hooter* small typographical errors like this will sometimes occur, and no one regrets them more deeply than ourselves.

The gallant Colonel Brayson of this city, took a slight offense at a little unintentional item that we inserted in the last issue of the *Hooter*, and fired two shots through our window. Fortunately for us neither took effect. The colonel comes of some of the best families of Virginia and is naturally spirited and quick to resent an insult. If the genial colonel desires it we would be pleased to print an apology, though we can assure him no insult was intended. As we both will continue to reside in Harney we hope to live on good terms with him.

It has come to our ears that Bill Arnold, a cowardly, cringing sneak who has hung around this city for some time, claimed to be dissatisfied with a statement made in our paper last week concerning him, and went around the streets Monday telling people that he didn't like it. We take this manner of notifying the sneaking, disreputable pup that he does not want to repeat the performance. If he don't like anything we have said about him, he can keep his mouth shut. We should have

called him to account for his utterances before this, but he jumped the town the next day and has gone to his former home in Ohio to reside in the future. The dastardly cur had better remain there, for if he ever comes back here we shall make it warm for him.

## THE SPANISH PASSION FOR DANCING.

I presume that those who have traveled in Spain hardly realize how thoroughly that country is given to the worship of St. Vitus. Says a recent writer: "The dance demon seizes on Spaniards at all times and under all circumstances—in the streets, on the public squares, under the porches of stately mansions. A peripatetic musician comes along, strumming his guitar, and in an instant the maid servants throw aside their brooms, the workwomen set down the pitchers they are carrying to the fountain, the muleteers leave their mules, the inn-keeper forgets your dinner, and all spring forward, arms akimbo and eyes sparkling. Their feet just touch the ground, they balance in unison with the music, and dance with their souls as well as with their bodies.

"Let a tourist visit Toledo and put up at the ancient hostelry De Lino, and let a guitar player station himself under the great sombre archway that Don Quixote himself would not have passed without a foreboding of evil. He will see with his own eyes how the natural order of things will be disarranged and everything thrown into confusion. A fandango will begin in the court, the kitchen, and the street, and amid such a hubbub that he will think he has taken leave of his senses.

"One day at St. Sebastian the regiment passed with a band at its head. A fandango was played.

"Even the children who had been industriously engaged in making dirt pies picked up their ears, caught each other by the waist, and tried to go through the steps. Their nurses joined in snapping their fingers. The passers by came to the assistance of the nurses. The soldiers themselves couldn't stand the temptation, but fell out of the ranks and mingled in the dance."

## FRIGHTENED HARES ON A BATTLE-FIELD.

A singular incident of the battle of Wagram, between the French and the Austrians, is related by Capt. Blaze of the French Imperial guard. He says that besides being a great contest of arms the day was a great hare-hunt. There were 400,000 hunters, half Austrians and half French.

The plain was simply covered with hares, which the long advance of the two armies had gathered into that narrow space. Every ten steps we started up one of these animals. Frightened by our guns, they ran for their lives, and continued to run until they reached the Austrian lines. There they were none the less terrified, and came rushing back upon us.

The soldiers were greatly amused by the frantic movements of the hares, and could hardly be restrained from making after them.

Finally, there was a great Austrian cavalry charge, which, of course, took no account of the hares. The horses plunged in among them, and they rushed in dismay among the ranks of the French soldiers, who, confused by so strange an attack, began bayonetting the hares. Other soldiers, not immediately present by the onset of the enemy, caught up the trembling animals in their hands.

There was that day a great slaughter of men and of hares, and many a shot destined for the enemy struck one of these poor animals, who doubtless believed that both the great armies had come there expressly to hunt them, the hares, instead of to hunt each other. — *Youth's Companion*.

Do not expect uniformity of opinion in this world.

J. H. CONRAD,

DEALER IN

## ROOFING AND SPOUTING

GUTTERING, HOUSE FURNISHING GOODS,

Cutlery, Nails, Paints, Woodenware &c.

MAIN STREET, ST. JOE IND.

All work and goods guaranteed to give satisfaction. Give me a call.



WILLIAM CURIE,

PROPRIETOR OF

## St. Joe Meat Market,

ST. JOE, IND.

Highest market price paid for Hides, Tallow &c. Give me a call.

M. TUSTISON,

DEALER IN

## GROCERIES,

EARTHEN POTS FOR HOUSE PLANTS

PROVISIONS, OYSTERS, LEMONS.

ORANGES, CANDIES, CIGARS &c.

MAIN ST. ST. JOE, IND.

J. F. WALKER,

MAKER AND DEALER IN

## Harness, Collars,

WHIPS, HARNESS OIL &c.

ST. JOE, IND.

Repairing done promptly. Prices as low as the lowest. Call and see.

R. G. COBURN,

AGENT FOR THE

## A LEBION SPRING Cultivator

AND FIELD HARROW.

## AND DAISY RAKE.

—000—

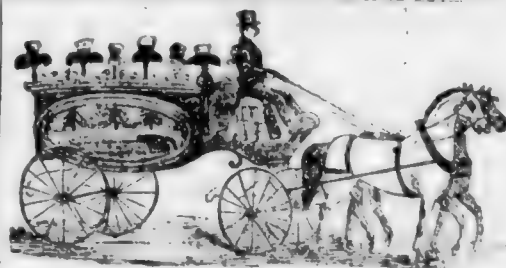
Farmers will save money by seeing me before buying. I will call on you with a sample in a few days. R. G. Coburn, St. Joe, Ind.

## Take Notice!

Having returned from Tennessee, I will assist again in

## Raising & Moving Buildings,

in short all kinds of Rope, Tackle and Jack-screw Work. Having had 15 years experience, and improved machinery, I feel safe in guaranteeing satisfaction. Heavy and difficult work a specialty. Correspondence solicited. Direct all communications to H. or M. Milliman, St. Joe Station, Ind., or A. Monroe, Hicksville, Ohio.

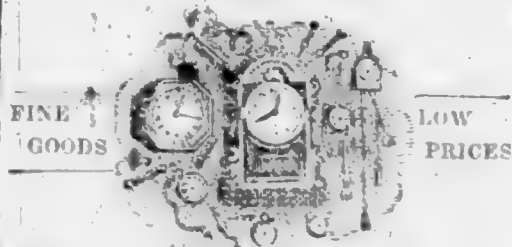


SA. KINCEY

Undertaker and Embalmer. Keeps on hand constantly, a stock of Undertaking Supplies, Coffins, Caskets, Burial Robes &c. I can supply as fine goods as can be furnished. Will attend to making all arrangements for funerals. Calls responded to at all hours of the night. Office on corner of Main and Second Streets; residence on corner of Main and Fourth Streets, St. Joe, Ind.

Arthur James,

—DEALER IN—



## Watches, Clocks,

AND JEWELRY.

Repairing done promptly and all work warranted. Call and see me at Bair & Son's store, Spencerville, Ind.

M. T. BISHOP,

—DEALER IN—

## LUMBER

OF ALL KINDS,

Shingles, Lime, Lath,

MOULDINGS &c.

Large Stock and Prices Low. Yard Near Depot, St. Joe, Ind.

F. A. ZEIGLER,

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## HARNESS

COLLARS, WHIPS,

Fly Nets and Dusters,

HARNESS OIL &c.

Prices the Lowest. All work guaranteed. Call and see me.



# THE ST. JOE NEWS.

VOL. I.

ST. JOE, IND., FRIDAY, AUGUST 19, 1887.

NO. 30.

## Churches.

### DISCIPLE.

SERVICES every alternate Sunday evening, in the Lutheran church. Cottage prayer meeting every Friday evening.

J. A. THOMAS, PASTOR.

### METHODIST PROTESTANT.

SERVICES every alternate Sunday at 10:30 A. M. Prayer meeting every Tuesday evening. Sunday School at 9:30 A. M.

J. M. LANGLEY, PASTOR.

### EVANGELICAL LUTHERAN.

SERVICES every Sunday, one Sunday in the morning at 10:30, and the following Sunday in the evening. Prayer meeting every Thursday evening. Sunday School at 9:30 A. M.

S. P. FRYBERGER, PASTOR.

## Societies.

### G. A. R.

REGULAR meetings on Saturday evening on or before the full moon of each month, at their hall over Leighty's store.

O. H. WIDNEY, COMMANDER.

J. M. MILLIMAN, ADJUTANT.

## Business Notices.

H. W. BOWMAN, M. D., Physician and Surgeon, St. Joe, Ind. Office opposite the Drugstore.

ST. JOE HOTEL, Wm. Leighty, proprietor. Special attention given to furnishing teams for commercial men.

B. S. SHEFFER, M. D., Physician and Surgeon, St. Joe, Ind. Prompt and careful attention to all business entrusted to his care.

ST. JOE BARBER SHOP, one door west of hotel, Will Gee, proprietor. Satisfaction guaranteed. Your patronage is solicited.

FILLEY, LOUNSBERRY AND SHULER, proprietors of the St. Joe Saw and Planing Mill. All work promptly done. Cash paid for Oak Logs.

CITY BARBER SHOP, St. Joe, Ind., John Hull, proprietor. Shaving, Hair Cutting &c. done in the best of style. Come and see me. Two doors west of Kinsey's Furniture Store.

SIMON WINELAND, proprietor St. Joe Handle and Feed Mills. Feed grinding a specialty. Highest prices paid for second growth White Ash. Enquire at the mill for full particulars.

## INDIANA STATE NEWS.

—Joseph Carver, a prominent farmer and one of the best-known pioneers in Wabash County, met a frightful death recently. Mr. Carver and a helper named James Wiley started south with a threshing-machine outfit. Mr. Carver was steering the engine, which was drawing the water-tank and separator. In attempting to cross the bridge at Miami street, Wabash, over the Wabash and Erie Canal, the center support of the structure gave way under the five tons' weight and the floor dropped, letting the engine and water-tank down to the water. Wiley jumped and saved his life, though he was considerably bruised. Carver had no time to save himself, and was pinned in between the fire-box of the engine and the heavy water-tank, which had crashed down upon him. He was only heard to utter the word "help," and became insensible. Horses were attached to the tank and it was pulled aside sufficiently to release the unfortunate man, whose body was a sickening sight. Carver lived but a few minutes. He was 70 years old and a widower.

—The following patents have been issued to Indians: Anderson, Charles, assignor to South Bend Iron Works, South Bend, slip-noose attachment for plows; Broady, Marion T., Bartle, corn-planter; Brown, James L., Evansville, nose-bag; Carr, Millard T., Whitestown, sack tie; Carter, Alfred W., Cartersburg, sawing-machine; Cline, George J., assignor to L. H. and J. M. Noble, Goshen, brush-handle attachment; Grassmann, Peter, and M. B. Cheek, Aurora, feed-water heater; Grimble, George, Gilboa, divider; James, Charles H., assignor of two-thirds to F. H. Lowry, and G. W. Blair, Wabash, weather-strip; Louis, Spencer, Boundary, grindstone frame; McGahan, Fred L., Indianapolis, boiler-flue cleaner; Miller, William L., Van Buren, broadcast seed-sower; Pershing, Henry A., South Bend, combined pettit ledger and blotter; Roberts, Edward, Stileville, fence post.

—The Indiana Grand Lodge Knights and Ladies of Honor in session at Evansville, elected the following officers, to serve during the ensuing year: Grand Protector, G. H. Godfrey, New Albany, re-elected; Vice Grand Protector, James R. Robinson, North Vernon; Grand Secretary, A. S. Lane, Vincennes, re-elected; Grand Treasurer, J. T. H. Miller, Terre Haute, re-elected; Grand Chaplain, Mary E. Babbitt, Evansville; Grand Guide, Rebecca Hislap, Brazil.

—Augustus F. Ender, a prominent farmer of Sugar Creek Township, Shelby County, started to Boggs town for a physician for his wife, riding a fractious horse. When within a short distance of the village he was thrown from the animal and struck his head on the ground with great violence, killing him almost instantly. He was about 60 years old, and leaves a family. His wife is in a critical condition.

—During the recent hot spell Mr. Hazeltine, a Rushville house-painter, lay down in the shade in the Court-house yard and went to sleep, and the sun veering round on him he was soon in a bad shape. He has recovered sufficiently to be up, but has completely lost the use of his tongue, and cannot say a word. The physicians do not know whether or not he will ever recover his voice.

—The Indiana Farmer says that fine crops of wheat and hay have been grown and harvested. The paper admits that the outlook for corn is unfavorable, but cautions farmers against cutting corn at present for fodder. The editor insists that the ear is in good shape, and claims that there is yet a possibility that timely rains may result in saving the larger portion of the growing crop.

—A carpenter named John Henry, employed on the steeple of the new St. Mary's Catholic Church, Fort Wayne, lost his

footing from some cause and fell about ninety feet. He struck upon a pile of bricks which fell with and upon him. His skull was fractured and his left shoulder crushed. The deceased was a single man and his home was at Avilla.

—David Armstrong, a Rome County farmer, was driving a clover-huller, when the team became frightened and ran away. Mr. Armstrong received injuries, which necessitated the amputation of one of his legs below the knee.

—John L. Casey, a brakeman, was badly crushed in the wreck of an extra freight train, five miles east of Greensburg. Seven cars were derailed by a stone, and the road was blocked for several hours. Casey's home is in Chicago.

—The general fund of the State is exhausted. A little money from time to time will come in through miscellaneous sources, principally from the insurance companies, but there will be none from the counties until December.

—Minnie, the 14-year-old daughter of William Hubbard, of Darlington, while walking a railroad trestle, fell to the ground, thirty feet below, breaking both arms and receiving other injuries, which will probably prove fatal.

—Hugh Fleming, of Wabash, a nephew of W. J. Fleming, was killed in a shocking manner. A horse which he was driving ran away, breaking the boy's legs, arms, and fracturing his skull. He died in great agony.

—A south-bound Evansville and Terre Haute passenger-train, running through Shelburn, struck and instantly killed Thomas Dawson, an aged resident of that town, who was crossing the track on foot at the time.

—A young man named Perry Bartlett, while returning home at night, fell a distance of about thirty feet from a railroad trestle north of Milroy, the fall breaking his leg at the thigh and bruising him considerably.

—The Clinton Gas and Mineral Company struck a vein of fine coal at that place. The vein is between seven and eight feet thick, and was found at a depth of one hundred and fifty feet.

—William Walker, who was bound over under \$5,000 bond, as accessory to the murder of Luella Mabbitt, has been unable to give bail and still remains behind the bars in Delphi.

—Excitement prevails in Elkhart County owing to a disease which has developed itself among the cattle of that section. It is pronounced pleuro-pneumonia.

—Thomas Dawson, an aged citizen of Shelburn, was killed while crossing the tracks of the Evansville and Terre Haute Railroad by being struck by a passenger train.

—The farm residence of Thos. Higgenbotham, one and a half miles east of Thorntown, was destroyed by fire. Loss, \$1,000; insured for \$500.

—Mrs. Henry Brant, of Fort Wayne, while delirious from typhoid fever, jumped from a window and was killed.

—Madison will bore for gas. The City Council now owns over half the capital stock, which is all subscribed.

—President Fisher, of Hanover College, received the degree of Doctor of Laws from Wooster University, at its last commencement.

—Rev. Asbury Gardner, 77 years of age, for more than half a century a prominent minister of the Christian Church, died at Salem.

—Mrs. Thomas Watson, an aged lady, residing in Madison, dropped dead the other night.

—Mary Renner, aged 83, was drowned in a cistern at Madison. Suicide is suspected.

—The first thing planted in the garden of Eden—Adam's foot.

### A FORT'S FATHER.

George Crabbe's early life was not happy. His father was feared but not respected, his fits of passion being recalled with horror by his son fifty years afterward. The death of his daughter in infancy is said to have affected him so much as to make him a torment rather than a stay to his family. When the poet was 20 his father took an active part in the contested election of 1774; from that time he preferred the tavern to his own fireside; when at home he gave way to furious outbursts of passion, throwing plates about the room if displeased with the fare put before him. Crabbe's mother was of a gentle and meek disposition, and he took after her. While admitting his father's faults, Crabbe was wont to add that he had little personal reason for complaint, and his father had always been "substantially kind" to him.

Before Crabbe's father acquired the bad habit of spending his evenings at a tavern he was accustomed to spend a part of each evening in reading aloud to his family. He often read passages from Young and Milton, and hearing him may have given his eldest son a bent toward poetry. His father was a subscriber to *Martin's Philosophical Magazine*, founded in 1766, which died for lack of public support after fourteen volumes had appeared. The magazine afforded a good picture of scientific work and progress at the time during which it was published. What chiefly pleased Crabbe's father were the mathematical problems, in which he took a keen interest. At the end of each number there were pages filled with "occasional poetry," which the elder Crabbe tore out when sending the numbers to be bound, but which the younger one treasured and perused till he knew their contents by heart. Naturally he began to imitate what he admired so much. —*Temple Bar.*

### ON THE PACIFIC COAST.

Says the manager of the Oregon immigration bureau: "I never knew immigration to Washington Territory and Oregon to be as heavy as at the present time. The Pacific coast boom began in California, and is extending north to the international line. The class of people who are taking up land in the north are better than the average of past seasons. They all have money; not fortunes, but sufficient to keep them independent of the farm for two years or more. There are no pauper foreigners among them to make themselves a burden. Most of the people who go north engage in stock raising or dairy farming. Washington Territory is considered unapproachable as a dairy farming country, and the government and railroad lands are being taken up rapidly. The completion of the California and Oregon line will assist greatly in populating northern California and southern Oregon, and will institute a boom that will have no precedent." —*New York Tribune.*

A CROWDED horse-car. Enter Mrs. Mulcahey, with a jug. Mr. Mahoney, who is seated, facetiously—Wud I hould the whiskey for yez, Mistress Mulcahey? Mrs. M. (with withering sarcasm)—Thank yez, kindly, sor, but yo have all ye can hould now, I'm thinking. —*Albany Argus.*



# The St. Joe News.

ST. JOE, INDIANA.

MORT & WILL OLDS, PUBLISHERS.

## WHEN THE CIRCUS CUM TO TOWN.

You kin tell o' your're reuses nowadays,  
Of your railroads shows and such,  
An' the wonderful things the actors do,  
An' the managers get in' rich;  
For it takes a ten-lan' spot, an' sometimes  
A tear starts tricklin' down,  
As I think o' home, an' the village green,  
When the circus cum to town.

I remember yet, how we'd scamper out,  
Long afore the break of day,  
An' low one'd collar a waterin' pail,  
An' t'other a bunch o' hay;  
An' with carryin' water, an' feedin' th' hay,  
An' doin' odd jobs aroun',  
We wer' always sure o' a tip pot seat,  
When the circus cum to town.

An' I can't forgit how my heart'd thump,  
At th' suddin turns they made,  
As they druv them cages into line,  
For the daily street parade;  
I think how we'd fall in behind,  
An' feller 'em all aroun',  
Till my heart beat fast as it used to do,  
When the circus cum to town.

I kin see them ring on the village green,  
With the sawdust roun' inside,  
An' th' house on top o' th' elephant's back,  
Where the hammedans used to ride;  
I kin hear th' crack o' the master's whip,  
An' th' shriek o' th' striped clown,  
As we sat on th' highest seat an' laff'd.

I'm growin' old, an' don't git roun'  
As well as I used to do;  
But I've had my share o' th' sweets o' life,  
But I've had my share o' th' bitter too,  
An' whenever I see 'em a peatin' up  
Them posters all roun',  
My heart beats just as it used to do,  
When the circus cum to town.

There are some who contend that a circus  
would  
Old Satan himself degrade;  
But I've noticed they're all right on hand  
For the daily street parade;  
An' there's some a preachin' agin it now,  
An' tryin' to run it down,  
Who cried like sin, cause it rained all day,  
When the circus cum to town.

## UNITED IN DEATH.

BY P. SPANJAARDT.

They were both young, full of life and hopes for the future, but neither of them was wealthy, and lack of wealth is considered a great sin nowadays.

They had known each other for the past three months, and talked to each other almost every day of that time, and every hour of those days. Yet they did not know each other's features. They were both good looking. He was a young man of some ability, 21 years old, who, by a combination of circumstances, had been obliged to accept a position as telephone clerk in the office of one of our great dailies.

She was a girl 18 who for some time had held a place as operator in the central telephone office.

He was a young man of the world. He had been clerk in a store, book-keeper in a real estate office, editor, reporter, and various other things; and had sown most of his wild oats at a time when others only begin to find out that they have any to sow.

She was a good girl. At the present time this is more of an exception than a rule among working girls in large cities. She was a lady, also, thanks to the advice she had received at home, and to her own good sense. Still she was full of fun. But she took no risks, and that was the reason they had never met. They became acquainted on Decoration Day. They spoken to each other before that; but only in exchanging mutual courtesies. There was a drawing that day, at the telephone office, to decide which of the girls should go out and look at the parade, and she was unfortunate, and had to stay in.

She told him about it when he asked her the result of the drawing. He sympathized with her and that broke the ice. He had asked her time and again to tell him her name and address, but, kind as she was to him, she was too careful to do such a thing until she knew more about him.

After awhile she began to listen for the bell that would announce his arrival. He, on his part, began to arrive earlier than was his custom, so as to be near her. They began to like each other, perhaps they began to love; who can tell? Love, they say, does not depend on qualities of the body, but of the soul. Things, however, went too smooth to last that way.

One day, when he called her up as usual, she told him, in a joking manner, that she had already hoped that he had been discharged, so that he could not bother her any more. He thought she meant it in earnest, and felt offended, and hardly said a word. She

was disappointed but would not show, it and tried to be cross. He, on his part, called up another girl and talked to her. That wounded her to the quick.

When they parted it was with angry words; but both were sorry at heart. That night when he went home he met a runaway. Courageous as he was, he grasped the bridle of one of the horses and tried to stop it. He did stop it; but when the excitement was over, they found that he had been horribly mangled by the carriage wheels.

Next day there was another voice at the phone. At first she was too proud to ask, but when the time to go home had arrived, she inquired what had become of him. The strange voice said he had met with an accident while trying to stop a runaway.

Her companions at the office were wondering why her face became so white in an instant, and they asked her the reason. She said the heat troubled her, and only her nearest friend, the one who had many a time laughed at his funny remarks and joyful talk, had a slight idea of what could have happened, but she discreetly refrained from asking any questions.

When she came home she tried to eat some supper but it was impossible for her to get anything down her throat. When it was over she immediately went up to her room and for some unaccountable reason wept. She remembered how they had separated in anger and thought that she perhaps never would hear him again. She remembered how she had first become acquainted with him; how she had given him a chance to display his wit in mystifying persons that she dropped on his line, and how she had taught him the peculiar "hello" which the girls were wont to use, and which he mastered so quickly and could imitate so naturally that she told him he only needed a nice little gingham frock to make a full-fledged telephone girl.

She remembered every kind word he had addressed to her, and it seemed that she knew what she had never known before—that she loved him. But what was the use? he was gone, perhaps dead; and she could not even see him; not even tell him that he was dearer to her than all else in the world.

She had forgotten her fears about his personal appearance, whether he was handsome or ugly; all she knew and all she cared was that she loved him.

She passed a miserable night. Next day she again asked the strange voice about him, but he did not know, or perhaps did not care to say anything. During the next week life actually was a burden to her. They professed to know nothing about his whereabouts, and she could do nothing but wait and hope. One night a friend asked her to accompany her to a certain hospital where a poor girl whom she knew and who was slowly dying with an incurable disease, was being cared for. The proposal exactly suited her frame of mind and she went. After they had visited the sick girl, the matron conducted them through several wards, and in one of them, called their attention to a young man who had been frightfully hurt in an accident. He had been there about a week, and during that time he had been partly unconscious, partly raving. He was good looking, and the deathly pallor which overspread his face made it look more interesting. When she looked at the unfortunate fellow, her heart began to beat faster, and it seemed to her as if something terrible was going to happen.

All at once he sat up in bed unconscious of anything around him, and raising his hand to his ear as if he wanted to catch a far-away sound, he uttered the peculiar "hello" which the telephone operators are so accustomed to use.

This he repeated till exhausted, and then fell back on his pillow. For a moment she stood as if she had been thunderstruck, and then she knelt near the bed, and, putting her soft, white arm around his neck, softly patted his pale face.

The women, astonished as they were, did not dare to utter a word. The patient seemed to experience great relief from her touch, and slowly fell asleep.

When he slept, she explained her action, and, women as they were, they did not have the heart to scold her.

She sent a message home explaining everything, and after some deliberation her parents, sensible people, decided to let her do as she pleased in the matter.

Though she attended regularly to her duties, she spent all her free time with her accepted lover. But even her loving care could not nurse him back to health, and he sank day after day. Most of the time he was in a comatose condition, but when in some of his lucid moments he recognized her and uttered faint words of love and gratitude, she forgot all her cares and sorrows and felt happy.

One morning when she left him to go to the office he was very low, and though the attending physician said that he could live yet for two or three days, she had arranged with the nurse to call her should a change for the worse occur.

The day was a perfect one, but about noon-time, somber, threatening clouds gathered over the city, and the joyous sunlight made place for gloom and darkness.

There was a ring at her bell, and she knew what the message would be. What happened immediately after that, no one exactly knew. But just as the manager was going to order lights, there was a sudden flash of lightning, followed by a frightful peal of thunder, and when the terrorized operators regained their senses the poor girl was found lying over her instrument, pale and dead. By one of those unaccountable whims of nature, the electric fluid, kept an unwilling captive in the clouds above, had found an escape along her wire and, passing through her body, had caused an instantaneous, painless death.

It was noticed that at the self-same hour, her sick lover had suddenly raised himself in bed as if touched by the poles of a galvanic battery, and after uttering the words, "I am through, ring off" had fallen back lifeless, while the bell of the telephone, which, during that time had been ringing furiously, suddenly stopped and the instrument itself fell to pieces on the floor.

It seems like a sad ending to a happy dream. But are we to pass judgment on the unfathomable decrees of nature? They were united in death, they might not have been in life.

## When Sunstroke Is Imminent.

When, during the heated term, one who has been exposed to the sun's heated rays begins to suffer from headache, giddiness, nausea and disturbance of sight, accompanied with sudden and great prostration of the physical forces, sunstroke is probably imminent. If such a one will take time by the forelock and immediately retire to a cool place, making use of some simple restoratives, such as aromatic ammonia, etc., he may be spared further trouble, but if he persists with his business he will doubtless soon become very ill, which illness usually takes the form of heat exhaustion, heat apoplexy or genuine sunstroke, the thermic fever of some writers.

Those who are exhausted by the heat have a cool moist skin, a rapid, weak pulse and respiration movement and the pupil is dilated. In fact the symptoms are those of collapse. These patients will probably recover promptly, an event which may be hastened by the use of a tonic and restorative treatment.

Those who suffer from heat apoplexy frequently become unconscious at the outset. The heart and breathing apparatus is not markedly disturbed and the pupil may be normal, but the unconsciousness deepens and the case runs on to a fatal termination. An artery has been broken in the brain, and poured out blood pressing on the nerve centres brings about the fatal event. A treatment calculated to draw the blood from the brain to the extremities—hot foot baths, bleeding, etc., promises to be the most useful in such cases.

The thermic fever patient is unconscious and convulsed, and his body temperature may be 108 degrees or 110 degrees F., that is, 10 degrees above normal. The skin of this patient feels as though it would burn your hand when laid thereon. In this case the thorough and prompt application of cold is needed. Ice to the head and cold water to the body generally will be in order. Medical advice should be promptly had in either of the two cases last referred to. Complete recovery from sunstroke is rare, the brain being permanently crippled in many cases. Residence in a cold climate affords some hope for such patients.—*Philadelphia Times*.

When a resolution is once formed, half the difficulty is over.

## FITH AND POINT.

HIGH ROLLERS—the planets.  
SOME old masters—Yale professors.  
MEN locked in jail are always in favor of a lock-out.

A CABLE dispatch—killing a man on the cable railroad.

If any animal on the farm earns his annual sty-penned it must be the hog.

CATTLE are demure, innocent looking creatures, but their language is "low."

Why is a drill-sergeant like several iron-clads? Because he makes a special run.

COOK books are evidently not of modern origin, for Bacon says: "Some books are to be tasted, some eaten, and some digested."

A MAN asks if he can join the Carpenter's Union, not being a member of that trade. No; but you can become a carpenter and joiner.—*Texas Siftings*.

AN exchange states that "William Sturgeon, the famous electrician, rose rapidly from a cobbler's bench." He probably sat on the sharp end of the awl.

TALMAGE says that "the man who can sing and won't sing should be sent to Sing Sing." That would be too severe. It is the man who can't sing and will sing who should be sent to Sing Sing.

"A VERY appropriate wedding took place in Boston the other day," remarked Staggerers. "A Cincinnati man married a Boston girl." What was there so appropriate about that? asked Scroggs. "A union of pork and beans, you see."

"NEXT Sunday," said Father Maguire to his congregation, "the funeral of A. B. will be held in this church. I shall preach a funeral sermon on the occasion, and the man himself will be there—the first time in twenty years."—*Living Church*.

THE girl who keeps a dairy faithfully wants to be mighty sure that she keeps it under lock and key. And if she doesn't want to bring her gray hairs in sorrow to the grave she must never read it over when she gets old.—*Journal of Education*.

"MY son," said the old man, "do you remember what Polonius said in his parting advice to Laertes—'Neither a borrower nor a lender be.' " "Yes, father," replied the young man, thoughtfully, "and I think Polonius was just about half right."

"You are kept pretty busy nowadays," remarked a stranger to Mrs. Simmons. "Yes, hardly got time to turn around. There is always something to keep one busy. If it ain't the cows, it's the sheep; if it ain't the sheep, it's the pigs, and if it ain't the pigs, it's the children."

PHILANTHROPIC Grocer—Did Dr. Blank leave the paper here? Grocer's Boy—Yes; he dropped it. It's a medical journal and it says pepper isn't healthy. "Well, I don't want the curses of widows and orphans. Take that coffee-mill and grind up a few more of those old coconut shells."—*Omaha World*.

MONISTROL, at the ball, had just taken a young lady back to her seat. But, instead of retiring after the usual courtesies, he remains planted before her, with a slightly embarrassed air. "You—er—wish—something, sir?" his partner asks him. "My hat, mademoiselle, which has the honor to—to be actually—er—on the same chair as you."

"AW, ETHEL," remarked Charley to his pretty cousin. "I believe—aw—I'll have the barba—aw—trim my whiskers this mawning—aw." "Do, Charley," said his pretty cousin. "And—aw—how would you suggest that I have them trimmed?" "Well," replied the pretty cousin, after sufficient consideration, "I think they would look very sweet trimmed with pink ribbon."

"MOTHER, why do they call a girl a 'bride' when she gets married?" "Because that's the right name for them, I suppose?" "I'll bet I know." "Well, why?" "Cause 'bride' is took from 'bridle,' and they call her that 'cause then is when she begins to put the bridle on her husband—or 'halter,' I dunno which. Mebbe she ought to be called a 'halt,' 'cause she puts a halter on him. Was it a bridle or halter you put on, pap?" "That'll do, sir."

WITH our present short period of existence, there is no time for indulging in the luxuries of mischief.—*Arthur Helps*.



## CURIOUS ROYAL PROCLAMATIONS.

Power of the Edicts of English Rulers and for What They Were Issued.  
London Tit Bits.

Royal edicts or proclamations have never yet in England been armed with the force of the law; indeed, the proclamation of a British monarch may even become an illegal act, if it be in opposition to the laws of the land. Several times during the course of English history—and notably during the reigns of Henry VIII. and James I.—attempts have been made to give to royal proclamations the force of acts of Parliament; but they have always failed, as being altogether opposed to the first principles of representative government. Had it been otherwise, the whole course of English history might have been changed, as will be seen from the following examples of the more curious and remarkable of these royal edicts:

King Henry VIII., toward the close of his reign, issued a proclamation to abolish the translations of the Scriptures and to prohibit the reading of the Bibles to the people. Another edict by the same monarch forbade the circulation in this country of English books and pamphlets printed abroad; the reason why such publications were "printed abroad" being that the press at home was gagged.

Queen Mary issued a proclamation which throws a curious light upon the antipathy which prevailed in England at that time against all foreigners of whatever kind or degree. The edict commands all the Queen's subjects to behave themselves peaceably toward the strangers coming with King Philip; that noblemen and gentlemen should warn their servants to refrain from "strife and contention, either by outward deeds, taunting words, unseemly countenance, by mimicking them, etc."

Queen Elizabeth issued a scathing proclamation against the excess and vanity of apparel, both among the men and women of her reign.

King James I. was a voluminous edict writer and their frequency considerably lessened their effect. More than one solemnly warned the people against "speaking too freely of matters above their reach" and prohibiting all "undutiful speeches."

King Charles I. by royal edict changed the seasons for his "sacred touch" (for the king's evil) from Whitson-tide to Michaelmas, "as more convenient for the temperature of the season." Another proclamation by the same monarch was directed to the "suppression of cursing and swearing."

It is amusing to notice the proclamations of Charles II., issued during the most licentious period of the Court of the "Merrie Monarch." One was against "vicious, debauched, and profane persons," who are thus described:—"A sort of men of whom we have heard much and are sufficiently ashamed; who spend their time in taverns and tipping houses; giving no other evidence of their affection to us but in drinking our health and inveighing against all others who are not of their own dissolute temper, and who, in truth, have more discredited our cause by the license of their manners and lives than they could ever advance it by their affection or courage."

The "Merrie Monarch" also issued a long and solemn proclamation for the due observance of Lent, alleging for it, among other reasons, "the good it produces in the employment of fishermen." In other proclamations he strongly denounced the excessive "gilding of coaches and chariots," the spreading of "false news," the "licentious talking of state and government," and against building in and about London and Westminster. On the last-named grievance the royal edict declares that "great inconveniences daily grow by the increase of new buildings, the people increasing in such great numbers that they are not well to be governed by the wanted officers." The King adds the hope that if houses are to be multiplied they should at any rate be built of brick or stone and not of timber, not only as a precaution against fire, but also as involving little if any more cost.

### Our System of Voting.

The present system of voting, intended to give the voter a secret ballot, practically does nothing of the sort. By the exercise of a little adroitness on the part of the inspector of elections, who is the selected officer of the party, the voter's intention is easily ascertained and the vaunted inviolability of the ballot becomes a mockery. Our

system is not advanced enough for the present day. We are a quarter of a century behind the age. More scientific methods are in use in younger communities, which give the elector absolute freedom of choice and the necessary secrecy, such as the very act of voting contemplates in a free community.—*North American Review.*

### Marketing in Honduras.

Queer markets are these. In the shade, on two sides of the plazas, and on the edge of the veranda of the cabildo (or town hall,) squat the dames who sell the various articles of daily use, as they do also under the veranda of the government building and on the shady side of one or two blocks near by. Many have their wares in shallow basket; some have tables on which to display their goods; others array their stock on the side of upturned goods boxes, and there are yet others who have little stalls rented from the authorities. In these, on shelves and short boards that answer as a counter, are the stores of cheap stationary, school-books, threads, brass jewelry and the thousand and one things made by men who have more regard for their purses than they have for honesty or honor, for sale to guileless natives of foreign lands. When one buys rice or corn, frijole or cheese, manteca or meat, or anything that is sold by weight, a stone is put into one scale, and enough of the commodity sold into the other to balance. In the more pretentious stores regular scales and weights are used; but it does not appear that the native buyers are better satisfied with these than they are with the simpler weights, which have the advantage of serving at once as a gauge of the quantity of the goods transferred and of the conscience of the seller.

The meat markets are on the edge of the high and steep bank of the Rio Grande, just below the antique bridge of ten brick arches. In these markets hang the quarters of the bullocks slaughtered under an octagonal roof of tile on the lower bank of the river, at the foot of the paved hill. When a customer appears, she or he points out the part from which a piece is wanted, and the obliging dealer cuts out a chunk of the desired size. This he throws into one scale, and into the other puts the stone or other weight he uses, and receives his pay for the meat—if he does not instead receive a very plain and decided criticism of his honesty and liberality, or utter lack of both.—*Good House Keeping.*

### Can't Judge from Appearances.

About all we know is that there is absolutely no infallible rule about anything. Some people may be madder than hatters and you wouldn't know it by any outward sign, and other people may rave and yell and shout and not be a bit mad all the time. I don't think the man with the constant smile and the merry laugh and the good nature and all that sort of thing is as happy as he is credited with being. I know a fellow who has the reputation for all that sort of thing; and he had plenty of friends, but that fellow is about as miserable a man as I ever knew. Few people have any idea of it, but he wants in his heart to be able to do things he can't do, what other far less popular people do, and he has ambitions that his very easy going disposition is antagonistic to. He has secret desires to have a reputation for a kind of cleverness; he is not capable of, and all his friends and all his popularity in his special line cannot compensate for his consciousness of his incapacity for his tastes. Yet he has sense enough to stick to what he can do, and knows well enough that if he didn't he couldn't make a living.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

### Would Seem So on First Thought.

Business Man—Glad to see you, Mr. Spotcash. You're from Grubville, I believe?  
Spotcash—Yes, sir.  
Business Man—Well, sir, I've had my eye on your town for some time. How do you regard it just now as a location for a live dry goods house?  
Spotcash—A first-rate location, sir—first-rate! Grampney & Smith have just failed, Brown & Co. are on the eve of making an assignment, while the only remaining house is a one-horse concern scarcely paying expenses! —*Detroit Free Press.*

JUGGINS, the English plunger, recently lost \$80,000 in two nights at cards.

### A Healthy Stomach

Is a blessing for which thousands of our dyspeptic countrymen and women sigh in vain, and to obtain which swallow much medicine unavailingly. For no ailment—probably—are there so many alleged remedies as for dyspepsia. The man of humbug is constantly glutted with the dollars and dimes of those who resort to one nostrum after another in the vain hope of obtaining relief, at least, from this vexatious and obstinate malady. Experience indicates Hostetter's Stomach Bitters as a means of eradicating dyspepsia, in which a firm reliance can be placed. No remedy has in three decades and over established such a reputation, none has received such unqualified professional sanction. It is an admirable invigorant, because it enriches the blood, and not only this, but it thoroughly regulates the bowels, kidneys and bladder. The nervous symptoms are usually relieved by the medicine.

### Origin of the Umbrella.

Some writer has advanced the novel theory that the umbrella was invented, not to keep off the rain, but to shield one from the too prying glances of the sun, and that Persia was its birth-place. The Persians were very fond of the sun; in fact, they just worshipped it. But attributing to that orb a curiosity equal to its keen intelligence, and knowing that many of their actions would not bear very close inspection, they naturally desired to seclude themselves somewhat when they walked abroad. Hence the invention of the umbrella.

With an umbrella spread over them they could wear their old cloths without being ridiculed for it by the orb of day, while for a Persian who was in the habit of carrying a lively jug home to his family every day, the umbrella, like charity, covered a multitude of sins.—*Texas Siftings.*

—NOVEMBER, 1880, Thomas Torney, Scott Depot, Putnam Co., W. Va., wrote: "In bed with sciatica; am using St. Jacobs Oil." Oct. 25th, 1886, he writes: "Three rubbings with it got me out and cured me. No return."

"How to make a girl's room attractive—put the girl in it.—*Cincinnati Telegram.*

"We have used Red Star Cough Cure," writes the sisters of the Notre Dame, Gowanstown, Md., for the cure of coughs, oppression of the chest and sore throat." Price twenty-five cents a bottle.

### Esmerelda's Precautions.

Laura to her friend—"Fanny, just look how Esmerelda Longcoffin is going on with that young man to whom she is engaged to be married."

Fanny—"She has to make a fuss over him, or he will go back on her. I've been engaged to him myself and I know all about him. As soon as I quit hugging him he went and engaged himself to another girl. You bet Esmerelda knows what she is about."—*Texas Siftings.*

### The Queen.

If Moxie Nerve Food can take the place of drugging and stimulating, it has come to stay, and many of the doctors say it actually does. After thirteen or fourteen months on the market its sale is said to be the largest ever known. The large cities are talking Moxie; moreover, and every nervous woman or over-worked person thinks it is the last half of everything that has just been found. Poor little Moxie weed, it never dreamed before that it was soon to be queen of the medical world.

### Probably Quite Fatigued.

"Good morning, Mr. Punkinfield. How did you and your daughter rest last night?" asked the key clerk of the Chinville Hotel.  
"I feel pretty pert. My daughter Eliza seems ter be oversleepin'." Said she was tired when I blew out the gas for her last night."

ONE greasing with Frazer Axle Grease will last two weeks, all others two to three days. Try it.

The habit of running over boots or shoes corrected with Lyon's Patent Heel Stiffeners.

### Weak and Weary

Describes the condition of many people debilitated by the warm weather, by disease, or overwork. Hood's Sarsaparilla is just the medicine needed to build up and strengthen the body, purify and quicken the sluggish blood, and restore the lost appetite. If you need a good medicine, be sure to try Hood's Sarsaparilla.  
"During the summer I was feeling all run down, and, thinking I needed something to tone up my system, I took Hood's Sarsaparilla and felt much better. I had also been troubled with dyspepsia, and Hood's Sarsaparilla helped me more than anything else." JAMES R. DABROW, Fort Wayne, Ind.

### Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists, \$1; six for \$5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar.

ADVERTISERS or others, who wish to examine this paper, or obtain estimates on advertising space when in Chicago, will find it on file at 45 to 49 Randolph St., the Advertising Agency of LORD & THOMAS.

PENSIONS COLLECTED and Increased by Fitzgerald & Powell, Indianapolis, Ind. Old cases reopened. Send for copy of Laws, free.

The best and surest Remedy for Cure of all diseases caused by any derangement of the Liver, Kidneys, Stomach and Bowels. Dyspepsia, Sick Headache, Constipation, Bilious Complaints and Malaria of all kinds yield readily to the beneficent influence of

## PRICKLY ASH BITTERS

It is pleasant to the taste, tones up the system, restores and preserves health. It is purely Vegetable, and cannot fail to prove beneficial, both to old and young. As a Blood Purifier it is superior to all others. Sold everywhere at \$1.00 a bottle.

### KIDDER'S

## DIGESTYLIN

A SURE CURE FOR INDIGESTION AND DYSPEPSIA. Over 5,000 Physicians have sent us their approval of DIGESTYLIN, saying that it is the best preparation for indigestion that they have ever used. We have never heard of a case of Dyspepsia where DIGESTYLIN was taken that was not cured.

### FOR CHOLERA INFANTUM.

IT WILL CURE THE MOST AGGRAVATED CASES. IT WILL STOP VOMITING IN PREGNANCY. IT WILL RELIEVE CONSTIPATION. For Summer Complaints and Chronic Diarrhea, which are the direct results of imperfect digestion, DIGESTYLIN will effect an immediate cure. Take DIGESTYLIN for all pains and disorders of the stomach; they all come from indigestion. Ask your druggist for DIGESTYLIN (price \$1 per large bottle). If he does not have it, send one dollar to us and we will send a bottle to you, express prepaid. Do not hesitate to send your money. Our house is reliable. Established twenty-five years.

WM. F. KIDDER & CO., Manufacturing Chemists, 83 John St., N. Y.

### PISO'S CURE FOR

CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.

### CONSUMPTION

### FOR HORSES.

UVILLA, W. Va., }  
Nov. 17, 1886. }  
Recently I bought a young horse. He was taken very ill with Pneumonia. I tried to think of something to relieve him. Concluded what was good for man would be good for the horse. So I got a bottle of Piso's Cure and gave him half of it through the nostrils. This helped him, and I continued giving same doses night and morning until I had used two bottles. The horse has become perfectly sound. I can recommend Piso's Cure for the horse as well as for man.

N. S. J. STRIDER.

### PISO'S CURE FOR

CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.

### CONSUMPTION

## RUBBER STAMP OUTFIT FOR SALE CHEAP.

Vulcanizer, Moulds of Type, Cuts, and everything used in the business. Address E. H. BERRY, Fort Wayne, Ind.

Piso's Remedy for Catarrh is the Best, Easiest to Use, and Cheapest.

## CATARRH

Sold by druggists or sent by mail, 50c. E. T. Hazeltine, Warren, Pa.

Sure relief. Price 35c. ASTHMA. Sold by mail. Stowell & Co., Charlestown, Mass.

KIDDER'S PASTILLES

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**St. Joe News**

**MORT & WILD, OLDS, PUBLISHERS.**

Subscription Rates:

One Year	25
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FRIDAY AUGUST 19, 1887.

**FOUR CORRESPONDENTS.**

**SPENCERVILLE.**  
Henry Murray is on the sick list.  
P. Bishop went to Van Wert, O., Monday.

Jacob Baltz, Sr. spent a few days of last week at Tiffin, Ohio.

Ella Rhodes has been suffering the past few days with a severe sore throat.

James Steward has bought the property recently occupied by Geo. Baltz.

Mrs. M. J. Dawson, of Battie Creek, Mich., was the guest of Mrs. J. W. Ellis last week.

A party of young people from Tintertown attended the picnic Saturday. The Misses Houghtons were among them.

The match game of base ball played Saturday between Spencer and Auburn, came out in favor of Spencer. As usual our boys are ahead.

The picnic last Saturday passed off very pleasantly. Five schools were present. Quite a crowd were at the "Pink" social in the evening, but the grove was so dark we could not see the pink part of it.

**CONCORD.**  
Little Sammie Wasson is quite sick.

W. B. Brown and family visited in the neighborhood last Friday.

G. Shanton and son entertained the threshers last Wednesday.

Mrs. Wayne Scott is very sick and unable to get up any of the time.

Mrs. Joe Koch has been very sick for a few days and is not recovering very rapidly.

The Sunday school voted to attend the picnic in a body, given by the St. Joe M. P. Sabbath school.

Miss Alice Braggoo attended the institute at Newville this week and reports a very interesting session.

James Braggoo and family are ready to welcome the advent of a bright little boy, the female paragon.

Marin Elm has gone to Iowa to see the country, and if it suits him, expects to move there some time in the near future.

We are glad to learn that Lyman Knight is improving in health. He thinks he will not be able to resume his studies this summer.

Miss Smith, of Mansfield, Ohio, is visiting among relatives for a few weeks. At present she is the guest of James Smith and family.

**ROBERTSTOWN.**  
Anna Alton starts for home this week.

Jack Baker has a sick horse. I fear he will lose her.

Al Monroe's little girl fell off of the fence and broke her arm one day last week.

Tip and Pete Milliman are moving the old cheese factory for Many Derrott this week.

War Coburn thinks if his baby had been a girl, it would be a little the nicest baby in town. His old grand-dad feels pretty proud over it as it is, and so does the twentieth grand-child.

Young ladies should be a little careful where they leave their stock—I mean their noses, when they go to school. They should be a little careful where they hang it ought to be.

One would naturally suppose a young man would have pride or shame enough to decently dress himself after bathing, and not walk the streets with his under garments hanging out over his pants; but it seems that some have neither pride nor shame.

As Lucius Farmer with his wife and two or three of his children were out buggy riding last Saturday his horse became frightened at a vicious dog, which came howling out at them, and ran off, upsetting the buggy and throwing them out and badly if not dangerously hurting them all. Mr. Farmer was badly bruised, and his wife was seriously hurt in her back, and one of the children had its arm broken, and the other one a deep gash in its head and it is feared the skull is fractured. The buggy is a perfect wreck. So much for keeping a miserable cur. If there is any law or justice in the land, the owner of the dog should be made to pay all damages.

I am not a Spiritualist and never was, and never expect to be. I don't believe the spirits of the departed ever returned to either bless or curse us, but there was some demonstrations at my house a few nights since, that to the spiritually inclined might look a little that way. Somewhere between ten and twelve o'clock a form (and it didn't look much like a spirit either) entered my house, and after looking into several rooms, and becoming satisfied that we were all in a comfortable snooze, quietly left after tipping over a few chairs without any farther demonstrations. We shall be on the watch hereafter, and should it appear again be it man, woman or devil, shall endeavor to capture it, and find out from whence it came, and whither it goes. If I succeed will report to the News.

**PIGEON'S RETREAT.**  
Martin Kline is seriously ill.

Laten Lake and wife attended the funeral of their cousin, Bennie Lake of near Maysville on last Tuesday.

Harvey Shilling was one of our little boys who was sick, and could not go to school the day his father threshed.

Little Clyde Wasson is very sick. On trying to awaken him on Tuesday morning a week ago, his mother found him in a spasm. At last report he was getting better.

The boys were very happy when they started to the party at Ricketts, but they were equally crestfallen when they came home, for in the language of the poet they said "Susanna was not at home."

Mrs. Tena Arnold and Mrs. Annie Bowers, mother and sister of Mrs. Timmerman, spent a part of last week at her home. Mrs. Bowers has been in very poor health the entire summer and is receiving medical aid from Dr. Hull of Spencerville, and Dr. Hull of Newville.

How we wish we knew of some kind-hearted person, like Barcus for instance, who would smile benignly upon us and say; "Don't worry if you misspell your words or make any mistakes for I'll bear all the blame." Poor, Poor, Barcus! Thy trials are many though thy faults are few.

**JUST RECEIVED THIS WEEK AT**

**LEIGHTY'S**

**Nearly 5000 Yards of Best Prints**

**WHICH WILL BE SOLD AT**

**5 CENTS PER YARD.**

**ALSO A LARGE STOCK OF OTHER GOODS. CALL AND SEE THEM.**

Say, have any of you News readers ever heard Eph Winkland preach a sermon? We have had that pleasure, and we must say that he can crowd more bible quotations into the space of five minutes than any other preacher we ever heard. On the occasion of which we speak he was trying to reform his threshing engine. You see the way it was, while Eph was moving his engine from one place to another, one of the guide chains broke and he thought it his duty to reprimand the engine for its naughtiness. So he mounted the cab of the engine and proceeded (in his own way) to inform the offender that if it did not mend its ways, it would be banished forever more to the land where they don't have ice-cream, (too warm you know) and it would not go in a very blessed state either. Since Eph dotes on Prudence he should have more patience.

'Twas dinner time on threshing day  
The men were round the table,  
Each one resolved in his own way  
To eat all he was able.

Now we, to make our story brief  
Will say 'tis of Jack Moody;  
He helped himself to a piece of beef  
And passed it to Will Rudy.

Then Jack acknowledged himself beat  
It nearly made him whistle.  
For clinging to that piece of meat  
Was a foot or so of gristle.

Of the gristle Jack took off a bite.  
And then he said, "Confound it!  
It doesn't chew exactly right  
I guess they didn't pound it.

The good things fast had disappeared,  
Jack chewed with desperation.  
And as he chewed he almost feared  
He'd die there of starvation.

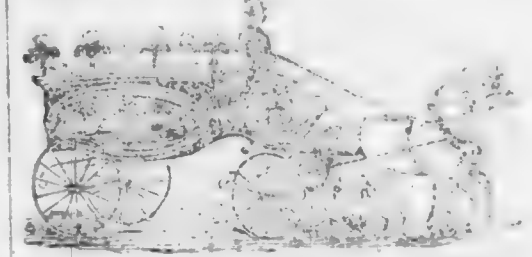
He chewed until the pies came round  
To Jack an awful warning;  
But still that gristle was as sound  
As it had been that morning.

His dinner cold upon his plate  
Before him was a lying;  
"I'll swallow it as sure as fate,"  
Thought Jack "or die a trying.

So down it went, On my what  
Jack could have followed  
For the gristle on his palate stuck  
And wouldn't go no further.  
And with another gulp and  
Began an awful tussle.  
Would it choke Jack or would it  
The cartilaginous muscle.  
Jack viewed his sins, a heavy  
Thought he with many a shiver  
He feared they'd swamp him  
Rowed.  
Across the mighty river  
Just then a dog upon his back  
The watchful host was giving  
Down went the gristle, lost and  
Was still among the living  
Of course his friends were  
Rough.

But Jack will long rue  
That gristle is haist alive  
Although the beef is  
Gone.

Case of Olds desire to  
rent of the lady readers of the  
News to their Two Dollar Time  
Shots. They are the best shot  
the money ever offered in this  
ket. Drop in and see them.



**"TRUTH IS MIGHTY, AND WILL PREVAIL."**

**LOOK THIS WEEK.**  
I keep on hand a fine line of furniture, which I will sell for the next 60 days at prices that defy competition. Glass Cupboards \$8.50. Double Cane Seat and Back Rockers \$2. Dressing Case, with French Plate Glass \$12.00. Carpet Lounges \$2.50. Solid Comfort Beds for \$2.25. Undertaking a speciality.  
August Kinsey, St. Joe, Ind.

**A Disastrous Flood!**

Heavy damages done by the over-throw of High Prices, and we will continue same. Good Brown Sugar 5 and 6 cts. Granulated 7 cts. Rosin 5 cts. Alum 5 cts. Salts 5 cts. Bird Seed 8 cts. Salt Peter 12 1/2 cts. Prunes 6 1/2 cts. Good Gingham 6 cts. Dress Goods at your own price. Grain Sacks 18 cts. All goods as cheap as the cheapest. Highest market price paid for Wheat, Oats and Seeds.

**S. & F. Barney**



## WHY IS IT?

Why is it that some people have so many more eggs to sell than others? They haven't any more chickens but what they do have, seem to lay better. The facts in the case are they use Rayen's Poultry Food, and that is one of the best preparations in the world to make chickens lay. It is also a preventative of cholera. Try it. For sale at Patterson's Drug Store.

### ELECTRIC BITTERS.

This remedy is becoming so well known and so popular that it needs no special mention. All who have used Electric Bitters sing the same song of praise. A purer medicine does not exist and it is guaranteed to do all that is claimed. Electric Bitters will cure all cases of indigestion, biliousness, headache, neuralgia, rheumatism and other ailments caused by impure blood. Will drive malaria from the system and prevent as well as cure all malarial fevers. For cure of Hemorrhoids, Constipation and Indigestion try Electric Bitters. Entire refund guaranteed, or money refunded. Price 50 cts. and \$1.00 per bottle at W. C. Patterson's Drug Store.

### LOCALS.

The price of wheat is a little on the rise.  
Rayen's Poultry Food to make your chickens lay.  
Watermelons are plenty and so is the cholera morbus.  
A brick walk on the school house finished this week.  
Read Talmage's sermon on the last page of this paper.  
Will Curie is expecting a supply of fresh oysters this week.  
Al Weirick returned Tuesday from ten days visit in Illinois.  
C. A. Old are selling Good Potatoes for 5 cents per pound.  
We were compelled to issue a supplement this week. Read it.  
For all kinds of blacksmithing and repairing call on Al Hall.  
Bert Patterson spent last Sunday in Hicksville with his best girl.  
St. Joe merchants offer bargains in all kinds of goods. Read the advertisements.  
Murray Bros. are making arrangements to put a full roller process into their mill at Spencerville.  
H. W. Bullock, of Brazil, Ind., delivered an interesting temperance lecture at the Lutheran church last evening.  
Rev. J. M. Langley and J. R. Shilling are at Marion, Ind., this week, in attendance at the annual conference of the M. P. church.  
The Y. P. T. U. A. will meet at the residence of Miss Anna Merrill, on Wednesday evening, Aug. 24th. A good program has been arranged.  
We are under obligations to R. G. Coburn this week for a fine large watermelon. Russ knows how to tickle the palate of the poor printer.  
Persons needing any thing in the way of Dentistry should call on Dr. W. L. Holbrook, of Hicksville. He has had twelve years experience and guarantees all work to give perfect satisfaction.

Don Van Fleet, Misses Georgia Van Fleet and Josie Smith are spending a week at Rome City.

Mr. Davis, a nephew of Robert Davis, visited friends in this town over last Sunday.

John Henderson made this office a pleasant call on Monday. He will return to Cleveland, Tenn., in a few days.

Little Estu Baker fell down the whole length of a stairway on Monday of this week. She doubled herself into a knot, and rolled down like a ball, and when she was picked up her black eyes sparkled as bright as ever. It was feared she was seriously hurt, but fortunately she escaped with only a few bruises.

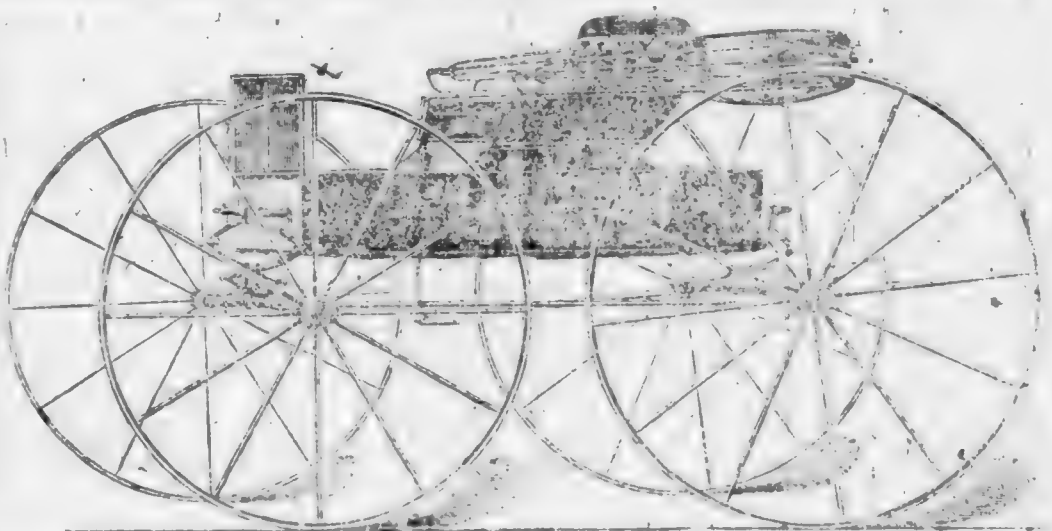
It is generally conceded by all local judges of horse flesh that the young thorough-bred brought here recently from East Tennessee by John Henderson, is far superior to any thing of the kind ever seen in Southern Indiana. The farmers of De Kalb county will feel gratified to have a specimen of prominent farmers of Concord township have purchased this noted colt.

In one corner of the grove at Spencerville last Saturday, they had a tent in which they were exhibiting a lost sheep. As it was a Lutheran sheep, but some of the Lutherans would not own it, they claimed it was a lost sheep from the Methodist fold, while one old brother said it was sort of a long faced sheep and he thought it belonged to the Presbyterians. Any way it cost a nickle to see it.

Last Sunday morning was a delightful morning to sleep, and James Ables took advantage of it, and was slumbering sweetly in his little bed. When all at once there came a rapping. Just as if some one was tapping. Tapping gently at his chamber door.

He awoke, and upon inquiry, found that a couple was waiting to be married. James thought it was rather tough to be called out of bed so early, but yet he hustled around, and got on his best pair of blue overalls and father-hubbard coat, and invited them into his office, where, in the presence of two witnesses, he said the words that made Miss Ella Beam of Spencerville, the wife of Grant F. Squires of Hall's Corners, Ind. The News hopes that Grant will always be Squire and that Ella will always Beam on him with a fond and loving heart.

Last Saturday night about ten o'clock two young men with ladies drove into this place, and hitched their horses in front of one of our business houses, took their ladies to the hotel, and then went to the saloon and proceeded to get full. After embibing freely, and then supplying themselves with an extra bottle full to carry with them, they staggered down to the hotel and got their ladies and returned to their buggies. By this time these would-be young men had become so filled up with benzene that there was hardly a spark of manhood left in them, and they proceeded to act in a most indecent and depraved manner, using the most profane and vulgar language possible. They tried to persuade the ladies to drink with them, but this they refused to do. Finally the ladies become disgusted, and threatened to take one of the rigs and go home, which partially brought the young men to their senses, and they concluded that the best thing they could do would be to go with them; and it is well for them that they did. Such actions are beneath the dignity of persons who call themselves men, and an imposition on a community, and ought not be tolerated under any circumstances.



MOUNTED WITH THE HERBRAND GEAR IRON

ECKHART CARRIAGE WORKS,

AUBURN, DE-KALB CO., IND.

—MANUFACTURER OF—

FIRST CLASS CARRIAGES

CHARLES ECKHART, PROPRIETOR

Call on me when in need of a first-class Carriage or Buggy, and I will save you money. I guarantee all work as represented.

G. E. ECKHART, M. D., Physician and Surgeon, Spencerville, Ind. Office in J. Emanuel & Son's Drug Store. All calls promptly answered.

HOUSE PAINTING, Graining, Glazing, Paper Hanging and Ceiling Decorating a specialty. All work guaranteed. B. A. Woodcox. Call and see me, or leave orders at the St. Joe Drugstore.

### ST. JOE MARKETS.

COLLECTED EVERY FRIDAY.

Wheat	70 cts.
Oats	25 cts.
Corn	35 cts.
Butter	10 cts.
Eggs	12 cts.
Tallow	34 cts.
Lard	10 cts.
Potatoes	50 cts.

### Baltimore & Ohio R. R.

Trains Leave St. Joe as follows:

WESTBOUND.	
No. 9 Mail and Express	11:05 A. M.
17 Accommodation	4:18 P. M.
3 Chicago Express	10:42 P. M.
35 Local Freight	3:42 P. M.
EAST BOUND.	
No. 10 Express and Mail	2:08 P. M.
16 Accommodation	10:28 A. M.
4 Morning Express	4:55 A. M.
34 Local Freight	7:59 A. M.

W. I. McKee, Agent.

### ANOTHER BABY.

Editor of the News: Please allow me space in your interesting paper to let the people know what happened just north of the school house. Tuesday morning the news spread all over the neighborhood that a young daughter had come to stay with J. W. Draggo, and Jim was so excited over it that he told Mr. Acton that he must raise his wages, for he was bound to make a musician of it. Miss Dema stands at the front gate and says to the neighbors as they pass by "come in and see our baby." And it's name must be Hannah Ann Jane and call it Jane for short.

One Who Knows.

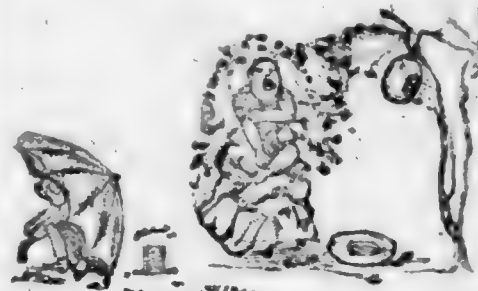
Russ Copp and Jake White with their wives, are camping out at Hamilton Lake, this week.

### Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

THE BEST SALVE IN THE WORLD FOR Cuts, Bruises, Sprains, Swellings, Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblain, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by W. C. Patterson.



So, did you hear about the fokes who went out walking the other day, and in going thru the woods they came across something hanging to a tree that looked like a large ball of a snake, or a grasshopper. They stopped to examine it, and the fello he pretended to know awl about it, and went on to explain that it was a new fangled birds nest. He take his umbrella, and pointed out the different points of interest, and he was just remarking to the lady that underneath was an opening where the birds went in.



to the nest, wen awl ov a sudden they herd a fearful buzzing an befor they knew it awlmost, they wer surrounded by an innuberbel number ov angry hornets. The man stopped explaining, and run off to one side an hid under the umbrella, while the woman stuck rite to the hornets or rather the hornets stuck to her in a most tender and loving manner. Experience tha sa, is a deer teacher, but these fokes no dout learnt a lesson, and hereafter they will not bea trying to pry into things they dont know ana thing about.

Barcus Q. Hippenhammer.



## FACTS ABOUT FANS.

Some of the Most Fashionable and High Priced.

It was written of an English act-

"Assume her fashion if you can  
And catch the grace of her fan."

and what countless numbers of grateful breeze compellers are now waving over this summer-heated land of ours!

"Gauze fans are all the rage this season," said a salesman in one of Boston's largest retail stores to a reporter, "and heliotrope is the favorite shade. The tendency is toward still larger fans. Perhaps the most stylish, and at the same time the most showy fan, is one made of ostrich feathers, with a marabout aigrette in the center. It is called the Langtry fan by some dealers and by others the Mary Anderson, and comes in all colors. It doesn't close up, and the wavy tips of the feathers make it very graceful and pretty."

China is called the fatherland of fans, and their use has been traced almost as far back as history reaches. While they are now made of ivory, wood, leather, silk, paper, feathers, etc., the earliest fans were probably the leaves of trees or the wings of birds. Fans were introduced into England about the beginning of the sixteenth century. In Shakespeare's day no lady thought of going abroad without a fan, and in speaking of a fop in "Love's Labor Lost," he says:

"Oh, a most dainty man!  
To see him walk in force a lady and bear a fan."

When Elizabeth died the royal wardrobe contained no less than twenty-seven fans. Fan exhibitions have been given in England, and an opera fan was once brought out in London giving the box, numbers, and names of subscribers. The Italian fan of the last century was often finely painted after some mythological or sacred subject or one of the great masters. The Spanish fan, nicely colored, represented some incident of gallantry or love, the stick being of mother of pearl, gaily carved and gilt. The small Dutch ivory fan was beautifully painted by one of the masters of the Low Countries, and the German fan possessed a marked nationality, with its painted ivory stick sometimes ingeniously carved a corbeille.

In the hand of the Spanish beauty it is well-known that the fan is made to express love, hope, disdain, anger, and other emotions. The "dagger fan" of China is an instrument for the still more powerful expression of the feelings. It is an elegant imitation in the pier of the common folding fan, but in reality is the sheath of a deadly blade. The uses of the fan in the Flowery Kingdom, however, are almost endless. Maps are printed on the face, and important events are frequently published by its means. At the time of the missionary riots in 1873 at Peking popular ill-feeling was excited against the missionaries by inflammatory pictures on fans. All over the Empire the fan is as much used by men as women. The folding fan generally obtains, and it is stuck in the high boot of the full-dressed Chinaman or at the back of the neck in the collarless jacket of the coolie. The schoolmaster raps the knuckles of unruly boys with it, and the beggar holds it out for alms. In the higher Chinese circles white silk stretched tightly over both sides of a narrow frame of a round, hexagonal, octagonal, or polygonal form is considered the *ne plus ultra* of elegant refinement, especially so when some charming study in flowers or landscape painting appears on one side, and a verse addressed to the friend for whom it is intended, and signed by the author, is written on the other. An ode to the fan by an Oriental poet begins thus:

"By thy aid gentle gales perennial blow."

According to Chinese etiquette, a Chinaman on horseback or in a sedan chair, meeting an equal of his acquaintance on foot, must dismount, be it only to make a passing bow; or two friends meeting in chairs should both dismount to salute. But to avoid the inconvenience of frequently stopping to dismount at the appearance of every friend, it is allowable to hold the fan so as to screen the face from view, and the two may pass without ceremony, or as if they were strangers. Almost every large city, and certainly every division of the Chinese Empire, has its own characteristic fan.

An odd practice prevails in regard to mourning for deceased relatives in Corea. Any one who has suffered such a loss goes about for a year wearing a kind of pointed basket on his head, which completely hides his face, and

no one is permitted to address or speak to him. It was by adopting the mourning bonnet as a disguise that the early Jesuit missionaries succeeded in entering the country and making their way about unquestioned by anybody.

### Singing Sands of the Pacific.

In one of the South Pacific islands are some wonderful singing sands. These sands are in a small desert. In the center of the desert are about a dozen coconut trees, and about five miles distant is the ocean. Ka Pule, a native guide, and myself reached the trees about noon. Our horses, as well as ourselves, were about used up, traveling through the deep sand under a blazing sun. As we lay stretched at the foot of the towering cocoanuts, the trade wind set in, cool and refreshing, from the ocean. Notwithstanding the heat and our wearied condition, there was an enchantment about the situation that caused me to think of the beautiful stories I had read in my childhood. I began to feel the soft touch of slumber and all at once I heard a faint musical tinkling as if troops of fairies were coming to greet us as they used to do the enchanted princes in the olden days. I tried to locate the melodious sounds. In all directions there was nothing but hot, glowing sand. I looked up—there was nothing but the beautiful tropical sky and the tremulous atmosphere. Still louder sounded the music; it was all around us; it filled the air. I gazed toward the ocean, and there, apparently a short distance, was a beautiful lake, with its waves dashing upon the moss covered stones. It was not there when we first arrived at the place, and I became half convinced that it was the work of enchantment. Ka Pule had fallen asleep, and, gazing at the lake and listening to the music in the air, I rested my head against the rough bark of a tree. As I did so I heard the distant gurgling of a brook. I could plainly hear the water splashing over the glistening stones and dying away in quiet eddies. I was more and more bewildered, and at length awoke. Ka Pule. I told him what I had heard, and directed his attention to the lake. He explained that the seeming lake was a wailula or mirage; that the sound of gurgling waters came from an underground stream, and that the music was caused by the stirring of flinty sands by the wind. Anyway, the whole experience was beautiful, and I have often said that I once made a visit to fairy land.—*Stockton Mail.*

### Apaches on a Spree.

No drink-loving old toper ever enjoyed their liquor so much as have the Apaches whenever they could procure it, a vice, however that is rapidly subsiding as the tribes are concentrated at agencies more directly under the eye of watchful authorities. Mezen, made from that plant by the Mexicans, found its way in days gone by when population was scattering and the law lax, into Apache maws with every trade and dealing between the two races. From corn they made a fermented drink called *tiz-win*, which is not as strong as the corn whisky of civilization, but their peculiar method of drinking it compensates for its lack of strength. For some three days before it has reached its highest point of fermentation not a single piece of food is swallowed. At the end of that period they fill themselves to their utmost capacity with the unclarified *tiz-win*. Although half starved, it takes but a few moments to make them feel as if they had a major general's rations for six months previous, while the most conspicuous effect is to swell their bump of combativeness to an inordinate degree. If a large number have indulged in this liquor, serious outbreaks and disturbances are almost sure to ensue, especially if other bands of Indians or any whites are near enough for them to reach before this temporary, stimulated combativeness has worn away. In fact, after having, when sober, decided to go upon the warpath, by far the most important preliminary is the manufacture of huge quantities of *tiz-win*. Its peculiar composition, and the no less peculiar manner of taking the liquor, gives it a most lasting effect upon the system, and an Indian with his stomach distended with it is said to have ahead of him a six or eight days' "spree," and during all this time his warlike qualities are sure to be most conspicuous.—*Minneapolis Tribune.*

In railway circles nowadays there doesn't appear to be much that is of interest if there isn't a "great deal."

### The Women of Central Soudan.

The women of the *hottish* have got over their first terrors, and come to the conclusion that we are a good natured and a harmless looking sort of fellows. At first they peep over the wall or out of neighboring doorways, till growing bolder, they venture in groups out of their hiding places to see, and doubtless to be seen. Not to alarm them, we take notes surreptitiously, and observe that they make up quite an ethnological collection of African types. Fillani and Hausa women from the neighborhood, Nupe and Yoruba specimens from the Niger districts, and others from the triles of Adamawa and the Benue region. Clearly our friend is a man of catholic taste in the matter of women. His harem presents all kinds of face and figure from the copper colored Fillani, with slender, lithe figure, well shaped face, and positively beautiful eyes, to the shapeless form, black skin, ugly face and muddy eyes of the lowest negro type. They are all dressed alike, with a lower turked or cloth round the waist, hanging to the ankles, a second sheet wound around the body under the armpits, and a third worn in the varied modes of a shawl on the head and shoulder. The hair is gathered into a solid ridge of grease and hair, which extends from the brow to the nape of the neck, something after the manner of the crest of a helmet. From each temple hangs a kind of stiff love-lock. The ankles are adorned with enormously heavy anklets of solid brass, the bar being little short of an inch and a half in thickness, the ends ornamented with neatly made polygonal beads. Nothing better finished could be turned out of a European workshop. Round the wrist are placed several more brass bracelets, not so expansively made, but collectively so heavy that to ease their arms, the wearers are frequently to be seen with hands clasped behind the head or hanging down their backs. Their ornaments usually include a string of agate beads made in the country. The women, unlike the men, do not affect white colors, the more fashionable cloths being checks of dark blue, a medium tint of the same, white and Magenta. Among those who can afford expensive articles the latter two colors are prevalent.

Strangers are not usually admitted into the family compound, but it must not be supposed that the women are strictly kept inside, and never let out. Quite the reverse. In the evenings they are almost invariably left at liberty to wander forth and join in any dance or merry-making there may be afoot, and I would not like to be responsible for the statement that their behavior is always of the best on these occasions. During the day, also, if any of the women have anything to buy or sell at the market, there is no restriction to their going thither. In the more wealthy families, however, there is always one if not two wives who are kept in strict seclusion, and not unfrequently eunuchs are employed to guard the morals of the harem.—*Joseph Thompson, in Harper's Magazine.*

### In Central Soudan.

In shady nooks sit picturesque groups of natives in all kinds of combinations discussing the news of the day, haggling over a purchase, or busily engaged in embroidery or making up of gowns and trousers. This trade, we may note, is here entirely in the hands of men, who ply the needle with much skill. Farther on we meet a courtier gorgeously dressed, looking in his voluminous garments a very Falstaff in bulk, as he goes ambling past on his still more richly decorated horse, bent on a little exercise in the cool of the evening. Of the personal appearance of this aristocrat I shall not now speak, but we may take notice of the horse. By good-luck here happens to be one standing waiting to be mounted, so we can more conveniently examine steed and trappings in detail. The animal before us is a very fair specimen of a Soudanese horse. It is somewhat lanky, with little beauty of line, but it is fiery-eyed, and its tail and mane, being uncut, give it a somewhat wild appearance. Soudanese horses are generally very vicious and difficult to manage, stallions alone being used for riding purposes. They are specially trained for sudden forward charges, to stop within their own length when in full gallop, to turn with equal rapidity, and away like the wind out of harm's way. At other times the favorite mode of progression is by

making the horse's left legs simultaneously alternate with those of the right side, a method of traveling which is very pleasant and easy. The riders are fond of making their horses prance and plunge about with fierce and fiery action. There is nothing which the central Soudanese is so proud of as his horse, and nothing to which he devotes more time and attention than its appearance and trappings. The head-gear is almost one mass of brass-plated ornaments, little bells, and a thousand tassels and flaps of leather in yellow, light blue, or dark red. The beautifully plaited reins would almost hold an elephant for strength, while the bits are perfect instruments of torture.—*Joseph Thompson, in Harper's Magazine.*

### Tobacco in the White House.

Mr. Cleveland is developing a love for cigars which has already caught the attention of the newspaper paragrapher. There is something about life in the White House and in Washington which seems to stimulate the encetheas fumandi, although Mr. Hayes was not reflected by it. But he was proof against this and other "vanities." The taste grows, cultured, too, in the White House atmosphere, and Mr. Cleveland is said to have discarded the "two for a quarter" variety for a much costlier article. Gen. Grant was able to gratify his love for the weed at little or no tax upon his \$50,000 a year. So many of his friends were desirous of making him presents and his fondness for cigars was so universally known that the express companies were kept busy delivering him boxes of the choicest brands. I know of one gift to him of a box of 100 which cost the donor \$145—so, at least, the latter told me. I thought this was about the highest price ever paid for such goods, but the gentleman assured me that he had himself smoked cigars which had cost \$1.75 apiece. He had done so accidentally, however, for it was far from his disposition to be so extravagant. The gift to Gen. Grant came about in this way: My informant, a merchant of means, was about to visit the General in camp during the closing days of the war and thought a box of fine cigars would be appreciated as a delicate courtesy. Accordingly, he called upon a cigar dealer near his residence and requested him to get the best box of cigars within reach. It was a time when gold was over 200, and the custom duties were very heavy. The package was duly delivered to him in a day or two and with it a bill for \$145. Astonished at the price he went to the cigar dealer, who said that the bill was correct.—*Brooklyn Citizen.*

### He Wasn't Qualified.

"Did you hire that young man who applied for your school?" was asked of a Dakota school district officer.

"Well, I should rather say we didn't."

"Why not?"

"His education didn't come up to the scratch."

"What in?"

"Gram'r."

"How did you find it out?"

"Why he got in my wagon to ride from the field to the house an' said I 'Did ye ever drive much?' 'Of late years,' says he, 'I have driven very little.' 'Drove very little, ye mean,' says I. 'I beg yer pardon,' says he, 'but I mean driven.' 'Drove is right,' says I. 'No, sir,' says he, 'driven is the most grammatical.' 'Oh, well, maybe ye know,' says I, sorter sarcastic. 'I reckon I do,' says he, 'I'm jes' comin' out here to learn you folks somethin'.' 'Do ye see that road?' says I. 'I does,' says he. 'Well,' says I, 'it goes to town an' you want to git right out an' humper yourself down it mighty fasten 'cause I'm goin' to begin kickin' ye in about a minute by the clock.' He saw I knowed more 'bout gram'r than he did an' he got out o' that wagon and scooted down the road. You bet we're goin' to have a teacher that understands gram'r or none at all."—*Dakota Bell.*

MARTIN BEHEM is credited with having discovered America prior to Columbus. In a first voyage of discovery in 1460 he visited Fayal and the Azores, and afterward visited Brazil, sailing as far north as the Straits of Magellan in 1484, six years before Columbus set sail for the West.

ONE may say, generally, that no deeply-rooted tendency was ever extirpated by adverse argument. Not having originally been founded on argument, it cannot be destroyed by logic.



## Cuba as it is.

The island has more fine harbors than any other country of its size, and it is no wonder that the buccanniers of the Spanish main selected it as the center of their piratical enterprises. It has two hundred and sixty rivers and plenty of fresh water springs. It has a climate which is one perpetual summer. It never snows in Cuba, though the ice sometimes forms upon the mountains. The babies can go naked here the year round, and as for the stocking trade of Havana its customers are confined to the higher classes. Neither stockings nor suspenders are used by the laborers, and I doubt whether there are one thousand pair of suspenders worn by the one million five hundred thousand people who make up that island's population. They use instead a belt-strap, and the majority of the working-men of the island confine their apparel to an undershirt and trousers. The better class of men dress in white duck, with Panama hats.

The lower class of women wear few underclothes, and a calico wrapper and a pair of heelless slippers are a wardrobe. There are no carpets on the floors nor plaster on the ceilings. Iron bars take the place of glass windows, and there is not a chimney nor a cooking stove in Havana. There are no barns, and the horses are washed in the harbors instead of being carried. There are no bricks used in the sidewalks, and the average sidewalk is three feet wide and of stone. The building stone used is a porous one, and this is covered with stucco. Havana has parks, but there is no grass in them, and as for shade, it can be got only by going to the mountains.

The policemen carry swords and guns, and the offices of all kinds are filled by the Spaniards. There are no mattresses on the Cuban beds, and as for feather pillows, there are not feathers enough used here to make a wad for the earache. There are few china pitchers used in Havana, and the drinking mug is of porous clay, with a hole at the top, out of which the water is poured into the mouth in a trickling stream. Red brick tiles take the place of shingles and the tops of the houses are used in the evenings for sitting-rooms. The gardens of Havana are inside the houses, instead of behind them.

The milkman drives his cow from door to door and milks directly into the vessel of his customer. The calf generally tags along behind, and the cow now and then refuses to give down her milk until the calf has had a pull. The only way of watering the milk is watering the cow; but a cow that is kept on the run much of the time does not always give good milk.

The Cuban takes oranges, bread and butter, and coffee for breakfast. He pares his oranges as we do apples, and you find plates of pared oranges before you on the table when you sit down to the morning meal. The way to eat these oranges is to drive a fork into them, plant your teeth firmly into the luscious fruit and suck the juice. The Cuban breakfast is taken on rising, and there is another breakfast about nine or ten o'clock. This is more like the American meal, and the whole city knocks off for it. Passing along the street at this time you may see families at their meals through the open windows and doors, and an hour or two later the whole town seems to be taking a siesta. Dinner is eaten between five and six o'clock, and the stores keep open until about nine o'clock in the evening.—*Home Journal.*

## An Untenable Defense.

Police Judge (severely)—Prisoner at the bar, you are charged with wanton and unprovoked assault on this district messenger boy, who appears here as complaining witness. What have you to say in your own behalf?

Prisoner (volubly)—You see, your honor, I was coming down the street when this boy dashed out of the bank and dashed against me.

Judge (doubtfully)—You say he ran out of the bank?

Prisoner (confidently)—Yes, your honor. He ran out, as I said, and—

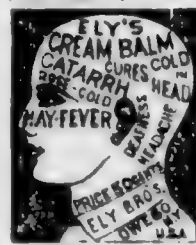
Judge (contemptuously)—You dare to come here and tell this court that a messenger boy ran! I'll have you to understand, sir, that this court cannot be trifled with. Fifty dollars or fifty days in jail.—*San Francisco Post.*

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## SECTARIANISM.

Dr. Talmage's Sermon at the Hamptons.

**Bigotry and Sectarianism Disgust People with the Christian Religion and Hinder the Triumph of the Gospel—Intolerance Never Put Anything Down.**

THE HAMPTONS, August 14.—To-day the Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage's sermon is "Concerning the Bigot," and the text, "Then said they unto him, say now Shibboleth; and he said Shibboleth; for he could not frame to pronounce it right. Then they took him and slew him at the passages of Jordan."—Judges xii, 6.

Do you notice the difference of pronunciation between shibboleth and sibboleth? A very small and unimportant difference, you say. And yet that difference was the difference between life and death for a great many people. The Lord's people, Gilead and Ephraim, got into a great fight, and Ephraim was worsted, and on the retreat came to the fords of the river Jordan to cross. Order was given that all Ephraimites coming there be slain. But how could it be found out who were Ephraimites? They were detected by their pronunciation. Shibboleth was a word that stood for river. The Ephraimites had a brogue of their own, and when they tried to say shibboleth always left out the sound of the "h." When it was asked that they say shibboleth they said sibboleth, and were slain. "Then said they unto him, say now Shibboleth; and he said Sibboleth, for he could not frame to pronounce it right. Then they took him and slew him at the passages of Jordan." A very small difference, you say, between Gilead and Ephraim, and yet how much intolerance about that small difference. The Lord's tribes in our time—by which I mean the different denominations of Christians—sometimes magnify a very small difference, and the only difference between scores of denominations to-day is the difference between shibboleth and sibboleth.

The church of God is divided into a great number of denominations. Time would fail me to tell of the Calvinists, and the Arminians, and the Sabbatarians, and the Baxterians, and the Dunkers, and the Shakers, and the Quakers, and the Methodists, and the Baptists, and the Episcopalians, and the Lutherans, and the Congregationalists, and the Presbyterians, and the Spiritualists, and a score of other denominations of religionists, some of them founded by very good men, and some of them founded by very egotistic men, and some of them founded by very bad men. But as I demand for myself liberty of conscience, I must give that same liberty to every other man, remembering that he no more differs from me than I differ from him. I advocate the largest liberty in all religious belief and form of worship. In art, in politics, in morals, and in religion let there be no gag law, no moving of the previous question, no persecution, no intolerance.

You know that the air and the water keep pure by constant circulation, and I think there is a tendency in religious discussion to purification and moral health. Between the Fourth and the Sixteenth centuries the church proposed to make people think aright by prohibiting discussion and by strong censorship of the press, and by rack, and gibbet, and hot lead down the throat, tried to make people orthodox; but it was discovered that you cannot change a man's belief by twisting off his head, and that you cannot make a man see things differently by putting an awl through his eyes. There is something in a man's conscience which will hurl off the mountain that you threw upon it, and, unsinged of the fire, out of the flame will make red wings on which the martyr will mount to glory.

In that time of which I speak, between the Fourth and Sixteenth centuries, people went from the house of God into the most appalling iniquity, and right along by consecrated altars there were tides of drunkenness and licentiousness such as the world never heard of, and the very sewers of predication broke loose and flooded the church. After a while the printing-press was freed, and it broke the shackles of the human mind. Then there came a large number of bad books, but where there was one man hostile to the Christian religion there were twenty ready to advocate it; so I have not any nervousness in regard to this battle going on between truth and error.

The truth will conquer just as certainly as that God is stronger than the devil. Let error run if you only let truth run along with it. Urged on by skeptic's shout and transcendentalist's spur, let it run. God's angels of wrath are in hot pursuit, and quicker than eagle's beak clutches out a hawk's heart God's vengeance will tear it to pieces.

I propose this morning to speak to you of sectarianism—its origin, its evils, and its cures. There are those who would make us think that this monster, with horns and hoofs, is religion. I shall chase it to its hiding-place, and drag it out of the caverns of darkness and rip off its hide. But I want to make a distinction between bigotry and the lawful fondness for peculiar religious beliefs and forms of worship. I have no admiration for a nothingarian.

In a world of such tremendous vicissitudes

and temptation, and with a soul that must after a while stand before a throne of insufferable brightness, in a day when the rocking of the mountains and the flaming of the heavens and the upheaval of the sea shall be among the least of the excitements, to give account for every thought, word, action, preference, and dislike—that man is mad who has no religious preference. But our early education, our physical temperament, our mental constitution will very much decide our form of worship.

A style of psalmody that may please me may displease you. Some would like to have a minister in gown and bands, and surplice, and others prefer to have a minister in plain citizen's apparel. Some are most impressed when a little child is presented at the altar and sprinkled of the waters of a holy benediction "in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost;" and others are more impressed when the penitent comes up out of the river, his garments dripping with the waters of a baptism which signifies the washing away of sin. Let either have his own way. One man likes no noise in prayer, not a word, not a whisper. Another man, just as good, prefers by gesticulation and exclamation to express his devotional aspirations. One is just as good as the other. "Every man fully persuaded in his own mind."

George Whitefield was going over a Quaker rather roughly for some of his religious sentiments, and the Quaker said: "George, I am as thou art; I am for bringing all men to the hope of the Gospel; therefore, if thou wilt not quarrel with me about my broad brim, I will not quarrel with thee about thy black gown. George, give me thy hand."

I, in tracing out the religion of sectarianism, or bigotry, I find that a great deal of it comes from wrong education in the home circle. There are parents who do not think it wrong to caricature and jeer the peculiar forms of religion in the world and denounce other sects and other denominations. It is very often the case that that kind of education acts just opposite to what was expected, and the children grow up and, after a while, go and see for themselves; and looking in those churches, and finding that the people are good there, and they love God and keep his commandments, by natural reaction they go and join those very churches. I could mention the names of prominent ministers of the Gospel who spent their whole lives bombarding other denominations, and who lived to see their children preach the Gospel in those very denominations. But it is often the case that bigotry starts in a household and that the subject of it never recovers. There are tens of thousands of bigots 10 years old.

I think sectarianism and bigotry also arise from too great prominence of any one denomination in a community. All the other denominations are wrong, and his denomination is right because his denomination is the most wealthy, or the most popular, or the most influential, and it is "our" church, and "our" religious organization, and "our" choir, and "our" minister, and the man tosses his head and wants other denominations to know their places. It is a great deal better in any community when the great denominations of Christians are about equal in power, marching side by side for the world's conquest. Mere outside prosperity, mere worldly power, is no evidence that the church is acceptable to God. Better a barn with Christ in the manger than a cathedral with magnificent harmonies rolling through the long-drawn aisles and an angel from Heaven in the pulpit, if there be no Christ in the chancel and no Christ in the robes. Bigotry is often the child of ignorance.

You seldom find a man with large intellect who is a bigot. It is the man who thinks he knows a great deal but does not. That man is almost always a bigot. The whole tendency of education and civilization is to bring a man out of that kind of state of mind and heart. There was in the far East a great obelisk, and one side of the obelisk was white, another side of the obelisk was green, another side of the obelisk was blue, and travelers went and looked at that obelisk, but they did not walk around it. One man looked at one side, another at another side, and they came home, each one looking at only one side. And they happened to meet, the story says, and they got into a rank quarrel about the color of that obelisk. One man said it was white, another man said it was green, another man said it was blue, and when they were in the very heat of the controversy a more intelligent traveler came and said: "Gentlemen, I have seen that obelisk, and you are all right and you are all wrong. Why didn't you walk all around the obelisk?"

Look out for the man who sees only one side of a religious truth. Look out for the man who never walks around about these great theories of God and eternity and the dead. He will be a bigot inevitably—the man who only sees one side. There is no man more to be pitied than he who has in his head just one idea—no more, no less. More light, less sectarianism. There is nothing that will so soon kill bigotry as sunshine—God's sunshine.

II. So I have set before you what I consider to be the cause of bigotry. I have set before you the origin of this great evil. What are some of the baleful effects? First

of all it cripples investigation. You are wrong, and I am right, and that ends it. No taste for exploration, no spirit of investigation. From the glorious realm of God's truth, over which an archangel might fly from eternity to eternity and not reach the limit, the man shuts himself out and dies, a blind mole under a corn shock. It stops all investigation.

While each denomination of Christians is to present all the truths of the Bible, it seems to me that God has given to each denomination an especial mission to give particular emphasis to some one doctrine; and so the Calvinistic churches must present the sovereignty of God, and the Arminian churches must present man's free agency, and the Episcopal churches must present the importance of order and solemn ceremony, and the Baptist churches must present the necessity of ordinances, and the Congregational Church must present the responsibility of the individual member, and the Methodist Church must show what holy enthusiasm, hearty, congregational singing can accomplish. While each denomination of Christians must set forth all the doctrines of the Bible, I feel it is especially incumbent upon each denomination to put particular emphasis upon some one doctrine.

Another great damage done by the sectarianism and bigotry of the church is that it disgusts people with the Christian religion. Now, my friends, the Church of God was never intended for a war barracks. People are afraid of a riot. You go down the street and you see an excitement, and missiles flying through the air, and you hear the shock of firearms. Do you, the peaceful and industrious citizen, go through that street? "Oh, no!" you will say, "I'll go around the block." Now, men come and look upon this narrow path to Heaven, and sometimes see the ecclesiastical brickbats flying every whither, and they say, "Well, I guess I'll take the broad road; if it is so rough, and there is so much sharp shooting on the narrow road, I guess I'll try the broad road."

Francis I. so hated the Lutherans that he said if he thought there was one drop of Lutheran blood in his veins he would puncture them and let that drop out. Just as long as there is so much hostility between denomination and denomination, or between one professed Christian and another, just so long men will be disgusted with the Christian religion and say, "If that is religion, I want none of it."

Besides that, if you want to build up any denomination, you will never build it up by trying to pull some other down. Intolerance never put anything down. How much has intolerance accomplished, for instance against the Methodist Church? For long years her ministry was forbidden the pulpits of Great Britain. Why was it that so many of them preached in the fields? Simply because they could not get in the churches. And the name of the church was given in derision and as a sarcasm. The critics of the church said, "They have no order, they have no method in their worship;" and the critics, therefore, in irony called them "Methodists."

I am told that in Astor Library, New York, kept as curiosities there are 707 books and pamphlets against Methodism. Did intolerance stop that church? No; it is either first or second amid the denominations of Christendom, her missionary stations in all parts of the world, her men not only important in religious trusts, but important also in secular trusts. Church marching on, and the more intolerance against it, the faster it marched.

What did intolerance accomplish against the Baptist Church? If laughing scorn and tirade could have destroyed the church it would not have today a disciple left.

The Baptists were hurled out of Boston in the olden times. Those who sympathized with them were confined, and when a petition was offered asking leniency in their behalf all men who signed it were indicted. Has intolerance stopped the Baptist Church? The last statistics in regard to it showed about 30,000 churches and about 2,500,000 communicants. Intolerance never put down anything.

In England a law was made against the Jew. England thrust back the Jew and thrust down the Jew, and declared that no Jew should hold official position. What came of it? Were the Jews destroyed? Was their religion overthrown? No. Who became Prime Minister of England years ago? Who was next to the throne? Who was higher than the throne because he was counselor and adviser? The descendant of a Jew. What were we celebrating in all our churches as well as synagogues a few years ago? The one hundredth birthday anniversary of Montefiore, the great Jewish philanthropist. Intolerance never yet put down anything.

III. But now, my friends, having shown you the origin of bigotry or sectarianism, and having shown you the damage it does, I want briefly to show you how we are to war against this terrible evil, and I think we ought to begin our war by realizing our weakness and our imperfections. If we make so many mistakes in the common affairs of life, is it not possible that we may make mistakes in regard to our religious affairs? Shall we take a man by the throat, or by the collar, because he cannot see religious truths just as we do? In the light of eternity it will be found out, I think, there was something wrong in all our creeds, and something right in all our creeds. But since we may make mistakes

in regard to things of the world; do not let us be egotistic, and so puffed up as to have an idea that we cannot make any mistake in regard to religious theories. And then I think we will do a great deal to overthrow the sectarianism from our heart, and the sectarianism from the world, by chiefly enlarging upon those things in which we agree rather than those on which we differ.

Now, here is a great Gospel platform. A man comes up on this side the platform and says: "I don't believe in baby sprinkling." Shall I shove him off? Here is a man coming up on this side the platform, and he says: "I don't believe in the perseverance of the saints." Shall I shove him off? No. I will say: "Do you believe in the Lord Jesus as your Savior?" He says, "Yes." "Do you take Christ for time—and for eternity?" "Yes." I say, "Come on, brother; one in time and one in eternity; brother now, brother forever." Blessed be God for a Gospel platform so large that all who receive Christ may stand on it!

I think we may overthrow the severe sectarianism and bigotry in our hearts, and in the church also, by realizing that all the denominations of Christians have yielded noble institutions and noble men. There is nothing that so stirs my soul as this thought. One denomination yielded a Robert Hall and an Adoniram Judson; another yielded a Latimer and a Melville; another yielded John Wesley and the blessed Summerfield, while our own denomination yielded John Knox and the Alexanders—men of whom the world was not worthy. Now, I say, if we are honest and fair-minded men, when we come up in the presence of such churches and such denominations, although they may be different from our own, we ought to admire them, and we ought to love and honor them. Churches which can produce such men, and such hearty charity, and such magnificent martyrdom, ought to win our affection—at any rate, our respect. So come on, 400,000 Episcopalians in this country, and ye 800,000 Presbyterians, and ye 2,250,000 Baptists, and ye nearly 3,750,000 Methodists—come on, shoulder to shoulder we will march for the world's conquest; for all nations are to be saved, and God demands that you and I help do it. Forward, the whole line.

Moreover, we may also overthrow the feeling of severe sectarianism by joining other denominations in Christian work. I like when the springtime comes and the anniversary occasions begin and all denominations come upon the same platform. That overthrows sectarianism. In the Young Men's Christian Association, in the Bible Society, in the Tract Society, in the Foreign Missionary Society, shoulder to shoulder all denominations.

Perhaps I might more forcibly illustrate this truth by calling your attention to an incident which took place fourteen or fifteen years ago. One Monday morning at about 2 o'clock, while her 900 passengers were sound asleep in her berths dreaming of home, the steamer Atlantic crashed into Mars Head. Five hundred souls in ten minutes landed in eternity! Oh, what a scene! Agonized men and women running up and down the gangways and clutching for the rigging, and the plunge of the helpless steamer, and the clapping of the hands of the merciless sea over the drowning and the dead, threw two continents into terror. But see this brave quartermaster pushing out with the life line until he gets to the rock; and see these fishermen gathering up the shipwrecked and taking them into the cabins and wrapping them in the flannel snug and warm; and see that minister of the Gospel with three other men getting into a lifeboat and pushing out for the wreck, pulling away across the surf and pulling away until they saved one more man, and then getting back with him to the shore. Can those men ever forget that night? And can they ever forget that companionship in peril, companionship in struggle, companionship in awful catastrophe and rescue? Never! Never! In whatever part of the earth they meet they will be friends when they mention the story of that awful night when the Atlantic struck Mars Head.

Well, my friend, our world has gone into a worst shipwreck. Sin drove it on the rocks. The old ship has lurched and tossed in the tempest of six thousand years. Out with the life line! I do not care what denomination carries it. Out with the life boat! I do not care what denomination rows it. Side by side in the memory of common hardships, and common trials, and common prayers, and common tears, let us be brothers forever. We must be. We must be.

One army of the living God  
To whose command we bow;  
Part of the host have crossed the flood  
And part are crossing now.

And I expect to see the day when all denominations of Christians shall join hands around the cross of Christ and recite the creed: "I believe in God the Father Almighty, Maker of Heaven and earth, and in Jesus Christ, and in the communion of saints, and in the life everlasting." May God inspire us all with the largest hearted Christian charity!

EGOTISM is a man without a collar carrying a gold-headed cane.—*New Haven News.*

A POLITICIAN is honest when all other means have failed.—*Washington Critic.*



# Supplement to the St. Joe News.

Vol. 1.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 19, 1887.

No. 15.

Morris Widney, of Auburn, was in town on Monday.

Horace H. Mosier, of the Bristol Banner, made this office a pleasant call last week.

Vester Widney sold over three hundred cigars at the Spencerville picnic last Saturday.

There is no danger of St. Joe spoiling. Our merchants got in three car loads of salt this week.

Dave Howey, of Bryan, dropped in on us one day this week. Dave is in the hardware business and looks as if he was making money.

Master Walter Philley of Fort Wayne is spending a few weeks in this place, the guest of J. D. Leighty and family. Walter is having all the fun there is going.

The rain last Sunday prevented quite a number from attending the Spiritualist's meeting, who had expected to go. The rain though, was gladly welcomed by everybody.

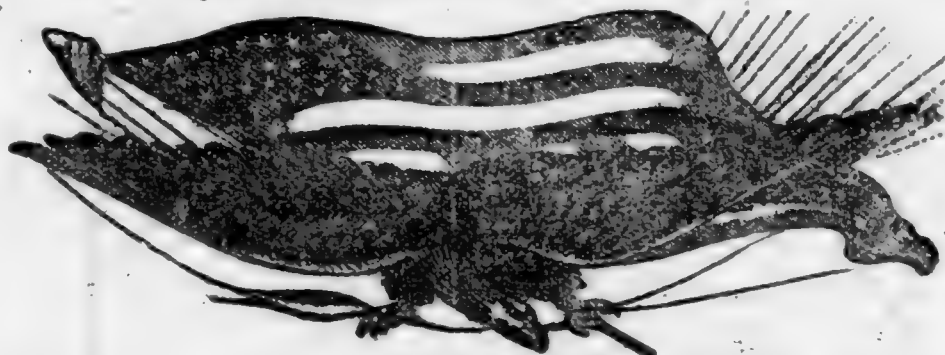
J. E. Dermott wishes us to state that he will be at the picnic at St. Joe, on Saturday, Sept. 3rd, at which time he will distribute to the teachers and school children of this township, tickets of admission to the Waterloo fair.

We printed some sale bills for George Swineford this week. He will sell his personal property on Thursday, August 25th. We understand that George will become landlord of the Swineford hotel at Auburn about the first of September.

At a late hour Saturday night, the St. Joe band serenaded the different business houses in town. It was a new wrinkle, and we hardly know whether they were out to show their new caps, or to get a few cigars to smoke on Sunday. Probably a little of both.

If hot, dry and dusty weather is essential to the success of a picnic, then Spencerville had the most successful picnic last Saturday that has been held this season. The dust was so thick you could almost cut it with a knife, but people didn't seem to mind it, they mopped around, and had just as good a time as though the weather was made especially for that occasion. There were several schools present, and the exercises we thought, were a little above the average picnic program. The schools all sang well, the speakers showed their good sense by making their speeches short, and every thing moved off in a lively manner just as it should on such occasions. The exercise by the primary class, under the direction of their efficient teacher Mrs. Lizzie Horn, deserves special mention, for the excellent manner in which it was rendered; the little folks done bravely. In fact the picnic was a success in every particular.

## Our Country's Own Production OF AMERICAN TIN PLATE,



### Made of Best SIEMEN'S MARTIN STEEL,

Has been received at our store, of which we can highly recommend to our customers as the Best Double Dipped Roofing Plate made.

J. H. CONRAD, ST. JOE, IND.

F. A. ZEIGLER,

MAKER AND DEALER IN

## HARNESS

COLLARS, WHIPS,

Fly Nets and Dusters,

HARNESS OIL &c.

Prices the Lowest. All work guaranteed. Call and see me.

M. T. BISHOP,

— DEALER IN —

## LUMBER, LIME,

— LATH, —

SHINGLES,

MOULDING &c.

Large Stock and Low Prices. Yard Near Depot, St. Joe, Ind.

J. F. WALKER,

MAKER AND DEALER IN

## Harness, Collars,

WHIPS, HARNESS OIL &c.

ST. JOE, IND.

Repairing done promptly. Prices as low as the lowest. Call and see.



WILLIAM CURIE,

PROPRIETOR OF

## MEAT MARKET

ST. JOE, IND.

Highest market price paid for Hides, Tallow &c. Give me a call.

### IS CONSUMPTION INCURABLE?

Read the following: Mr. C. H. Morris, Newark, Ark., says: "Was down with Abscess of Lungs, and friends and physicians pronounced me an Incurable Consumption. Began taking Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, am now on my third bottle and able to over-see the work on my farm. It is the finest medicine ever made."

Jesse Middlewart, Decatur, Ohio, says: "Had it not been for Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption I would have died of Lung Troubles. Was given up by doctors. Am now in best of health." Try it. Sample bottles free at W. C. Patterson's Drug Store.

The Spencerville baseball club assisted by some ex-players on St. Joe, beat the Auburn team at the picnic last Saturday.



# THE ST. JOE NEWS.

VOL. I.

ST. JOE, IND., FRIDAY, AUGUST 26, 1887.

NO. 31.

## Churches.

### DISCIPLE.

SERVICES every alternate Sunday evening, in the Lutheran church. Cottage prayer meeting every Friday evening.

J. A. THOMAS, PASTOR.

### METHODIST PROTESTANT.

SERVICES every alternate Sunday at 10:30 A. M. Prayer meeting every Tuesday evening. Sunday School at 9:30 A. M.

J. M. LANGLEY, PASTOR.

### EVANGELICAL LUTHERAN.

SERVICES every Sunday, one Sunday in the morning at 10:30, and the following Sunday in the evening. Prayer meeting every Thursday evening. Sunday School at 9:30 A. M.

S. P. FRYBERGER, PASTOR.

## Societies.

### G. A. R.

REGULAR meetings on Saturday evening on or before the full moon of each month, at their hall over Leighty's store.

O. H. WIDNEY, COMMANDER.  
J. M. MILLMAN, ADJUTANT.

## Business Notices.

H. W. BOWMAN, M. D., Physician and Surgeon, St. Joe, Ind. Office opposite the Drugstore.

ST. JOE HOTEL, Wm. Leighty, proprietor. Special attention given to furnishing teams for commercial men.

B. S. SIEFFER, M. D., Physician and Surgeon, St. Joe, Ind. Prompt and careful attention to all business entrusted to his care.

ST. JOE BARBER SHOP, one door west of hotel, Will Gee, proprietor. Satisfaction guaranteed. Your patronage is solicited.

FILLEY, LOUNSBERRY AND SHULER, proprietors of the St. Joe Saw and Planing Mill. All work promptly done. Cash paid for Oak Logs.

CITY BARBER SHOP, St. Joe, Ind. John Hull, proprietor. Shaving, Hair Cutting &c. done in the best of style. Come and see me. Two doors west of Kinsey's Furniture Store.

SIMON WINELAND, proprietor St. Joe Handle and Feed Mills. Feed grinding a speciality. Highest prices paid for second growth White Ash. Enquire at the mill for full particulars.

## INDIANA STATE NEWS.

—The Terre Haute police arrested three men on information given by a farmer that they had been to his place and tried to work a confidence game on him, but as he was a reader of newspapers he declined to be bled. The men gave their names as Parker, Kerns, and Forbes. There could be no charge made against them at Terre Haute, and they were held to await information from the other localities. It turns out they are wanted in Jackson County, this State, for swindling a farmer named Zach Deputy out of \$3,000 in cash and a note for \$500. Mr. Deputy, who is quite wealthy, was considered a good subject to work upon. One of the men visited the farm of Mr. Deputy, into whose good graces he proceeded to get, which object was accomplished by paying very profuse compliments to his farm, etc. Finally the visitor became so much in love with the place that he determined to buy it. He didn't care what it cost. His father-in-law, at Fort Wayne, whom he represented to be the President of the bank, was literally reeking with wealth. He would bring down the old gentleman in a day or so and let him see the place. Mr. Deputy was much elated at the prospect of selling his farm at a bargain, and the dutiful "son-in-law" accordingly brought down the "old gentleman" the next day. The farm seemed to please them very much. With Mr. Deputy they drove out on the road. Of course, they met another man, quite unexpectedly. Would they like to be one of the beneficiaries in the new scheme he is getting up? The "old gentleman" and the "son-in-law" were willing. It was the same old story. Mr. Deputy had money in the bank. He drew \$3,000, hoping, presumably, to carry home with him three or four times that much. He supposed his money had been returned to him, because when moving off, in order to keep him from following them, the three swindlers threw back a package much resembling his, with a \$10 note on the outside and the rest Confederate money and advertisements.

—The oldest woman in this State is Mrs. Magdalene Boggs, who resides with her daughter, Mrs. Ann Rothermel, at Milton, Wayne County. Mrs. Boggs was born on December 22, 1783, at Elizabethtown, Lancaster County, Pa. Her father, Peter Shafer, was a soldier in the Revolutionary War. He died in 1848 at the age of 97. She was married to Alexander Boggs in 1801. Mrs. Boggs is the mother of eleven children, four of whom are living, the oldest being 81 and the youngest 64. She has forty-eight grandchildren, ninety great-grandchildren, and twelve great-great-grandchildren. One of her grandchildren is over 50 years old, and one of her great-great-grandchildren is over 25. He is editor of the Latham Signal in Butler County, Kas. Mrs. Boggs is able to make her bed, and does all her own sewing. During the past year she has pieced a dozen quilts. Her faculties are all well preserved. She enjoys good health and her appetite is remarkably good.

—A disease resembling distemper is becoming prevalent among the horses in the vicinity of Martinsville. It attacks young horses more frequently than old ones, but very few of the latter have been afflicted yet. The animal's throat swells to a very large size, so as to make it difficult, if not impossible to swallow anything. The swollen part rarely breaks, but emits matter freely when lanced. Several horses have died of the disease and it is spreading continually. It is slow in its effects but quite fatal.

—The water from the artesian well at Martinsville is attaining a wide reputation for the cure of rheumatism and liver and kidney diseases, and is being shipped to Spencer, Gosport, Mooresville and other

places, on account of its excellent medical qualities. All who use it are enthusiastic in praising its good qualities. People visit the well from early morning until late at night, drinking the water and carrying it away in jugs, cans, buckets, and kegs.

—William Patterson, of Indianapolis, was instantly killed at Lafayette. Patterson stepped from an engine on the Lake Erie and Western road to the track of the Cincinnati, Indianapolis, St. Louis and Chicago. A locomotive on the road came rushing by. He attempted to step off the track, but his foot caught in the double rail and held him fast. He was horribly mangled.

—A terrible murder and robbery occurred near Fredericksburg, Washington County, recently. John Hertel and Daniel Wyninger, long time enemies, met on the turnpike, renewed their quarrel and finally ended it by Hertel stabbing Wyninger to death with a huge butcher knife. Hertel then robbed the dead man of \$2,000 and fled.

—A stranger was accidentally and instantly killed by the local passenger train, near the depot of the Pittsburgh road, at Fort Wayne. He hailed from Chicago, was apparently a tramp, and probably insane. There was nothing found on his person to lead to his identification.

—Edward T. Brush, switchman in the yards of the Pennsylvania Company, at Fort Wayne, while coupling cars, fell under the cars and was run over, causing death shortly afterward. Deceased was 30 years of age and leaves a family.

—Silas Shroyer, a Bartholomew County farmer, while driving an ox-team attached to a threshing engine descending a hill, fell off, the wheels passing over him, crushing him badly and injuring him internally. He cannot recover.

—Marshal Ellis, of Wabash, went to Marion in pursuit of thieves, and put up at a hotel over night. He got up in the night and walked out of a second-story window, falling thirty feet.

—The Attorney General is ready to bring suit against the Western Union Telegraph Company, the American Express Company, and the Woodruff Sleeping Car Company to recover taxes due under the law passed in 1881.

—Warden Patten, of the Jefferson prison, has settled with the Auditor of State for his quarter ending with July. During that period his receipts were \$20,927 and the expenditures \$20,270.

—At the firemen's tournament at Plymouth, the champion hose belt of the State was won by Bremon Hose, No. 4.

—Mrs. Sarah Ellen McIntosh, of Salem, oldest child of the late W. C. DePauw, has brought suit to set aside the will, on the ground of undue influence attending the execution.

—Stephen Allen, who has resided in Montgomery County for sixty years, died at his home, six miles south of Crawfordsville, aged 72 years.

—Allen Smith, an aged German of Terre Haute, cut his throat from ear to ear, and died several hours afterward.

—Frank Sanders was struck by a limb while felling timber near Anderson, and received fatal injuries.

—James Summers and wife, living near Memphis, were struck by lightning and instantly killed.

—Charles Haines was drowned while seining in Fall Creek, seven miles west of Anderson.

—Rev. Mr. Hermans will be called to the pastorate of Christ Episcopal Church, Madison.

—Elisha Rainbott was murdered at Jonesboro by two brothers named Brown.

—Charles Werry, of Warrick County, was killed by a runaway horse.

THE tight-laced woman has always good staying power.—Boston Gazette.

## SHORT LEGS MADE LONG.

"Your son has grown up to be quite a handsome young man," said an old fellow, addressing a young man.

"Well, no. You see the trouble with Bill is that his legs are too short. He started out with the fairest sort of promise, and at one time I had great hopes of his lending the luster of renown to my family by distinguishing himself as a base-ball player, but all of a sudden his legs stopped growing. This seemed to give fresh impetus to the growing of his body, and the first thing we knew he was all out of proportion."

The two friends were sitting in the rotunda of a Southern hotel. The man who had asked concerning his friend's son pointed to the stairway and said:

"There's his chance."

"How? What do you mean?"

"I mean that your son can reclaim his lost proportion. Listen a moment to a few statements of cold fact. There has never been anything discovered that exercises such an influence upon the length of the human leg as the position of bell-boy in a three-story hotel. I specify the three-story hotel, for it is not tall enough to warrant the use of an elevator. See that long-legged negro over there?"

"Yes."

"Well, I knew him when his legs were so short that he couldn't have straddled a duck. I actually saw him mounted on a horse one day and his legs stuck straight out."

"And did running up and down stairs lengthen his legs that way?"

"Just as sure as you are born. They used to make him a pair of pants by cutting a scollop out of two pieces of cloth and sewing them together. Now, you see, his legs are so long and his body is so short that the only thing necessary to make him a pair of pants is to take two bags and stitch them together at the top. Now, you take your son to a three-story hotel and get him a position as bell-boy, but you'll have to watch him."

"Why so?"

"You'll have to measure him every day to see that his legs do not get too long. I knew a fellow who did that work so long that once when a man, after gazing at him in astonishment, asked him why he wore such a peculiar belt, he took off what was thought to be a belt and proved it to be his collar. Bring your son to this place."—Arkansas Traveler.

## BEGGING FOR SOAP.

A ragged and dirty tramp entered Monmouth the other day and visited the stores in succession, begging a bar of soap from each. The purpose was so apparent that he was rarely refused. After putting in a day at this he held an auction at night and disposed of his day's plunder, which was large. The result was a neat sum—enough to keep him in luxury for some time.

CHARLES RAY, one of the curators of the Smithsonian Institution, who recently died in Washington, was a curious character. He had no relatives in this country, and leaves his fortune to a nephew in Germany. For fifty years he lived the life of a miser. He slept and cooked in one room in the Smithsonian building.



## "WE ARE WITNESSES."

Discourse by Rev. Dr. Talmage at the  
Hamptons.

**The World Will Be Brought to God Not  
Through Argument, but Through Testi-  
mony—The Christian's Weapon in the  
Conflict Is Faith, Not Logic.**

THE HAMPTONS, Aug. 24.—"The Facts  
Proved" is the subject of discourse by the  
Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D. D., to-day.  
His text is from Acts xv, 3: "We are wit-  
nesses." Following is his sermon in full:

In the days of George Stephenson, the  
perfector of the locomotive engine, the  
scientists proved conclusively that a rail-  
way train could never be driven by steam  
power successfully and without peril; but  
the rushing express trains from Liverpool  
to Edinburgh, and from Edinburgh to Lon-  
don, have made all the nations witnesses  
of the splendid achievement. Machinists  
and navigators proved conclusively that a  
steamer could never cross the Atlantic  
ocean; but no sooner had they successfully  
proved the impossibility of such an under-  
taking than the work was done, and the  
passengers on the Cunard and the Inman  
and the National and the White Star lines  
are witnesses. There went up a guffaw of  
wise laughter at Professor Morse's propo-  
sition to make the lightning of heaven his  
errand boy, and it was proved conclusively  
that the thing could never be done; but now  
all the news of the wide world, by Asso-  
ciated Press, put in your hands every  
morning and night, has made all nations  
witnesses.

So in the time of Christ it was proved  
conclusively that it was impossible for Him  
to rise from the dead. It was shown logi-  
cally that when He was dead He was dead,  
and the heart and the liver and the lungs  
having ceased to perform their offices, the  
limbs would be rigid beyond all power of  
friction or arousal. They showed it to be  
an absolute absurdity that the dead Christ  
should ever get up alive; but no sooner had  
they proved this than the dead Christ  
arose, and the disciples behind Him, heard  
His voice and talked with Him, and they  
took the witness stand to prove that to be  
true which the wisemen of the day had  
proved to be impossible; the record of the  
experiment and of the testimony is in the  
text: "Him hath God raised from the  
dead, whereof we are witnesses."

Now, let me play the skeptic for a mo-  
ment. "There is no God," says the skept-  
ic, "for I have never seen Him with my  
physical eyesight. Your Bible is a pack  
of contradictions. There never was a  
miracle. Lazarus was not raised from the  
dead, and the water was never turned into  
wine. Your religion is an imposition on  
the credulity of the ages." There is an  
aged man moving in that pew as though he  
would like to respond. Here are hundreds  
of people with faces a little flushed at these  
announcements, and all through this house  
there is a suppressed feeling which would  
like to speak out in behalf of the truth of  
our glorious Christianity, as in the days of  
the text, crying out: "We are witnesses!"

The fact is, that if this world is ever  
brought to God, it will not be through  
argument, but through testimony. You  
might cover the whole earth with apologies  
for Christianity and learned treatises in  
defense of religion—you would not convert  
a soul. Lectures on the harmony between  
science and religion are beautiful mental  
discipline, but have never saved a soul,  
and never will save a soul. Put a man of  
the world and a man of the church against  
each other and the man of the world will  
in all probability get the triumph. There  
are a thousand things in our religion that  
seem illogical to the world, and always will  
seem illogical.

Our weapon in this conflict is faith, not  
logic; faith, not metaphysics; faith, not  
profundity; faith, not scholastic explora-  
tion. But then, in order to have faith we  
must have testimony, and if 500 men, or  
1,000 men, or 500,000 men, or 5,000,000  
men get up and tell me that they have felt  
the religion of Jesus Christ a joy, a com-  
fort, a help, an inspiration, I am bound as  
a fair-minded man to accept their testimony.  
I want just now to put before you three  
propositions, the truth of which I think  
this audience will attest with overwhelming  
unanimity.

The first proposition is: We are witnesses  
that the religion of Christ is able to convert  
a soul.

The Gospel may have had a hard time to  
conquer us, we may have fought it back,  
but we were vanquished. You say conver-  
sion is only an imaginary thing. We  
know better. "We are witnesses." There  
never was so great a change in our heart  
and life on any other subject as on this.  
People laughed at the missionaries in  
Madagascar because they preached ten  
years without one convert; but there are  
33,000 converts in Madagascar to-day.  
People laughed at Dr. Judson, the Baptist  
missionary, because he kept on preaching  
in Burmah five years without a single con-  
vert; but there are 20,000 Baptists in  
Burmah to-day. People laughed at Dr.  
Morrison, in China, for preaching there  
seven years without a single conversion;  
but there are 15,000 Christians in China  
to-day. People laughed at the mission-  
aries for preaching at Tahiti for fifteen  
years without a single conversion, and at

the missionaries for preaching in Bengal  
seventeen years without a single conver-  
sion; yet in all those lands there are multi-  
tudes of Christians to-day.

But why go so far to find evidences of  
the Gospel's power to save a soul? "We  
are witnesses." We were so proud that no  
man could have humbled us; we were so  
hard that no earthly power could have  
melted us; angels of God were all around  
about us, they could not overcome us; but  
one day, perhaps at a Methodist anxious  
seat, or at a Presbyterian catechetical  
lecture, or at a burial, or on horseback, a  
power seized us, and made us get down,  
and made us tremble, and made us kneel,  
and made us cry for mercy, and we tried  
to wrench ourselves away from the grasp,  
but we could not. It hung us flat, and  
when we arose we were as much plucked  
as Gorgias, the heathen, who went into a  
prayer meeting with a dagger and a gun to  
disturb the meeting and destroy it; but the  
next day was found crying: "Oh, my great  
sins! Oh, my great Savior!" and for  
eleven years preached the gospel of Christ  
to his fellow mountaineers, the last words  
on his dying lips being "Free grace!" Oh,  
it was free grace.

There is a man who was for ten years a  
hard drinker. The dreadful appetite had  
set down its roots around the palate and  
the tongue, and on down until they were  
interlinked with the vitals of the body,  
mind, and soul; but he has not taken any  
stimulants for two years. What did that?  
Not temperance societies. Not prohibi-  
tion laws. Not moral suasion. Conver-  
sion did it. "Why," said one upon whom  
the great change had come, "sir, I feel  
just as though I were somebody else."

There is a sea captain who swore all the  
way from New York to Havana, and from  
Havana to San Francisco, and when he  
was in port he was worse than when he  
was on the sea. What power was it that  
washed his tongue clean of profanities,  
and made him a psalm singer? Conversion  
by the Holy Spirit. There are thousands  
of people in this house to-night who are  
no more what they once were than a  
waterily is nightshade, or a morning lark  
is a vulture, or day is night.

Now, if I should demand that all those  
people in this house who have felt the  
converting power of religion should rise,  
so far from being ashamed, they would  
spring to their feet with more alacrity than  
they ever sprang to the dance, the tears  
mingling with their exhilaration as they  
cried: "We are witnesses!" And if they  
tried to sing the old Gospel hymn they  
would break down with emotion by the  
time they got to the second line:

Ashamed of Jesus, that dear friend  
On whom my hopes of heaven depend?  
No! When I blush be this my shame,  
That I no more revere His name.

Again I remarked that "we are witnesses"  
of the Gospel's power to comfort.

When a man has trouble the world  
comes in and says: "Now get your mind off  
this; go out and breathe the fresh air;  
plunge deeper into business." What poor  
advice. Get your mind off of it! when  
everything is up-turned with the bereave-  
ment and everything reminds you of what  
you have lost. Get your mind off of it!  
They might as well advise you to stop  
thinking. You cannot stop thinking, and  
you cannot stop thinking in that direction.  
Take a walk in the fresh air! Why, along  
that very street or that very road she once  
accompanied you. Out of that grassplot  
she plucked flowers, or into that show-win-  
dow she looked, fascinated, saying: "Come,  
see the pictures." Go deeper into  
business! Why, she was associated with  
all your business ambition, and since she  
has gone you have no ambition left. Oh,  
this is a clumsy world when it tries to  
comfort a broken heart! I can build a  
Corliss engine, I can paint a Raphael's  
"Madonna," I can play a Beethoven's  
"Symphony" as easily as this world can  
comfort a broken heart. And yet you have  
been comforted. How was it done? Did  
Christ come to you and say: "Get your  
mind off this; go out and breathe the fresh  
air; plunge deeper into business?" No.  
There was a minute when he came to you  
—perhaps in the watches of the night,  
perhaps in your place of business, perhaps  
along the street—and he breathed some-  
thing into your soul that gave peace, rest,  
infinite quiet, so that you could take out  
the photograph of the departed one and  
look into the eyes and the face of the dear  
one, and say: "It is all right; she is better  
off; I would not call her back. Lord, I  
thank thee that thou hast comforted my  
poor heart."

There are Christian parents here who are  
willing to testify to the power of this Gos-  
pel to comfort. Your son had just gradu-  
ated from school or college and was going  
into business, and the Lord took him. Or  
your daughter had just graduated from the  
young ladies' seminary and you thought  
she was going to be a useful woman and of  
long life; but the Lord took her and you  
were tempted to say: "All this culture of  
twenty years for nothing!" Or a little  
child came home from school with the hot  
fever that stopped not for the agonized  
prayer or for the skillful physician, and  
the little child was taken. Or the babe  
was lifted out of your arms by some quick  
epidemic, and you stood wondering why  
God ever gave you that child at all, if so  
soon He was to take it away. And yet you  
are not repining, you are not fretful, you  
are not fighting against God.

You see, my friends, I have not put be-  
fore you an abstraction, or a chimera, or  
anything like guess work. I present you  
affidavits of the best men and women, liv-  
ing and dead. Two witnesses in court will  
establish a fact. Here are not two wit-  
nesses but thousands of witnesses—on earth  
millions of witnesses, and in Heaven a  
great multitude of witnesses that no man  
can number, testifying that there is power  
in this religion to convert the soul, to give  
comfort in trouble, and to afford composure  
in the last hour.

If ten men should come to you when you  
are sick with appalling sickness, and say

trial? "Oh," you say, "I took the medicine  
that God gave my sick soul. In my dis-  
tress I threw myself at the feet of a sym-  
pathizing God; and when I was too weak  
to pray or to look up He breathed into me  
a peace that I think must be the foretaste  
of that Heaven where there is neither a  
tear, nor a farewell, nor a grave." Come,  
all ye who have been out to the grave to  
weep there—come, all ye comforted souls,  
get up off your knees. Is there no power  
in this Gospel to soothe the heart? Is  
there no power in this religion to quiet the  
worst paroxysm of grief? There comes up  
an answer from comforted widowhood,  
and orphanage, and childlessness, saying:  
"Aye, aye, we are witnesses!"

Again, I remark that we are witnesses  
of the fact that religion has power to give  
composure in the last moment. I shall  
never forget the first time I confronted  
death. We went across the cornfields in  
the country. I was led by my father's  
hand and we came to the farm house  
where the bereavement had come, and we  
saw the crowd of wagons and carriages;  
but there was one carriage that especially  
attracted my boyish attention, and it had  
black plumes. I said: "What's that?  
what's that? Why those black tassels at  
the top?" and after it was explained to me  
I was lifted up to look upon the bright  
face of an aged Christian woman, who  
three days before had parted in triumph.  
The whole scene made an impression I  
never forgot.

In our sermons and in our lay exhorta-  
tions we are very apt, when we want to  
bring illustrations of dying triumph, to go  
back to some distinguished personage—to  
John Knox or a Harriet Newell. But I  
want you for witnesses.

I want to know if you have ever seen  
anything to make you believe that the re-  
ligion of Christ can give composure in the  
final hour. Now, in the courts, attorney,  
jury, and judge will never admit mere hear-  
say. They demand that the witness must  
have seen with his own eyes, or heard  
with his own ears, and so I am critical in  
my examination of you now, and I want  
to know whether you have seen or heard  
anything that makes you believe that the  
religion of Christ gives comfort in the  
final hour.

"Oh, yes," you say, "I saw my father  
and mother depart. There was a great  
difference in their death-beds. Standing  
by the one we felt more veneration. By  
the other there was more tenderness." Before  
the one you bowed perhaps in awe. In the  
other case you felt as if you would  
like to go along with her. How did they  
feel in that last hour? How did they seem  
to act? Were they very much frightened?  
Did they take hold of this world with  
both hands as though they did not want to  
give it up? "Oh, no," you say; "no, I re-  
member as though it were yesterday; she  
had a kind word for us all, and there were  
a few mementoes distributed among the  
children, and then she told us how kind  
we must be to our father in his loneliness,  
and then she kissed us good-by and went  
asleep as a child in a cradle."

What made her so composed? Natural  
courage? "No," you say; "mother was  
very nervous. When the carriage inclined  
to the side of the road she would cry out.  
She was always rather weakly." What,  
then, gave her composure? Was it because  
she did not care much for you and the  
pangs of parting was not great? "Oh," you  
say, "she showered upon us a wealth of  
affection; no mother ever loved her child-  
ren more than mother loved us. She  
showed it by the way she nursed us when  
we were sick, and she toiled for us until  
her strength gave out." What, then, was it  
that gave her composure in the last hour?  
Do not hide it. Be frank and let me  
know. "Oh," you say, "it was because she  
was so good. She made the Lord her  
portion, and she had faith that she would  
go straight to glory, and that we should  
all meet her at last at the foot of the  
throne."

Here are people who say: "I saw a  
Christian brother die, and he triumphed." And  
some one else: "I saw a Christian  
sister die, and she triumphed." Some one  
else will say: "I saw a Christian daughter  
die and she triumphed." Come, all ye  
who have seen the last moments of a  
Christian, and give testimony in this cause  
on trial. Uncover your heads, put your  
hand on the old family Bible from which  
they used to read the promises, and  
promises in the presence of high  
heaven that you will tell  
the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but  
the truth. With what you have seen with  
your own eyes, and from what you have  
heard with your own ears, is there power  
in this Gospel to give calmness and tri-  
umph in the last exigency? The re-  
sponse comes from all sides, from young,  
and old, and middle aged: "We are wit-  
nesses!"

You see, my friends, I have not put be-  
fore you an abstraction, or a chimera, or  
anything like guess work. I present you  
affidavits of the best men and women, liv-  
ing and dead. Two witnesses in court will  
establish a fact. Here are not two wit-  
nesses but thousands of witnesses—on earth  
millions of witnesses, and in Heaven a  
great multitude of witnesses that no man  
can number, testifying that there is power  
in this religion to convert the soul, to give  
comfort in trouble, and to afford composure  
in the last hour.

If ten men should come to you when you  
are sick with appalling sickness, and say

they had the same sickness, and took a  
certain medicine, and it cured them, you  
would probably take it. Now, suppose ten  
other men should come up and say: "We  
don't believe there is anything in that  
medicine." "Well," I say, "have you ever  
tried it?" "No. I never tried it, but don't  
believe there is anything in it." Of course  
you discredit their testimony. The skeptic  
may come and say: "There is no power in  
your religion." "Have you ever tried it?"  
"No, no." "Then await." Let me take the  
testimony of the millions of souls that have  
been converted to God and comforted in  
trial and solaced in the last hour. We will  
take their testimony as they cry: "We are  
witnesses!"

Some time ago Prof. Henry, of Wash-  
ington, discovered a new star, and the tid-  
ings sped by submarine telegraph, and all  
the observatories of Europe were watching  
for that new star. Oh, hearer, looking out  
through the darkness of your soul, canst  
thou see a bright light beaming on thee?  
"Where?" you say, "where? How can I  
find it?" Look along by the line of the  
cross of the Son of God. Do you not see  
it trembling with all tenderness and beam-  
ing with all hope? It is the Star of Bethle-  
hem.

Deep horror then my vitals froze.  
Death struck, I ceased the tide to stem.  
When suddenly a star arose  
It was the Star of Bethlehem.

Oh, hearer, get your eye on it. It is  
easier for you now to become Christians  
than it is to stay away from Christ and  
Heaven. When Mme. Sontag began her  
musical career she was hissed off the stage  
at Vienna by the friends of her rival,  
Amelia Steininger, who had already begun  
to decline through her dissipation. Years  
passed on, and one day Mme. Sontag, in  
her glory, was riding through the streets of  
Berlin, when she saw a little child leading  
a blind woman, and she said: "Come here,  
my little child, come here. Who is that  
you are leading by the hand?" And the  
little child replied: "That's my mother;  
that's Amelia Steininger. She used to be  
a great singer, but she lost her voice, and  
she cried so much about it that she lost her  
eyesight." "Give my love to her," said  
Mme. Sontag, "and tell her an old ac-  
quaintance will call on her this afternoon."

The next week in Berlin a vast assem-  
blage gathered at a benefit for that poor  
blind woman, and it was said that Mme.  
Sontag sang that night as she had never  
sung before. And she took a skilled  
oculist, who in vain tried to give eyesight  
to the poor blind woman. Until the day of  
Amelia Steininger's death Mme. Sontag  
took care of her and her daughter after  
her. That was what the queen of song did  
for her enemy.

But, oh! hear a more thrilling story still.  
Blind, immortal, poor, and lost—thou who,  
when the world and Christ were rivals for  
thy heart, didst bias thy Lord away—Christ  
comes now to give thee sight, to give thee  
a home, to give thee Heaven. With more  
than a Sontag's generosity He comes now to  
meet your need. With more than a Son-  
tag's music He comes to plead for thy de-  
liverance.

### Woman's Rights.

Woman's rights conventions are a  
protest against many former absurd,  
unreasonable ideas—the mere physical  
and culinary idea of womanhood, as  
connected only with puddings and shirt  
buttons, the unjust and unequal burdens  
which the laws of harsher ages had  
cast upon the sex. Many of the women  
connected with these movements are as  
superior in everything properly  
womanly as they are in exceptional talent  
and culture.

There is no manner of doubt that the  
sphere of woman is properly to be en-  
larged, and that republican govern-  
ments in particular are to be saved from  
corruption and failure only by allowing  
to women this enlarged sphere. Every  
woman has rights as a human being  
first, which belongs to no sex, and  
ought to be as freely conceded to her  
as if she were a man—and first and  
foremost, the great right of doing any-  
thing which God and nature evidently  
have fitted her to excel in.

A state is but an association of fami-  
lies, and laws relate to the right and  
immunities which touch woman's  
most private and immediate wants and  
dearest hopes; and there is no reason  
why sister, wife, and mother should be  
more powerless in the state than in the  
home. Nor does it make a woman un-  
womanly to express an opinion by drop-  
ping a slip of paper into a box more  
than to express that same opinion by  
conversation. In fact, there is no doubt  
that in all matters relating to the in-  
terests of education, temperance, and  
religion the state would be a material  
gainer by receiving the votes of women.

—Harriet Beecher Stowe.

Toads are an article of merchandise  
in Paris, being kept in tubes and sold  
at the rate of two francs a dozen.

We are sure to get the better of for-  
tune if we do but grapple with her.—  
Seneca.



## FOUND IN HOTEL BEDROOMS.

Travelers Forget All Sorts of Property from False Teeth to Clothing.

"Heah am a set ob false teef from a hund'ed an' fo'teen," remarked a bell-boy in one of the city hotels as he deposited a small parcel on the clerk's desk in the presence of a Pittsburgh Dispatch reporter.

"One hundred and fourteen," said the clerk; "that's the old gentleman who was called at 5 o'clock to make a train. He'll be sending for them in a day or two." And the clerk dropped the masticators on his desk.

"Do you gather in many such treasures?" asked the reporter.

"Oh, yes. People are always forgetting something—night-shirts, watches, revolvers, suits of clothes, toilet brushes—almost everything. The articles are at once brought to the office and a card is put on showing the number and occupant of the room. If the loser is a regular visitor he gets the article when he comes round again. If not, the article is kept in the office about a month, and then if not claimed is put away in a storeroom and kept. Almost always, if the article is of any value, we get a telegram from the owner directing us what to do with it, but frequently it happens that they forget where it is left, and never know unless they come back and are told about it."

"I received a telegram from a man one day, saying: 'Left \$10 in my room. Save till I come. I couldn't find any \$10, but he had left a suit of clothes in the room. These I kept until he showed up about a month afterward. He had found the \$10 supposed to have been lost, but he had entirely forgotten where the suit of clothes had been left.'"

Corkscrews and pocket-flasks, are frequently left behind and rarely called for; and a conscientious clerk in one of the most prominent hostelrys still preserves a little silver-clasped bible and an empty half-pint flask with a silver top which were left on the dresser in one of the rooms of the house occupied by a clerical-looking man with a Prince Albert coat and a white tie.

Clerk Al Kane, of the Central Hotel, tells of an amusing experience he had some time ago. A long-haired German came out of the reading-room shortly before 5 o'clock and said that he was going to leave at 6 o'clock, and they were to have him called if he didn't come down. About 5:50 the man rushed up to the desk and said: "Oh! has anybody leaf a pig red pocket-book nit you?"

"No, I think not," said the clerk.

"Mein Gott!" was all the gentleman said, as he ran both hands up through his long hair. Then he darted into the reading-room. In a few seconds he came back, laughing and clapping the big red pocket-book in his hands.

"It was rig'd der blace' in where I left in before, and I vhasn't got another cent," he said as he opened it and counted out \$485. The pocket-book had lain an hour on the big writing-table, in plain view from the street or corridors, and it was really a very lucky thing for the gentleman that he had found it.

Pocket-books, watches, and revolvers are among the most frequent finds, owing to the custom so many people have of putting these articles under their pillows. Hotel men say that drummers rarely leave anything behind. It is only those not used to travel, as a rule, that forget their belongings.

### A Strange Mummy's Head.

A few days ago a well-known dealer in stamps and curios received from Ecuador the head of a South American Indian, which, from all that can be learned, is anywhere from 300 to 400 years old. The curious part of this cranium is the method which was used in its preservation. It had been cleanly severed from the body, and by means of a slit made in the back of the neck all the facial and cranial bones were removed. By what process is unknown. This done, the back of the neck is sewn up, the stitches being visible to the eye, a number of pieces of string run through the lips, and a stout piece of twine passed through the head. In some mysterious way the head was then compressed until it was no larger than any ordinary wax doll's head. The supposition is that then, by means of the cord through the top of the skull, the head was hung up in a vault or some other such place. At

present there are only two of these curiosities in this country. The natives, by whom they are looked upon as a kind of god, are reluctant to part with them. The features of this one, which the World reporter examined closely, are well preserved and show no signs of decay. There is a luxuriant growth of long black hair on the head. The gentlemen in whose possession it is said that he understood that this method was used only in the cases of chiefs or other notables.—New York World.

### Christenings in Transylvania.

Two godfathers and two godmothers are generally appointed at Saxon peasant christenings, and it is customary that one couple should be old and the other young; but in no case should a husband and wife figure as godparents at the same baptism, but each one of the quartet must belong to a different family. This is a general custom but in some districts the rule demands two godfathers and one godmother for a boy, two godmothers and one godfather for a girl.

If the parents have lost other children before, then the infant should not be carried out by the door in going to church, but handed out by the window, and brought back in the same way. It should be carried by the broadest streets, never by narrow lanes, else it will learn this thing. The godparents must not look round on their way to church; and the first person met by the christening procession will decide the sex of the next child to be born, a boy if it be a man.

If two children are baptized out of the same water, one of them will soon die; and if several boys are christened successively in the same church, there will be war in the land as soon as they are grown up. Many girls denote fruitful vintage for the country when they have attained a marriageable age.

If the child sleeps during the baptismal ceremony, then it will be pious and good-tempered; but if it cries, it will be bad-tempered or unlucky; therefore, the first question asked by the parents on the return home from church is generally, "Was it a quiet baptism?" and if such had not been the case, the sponsors are apt to conceal the truth.

In some places the christening procession returning to the house of the parents finds the door closed. After knocking for some time in vain, a voice from within summons the godfather to name seven bald men out of the parish. When this has been answered, a further question is asked as to the gospel read in church; and only on receiving, "Let the children come to me," is the door flung open, saying: "Come in, you have harkened attentively to the words of the Lord."—Popular Science Monthly.

### The Pope's Guard.

The Pope, who once ruled all Europe with despotic sway, is now visible master of little more than his own palace. His army, once able to contend with the forces of a nation, now consists of 100 Swiss, dressed in baggy knee-breeches of flaming red, yellow, blue, etc., stockings of the same gorgeous hues, jackets ditto, jaunty hats of yellow and red, and feathers in the top—in short, the costume worn six or eight centuries ago. Why this absurd dress is adhered to nobody knows, and, indeed, the raison d'être of guards at all is a mystery. They have nothing to do, and the only purpose they seem to serve is to excite the risibility of visitors to the Vatican. The soldiers of Italy, who march up and down the line around St. Peter's and the Vatican, strictly defining the dominions of the Pope, are paid 25 cents a day and live on soup, bread, and occasionally salt meat. The gorgeous peacocks of the Pope get 32 cents a day and their many-colored dress thrown in; it will be seen, therefore, that it pays better to be ornamental than useful.—Rome letter.

### A Give Away.

Miss Pettem—Pretty Polly!  
Polly (imitatively)—Pretty Polly!  
Miss Pettem—You're sure the bird is a young one?  
Dealer—Absolutely, madam! He came from Africa last May.  
Polly (suddenly)—Tippecanoe and Tyler too!—oo!—oo!—Puck.

"Johnny," inquired his aunt, "what do you like best of all?" "Candy," replied Johnny. "And what after that?" inquired his aunt. "More candy," replied Johnny, after a moment's deliberation.—Pittsburgh Dispatch.

Come to the bridal chamber, Death!  
Come to the mother, when she feels  
For the first time, her first born's breath,  
And thou art terrible!

The untimely death which annually carries off thousands of human beings in the prime of youth, is indeed terrible. The first approach of consumption is insidious, and the sufferer himself is the most unconscious of its approach. One of the most alarming symptoms of this dread disease is, in fact, the ineradicable hope, which lurks in the heart of the victim, preventing him from taking timely steps to arrest the malady. That it can be arrested in its earlier stages is beyond question, as there are hundreds of well-authenticated cases where Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery has effected a complete cure.

### There May Be a Slip.

Sardonicus—I should think there would be more embezzlement in summer than in winter.

Ukerdek—And why?

Sardonicus—The weather is so much nicer in Canada.

Ukerdek—Yes, but the jails are a great deal more uncomfortable in warm weather than in cool.—Detroit Free Press.

Walking advertisements for Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy are the thousands it has cured.

Why is a black horse hard to train? Because you can't make a black horse a bay (objec).

### "Consumption Can Be Cured."

Dr. J. S. Combs, Owensville, Ohio, says: "I have given Scott's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil with Hypophosphites to four patients with better results than seemed possible with any remedy. All were hereditary cases of Lung disease, and advanced to that stage when Coughs, pain in the chest, frequent breathing, frequent pulse, fever and emaciation. All these cases have increased in weight from 16 to 28 lbs., and are not now needing any medicine."

It is no sign because a man makes a stir in the community that he is a spoon.

### Harvest Excursions.

The Burlington Route, C. B. and Q. R. R., will sell, on Aug. 30, Sept. 24, and Oct. 11, Harvest Excursion Tickets at one fare for the round trip to principal points in Nebraska, Kansas, Minnesota, and Dakota. Limit, thirty days. For tickets and further information concerning these excursions, call on the nearest C. B. and Q. Ticket Agent.

## All Used Up

Strength all gone. Tired out. Overworked. Feeling mean and miserable.—You must not neglect yourself longer. Delays are dangerous. The downward tendency of your system must be stopped. You need the tonic, strengthening, building up properties of Hood's Sarsaparilla to restore you to health, give you an appetite, and make you active, cheerful, and willing to work. "I felt good results from the first dose of Hood's Sarsaparilla. It seemed to go from my head to my toes. I know Hood's Sarsaparilla is a good thing, and on the strength of my own experience I have sold a great deal of it." G. H. STANLEY, druggist, Westfield, Mass.

### Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. \$1; six for \$5. Prepared by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar.

## KIDDER'S

# DIGESTYLIN

A SURE CURE FOR INDIGESTION AND DYSPESIA.

Over 5,000 Physicians have sent us their approval of DIGESTYLIN, saying that it is the best preparation for indigestion that they have ever used. We have never heard of a case of Dyspepsia where DIGESTYLIN was taken that was not cured.

### FOR CHOLERA INFANTUM.

IT WILL CURE THE MOST AGGRAVATED CASES. IT WILL RELIEVE CONSTIPATION.

For Summer Complaints and Chronic Diarrhea, which are the direct results of imperfect digestion, DIGESTYLIN will effect an immediate cure.

Take DIGESTYLIN for all pains and disorders of the stomach; they all come from indigestion. Ask your druggist for DIGESTYLIN, price \$1 per large bottle. If he does not have it, send one dollar to us and we will send a bottle to you, express prepaid. Do not hesitate to send your money. Our bottle is reliable. Established twenty-five years.

W. M. F. KIDDER & CO.,

Manufacturing Chemists, 83 John St., N. Y.



## THOUSANDS

say that

## Ely's Cream Balm

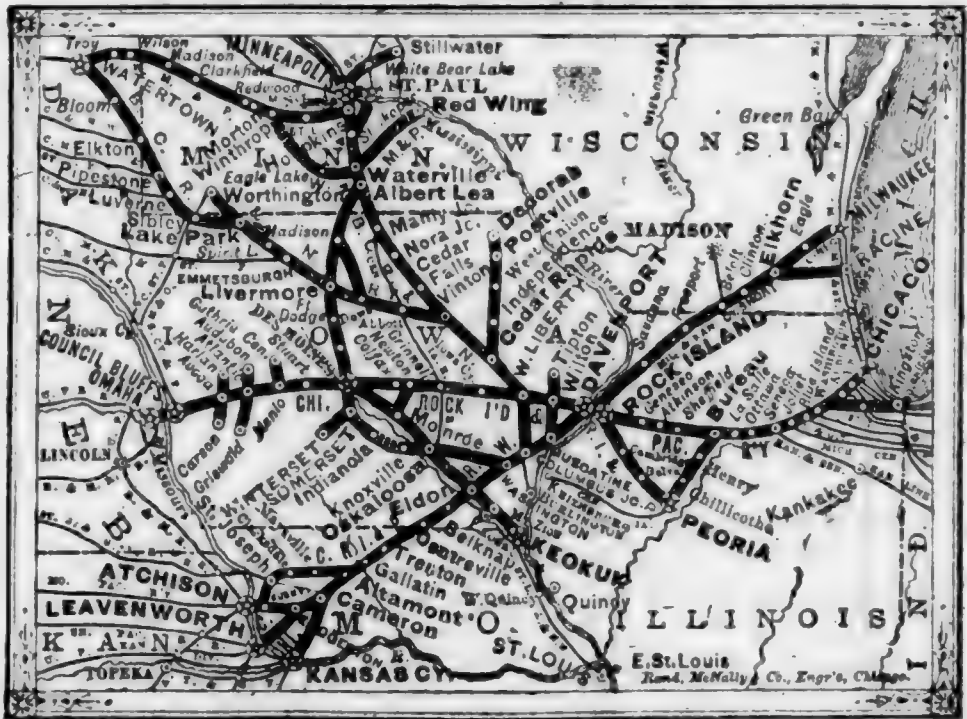
cured them of

## HAY-FEVER

Apply Balm into each nostril.

# A MAN

WHO IS UNACQUAINTED WITH THE GEOGRAPHY OF THIS COUNTRY, WILL SEE BY EXAMINING THIS MAP, THAT THE



## CHICAGO, ROCK ISLAND & PACIFIC R'Y

By reason of its central position, close relation to principal lines East of Chicago and continuous lines at terminal points West, Northwest and Southwest—is the only true middle-link in that transcontinental system which invites and facilitates travel and traffic in either direction between the Atlantic and Pacific.

The Rock Island main line and branches include Chicago, Joliet, Ottawa, La Salle, Peoria, Geneseo, Moline and Rock Island, in Illinois; Davenport, Muscatine, Washington, Fairfield, Ottumwa, Oskaloosa, West Liberty, Iowa City, Des Moines, Indianola, Winterset, Atlantic, Knoxville, Audubon, Harlan, Guthrie Centre and Council Bluffs, in Iowa; Gallatin, Trenton, St. Joseph, Cameron and Kansas City, in Missouri; Leavenworth and Atchison, in Kansas; Albert Lea, Minneapolis and St. Paul, in Minnesota; Watertown in Dakota, and hundreds of intermediate cities, towns and villages.

### THE GREAT ROCK ISLAND ROUTE

Guarantees Speed, Comfort and Safety to those who travel over it. Its roadbed is thoroughly ballasted. Its track is of heavy steel. Its bridges are solid structures of stone and iron. Its rolling stock is perfect as human skill can make it. It has all the safety appliances that mechanical genius has invented and experience proved valuable. Its practical operation is conservative and methodical—its discipline strict and exacting. The luxury of its passenger accommodations is unequalled in the West—unsurpassed in the world.

ALL EXPRESS TRAINS between Chicago and the Missouri River consist of comfortable DAY COACHES, magnificent PULLMAN PALACE PARLOR and SLEEPING CARS, elegant DINING CARS providing excellent meals, and—between Chicago, St. Joseph, Atchison and Kansas City—restful RECLINING CHAIR CARS.

### THE FAMOUS ALBERT LEA ROUTE

Is the direct, favorite line between Chicago and Minneapolis and St. Paul. Over this route solid Fast Express Trains run daily to the summer resorts, picturesque localities and hunting and fishing grounds of Iowa and Minnesota. The rich wheat fields and grazing lands of interior Dakota are reached via Watertown.

A short desirable route, via Seneca and Kankakee, offers superior inducements to travelers between Cincinnati, Indianapolis, Lafayette and Council Bluffs, St. Joseph, Atchison, Leavenworth, Kansas City, Minneapolis, St. Paul and intermediate points.

All classes of patrons, especially families, ladies and children, receive from officials and employes of Rock Island trains protection, respectful courtesy and kindly attention.

For Tickets, Maps, Folders—obtainable at all principal Ticket Offices in the United States and Canada—or any desired information, address,

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Pres't & Gen'l Mgr, Chicago. Asst Gen'l Mgr, Chicago. Gen'l Tkt. & Pass. Agt, Chicago.



St. Joe News.

MORT & WILL OLDS, PUBLISHERS.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:

One Year, in advance ..... \$0.75  
Six Months ..... 50  
Three Months ..... 25

Entered at the Post Office at St. Joe  
as second-class matter.

FRIDAY AUGUST 26, 1887.

We will have to take the potatoes this fall, tops and all, to make much of a crop.

The evenings are getting long now, and you will want something to read. Subscribe for the News; only 25 cts. for three months.

The recent rains have been good for the grass. Pasture being so short has had the effect of making the supply of butter very scarce.

Filley & Lounsberry received the contract for putting in the bridge near Henry Hull's. We'll wager an old hat that it will be done right.

Harlow Gee of Orangeville, claims that he has a warrant deed for Union township, for the right to put down drive wells. He traded a two year old colt for it a number of years ago. If this deed proves good it may cause some trouble in the camp, and Harlow may rake in that royalty instead of the other fellow.

Quite a number of our citizens received a very polite invitation this week to step up and pay their \$10 royalty on drive wells. Some took it all in good humor, while with others it didn't seem to go down so well. It is an unjust dose, but there don't seem to be any way to avoid taking the medicine.

The Edgerton Observer, one of our wide awake exchanges, completed its first six months existence last week, under the management of Charles S. Austin, the present editor and proprietor. The Observer is a good paper, and deserves the prosperity it is meeting with. By the way, we called on Bro. Austin one day last week, but found the latch-string all on the inside of the door.

After a long and painful illness, Jacob White died at his home in this place, on Friday night, August 19th, at ten o'clock, at the age of 29 years, 11 months and 18 days. The funeral services were held in the Lutheran church, on Sunday afternoon, and were attended by a large number of people. Rev. J. Shaffer of Maysville preached the funeral discourse, after which the remains were laid to rest in the beautiful cemetery at Spencer-ville.

W. I. McKee, agent for the B. & O. at this place, was called to his home at Hologate, Ohio, last Thursday, by a telegram announcing that his brother had been seriously, if not fatally shot. He left on No. 10, but before he arrived there his brother was dead. The facts as near as we could learn, were as follows: His brother, who was about sixteen years of age, in company with a friend of his, had been out hunting, and on their return, he was walking just behind his friend, who was carrying a gun over his shoulder. The gun had carelessly been left cocked and in some way or another it became discharged, and the entire contents entered the left side of the unfortunate young man. He lived for about three hours after the accident. When will people learn to be careful with fire-arms?

OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

SPENCERVILLE.

John Bishop is visiting in Van Wert this week.

Ivan Fryberger has been quite sick during the past week.

Miss Louie Rummel and Willis Carey Sundayed at home.

Miss Lottie Parent is the guest of her sister Mrs. Cassius Silberg.

Workmen are engaged in building the steeple on the new church.

Mrs. Askew and Mrs. Nichols, of Auburn, visited in town last Saturday.

Miss Clara Emanuel, of Antwerp, was the guest of her grandparents Sunday.

Murray Bros. are repairing their flouring mill, and will put in a full roller process.

The M. E. Sunday school will attend the picnic to be held at St. Joe, Sept. 3rd.

The effect of having a saloon in town could be plainly seen and heard until a late hour Saturday night.

Miss Bertha Coughanhour, of Hicksville, was the guest of Miss Eva Shutt one day this week.

The Woman's Foreign Missionary Society, will be entertained by Mrs. J. A. Provines, Saturday afternoon Aug. 27th, 1887. All are cordially invited.

It is said that some persons were not content with getting on a bender themselves last Saturday night, but they tried to get a horse drunk. Shame on such actions.

While Andrew Horn was assisting in getting some large poles for use in scaffolds on the new church, he was thrown from the wagon and quite seriously hurt. It will confine him to the house for several weeks.

CONCORD.

Miss Lydia Wyatt has been very sick for several days.

Mrs. Guysinger entertained friends from Garrett last week.

Mrs. John Frets, of Auburn is visiting in the neighborhood for a few days.

Mrs. Wayne Scott, Mrs. G. Morr and Charley Rickett continue on the sick list.

Grandma Simanton and Mrs. Flora Simanton entertained acquaintances last Wednesday.

Mrs. Dott Johnson very kindly assisted Mrs. James Smith in cooking for threshers this week.

Grandma Buchanan and daughter entertained quite a number of friends and relatives last Tuesday afternoon.

We forgot to mention last week that, Rev. J. M. Langley, wife and daughter, of St. Joe, and F. Buchanan and wife, visited in the family of Grandma Baker.

The 51st anniversary of the birthday of Frank Herrick, was duly celebrated on the 20th inst. There was a large party in attendance, about 120 in the day time and a larger number in the evening. The dinner was sumptuous. A beautiful dressing case and mustache cup and saucer were presented him, and an elegant hanging lamp to his wife. The presentation speech by C. A. Jenkins was brief, but quite eloquent and full of pathos. The response by Mr. Herrick was made with much feeling, and showed that he appreciated the gifts, and the coming in of his many friends. It was intended for a surprise but Frank said he "smelled a mice," for he saw so many good things in the way of eatables, around the day before. The young people presented him with \$2.65 in the evening, with the request that he get whatever he wished. We regret very much that we could not be there, but had to stay at home and assist in threshing.

JUST RECEIVED THIS WEEK AT

LEIGHTY'S

Nearly 5000 Yards of Best Prints,

WHICH WILL BE SOLD AT

5 CENTS PER YARD.

ALSO A LARGE STOCK OF OTHER GOODS, CHEAP.  
CALL AND SEE THEM.

Rev. Beaty of Maysville, delivered a lecture on "Mental Philosophy" at the Methodist church last evening.

Hereafter we shall furnish our readers each week with Talmages sermons. We hope our readers will appreciate this new feature.

The Y. P. T. L. A. will meet at the residence of Miss Nina Filley, on Wednesday evening, Aug. 31th. A good program has been arranged.

The picnic at St. Joe on the 3rd of September promises to be quite a large affair, as already a number of schools have signified their intention of being present.

Weighmaster Baker reports that 1460 bushels of grain has been taken in at the St. Joe elevator in the past week. Farmers are too busy to market much grain.

Not long ago it was all gas wells, but in the last week the general topic of conversation is in regard to drive wells. A good many are taking stock in the scheme to the tune of a ten dollar bill.

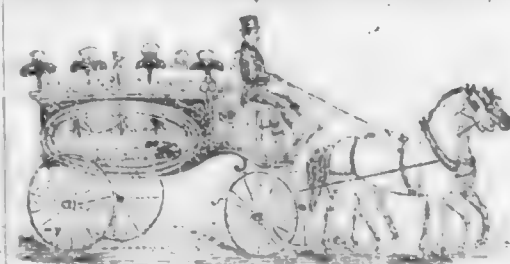
Mahlon Baker says: "that everybody wants him to thrash for them at the same time, but that there is no use of talking, he can't be at more than one place at a time." This is a hard world to please everybody.

The many friends of Rev. Langley will be glad to know that he has been returned to this charge for another year. They will also be pleased to know that he had the honor of being elected President of the Northern Indiana Conference.

Mrs. Lucia J. Martin a distinguished elocutionist and dramatic reader, will give an entertainment at Butler, next Thursday evening, under the auspices of the De Kalb County Teachers' Institute. It has been through the efforts of County Superintendent Merica that this entertainment has been arranged, and it will no doubt richly repay any one who will take the trouble to attend.

This space belongs to J. H. Conrad, the man who Gutters and Sputters and Spouts, and makes the best Tinware in the county. Give him a call when needing anything in his line.

Case & Olds desire to call the attention of the lady readers of the News to their Two Dollar Fine Kid Shoes. They are the best shoe for the money ever offered in this market. Drop in and see them.



"TRUTH IS MIGHTY, AND WILL PREVAIL."

LOOK THIS WAY!

I keep on hand a fine line of Furniture, which I will sell for the next 60 days at prices that defy competition. Glass Cupboards \$8.50. Double Cane Seat and Back Rockers \$2. Dressing Case, with French Plate Glass \$12.00. Carpet Lounges \$6.50. Solid Comfort Beds for \$2.25. Undertaking a speciality.

August Kinsey, St. Joe, Ind.

A Disastrous Flood!

Heavy damages done by the over-throw of High Prices, and we will continue same. Good Brown Sugar 5 and 6 cts. Granulated 7 cts. Rosin 5 cts. Alum 5 cts. Salts 3 cts. Bird Seed 8 cts. Salt Peter 12 1/2 cts. Prunes 6 1/2 cts. Good Gingham 6 cts. Dress Goods at your own price. Grain Sacks 18 cts. All goods as cheap as the cheapest. Highest market price paid for Wheat, Oats and Seeds.

S. & F. Barney



## Bentley & Rogers' GREAT Consolidated Shows



are coming and will exhibit at

**ST. JOE,**  
Thursday, Sept. 1st.  
Ground and  
**LOFTY TUMBLING**  
by the company.



Let everybody that want to see a first-class circus come to this next Thursday evening. Admission 25 cts.

### NOTICE.

Our annual partnership settlement occurs on the first of September, and we desire to have all who are indebted to us, call on or before that time and settle up. Please attend to this matter at once, and oblige  
Filley, Lounsbury & Shuler.

### \*LOCALS.\*

Only two weeks more of Normal school.

The recent rains have helped the late corn.

Get ready for the big picnic at St. Joe on Saturday, Sept 3rd.

A good boot for fall wear, only two dollars, at Case & Olds.

The cool weather is very acceptable after such a severe spell of warm weather.

It is astonishing with what rapidity some of our Normal school girls can "chaw" gum.

A joint council meeting of the St. Joe and Spencerville Lutheran congregations, will be held at Spencerville to-morrow.

George Swineford's sale was not very largely attended yesterday, but the articles sold, brought a good price, as they usually do at sales.

It was reported on our streets yesterday that the fast line had run into a team just west of Concord, but there don't seem to be any foundation to the rumor.

The Hicksville Independent will issue a daily during the fair.

Simon Wineland took in the excursion to Pittsburgh last Saturday.

The pool on wall paper has been broken, and prices are considerably lower this fall.

Notwithstanding the effect of the dry weather on the corn, there will be a fair crop.

Free Zeigler is making a forty-five dollar set of harness for Fred Jenkins. It will be a dandy set.

The managers of the Waterloo Fair are putting forth an extra effort to have the best fair this fall that they have ever had.

Have you seen those elegant twenty button Kid Shoes at Case & Olds? They are just splendid. Don't buy until you see them.

B. A. Woodcox is painting Sam Hineman's farm residence in good style. But then, Barney knows just exactly how to do it.

The Garrett Clipper says that E. J. Boyle was up in that neighborhood last week, looking up his interests as a candidate for sheriff.

The county institute will convene at Butler next Tuesday, and continue its sessions during the week. An interesting and profitable time is expected.

The annual meeting of the Disciples of Christ, in De Kalb county, will be held in the church at Butler, commencing to-day and lasting over Sunday.

Wash Woodcox and Ora Hatch left last Monday for Walnut Ridge, Ark. As soon as they can get up a house, Mr. Woodcox will remove his family to that place.

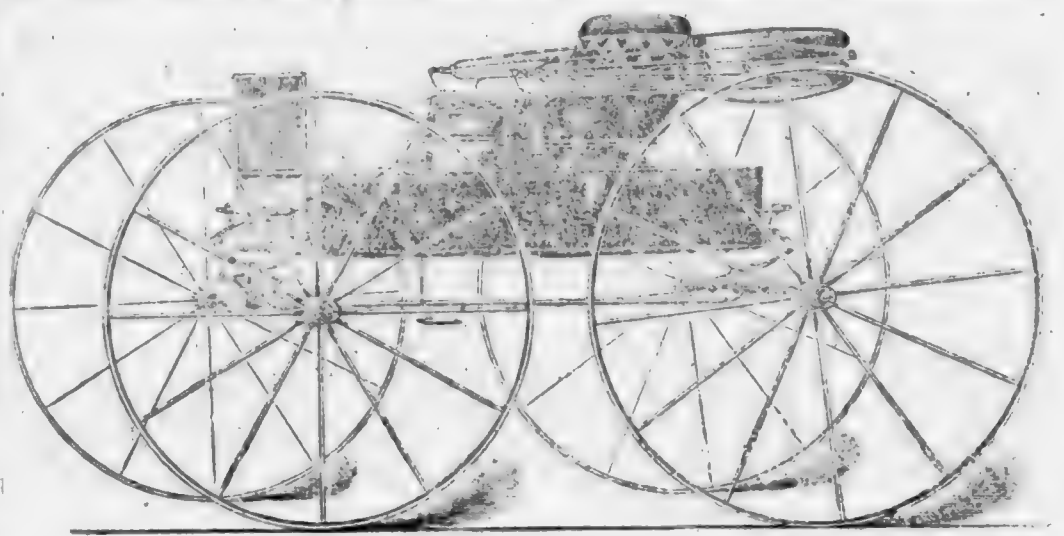
Mart Engle took up a stray heifer one day last week; it is of a redish color and about two years old. The owner can have same by calling at Mr. Engle's farm north of St. Joe.

Before Wash Woodcox left for the west his wife presented him with another son. If Wash should take a notion to run for some office after his boys have become of age, he will have almost enough votes in his own family to elect him.

Children's day at the Hicksville Fair promises to be a gala day, indeed. There will be a grand balloon ascension, besides many other attractions. All Sunday school children who provide themselves with proper tickets, will be admitted to the ground free.

T. H. Sprott of Auburn, has been appointed agent for the collection of the drive well royalty in this county. A recent decision of the Supreme Court of the United States requires that all persons who had a drive well previous to Jan. 1, 1885, pay a royalty of ten dollars. It seems rather tough, but there is no way to get out of paying it. Be careful though, and see that you pay the proper person, as there are some sharpers out who are not authorized to make such collections.

We were lately asked what magazine had made the most progress during the past year, and were unable to give an answer; but DEMOREST'S MONTHLY for September having just arrived calls the question to our mind and an examination of this elegant Family Magazine obliges us to admit that it would be a difficult for any publication to show more enterprise and progress. All the Departments are so complete that there is nothing left to be desired; information can be found herein on every point interesting to the household, even to the monthly news. Subscribe for it. Published by W. JENNINGS DEMOREST, 15 East 14th Street, New York City.



MOUNTED WITH THE HERBRAND GEAR IRONS

**ECKHART CARRIAGE WORKS,**

AUBURN, DE KALB CO., IND.

—MANUFACTURER OF—

**FIRST CLASS CARRIAGES,**

**CHARLES ECKHART, PROPRIETOR.**

Call on me when in need of a first-class Carriage or Huggy, and I will save you money. I guarantee all work as representative.

**G. E. EMANUEL, M. D., Physician and Surgeon, Spencerville, Ind.** Office in J. Emanuel & Son's Drug Store. All calls promptly answered.

**HOUSE PAINTING, Graining, Glazing Paper Hanging and Ceiling Decorating a specialty.** All work guaranteed. B. A. Woodcox. Call and see me, or leave orders at the St. Joe Drugstore.

### \*ST. JOE MARKETS.\* CORRECTED EVERY FRIDAY.

Wheat	70 cts.
Oats	25 cts.
Corn	35 cts.
Butter	10 cts.
Eggs	12 cts.
Tallow	34 cts.
Lard	10 cts.
Potatoes	50 cts.

### Baltimore & Ohio R. R.

Trains Leave St. Joe as follows:

WESTBOUND.	
No. 9 Mail and Express	11:05 A. M.
17 Accommodation	4:18 P. M.
3 Chicago Express	10:42 P. M.
35 Local Freight	3:42 P. M.

EAST BOUND.	
No. 10 Express and Mail	2:08 P. M.
16 Accommodation	10:28 A. M.
4 Morning Express	4:55 A. M.
34 Local Freight	7:59 A. M.

W. I. McKee, AGENT.

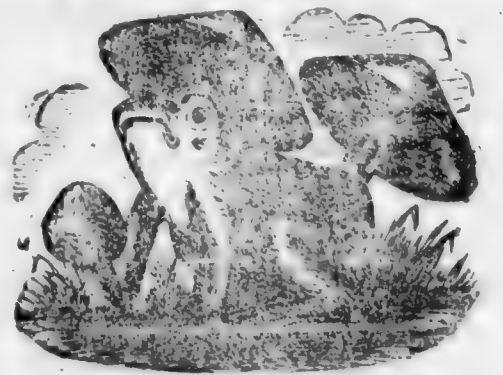
### Bucklen's Arnica Salvo.

THE BEST SALVE in the world for Cuts, Bruises Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. PRICE 25 cents per box. For sale by W. C. Patterson.

We are agents for McCraw & Co's. twenty button Kid Shoes. Call and see them.

Will Bishop, brother of M. T. of this place, is dangerously sick at his home in Van Wert, Ohio.

They were measuring the distance from the post office to the depot again this week, to see who is to carry the mail; the post office department or the railroad company. It is nip and tuck, with the odds in favor of tuck.



"No is ever so humble,  
There's no place like home."

And no home is complete without first going to Mart Lustison's Grocery and getting a pound can of Baking Powder and a handsome piece of China-ware. Price only 50 cents Baking Powder warranted strictly pure. Main street, St. Joe, Ind.

### A SOUND LEGAL OPINION.

E. Bainbridge Munday Esq., County Atty., Clay Co., Tex. says: "Have used Electric Bitters with most happy results. My brother also was very low with Malarial Fever and Jaundice, but was cured by timely use of this medicine. Am satisfied Electric Bitters saved my life."

Mr. D. I. Wilcoxson, of Boone, Ky., adds a like testimony saying, "He positively believes, he would have died, had it not been for Electric Bitters."

This great remedy will ward off, as well as cure all Malaria diseases, and for all Kidney, Liver and Stomach Disorders stands unequalled. Price 50c. and \$1. at W. C. Patterson's.

Clover seed is coming into market.

Chris Curie is afflicted like Job was, years and years ago.

What's the matter with your looking at those twenty button Kid Shoes at Case & Olds.

Jonathan Bair, the mail carrier from the north always comes in on time. He's a hustler.

Frank Walker is a center shot. He threw an old shoe at Will Curie the other day, but instead of hitting Will, the shoe went through one of Frank's front plate glass windows.

Our school building looks up big since the new addition has been built on. Ten years ago there was only a small frame school house here, with fifteen or twenty scholars, while to-day we have a large brick building with four rooms and one hundred and fifty scholars. How we do grow.



# The St. Joe News.

ST JOE, INDIANA.

MORT & WILL OLDS, PUBLISHERS.

## THE TROUBLE AT SANDY FLAT.

He'd jes' come down from Bearin' Run, he told the boys he met,  
An' he'd come down to wade in blood an' hev a time you bet;  
Fer he'd heered the Flat were some on the fight an' shoot and kill.  
An' that they kinder blowed around they thought he'd get his fill;  
But he allowed 'twould jes' be fun,  
Ter swing around a ten-inch gun,  
An' learn 'em all to hev respect fer men from Bearin' Run!

He explained he were a slycone as could tear an' short an' rip  
He'd then proceed to do it all ef they gave him any lip;  
That when he fit he allays come a-sweepin' like a gale,  
An' ef he had an enemy he camped right on his trail;  
An' that they'd say he weighed a ton  
About the time the fight begun,  
An' that Harney's Peak were on 'em when they'd done with Bearin' Run!

He stopped up to a feller as he 'lowed 'n'd make a bite,  
An' slapped him one, he said, "ter inaugurate the fight."  
But the cuss he swung a billiard cue that knocke'd him on the floor,  
An' then he kicked him through the screen as stood up by the door;  
An' then they 'lowed the fight were done,  
About the time that it begun,  
An' the terror scooted up the gulch that led towards Bearin' Run!  
Dakota Bell.

## A BLISSFUL REUNION.

BY GORDON STABLES, M.D., R.N.

He was a little old man, verging perhaps on 60, with closely-cropped hair, and a hat which Wilhelm could not keep from thinking was one size or more too big for him. A little old man with sad eyes, but with a pleasant voice, and a smile that often quite banished all trace of melancholy from his face.

But Wilhelm—the headwaiter at the dingy old Paris restaurant, where for months he had presented himself at the same hour daily—had taken to him from the very first, and as the gentleman seemed to count retirement, used invariably to ensconce him in the snugest corner of the room, not far from the charcoal stove—the time was winter—and with no other companions save a pair of tabby cats.

"What is it to-day?" M. Albano would inquire, as he seated himself at his table, with his feet on a morsel of goat-skin placed there for them. "What is it to-day, Wilhelm?"

And Wilhelm used invariably to place a white dimpled fore-finger against the name of some particular dish on the card, and that was the dish M. Albano invariably chose.

It was not long before Wilhelm found out that M. Albano was, like himself, a Hungarian, and, like himself, an exile. They were friends, indeed, after this. Wilhelm told the little old man his story, and to some extent the little old man told Wilhelm his. There was some difference, nevertheless, in their stations in life, for in his own dear land M. Albano had been a count, while Wilhelm had been but a junior engineer.

"And so you are really going?" said Wilhelm, as he stood one day near his friend, the empty soup-bowl in his right hand.

"Really going, Wilhelm."

"Oh, dear! Monsieur, I shall sadly miss you. Is it Brussels, Monsieur, Berlin, or Moscow? You say you have had engagements at all these places."

"No, no," replied M. Albano, sadly; "it is neither of these places. I am done with them all—done with the world, I might say, I am going home."

"What!" cried Wilhelm, with brightening eyes—"home to our dear land of—"

"Nay, nay, nay; never there again. What matters imperial forgiveness? Can a king mend a broken heart, even if he could restore my fortunes? Could I gaze without grief on those green-wooded hills and valleys that once were mine? Could I mingle with the good people who dwell there—and who once called me lord—without sadness? No, Wilhelm, no. My home is near London, the home of the refugee, the only city in the whole world amid the bustle and stir of which an exile may woo forgetfulness."

Wilhelm lingered by the table for a few moments. He was deep in thought. "M. Albano," he said at last, "to have

employment in London has long been with me an ambitious dream—a castle in the air—call it what you will. I hate the garb of servility in which you now see me. Oh! there are times, Monsieur, that I walk my room all night, wild in thought, because I feel I was born for better things. Yet I try to do my duty—my humble duty."

"Yes, yes, yes," said Albano, speaking more briskly than was his wont. "That is right—do your duty. I trust I do mine, humble though that is. Do not let pride interfere with that duty. Be not self-conscious. Concentrate your thoughts and energies in your work, menial though some may call it. Believe me, Wilhelm, a halo surrounds the head of that man or woman who does whatever his or her hand findeth to do, in no half-hearted way, but with a will, a purpose, and an honest pride of action, feeling inwardly that duty is a sacred thing. Study to be content with the state in which Providence has placed you, Wilhelm. Study that—study that."

"But, Monsieur, you would then leave ambition out of count."

"No; oh, no! Only let your ambition be subservient to your duty. The march of intellect—the march of the world—is ever, ever onward. Better yourself, by all means, if you can; by so doing you may better the world; but ambitious thoughts or actions must never interfere with your hours of labor. These belong to your present employer, Wilhelm."

"I see, Monsieur."

"Well, see and think of it. Meanwhile, here is a pass for the Grand N—r Concert. You will see me and my little violin in the second row of the orchestra. You will wait for me, and we will sup together at the Rhondeville."

High over a score of fiddles at the grand concert that evening, M. Albano's little violin seemed to ring—seemed at all events in Wilhelm's ears, just as one hears and can listen only to the nightingale's voice amidst the babel of bird-voices in the woods in early spring.

After the performance, Wilhelm waited for what appeared quite a long time for his friend. All the other musicians had dressed and filed away, but still he came not.

Wilhelm ventured at last to ask one in authority.

"Oh, no!" was the reply; M. Albano has not gone. He is talking to the manager. The manager wants him to stay on, but he insists on throwing up his engagement."

"Strange!" said Wilhelm.

"Yes, it is strange. You are his friend? Yes. Well, and even you do not seem able to fathom the mystery. But this Albano is a splendid violinist. Any orchestra in Europe would be willing to retain his services, and remunerate him well. Yet, although he is not rich, he is forever on the move. Italy, Belgium, Norway; all countries have him by turns, but none for long. Think you is your friend somewhat *distracted*?"

"I am sure he is not. I only know he has a reason or reasons for his nomadic tendencies, but he has not thought fit to enlighten me as to what they are, and it would ill become me to inquire. But here he comes."

It was late even for Paris that night ere Wilhelm bade his kind-hearted friend adieu, at the corner of the Rue de la D—, and hurried away to his dingy room.

Yet that evening had been big with Wilhelm's fate. He had supped with M. Albano at a charming little hotel; and, with true politeness, Monsieur had said little or nothing about himself, but had led the young man to speak of all his hopes and ambitions.

Wilhelm's great scheme was connected with electricity, and not for the purpose of lighting cities and country houses, but as the moving power of the future; and M. Albano knew enough about chemistry speedily to discern that, if properly worked out, these plans of Wilhelm's might lead him to fame and fortune.

"You will come to England with me, Wilhelm? I have saved a little sum; I will pay your expenses."

"No, friend, no; to England I will come, but everything I will pay myself. Two more months will I work, and then—"

"You will come?"

"Yes."

"And be my guest for a few weeks at my little cottage home?"

"Well—yes."

So the two parted.

Winter was still holding sway, and snow lay deep all around Paris; but in nine weeks' time what a change there was! With Paris, however, this short and simple story has no longer anything to do. The scene shifts to a tiny but beautiful cottage in Surrey. It stands on the slope of a gently-rising hill, and is almost buried in pine-woods.

"Yes, Wilhelm," M. Albano was saying as the two sat together in a little tent on the lawn, "this cottage, these gardens, the beautiful country around, do not seem the same since Marie—since my daughter left me. They are not the same, for I am older now. I cannot see with the same eyes, hear with the same ears; it seems as if the gloom of the grave were already closing around me."

"But Marie—your daughter—may return."

"No, that cannot be; the pride that caused her to go will prevent her returning. She will never come back."

Wilhelm was silent.  
"A few hasty words—and the words were mine—a few peevish mutterings at the fate that banished me from my native land, and that had torn from my breast the insignia of title and honor, and compelled me—me, a count—to drag out a wretched existence in a foreign country, by aid of my violin. I did not mean to imply that I begrudged the labor that kept her as a lady, but I fear I led her to believe so; and I would have laid down my life next minute to have been able to retract, or unsay my cruel words; but next minute Marie was gone. Gone—yes, gone with tears on her face, and maybe a breaking heart, though a proud one. And since then I have sought and obtained engagements in almost every capital in Europe. I have been till now on the move, thinking, always thinking, I would find my Marie; for one brief note—the only one I received—told me she was so far independent, and that on her voice alone she would now trust for a livelihood. But I am tired, hopeless, and weary."

And so indeed he looked.  
A year passed away. The old man appeared no more in any orchestra. Hope itself had fled from his heart, and he mourned for his daughter as for one dead.

Wilhelm was a frequent visitor at the cottage. Aided in his ambition by the ex-count, and possessed of the will to work, the determination to triumph, and that mental staying power which oftentimes leads to success without even the aid of genius, the young man conquered all difficulties, and was already on the first steps of the ladder that leads to fame.

His employment frequently led him to Italy and to that Rome which of late years appears to have taken a new lease of glorious life.

An event now took place which is common enough in the life of most young men; Wilhelm fell in love. But I do not blame him, for all Rome was captivated by the sweet voice and modest and charming manner of a young singer that had lately been brought out by a great master.

Night after night, whenever she sang Wilhelm was there, listening enthralled. But he could obtain no introduction. She was so near, and yet so far.

Going home late one night from duties that had occupied him for nearly eight-and-forty hours, with little time for sleep, he heard the startling shout of fire. He followed the mob and the rattling ill-contrived engine down a narrow dark street that, from the showers of sparks and the smoke and heat, seemed on fire from end to end.

Wilhelm got close to the burning building, and helped to work the engine. But there was soon other and braver work for him to tackle. For look! the faces of young people and children appear at an upper window. Who will climb through sparks and smoke up that rickety ladder? Who will volunteer to save them? Wilhelm will! He springs toward it; up and down, and up and down, and he has saved three. He is scorched and burned, but seems to bear a charmed life. The last he saves, to his surprise, if not joy, is the young singer. While she is borne away in safety, he faints and falls.

It is two days before he comes to his senses at his hotel. It would be weeks before he got round. What mattered it? She came daily to see and inquire after his welfare.

Ah! it was the old, old story. But he did not tell it then or there. He told the young singer a story of a different kind; of a lovely little cottage among the pine-woods of Surrey, and of an old man who was dying of sorrow because his daughter would never come again. And the girl bent her head and sobbed, and those tears told Wilhelm all.

There was joy in that Surrey cottage when Marie returned. With her came sunshine; sunshine to bird, and flower, and tree, and sunshine to old Albano's heart.

There is a larger house now among the pines near the little cottage. Wilhelm is its wealthy owner, Marie its mistress. And long indeed they would think that day that did not bring them a visit from father Albano.

## Cruelly Treated.

Some boys find it hard to obey even the reasonable commands of their teachers. It is not a good sign in them, for when it comes to disobeying lawful authority, true manliness should lead them to avoid doing it, even when the requirement does not seem reasonable. We heartily congratulate all our school-boy readers that it has fallen to their lot to go to school now, in this age, when, for the first time in the history of the human race, teachers are learning to treat their pupils with decent respect.

The cruel punishments of former times, bad as they were, were perhaps not as hard to bear as those which degraded boys in the sight of their fellows, and, still worse, degraded them in their own eyes. Several of these were mentioned by a speaker at the recent celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of the founding of the City of Lowell.

It did not hurt a boy's head much to stick a tall foolscap upon it, nor his nose to have two clothespins put astride of it, but it hurt his feelings terribly. One of these punishments was to compel the culprit to spring up, seize an iron staple in the ceiling, and hang to it by his hands to the last possible second, the master standing by, stick in hand. Boys were made to stoop down, place one finger upon the head of a nail in the floor, and so remain until the torture could be borne no more.

Sir Francis Doyle, an English gentleman, who is yet in the land of the living, tells a story or two of his life at a highly fashionable French school in London, which shows how little the feelings of boys were formerly regarded on that side of the Atlantic.

The head boy of the school, Codrington by name, son of the famous Admiral, and himself an Admiral since, could not help making a wry face one day at some particular nasty pudding on his plate. The master roared at him,—"

"Monsieur Codrington, Monsieur Codrington, what are you doing there? If the Prince Regent were to come here to dinner, I should not give him a better pudding than that! Upon your knees, Monsieur Codrington, and eat it at once!"

The boy had no choice but to obey this ridiculous order. He got down upon his knees and ate the whole of "the filthy mess," as Sir Francis Doyle calls it, while the master stood over him watching the operation. As the last spoonful disappeared, poor Codrington gave a sigh of relief, which was, unfortunately, heard by the irate Frenchman.

"Madam," he cried to his wife, "give some more pudding to Monsieur Codrington!"

The second portion had to be devoured before the boy could have the roast mutton which was the main stay of the dinner. It was a practice in boarding schools then to get the boys pretty well filled up with cheap pudding before any sign of meat was allowed to appear.

Our boys are, happily, not now subjected to infamies of this kind, so well calculated to crush the gentle souls, and to convert the stronger ones into ruthless despots. And this is a new reason for cultivating a manly spirit of obedience to lawful authority that the boys should remember.

Dr. PETER WOOD, of London, suggested twenty years ago the use of calcined oyster shells to arrest the growth of cancerous tumors, about half a teaspoonful once or twice a day in a little warm water. He again reports that his experience with it has been in several instances satisfactory, but insists that no benefit from it should be expected in less than three months.



BOARDS of Health endorse Red Star Coughs as a speedy and sure remedy for coughs and colds. Scientists pronounce it entirely vegetable and free from opiates. Price, twenty-five cents a bottle.

SOME genius has invented a chin-holder for the violin. If he could only invent a hand-holder he would do more good.—*Texas Sittings.*

BODILY pains are instantly relieved by the use of St. Jacobs Oil. Dr. R. Butler, Master of Arts, Cambridge University, England, says, "It acts like magic."

Valuable for Crops.

Stranger—Want to buy some real estate?

Omaha Agent—In Omaha?

"No, two hundred miles away, but there is a railroad along side of it."

"Don't want it."

"Big city in prospect."

"No; got plenty of that kind."

"It's only a small lot, about 50x200 feet."

"No use."

"There's on it a fine crop of potatoes."

"Great Caesar! Why didn't you say so before? Potatoes! New potatoes! Don't stir. I'll rush right out and get up a syndicate to buy it."—*Omaha World.*

A Trial by Jury.

That great American jury, the people, have rendered a unanimous verdict in favor of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets, the standard remedy for bowel and stomach disorders, biliousness, sick headache, dizziness, constipation, and sluggish liver.

THERE is a man in Hunter's Point so crippled up with rheumatism that he is tallest when he lies down.—*Brooklyn Times.*

PRICKLY ASH BITTERS is an unfailing cure for all diseases originating in biliary derangements caused by the malaria of miasmatic countries. No other medicine now on sale will so effectually remove the disturbing elements, and at the same time tone up the whole system. It is sure and safe in its action.

A boy in Pittsfield, Mass., swallowed the bulb of a thermometer. He now has a mercurial temperament.

Harvest Excursions.

The Great Rock Island Route (C., R. I. & P., Ry.) will sell Aug. 30, Sept. 30, and Oct. 11, Harvest Excursion tickets at ONE FAIR THE ROUND TRIP to principal points in Kansas, Nebraska, Northwestern Iowa, Minnesota, and Dakota—limit 30 days from date of sale. For tickets or further information address,

E. A. HOLBROOK,  
Gen. Ticket and Passenger Agent,  
Chicago, Ill.

R. W. TANSILL & Co., Chicago:

Your Tansill's Punch 5c cigars are going off like hot cakes. I intend that they shall be well advertised. WM. F. H. STEPHENSON, Buffalo, N. Y.

LYON'S Patent Heel Stiffener is the only invention that will make old boots as straight as new.

BRONCHITIS is cured by frequent small doses of Piso's Cure for Consumption.


The best and surest Remedy for Cure of all diseases caused by any derangement of the Liver, Kidneys, Stomach and Bowels. Dyspepsia, Sick Headache, Constipation, Bilious Complaints and Malaria of all kinds yield readily to the beneficent influence of

# PRICKLY ASH BITTERS

It is pleasant to the taste, tones up the system, restores and preserves health. It is purely Vegetable, and cannot fail to prove beneficial, both to old and young. As a Blood Purifier it is superior to all others. Sold everywhere at \$1.00 a bottle.

A TEXAS negro was struck by lightning and killed. In his pockets were found two horseshoe magnets, two copper cents that had melted together, a nickel that was partly melted and stuck to his watch, and the nickel rim around his money purse was also melted.

WHEN a lovely little tailor-made sweet sixteen bows her head in church and asks for mercy upon her, miserable sinner, she doesn't mean all she says.—*Puck.*



## THE ORIGINAL LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

### BEWARE OF IMITATIONS!

Always ask for Dr. Pierce's Pellets, or Little Sugar-coated Granules or Pills.

BEING ENTIRELY VEGETABLE, Dr. Pierce's Pellets operate without disturbance to the system, diet, or occupation. Put up in glass vials, hermetically sealed. Always fresh and reliable. As a LAXATIVE, ALTERNATIVE, or PURGATIVE, these Little Pellets give the most perfect satisfaction.



## SICK HEADACHE

Bilious Headache, Dizziness, Constipation, Indigestion, Bilious Attacks, and all derangements of the stomach and bowels are promptly relieved and permanently cured by the use of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets. In explanation of the remedial power of these Pellets over so great a variety of diseases, it may truthfully be said that their action upon the system is universal, not a gland or tissue escaping their sanative influence. Sold by druggists, for 25 cents a vial. Manufactured at the Chemical Laboratory of WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N. Y.

## BOILS CURED.

WILLIAM RAMICH, Esq., of Minden, Kearney County, Nebraska, writes: "I was troubled with boils for thirty years. Four years ago I was so afflicted with them that I could not walk. I bought two bottles of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets, and took one 'Pellet' after each meal, till all were gone. By that time I had no boils, and have had none since. I have also been troubled with sick headache. When I feel it coming on, I take one or two 'Pellets,' and am relieved of the headache."

## THE BEST CATHARTIC.

Mrs. C. W. BROWN, of Wapakoneta, Ohio, says: "Your 'Pleasant Purgative Pellets' are without question the best cathartic ever sold. They are also a most efficient remedy for torpor of the liver. We have used them for years in our family, and keep them in the house all the time."

# \$500 REWARD




## DR. SAGE'S Catarrh Remedy

FOR A CASE OF CATARRH WHICH THEY CAN NOT CURE.

## SYMPTOMS OF CATARRH.

Dull, heavy headache, obstruction of the nasal passages, discharges falling from the head into the throat, sometimes profuse, watery, and acid; at others, thick, tenacious, mucous, purulent, bloody and putrid; the eyes are weak, watery, and inflamed; there is ringing in the ears, deafness, hacking or coughing to clear the throat, expectoration of offensive matter, together with scabs from ulcers; the voice is changed and has a nasal twang; the breath is offensive; smell and taste are impaired; there is a sensation of dizziness, with mental depression, a hacking cough and general debility. However, only a few of the above-named symptoms are likely to be present in any one case. Thousands of cases annually, without manifesting half of the above symptoms, result in consumption, and end in the grave. No disease is so common, more deceptive and dangerous, less understood, or more unsuccessfully treated by physicians. By its mild, soothing, and healing properties.

## DR. SAGE'S CATARRH REMEDY

CURES THE WORST CASES OF

Catarrh, "Cold in the Head," Coryza, and Catarrhal Headache.

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE.

PRICE, 50 CENTS.

## UNTOLD AGONY FROM CATARRH.

Prof. W. HAYES, the famous mezzotintist of Ithaca, N. Y., writes: "Some ten years ago I suffered untold agony from chronic nasal catarrh. My family physician gave me up as incurable, and said I must die. My case was such a bad one, that every day, towards sunset, my voice would become so hoarse I could barely speak above a whisper. In the morning my coughing and clearing of my throat would almost strangle me. By the use of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy, in three months, I was a well man, and the cure has been permanent."

## CONSTANTLY HAWKING AND SPITTING.

THOMAS J. HESING, Esq., 202 Pine Street, St. Louis, Mo., writes: "I was a great sufferer from catarrh for three years. At times I could hardly breathe, and was constantly hawking and spitting, and for the last eight months could not breathe through the nostrils. I thought nothing could be done for me. Luckily, I was advised to try Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy, and I am now a well man. I believe it to be the only sure remedy for catarrh now manufactured, and one has only to give it a fair trial to experience astounding results and a permanent cure."

## THREE BOTTLES CURE CATARRH.

ELI ROBBINS, Runyan P. O., Columbia Co., Pa., says: "My daughter had catarrh when she was five years old, very badly. I saw Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy advertised, and procured a bottle for her, and soon saw that it helped her; a third bottle effected a permanent cure. She is now eighteen years old and sound and hearty."

## DETECTIVES

Wanted in every County. Shrewd men to act under our instructions in our Secret Service. Experience not necessary. Send stamp for particulars. GRANNAN DETECTIVE BUREAU, 44 Arcade, Cincinnati, O.

## PILES

Dr. Williams' Indian Pile Ointment is a sure cure for blind, bleeding or itching piles. Cure guaranteed. Price 50c and \$1. At druggists or mailed by Walcott, Kinnear & Marvin, Wholesale Agents, Toledo, Ohio.

## PATENTS

R. S. & A. P. LACEY, Patent Attorneys, Washington, D. C. Instructions and opinions as to patentability FREE. 15-17 years experience. Sure relief ASTHMA. KIDDER'S PASTILLES, by mail, Stowell & Co., Charlestown, Mass.

\$5 to \$8 a day. Samples worth \$1.50. FREE. Lines not under the horse's feet. Write Brewster Safety Rein Holder Co., Holly, Mich.

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JONES PAYS THE FREIGHT 5 Ton Wagon Scales, Iron Tiers, Steel Bearings, Brass Tare Beam and Beam Box for \$80. Every size Scale. For free price list mention this paper and address JONES OF BIRMINGHAM, BIRMINGHAM, N. Y.

PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.

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Wholly unlike artificial systems. Any book learned in one reading. Recommended by Mark Twain, Richard Proctor, the Scientist, Hon. W. W. Astor, Judah P. Benjamin, Dr. Minor, etc. Class of 100 Columbia law students, two classes 20 each at Yale, 30 University of Penn., 30 at Wellesley College, etc. Prospectus post free. PROF. LOISELLE, 237 Fifth Ave., New York.

BIRDSELL CLOVER HULLER THE NEW MONITOR JUNIOR DOES ITS WORK FASTER AND BETTER THAN ANY OTHER OUR NEW RE-CLEANER READY FOR MARKET CLEAN THE SEED FOR MARKET AND LATE CATALOGUE BIRDSELL MFG CO SOUTH BEND INDIANA CHALLENGES ALL OTHERS

## FRAZER AXLE GREASE.

Best in the World. Get the genuine. Every package has our Trade-mark and is marked Frazer's. SOLD EVERYWHERE.

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Morphine Habit Cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till cured. Dr. J. Stephens, Lebanon, Ohio. N. U. F. W. No. 35-87. When Writing to Advertisers, please say you saw the Advertisement in this paper.



# The St. Joe News.

ST. JOE, INDIANA.

MORT & WILL OLDS, PUBLISHERS.

## EVENTS OF A WEEK.

### THE OLD WORLD.

—The Irish National League has been "proclaimed" under the provisions of the coercion act recently passed. The fact was announced in the House of Lords by Premier Salisbury and in the Commons by Mr. Balfour, Chief Secretary for Ireland. All the important documents of the league have been removed from the headquarters in Dublin. Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. T. W. Russell have withdrawn from the Unionist party in consequence of the proclamation. Leading Irish Nationalists on both sides of the Atlantic denounce the action of the government, but predict that it will be without serious consequences to the home-rule movement.

—Russia is said to have made a proposition to Turkey for the joint occupation of Eastern Roumelia and Bulgaria.

—It is reported that all the Powers have replied to the Porte's note in regard to Bulgaria, expressing disapproval of Prince Ferdinand's irregular action in taking possession of the Bulgarian throne.

—Mr. Chamberlain, in a speech at Birmingham, defended the crimes bill, but said the government had made a mistake in proclaiming the Land League. He declared that he is still a Unionist.

—Resolutions denouncing the proclamation of the National League were passed by the Irish people of Liverpool and the Radicals of London. The league held its weekly meetings, as usual, throughout Ireland.

—Berlin dispatches announce that the Reichstag will reassemble at the beginning of November, when the Government will submit bills for raising the duty on corn, and for securing a system of workmen's insurance. The Emperor William is slowly recovering from an attack of rheumatism, and was well enough to entertain a small party at dinner. Dr. Mackenzie, who is attending the Crown Prince, says the progress made by his patient is quite satisfactory, and there is every prospect of a permanent cure of the malady. The curative process will be slow, and a regrowth is not unlikely before the cure is effected. Owing to the predisposition of the Crown Prince to take cold, Dr. Mackenzie advises him to spend the greater part of the coming month at Venice, and to abstain from using his voice as much as possible. He will, therefore, not attend the military maneuvers this year.

### PERSONAL NOTES.

—The official returns of the recent Kentucky election give Buckner (Dem.) 17,015 plurality over Bradley (Rep.).

—Jay Gould is a grandfather, Mrs. George Gould having presented her husband with a son.

—Colonel Lamont says that it has been definitely determined by the President to go direct to St. Louis without a break; that the time of departure will be fixed so as to bring him into St. Louis "Veiled Prophet's" Day; and that he will then proceed straight to Chicago, to arrive there Oct. 5.

—Mrs. William Ogle, of Newburgh, N. Y., who has just died, was the mother of ten children, six of them deaf-mutes. Neither of the parents was thus afflicted.

—Prof. O. R. Fowler, the noted phrenologist and lecturer, is dead.

—Professor Spencer F. Baird, of the United States Fish Commission, died at Wood's Holl, Mass., aged 64 years. Alvan Clark, the famous astronomer and telescope-builder, died at Cambridge, Mass., in his eighty-fourth year.

—Mrs. Melinda R. W. Paine, aged 60, and her daughter Anna, aged 35, fearing they were becoming insane, committed suicide in a New York tenement-house.

### FINANCIAL AND INDUSTRIAL

—The well-known Chicago jewelry house of N. Matson & Co., has failed. The liabilities are placed at about \$200,000.

—The financial embarrassments of Indiana are growing more and more serious, says an Indianapolis telegram. The last dollar in the general fund of the State Treasury has been paid out, and there are no resources that can be drawn upon before next December. In the meantime, \$200,000 will be needed to pay the current expenses of the State Government and public institutions. Treasurer Lenné announces that he will call upon the counties to advance funds, but if they do so it will be voluntary, as the law does not require them to respond to such calls when they owe the State nothing. One effect of the ex-

haustion of the treasury will be the suspension of work upon all State institutions, of which several are now in course of erection. The condition of the treasury is due to the failure of the last General Assembly to make needed appropriations.

—In their weekly trade review R. G. Dun & Co. say that everything now turns on crop prospects. The damage to corn has been over-estimated, although the yield will be below that of last year. The wheat crop will, it is thought, reach 430,000,000 bushels. The cotton crop will be below the early estimates, and other important crops will be short. The movement of merchandise is already somewhat restricted by the uncertainty as to the crops. The monetary situation, though not without unfavorable features, is on the whole satisfactory. During the week there were 161 business failures in the United States and Canada.

—It is stated that the losses of Flood and Mackay in the recently collapsed California wheat deal will aggregate \$8,000,000.

—The goosamer rubber manufacturers have combined to keep up prices.

—The liabilities of Ives & Co. aggregate over \$10,000,000. The nominal assets are put at \$32,000,000, but most of the stocks scheduled are worthless.

### POLITICAL POINTS.

—The Pennsylvania Republican State Convention, in session at Harrisburg, nominated William H. Hart for Treasurer and Henry W. Williams for Supreme Judge. The platform indorses the State government, advocates protective tariff and restriction of immigration, favors bounties upon exports in American bottoms, declares in favor of a dependent-pension bill, arraigns the national administration for general ineptitude, advocates primary elections for nominating candidates for Congress and the State Senate, includes a plank extending the profound sympathy of the Republicans of Pennsylvania to Gladstone and Parnell, and indorses James G. Blaine for 1888.

—The Nebraska Prohibition Convention met at Lincoln on the 17th inst., 500 delegates being present. A. O. Abbott, of Crete, was nominated for the Supreme Bench. Rev. I. D. Newell, of Richardson, and Rev. H. S. Hilton, of Central City, were named for Regents of the State University. The platform declares for statutory prohibition, State and national; condemns license as a crime of unequalled enormity; denounces the General Government for granting license to sell liquor in States where it is prohibited by law; demands the repeal of the law which permits foreigners to vote before they become naturalized citizens; favors pensions for disabled soldiers; favors Government control of railroad and telegraph companies.

—A Syracuse dispatch says that after a stormy session the Committee on Platform of the United Labor Party Convention managed to fix up a platform, which was reported to the convention by Henry George and immediately adopted. The old platform adopted at the Clarendon Hall meeting last year was taken as the groundwork for the new platform, and enlarged to suit the necessities of a State campaign. A few of the planks of the platform of the old Greenback Labor party are also used. One of the principal of these favored the establishment of postal banks and a postal telegraph system. A full State ticket was put in nomination as follows: Secretary of State, Henry George of New York; Comptroller, Victor A. Wilder of Kings; State Treasurer, B. H. Cummings of Montgomery; Attorney General, Dennis C. Feeley of Monroe; State Engineer and Surveyor, Sylvanus A. Sweet of Broome.

### FIRES AND ACCIDENTS.

—By the fall of an elevator in G. Sidenberg & Co.'s building, on Mercer street, New York, one woman was killed, a man fatally hurt, and a dozen girls were more or less injured.

—Dispatches from Republican City, Neb., say that the worst storm ever known in that section struck the town Wednesday evening. A large brick school house, just being completed, was blown down and eight carpenters were buried in the ruins. Two men were killed; the others were badly injured, two so badly that they will die. Several buildings were destroyed and a number of people more or less injured.

—The human line steamer City of Montreal was burned at sea, Aug. 11, when five days out from New York. The fire originated among some cotton, and the passengers and crew were compelled to take to the boats. A boat containing thirteen persons is missing, and its occupants are believed to have been drowned. The steamer York City picked the others up.

—At Enfield, Ill., where the Eighty-seventh Illinois Regiment and the soldiers of White and Hamilton Counties were holding their reunion, two shocking accidents occurred. During the sham battle two cannons used by besiegers and besieged were prematurely discharged, and many persons were injured.

—The steamship Atlas collided with the schooner Lizzie Wilson, from Baltimore to Boston, off Barnegat, N. J. The schooner sank immediately, carrying down the wife and daughter of the captain, and two seamen. The Atlas rescued Captain Chadwick and three sailors. The rest were drowned.

—Near Marion, Ind., Mrs. Newton Lightfoot was shot and killed by her son, who had mistaken her for a burglar.

### THE CRIMINAL RECORD.

—An epidemic of railroad accidents seems to have set in. A Baltimore and Ohio freight train ran into the rear of another freight train near Ellicott City, Md., wrecking seventeen cars and fatally injuring four of the trainmen. A Pennsylvania express train was wrecked by spreading rails at Bayard, Ohio, on the Cleveland and Pittsburg Road. The rear sleeper was thrown from the track, and the colored porter instantly killed and four other persons injured, two of them dangerously.

—A dispatch from Valentine, Neb., says: "Jerry White, a negro, broke into the house of Mrs. Hoffmann, in the absence of her husband, and beat her over the head and face with a revolver into a state of insensibility, and was only prevented from completing the crime of outrage by the arrival of neighbors. He was captured at Long Pine, and brought to Valentine. Sixty determined men, armed and masked, formed on the outskirts of the village, marched in a body to the jail, and a detachment was sent to Sheriff Connelly's store to procure the keys from his brother. Breaking into the store they failed to find the keys. Thereupon the crowd broke in the jail door with a sledge hammer and axes. The locks of the steel cage were then cut from their fastenings, the prisoner was taken out to a telegraph pole, and a rope was swung from the cross-bar and tied around his neck. White was given five minutes for confession and prayer. He did not deny his guilt. He was then hauled up and left swinging."

—A dispatch from Chicago says the hoodlars in the County Jail are living in clover. The boys' department is crowded with sympathetic visitors, and poker games and luxurious living are the order of the day.

—Walter S. Babcock, a prominent Chicago lumber dealer, was shot under mysterious circumstances in the little town of Gardner, Ill., and died without having explained how he received the fatal wound.

### MISCELLANEOUS NOTES.

—The American Bar Association has concluded its annual session at Saratoga. George G. Wright, of Des Moines, was chosen President for the ensuing year and C. C. Bonney, of Chicago, Chairman of the Executive Committee.

—A telegram from Au Sable, Mich., says: "Ernest Schoeltze, a newcomer here, tells a startling story of personal outrage. With his wife and one son, Schoeltze sailed from Carlsbad for the United States. Their ship touched a Yucatan port, and Schoeltze and his family, together with a number of other emigrants, were sold into slavery. They remained in the interior of the country eighteen months, and then escaped to Campeachy, only to be again taken into custody and subjected to the most inhuman treatment. They were compelled to work in the broiling sun, without covering to their bodies; his wife was driven into the field to work three days after the birth of a child; they were provided with but two pounds of corn-meal a day, and this continued nearly two years and a half. Then the wife fell ill and was sent to the hospital. The husband was allowed to visit her occasionally, and while making one of these visits he fell in with a German sailor, who agreed to carry the family to Logona, whence they were sent to the United States by the German Consul. Schoeltze and his wife show upon their persons the effects of the inhuman treatment given them."

—An Eastern dispatch informs us that the strawboard manufacturers of the United States have formed a "trust." A number of mills have been purchased, and will be permanently shut down, and the remainder will be operated by the trust, thus doing away with all semblance of competition in the business. The promoters of the scheme explain that its purpose is to give consumers cheaper strawboard—which would, of course, have been taken for granted. Everybody understands that the sole object of "trusts" is to benefit the public.

—Reports from various points throughout the West agree that the recent rains came too late to be of much value to the corn crop. Dakota alone reports the condition of the crop above the average. Pasturage was revived by the rains, and a fair supply of fall feed is anticipated. The yield of potatoes is short on account of the prolonged drought. The apple crop is light. Cattle are improving in condition.

M. T. BISHOP,

—DEALER IN—

LUMBER, LIME,

—LATH—

SHINGLES,

MOULDING &c.

Large Stock and Low Prices. Yard Near Depot, St. Joe, Ind.

J. F. WALKER,

MAKER AND DEALER IN

Harness, Collars,

WHIPS, HARNESS OIL &c.

ST. JOE, IND.

Repairing done promptly. Prices as low as the lowest. Call and see.



WILLIAM CURIE,

PROPRIETOR OF

MEAT MARKET

ST. JOE, IND.

Highest market price paid for Hides, Tallow &c. Give me a call.

F. A. ZEIGLER,

MAKER AND DEALER IN

HARNESS

COLLARS, WHIPS,

Fly Nets and Dusters,

HARNESS OIL &c.

Prices the Lowest. All work guaranteed. Call and see me.

Blacksmith

AND

Repair Shop.

Having secured the services of an experienced workman, I am now prepared to do all kinds of Blacksmithing and Repairing in a first-class manner. Special attention given to repairing machinery. Give me a call. Prices reasonable.

A. W. Hall, St. Joe.



SEPTEMBER

# THE ST. JOE NEWS.

VOL. I.

ST. JOE, IND., FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 2, 1887.

NO. 32.

## Churches.

### DISCIPLE.

**S**ERVICES every alternate Sunday evening, in the Lutheran church. Cottage prayer meeting every Friday evening.

J. A. THOMAS, PASTOR.

### METHODIST PROTESTANT.

**S**ERVICES every alternate Sunday at 10:30 A. M. Prayer meeting every Tuesday evening. Sunday School at 9:30 A. M.

J. M. LANGLEY, PASTOR.

### EVANGELICAL LUTHERAN.

**S**ERVICES every Sunday, one Sunday in the morning at 10:30, and the following Sunday in the evening. Prayer meeting every Thursday evening. Sunday School at 9:30 A. M.

S. P. FRYBERGER, PASTOR.

## Societies.

### G. A. R.

**R**EGULAR meetings on Saturday evening on or before the full moon of each month, at their hall over Leighty's store.

O. H. WIDNEY, COMMANDER.

J. M. MILLIMAN, ADJUTANT.

## Business Notices.

**H.** W. BOWMAN, M. D., Physician and Surgeon, St. Joe, Ind., Office opposite the Drugstore.

**S**T. JOE HOTEL, Wm. Leighty, proprietor. Special attention given to furnishing teams for commercial men.

**B.** S. SHEFFER, M. D., Physician and Surgeon, St. Joe, Ind. Prompt and careful attention to all business entrusted to his care.

**S**T. JOE BARBER SHOP, one door west of hotel, Will Gee, proprietor. Satisfaction guaranteed. Your patronage is solicited.

**F.** ILLEY, LOUNSBERRY AND SHULER, proprietors of the St. Joe Saw and Planing Mill. All work promptly done. Cash paid for Oak Logs.

**C**ITY BARBER SHOP, St. Joe, Ind., John Hull, proprietor. Shaving, Hair Cutting &c. done in the best of style. Come and see me. Two doors west of Kinsey's Furniture Store.

**S**IMON WINELAND, proprietor St. Joe Handle and Feed Mills. Feed grinding a speciality. Highest prices paid for second growth White Ash. Enquire at the mill for full particulars.

## INDIANA STATE NEWS.

—Patents have been issued to the following Indians: Wallace H. Dodge, Mishawaka, wooden pulley; Byron E. Foss, Indianapolis, piston-rod packing; Charles W. Gift, assignor to L. R. Gift, Fairmount, weather strip; Frank Heller, Oakland City, air-heater; James A. Manning, Danville, assignor of one-fourth to E. M. White, Hendricks County, bridle bit; Isaac McCormick, assignor of one-half to C. E. Hall, Logansport, barn truss; Charles McNeal, assignor to Dodge Manufacturing Company, Mishawaka, rabbeting machine; George Phillion, assignor to Dodge Manufacturing Company, tool for turning the faces of pulley-rims; Clayton & Potts, Indianapolis, clay disintegrator; William E. Ryan, French Lick, bellows attachment; Alanson W. Straughn, Lincolnville, automatic corn-dropper; Charles Whittenber, Indianapolis, cash-box drawer.

—Prof. B. S. Coppock, Governor of White's Indiana Manual Labor Institute, near Wabash, has just returned from Pine Ridge Indian Agency, in Dakota, with twenty-nine Indian children, who will be educated in the Institute. There are seventeen girls in the company, several of whom were taken direct from the wigwams and cannot speak or understand English. All are Sioux, but one is a son of Little Chief, who is at the head of the northern Cheyennes. The Indian work at White's Institute is attracting wide attention. Ten girls have just been returned to their western homes, having completed their education. The Government pays \$125 a year toward the education of old pupils and \$108 for new ones. The deficit is made up by the National Society of Friends.

—A special inquiry elicited the following showing of the condition of crops: The crops in Southern Indiana are even worse than anticipated two or three weeks ago. The corn crop will not be more than one-half, while late potatoes, with few exceptions, may be set down as an entire failure. The river bottoms of Posey show fair corn, but further up the river this crop is seriously damaged. Knox, Daviess, and Martin counties are the worst sufferers by the recent drought. It is thought that Martin County will not raise enough corn to feed the teams that were used tending the crop, and many farmers are selling their stock at a great sacrifice.

—The Indiana M. E. Conference, at the September session, will take preliminary steps toward the purchase of a large tract of land near West Baden Springs, on which will be established the annual camp-meeting of the Methodist congregations of Southern Indiana. A number of cottages, hotel, and tabernacle for worship will be built, and the grounds laid off in the highest art of the landscape gardener.

—At the De Pauw gas wells, abandoned in Harrison County, the gas pressure is so great that salt water is thrown out a distance of fifty feet high. It was the intention of the De Pauws to put up salt-works there this fall, but the will contest will prevent this until the matter is determined. It is estimated that salt water that could be converted into forty tons of salt per week goes to waste at these works.

—A case has been decided by a Montgomery County Justice of the Peace that has attracted considerable notice. The trustee desired to send a man and family back to Fayette County for that county to keep, as that is where they came from. They refused to go, and the trustee resorted to the law to compel them to go. The justice decided they must go back to the county where they belong.

—Samuel Eppard, a wealthy pioneer of Madison County and owner of the old Killbuck saw-mills, fell from a bridge near his residence and killed himself. Mr. Eppard was standing on the bridge talking to Mr. Heagy, a neighbor, when he suddenly said: "I'm not feeling well," fell from the bridge,

striking the ground twelve feet below, and was picked up dead.

—At a meeting of the directors of the Clark County Agricultural Association it was decided, on account of the extreme drought and scarcity of water on the fair grounds, that they would be compelled to postpone the fair until the first week in September, 1888, at which time they will have ample water facilities on their grounds.

—The new Court-house that has been building in Muncie for over two years, is completed and the contractors, Messrs. Charles Pearce & Co., have handed it over to the Commissioners. It presents a splendid appearance and is one of the very best court-houses in the State. The contractors have been faithful in every particular.

—Mr. John Melease, a wealthy farmer, living near Yorktown, lay down on a railroad track and went to sleep. A west-bound passenger struck him, leaving him in a state so mangled that his friends did not recognize him. He was dead when found, and some papers in his pocket identified the remains, and they were sent home.

—Ferdinand McNutt, aged 20 years, was killed on the Lake Shore pile-driver, a few miles east of Elkhart, recently. He went up to take the block from under the hammer, the latter fell prematurely, and, striking the block, caused it to strike McNutt, who fell a distance of twenty feet, alighting on his head. He lived about an hour.

—Reeny Allenbass, a young unmarried man, residing with his parents in Hanover Township, and employed in a saw-mill at Tryset, in Jefferson County, was prying on a log with a crow-bar, when he slipped, and fell backward on a circular saw, which cut him nearly in two, causing his instant death.

—The body of Mathias Rapp was exhumed at Kossuth, and a second inquest shows that his death was the result of violence.

—Alexander Gable, a prominent house-builder and contractor of Hartford City, fell from the roof of a house to the joists below, striking upon his side, and breaking his leg and three ribs. He is not expected to recover.

—Lorenz Peck, of Shoals, died of injuries received in a runaway that occurred while returning from the soldiers' reunion at French Lick. She was in the company of George Hawkins, who was seriously injured.

—An unknown man was killed by a train on the C. & A. Railroad at Laketon.

—There is a man named Riley Smith in the county poor-house at Bloomington who wears No. 14 shoes. By actual measurement each shoe will hold a peck of shelled corn.

—John Augustine, while driving a buggy across the Grand Trunk Railroad at South Bend, was struck by the engine of a west-bound special passenger train.

—The third reunion of the Eleventh Indiana Cavalry will be held at Crawfordsville on September 19 to 21.

—The fourth gas well has been successfully sunk at Anderson, yielding a capacity of eight million feet a day.

—Frank Lightfoot, living in Marion County, eighteen miles from Marion, shot and killed his aged mother, mistaking her for a burglar.

—William Perry is under arrest at Lafayette, charged with attempting to wreck a train on the C., I. & C. railway near that place.

—There were 275 graduates of Wabash College in the Union armies during the civil war.

—Christopher Sisson and Reese Hullinger were suffocated to death in a well near Marion.

—C. G. Baker, a Pierceton druggist, suicided by taking morphine.

## AN ELEPHANT'S TRICK.

The elephant of the Jardin des Plantes at Paris used to play his visitors a trick which could not have been thought of but by an animal of much intelligence. His house opened upon an enclosure called the elephant's park, containing a pond, in which he would lay himself under the water, concealing every part of him except the very end of his trunk—a mere speck that would hardly be noticed by a stranger to the animal's habits. A crowd would often assemble round the enclosure, and, not seeing him in it, would watch in expectation that he would soon issue from the house. But, while they were gazing about, a copious sprinkle of water would fall upon them; and ladies and gentlemen, with their fine bonnets and coats, would run for shelter under the trees, looking up at the clear sky, and wondering whence such a shower could come. Immediately afterward, however, they would see the elephant rising slowly from his bath, evincing, as it seemed, an awkward joy at the trick that he had played. In the course of time, his amusement became generally known; and the moment the water began to rise from his trunk the spectators would take flight, at which he appeared exceedingly delighted, getting up as fast as he could to see the bustle he had caused.

Strange as it may seem, a huge animal like the elephant has a ridiculous fear of certain small objects. The keeper of the Zoological Garden in Philadelphia says that he has seen an elephant nearly scared into a fit at the sight of a mouse. And one warm day, for the amusement of the spectators, a dozen inflated bladders were thrown into the pond when the animals went in to swim. At first they were greatly frightened. Then Empress struck at one with her trunk; and, when it bounded into the air, both she and her companion trumpeted and scrambled out of the pond. Finally she gently fished one of the bladders out of the water, and kicked at it with her hind feet. No serious results following, the sport was continued until Empress happened to step upon the bladder. It exploded with a loud report, and the elephants scampered home.

## WHAT WOULD MAKE IT SOUND BETTER.

"Did you hear me singing, papa?" asked Mabel, as she tripped merrily into the room.

"I did, my child, I did."

"And how did you like it, papa, dear?"

"I can't say that I enjoyed it very much."

"Not enjoy my singing?"

"Well, perhaps it wasn't the singing I didn't like; it might have been the composition; yes, I think it was the selection; I could have suggested considerable improvement upon it."

"How, papa? What change would you make?"

"I think the composition would sound much better if it were transformed into one long, sweet continuous rest."

And Mabel went and shut the piano with all her might. — *Merchan's Traveller.*

Why a man boots his dog, but merely shoes his hen, has never been precisely determined.



## REMINISCENCES OF PUBLIC MEN.

BY BENJ. PERLEY POORE.

Martin I. Townsend, a jovial old Representative from the State of New York, declared that when the Democrats passed the Electoral Commission Bill, they did so with the expectation that it would place Tilden in the White House; but they woke up the wrong man. This Mr. Townsend used to illustrate by relating an anecdote of an old Dutchman, who lived up in Troy many years ago, and who went down to New York to find his son Yawpy. To give the Dutchman's own words:

"One time my son Yawpy went down upon New York and upset a grocery. So Yawpy could not come home no more. By and by I wanted to see Yawpy, so I goes down upon Troy and takes a sloop for New York. When we gets to New York they tied up the sloop to the dock, and I starts to find Yawpy. I went up a side hill, to a street I think they call the Broadway. When I gets there I looks on both sides of the street for Yawpy. When I had gone a mile, maybe, in the hot afternoon, who should I find but Yawpy, sitting upon a stoop fast asleep. So I goes up upon the stoop, and there he sits mit his head hanging back and his mouth wide open. I says: 'Yawpy!' but Yawpy does not wake up. I puts me mouth close to Yawpy's ear and hollers: 'Yawpy!' and still 'Yawpy!' and he don't wake up yet. Den I takes Yawpy by his collar and shakes him just so hard as over I could, and I hollers so hard as you could hear me maybe half a mile, and den Yawpy he wakes up. And den, so help me shunoke, it was not Yawpy!"

Edward Everett used to tell a story about himself. He was once traveling in Essex County, Mass., before the days of railroads. He was traveling in a crowded stage, which seemed too full for even the traditional "one more," when a school-girl came out of a house and wished to get in. They made room for her, Mr. Everett offering his knee for her to sit upon. She had sat some time upon that primitive seat, when Mr. Everett at last thought she might like to know upon whose distinguished knee she had the honor of sitting. He said, "Perhaps you would like to know upon whose knee you are sitting." She said she should. He said, "My name is Edward Everett." "Do tell," she replied, "be you a sailor man?" He said that was the last time he undertook to get a reputation.

Mr. Webster, on one of his visits to Marshfield, heard and brought back to Washington the following good-story about the Rev. Dr. Allyn, an eccentric Congregational clergyman at Duxbury. When a violin was first introduced into the choir of Dr. Allyn's church, the innovation gave great offense to some of the worthy parishoners. Especially was the player of the bass viol exercised with sorrow and indignation, when the frivolous and profane fiddle first took its place in the house of God, by the side of his sedate and portly instrument. He accordingly laid the case before the parson, who, after listening soberly to his complaints, replied: "It may be as you say, sir; I don't know but you are right; but if you are it strikes me the greater the fiddle, the greater the sin!" The hero of the big fiddle was untuned.

At a meeting of the Republican National Committee in 1876, just before the Ohio October election, Gov. Hayes produced a letter from Gov. Hayes, in which it was said that Ohio was almost lost; that in order to save it to the Republicans money must be forthcoming, and at once, and \$10,000 was mentioned as the sum which it would be desirable to have. The committee thereupon determined that Gov. Hayes' appeal must be responded to, and Zach Chandler, William H. Kemble, of Pennsylvania, and one or two others made up the amount at once. The check was sent to the order of Gov. Hayes, and by him at once endorsed and turned over to the Republican State Committee of Ohio.

It was believed at Washington, after the inauguration of President Hayes and his unconditional surrender of Louisiana and South Carolina to the Democrats, that an arrangement had been made by which the Republicans were to obtain control of the House of Representatives, and elect Gen. Garfield Speaker. The General believed this, and withdrew from the Senatorial contest in Ohio at the suggestion of the President, who also believed it. There was reasonable ground for this belief.

It was understood that Gov. Hampton had pledged himself that Aiken and Evans, the two Democratic members-elect from South Carolina, would refuse to go into the Democratic caucus at the organization of the House, and vote for the Republican candidate for Speaker. It was also understood that Casey Young, of Tennessee, Throckmorton and Schleicher of Texas, Slemmons and Gause of Arkansas, and Chalmers of Mississippi had been induced to make a similar pledge to ex-Gov. Brown, of Tennessee, afterward one of the Louisiana commissioners, and that these men, eight of them, were to hold the balance of power in the next House, and by voting for the Republican candidate for Speaker—Gen. Garfield—were to organize the House in the interest of the administration.

Martin I. Townsend, of New York told a story which illustrated the outcome of this program. He said that a negro was tramping through the woods somewhere down South, with a wild turkey on his back. He was met by a white man who proposed that they play a game of cards for the turkey. After considerable argument and more "bulldozing" the colored man consented. The white man produced the cards, dealt them, and won the game. As he was walking off with the turkey, the negro, who had been somewhat mystified, came to his senses, and called after the white man: "Say, mass'r, w'at 'd. you put up agin' dat bird?" The question of the Republicans was, what did the Southern Democrats put up against Louisiana and South Carolina in this political game they had been playing with the President? They won; they were walking off with the Republican turkey—two turkeys in fact—to which they had no more right than they had to govern the kingdom of heaven, and the Republicans were asking what good was to come of all this? But they lost two States.

### The Insect World.

Were it possible to take a census of the individual insects upon the globe, the result would be an array of figures of whose meaning we could form little conception. Members of each species multiply in countless millions, yet even the number of distinct species is so great that we can hardly do more than guess at it. Entomologists generally concede that upward of one hundred thousand species of insects have been recognized, and some authors place the number as high as one hundred and fifty thousand, while it is probable that these may represent not more than a tenth of the number actually inhabiting the earth's surface. "Probably not less than one-half of the indicated forms," says Professor Hailprinn, "belong to the order Coleoptera, or beetles, which is by far the most numerous represented of all the orders. The Lepidoptera, or butterflies, have thus far yielded some fifteen thousand species—or about one-fifth of the total number (200,000) estimated by Speyer for the world at large—and an equal number may, perhaps, be credited to the Hymenoptera (bees, wasps, and ants), the Hemiptera (bug), and Diptera (flies). The Orthoptera, or straight-winged insects, which include the locusts, grasshoppers, etc., are considerably less numerous, while the species of netted forms (Neuroptera) probably number only about two thousand. The insects are most numerous developed in the tropics, but they are by no means rare in the coldest regions reached by man. Sir George Nares brought home no less than forty-five species of true insects from beyond the seventy-eighth parallel of latitude in Grinnell Land, and more than three hundred in Iceland. Many of the insects of earlier geological ages are known to us as fossils from the rocks, these being found by Mr. S. H. Scudder to embrace at the present time at least two thousand six hundred species.

### A Baptist Transformation.

Some fifty years ago (writes a veteran) the orthodox church people in this town, which is not far from Boston, were much disturbed at a movement to organize a Baptist Church from among them, and a little congregation of that faith had already been gathered, which was receiving accessions from the old church. The pastor in charge of the Baptist Church took courage, and assured the brethren that if they would only subscribe liberally and build a meeting-house, "Parson P.—'s chickens will all turn to ducks."—*Harper's Magazine.*

## SLAPPING A KING'S FACE.

Rebuke of a Woman Who Was Insulted by Charles XII.

Charles XII. of Sweden has been represented as naturally indifferent to women. He abjured at a very early age all intercourse with the sex. The Kings of Sweden, at that period, were of easy access on the part of their subjects. They practiced the condescension, but within proper limitations, of sometimes even engaging in their convivial pastimes.

Charles XII., on his accession, enjoyed this jocund prerogative with all the vivacity of his very early youth; and one evening, but a little time before he was to leave Stockholm to open his military renown, he went to sup with a Dalecarian gentleman, residing at the capital.

Charles was then only in his fifteenth year, and loved to talk with this brave descendant of the preserver of his great ancestor, Gustavus Vasa, with all the fervor of his own royal patriotism. But the young King's romance did not end there. He had seen a beautiful serving maid from those very mountains, the wildest regions of his kingdom; he had seen her once or twice attend in the rooms, while a guest under the simple roof of his brave subject. He had seen and admired her in silence.

It happened that evening that she opened the door for him. She was alone and he was unaccompanied. He could not resist the temptation, for she blushed at the sight of him and exhibited emotion. The King thought there was more than kindly awe in this, and, gently taking her hand in his, proffered a kiss. He expected she would gladly accept it. But he was mistaken; she drew back. He thought she was only coy and attempted to force the kiss. She struggled; then, bursting from him, with words of severe rebuke, in the agitation of her repulsion, struck him in the face. At the moment she disappeared, the gentleman of the house, having heard the gentle, came out of his room to see what was the matter.

On seeing the King and his disorder the worthy Dalecarian, after a few hasty words of respect, inquired if anything had happened to disturb his Majesty.

Charles smiled and composedly said: "I confess that I am disturbed, and discomforted likewise, and deservedly so, for I am ashamed to say I tried to force a kiss from your pretty damsel, and she made my cheek suffer for it. This little adventure, however, will give me my freedom from all of her sex for life.

"I am a king and a soldier," he continued; "my soul's first object is the glory attendant upon those titles, and I know that the greatest men have at times wrecked both by an undue admiration of women. They ruined Antony, they almost ruined Caesar, and they made a fool of Alexander; but, by Heaven! they shall not ruin or make a fool of me. I know the susceptibility of my own nature, and I know the power—the hearts—the tyranny of the sex. Therefore, from this moment, I swear by the scepter of Sweden and this good sword never to look on woman again with an eye to desire, her smile or fear her frown—in short, to regard her as to me no more."

It was even with solemnity that he kissed his sword on uttering his vows, and then, turning their discourse immediately on the business of his visit, the old Dalecarian saw only the brave and loyal descendant of the great Gustavus before him.

### Ross Raymond in Sing Sing.

I entered the library of the prison, and was somewhat taken back to be confronted with Ross Raymond with the convict suit on. The suit here is of a grayish stuff a good deal like the old Confederate uniform, with a stripe of black, which runs around the cloth, instead of at angles. Even in his prison garb Raymond retains his handsome looks. It was his shape which so well enabled him to play his confidence games. When President Garfield was shot Raymond was on the staff of the New York Herald and was sent to the Washington bureau as an assistant. A tall, heavily set man, with handsome, swarthy face; black eyes, and black hair, and with the polish of manner, he soon won the confidence of his fellow-craftsmen. At Elberon, when the dying President was removed there, Raymond was a positive favorite. Once established, he began his confidence

operations and left many to regret his acquaintance. Subsequently, when discharged by the Herald for crooked financial deals, he drifted west. His play was to draw drafts upon the Herald and have them cashed by those he could duped. Finally he abandoned his wife, and with a female companion was next heard of in London, where he assumed to be in the confidential service, of the Khedive of Egypt. In London he lived quite swell, but, of course, at somebody's expense. Then he drifted back to the United States and left his trail of duplicity from San Francisco to New York. His latter exploits added forgery to his catalogue of graces, for which he was indicted and convicted and is now cking out a seven years' term. He is the assistant librarian of the prison, and is also an aide to the chaplain. This would seem to imply that even within the prison walls he has successfully practiced his confidence game.—*New York letter.*

### Mugwumps.

"Mugwump" is a term applied to an Independent Republican. On the nomination of James G. Blaine for the Presidency, June 6, 1884, a strong opposition developed among disaffected Republicans naming themselves "Independents." The movement originated June 7 at a meeting in Boston and was promptly taken up in New York and elsewhere. The supporters of the regular nomination affected to believe that the Independents set themselves up as the supervisors of their former associates. They were termed "dudes, Pharisees, and hypocrites," and on June 15, 1884, the New York Sun designated them "Mugwumps." The word was forthwith adopted by the press and the public, though for a time its meaning was problematical. It appeared that the term had been in use colloquially in some parts of New England, notably on the Massachusetts coast. Thence it had been carried inland, and was used in large type as a headline in the Indianapolis Sentinel as early as 1872. This, on the authority of Mr. F. H. Keenan, who was at the time editor of that journal, and had picked up the word in New England. In this instance it was used to emphasize some local issue. After this the word seems to have lain perdu until resuscitated by the Sun on March 23, 1884, when it in turn applied to a local issue at Dobb's Ferry, N. Y., printing "Mugwump D. O. Bradley" in large type at the top of one of its prominent columns. After the Independent movement was started, the word was launched on its career of popularity but not until Sept. 6, 1884, was it authoritatively defined. The Critic of that date contained a note of Dr. J. Hammond Trumbull, of Hartford, to the effect that the word was of Algonquian origin and occurred in Elliott's Indian Bible, being used to translate such high titles as lord, high-captain, chief, leader, or duke. In Matthew vi. 21, it occurs as *muk-guomp*, and again in Genesis, xxvi. 40-43, and several times in II. Samuel xxiii. The word aroused widespread philological discussion, which continued long after the campaign had ended. As is frequently the case in American politics, the word was used as a term of derision and reproach by one section and accepted with a half humorous sense of its aptness by the other.—*Toledo Blade.*

### Beyond the Breakers.

"This is Pure Old Government Rio. is it, Mr. Lightweight?" asked the customer.

"Oh, yes," replied the grocer, "that's coffee from Coffeyville."

"But you charge as much for it as you did last week, and I have been told that the panic in the coffee market had reduced the price greatly."

"Oh, yes, I know," said the honest grocer, abstractedly removing a handful of grains from the scales to make them weigh more; "but you know a break in the coffee market has no effect on the price of chickory. There you are, 17 cents a pound, and as you're an old customer I've put up five pounds for a dollar; the nutmegs 11 cents, soap 18, yeast cakes 4, clothespins 23—that was a dollar bill you gave me? Yes, yes, a dollar eighty-one out of two; yes, yes, eleven cents, here you are; much obliged; call again. Oh, no, we make no charge for delivering goods."—*Burdette.*

THE glory of ancestors sheds a light around posterity; it allows neither their good nor bad qualities to remain in obscurity.—*Salust.*



## WELLINGTON'S HOME.

Mementos of the Duke to be Seen at the Apsley House, (London Exchange.)

All visitors to London know the outward aspect of Apsley House, the home of the Duke of Wellington; severe, yet stately, fronting the lovely park, with its unornamented facade, owing all its grandeur to its ownership and all its charms to the beauty of its situation. The uncle of the present Duke caused the iron window shutters to be removed, which were put up by the hero of Waterloo after the assault on his residence by the mob, owing to his resistance of the passage of the Reform Bill. They stayed there till the grim old soldier died; he never would suffer them to be taken away, preferring probably to keep them as an outward and visible sign of the brief nature of popular affection, even though he on whom it was bestowed has saved his country and blessed her with enduring peace.

Passing the jealously guarded portals the visitor enters a vast square hall paved with black and white marble. The first room shown is a small one on the right, containing some fine busts in white marble. Among these is one of the Duke and a very fine one of Jenny Lind taken when she was a young girl. The great Duke much admired the young Swedish songstress, and a very sincere and warm friendship existed between them. Passing through this room, we were shown into the Waterloo room, a veritable Wellington museum, the walls lined with tall glass-fronted presses, the floor occupied with glass topped cases, and all filled with relics and trophies of the great deeds of the original owner of the mansion.

There, ranged in order, were the Marshal's batons that were the insignia of his military rank; the one in solid gold sent him in exchange for the baton of Marshal Jourdan captured at the battle of Vittoria; another covered with cloth of gold, encircled with laurel branches in emeralds and decorated with the Russian eagle in diamonds, the gift of the Emperor Alexander; and that of the Constable of the Tower, a plain gold shaft surmounted with a crown. There were the orders bestowed upon him by the sovereigns of Europe, stars, crosses, ribbons, without end. The Duke's Peninsular medal and clasp, which he wore in common with the humblest soldier in the British army, attracted me far more than did the blaze of foreign stars and crosses.

Then, in another case lay the sword of Napoleon, its jewelled hilt and enamelled scabbard contrasting with the severely simple style of the sword worn by the Duke at the battle of Waterloo. There was no lack of diamond-hilted weapons and scabbards, rich in velvet or gorgeous in gold and gems; but amid all the magnificence the eye instinctively sought that plain, unornamented sword, and the field glass in a shabby leather case that lay beside it. For the eagle eye of Wellington had through that glass surveyed the strife at Waterloo; through the field of its vision had swept the tide of battle that bore with it to destruction the last hope of Napoleon.

In the presses around the walls were arranged the magnificent offerings in plate and porcelain laid at the Duke's feet by potentates and corporations. Foremost among these is the vast gold shield offered by the merchants and bankers of London, the border ornamented with scenes from the Duke's battles, and the center bearing in high relief a group representing the Duke surrounded by his generals. The candelabra to match are over four feet in height. The silver set of table ornaments, the gift of the King of Portugal, is a bewildering but artistic combination of statuettes and feathery palm trees. The Emperor of Austria's gift was a dinner set in Sevres porcelain,

each plate exquisitely painted with a view of some palace or castle in Europe.

## AT THE WEST POINT RIDING-HALL.

It is accounted "great fun" to witness the first rides of the yearlings, so we will go down there and laugh at their mishaps.

Mounting the stairs to the gallery, we look down upon a large space strewn with tanbark, at one end of which is a row of some twenty horses with watering-bridles. Soon the performers file in and come to a halt in front of the horses. Do they intend to ride with only a watering-bridle, without even saddle or blanket? They will try to; at all event. The instructor commands:

"Stand to horse! Prepare to mount. Mount!"

In obedience to his command the cadets spring, struggle, leap, and kick, in their efforts to bestride their steeds. The moment they are mounted several horses develop astonishing bucking propensities, to the anguish of their riders and the delight of the gallery. Now they start around the hall at a walk. It seems rather tame, doesn't it? But soon the command "trot!" is given, and the fun begins. The poor fellows bounce about on the horses' backs like India-rubber boys, and wobble from side to side like jumping-jacks. The trot is accelerated, the horses take the gallop, and dash around the hall, tumbling their riders in heaps at the corners, while those who by chance are still mounted grasp frantically at their horses' manes. Finally, the gait is reduced to a walk; line is formed; the dismounted yearlings, nothing daunted, catch their horses and remount, and then the performance is repeated.

If we had visited the gymnasium and fencing academy in the morning we should have seen sections of the fourth class exercising under a rigid system of instruction; and if from there we had gone to the riding-hall at the hour of first-class attendance, we should have seen exhibited the high degree of muscular skill and activity to which the system of training in gymnasium and riding-hall brings cadets. For the first-class cadets ride like Indians. It is immaterial to them whether they have a saddle or blanket or ride bare-back. They leap hurdles, go through the saber exercise, and are adepts at pistol practice; they mount, dismount, vault their horses and pick up articles from the ground, all while at full speed; they ride forward, backward, sideways, and double; lying down, kneeling, and standing up. Visitors at the riding-hall during first-class hours go to admire, not to laugh.—George I. Putnam, in St. Nicholas.

## KIDD KITTY SENT HIM SKIPPING.

They were old friends, though she suspected there was a rival in his affections. But when he snuggled up to her on the sofa in the little parlor on Mariner street and whispered "Kitty," very softly, she realized that the blissful moment had come. "Kitty," he said in tremulous tones, "I'm about to propose, er—that is I'm going to ask, er—Jennie Grampus to be mine. Do you, er—think, do you believe she would consent to wed me?" Kitty deliberately rose up with her cheeks on fire, and pulled his golden mustache until he howled. "If I were Jennie Grampus," she cried, "I wouldn't marry you if you were the last man on earth. Why, I never heard of such presumption in my life. Goodness gracious, Mr. Mumbley, what could you have been thinking of?" But Mr. Mumbley didn't stop to reply. He seized his hat and tore out of the house, and ever since has devoted himself strictly to business, avowing that women are all fickle and false, and that he will have none of them.—Buffalo Courier.

My ways are as broad as the king's high road, and my means lie in an inkstand.—Southey.

## The Ladies' Favorite.

The newest fashion in ladies' hats will doubtless cause a flutter of pleasurable excitement among the fair sex. Ladies are always susceptible to the changes of a fashion plate; and the more startling the departure, the more earnest the gossip over the new mode. Dr. Pierce's favorite Prescription is a positive cure for the ills which afflict females and make their lives miserable. This sovereign panacea can be relied on in case of displacements and all functional derangements. It builds up the poor, haggard, and dragged-out victim, and gives her renewed hope and a fresh lease of life. It is the only medicine for woman's peculiar weaknesses and ailments, sold by druggists, under a positive guarantee from the manufacturers, that it will give satisfaction in every case, or money refunded. Read printed guarantee on bottle wrapper.

A COOK who prefers Burns to Browning shouldn't have anything to do with Bacon or Lamb.

## If Sufferers from Consumption,

Scrofula, Bronchitis, and General Debility will try Scott's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil with Hypophosphites, they will find immediate relief and permanent benefit. The Medical Profession universally declare it a remedy of the greatest value and very palatable. Read: "I have used Scott's Emulsion in several cases of Scrofula and Debility in Children. Results most gratifying. My little patients take it with pleasure."—W. A. HULBERT, M.D., Salisbury, Ill.

SPECIAL taxes are levied upon bachelors in France, and they pay it cheerfully; nary a kick.

PRICKLY ASH BITTERS is an unfailing cure for all diseases originating in biliary derangements caused by the malaria of miasmatic countries. No other medicine now on sale will so effectually remove the disturbing elements, and at the same time tone up the whole system. It is sure and safe in its action.

NOTWITHSTANDING the fact that "one good turn deserves another," it is not advisable to turn a collar more than three times.

Odd Fellows' Excursion to Denver, Col., via "Rock Island Route."

The C. R. I. & P. Ry. offers the grandest opportunity to see the wonderful mountain scenery of Colorado at smallest expense ever known. Tickets to Denver and return on sale September 13 to 18 inclusive, good to return until October 31, at extremely low rates. Excursions from Denver to all points in Colorado at one fare for the round trip to holders of these tickets. For further particulars address:

G. T. & P. A., C. R. I. & P. Ry., Chicago, Ill.

## Prof. Loissette's Memory Discovery.

No doubt can be entertained about the value and genuineness of Prof. Loissette's Memory System, as it is so strongly recommended by Mark Twain, Mr. Proctor, Hon. W. W. Astor, Judah P. Benjamin, Dr. Buckley, and others. For full details send for Prof. Loissette's prospectus, at 237 Fifth Ave., New York. From it the System is taught by correspondence quite as well as by personal instruction. Colleges near New York have secured his lectures. He has had 100 Columbia Law students, two classes of 200 each at Yale, 200 at Meriden, 200 at Norwich, 400 at Wellesley College, and 400 at University of Penn. We cannot conceive how a system could receive any higher indorsement.

RELIEF is immediate, and a cure sure. Pico's Remedy for Catarrh. 50 cents.

If afflicted with Sore Eyes, use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye Water. Druggists sell it 25c.

## Do Not Neglect

That tired feeling, impure blood, distress after eating, pains in the back, headache, or similar affections till some powerful disease obtains a firm foothold, and recovery is difficult, perhaps impossible. Take Hood's Sarsaparilla, the defender of health, in time to banish all bad feelings and restore you to perfect health.

"When I took Hood's Sarsaparilla that heaviness in my stomach left; the dullness in my head and the ghomy, despondent feeling disappeared. I began to get stronger, my blood gained better circulation, the coldness in my hands and feet left me, and my kidneys do not bother me as before." O. W. HULL, Attorney at Law, Millersburg, O.

## Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. \$1; six for \$5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar.

300 PANTS

**HANDSOME, STYLISH PANTS**

Made to order in first-class style. Perfect fit guaranteed or money refunded.

For samples of cloth and 4 foot tape measure (worth 10c.) send 3 2c. stamps. Circulars Free.

Established 1877.

**THE HUNTER CINCINNATI, O. MFG CO.**

300 SHOES

**OUR FULL SEAMLESS SHOES**

beat the world. Made in sizes and styles to please. Perfect fit guaranteed. We refer to any Bank, Express Co., or leading business house in this city.

**It is a Perfect Cure.**

I was severely afflicted with Hay Fever for twenty-five years. I tried Ely's Cream Balm, and the effect was marvellous. It is a perfect cure.—Wm. T. Carr, Presbyterian Pastor, Elizabeth, N. J.

Apply Balm into each nostril.

**PENSIONS COLLECTED and Increased by** Fitzgerald & Powell, Indianapolis, Ind. Old cases reviewed. Send for copy of Laws, free.

The best and surest Remedy for Cure of all diseases caused by any derangement of the Liver, Kidneys, Stomach and Bowels. Dyspepsia, Sick Headache, Constipation, Bilious Complaints and Malaria of all kinds yield readily to the beneficent influence of

# PRICKLY ASH BITTERS

It is pleasant to the taste, tones up the system, restores and preserves health. It is purely Vegetable, and cannot fail to prove beneficial, both to old and young. As a Blood Purifier it is superior to all others. Sold everywhere at \$1.00 a bottle.

## KIDDER'S

# DIGESTYLIN

A SURE CURE FOR INDIGESTION AND DYSPEPSIA.

Over 5,000 Physicians have sent us their approval of DIGESTYLIN, saying that it is the best preparation for indigestion that they have ever used.

We have never heard of a case of Dyspepsia where DIGESTYLIN was taken that was not cured.

## FOR CHOLERA INFANTUM.

IT WILL CURE THE MOST AGGRAVATED CASES. IT WILL RELIEVE CONSTIPATION.

For Summer Complaints and Chronic Diarrhea which are the direct results of imperfect digestion DIGESTYLIN will effect an immediate cure.

Take DIGESTYLIN for all pains and disorders of the stomach; they all come from indigestion. Ask your druggist for DIGESTYLIN (price \$1 per large bottle). If he does not have it, send one dollar to us and we will send a bottle to you, express prepaid. Do not hesitate to send your money. Our house is reliable. Established twenty-five years.

WM. F. KIDDER & CO., Manufacturing Chemists, 83 John St., N. Y.

**BIRDSELL**

FOR MOTOR JUNIOR

BIRDSELL MFG CO.

SOUTH BEND, IND.

CHALLENGE

**THE NEW CLOVER HULLER**

DOES ITS WORK THAN FASTER AND BETTER ANY OTHER

OUR NEW RE-CLEANER

CLEAN THE SEED

SEND FOR OUR CHALLENGE

AND LATE CATALOGUE

One Agent (Merchant only) wanted in every town.

## TANSILL'S PUNCH 5 & 1

We are selling four times as many "Tansill's Punch" against any other cigar, and have only had them in the case a week.

J. A. Tansill, Druggist, Brockport, N. Y.

Your "Tansill's Punch" is cigars as staple as sugar, and they never fail to give perfect satisfaction.

H. W. MAHAN, Champagne, Ill.

Address R. W. TANSILL & CO., Chicago.

## MARLIN REPEATING RIFLE

Guaranteed perfectly accurate and absolutely safe. Made in all sizes for large or small game.

**BALLARD**

Galleries, Hunting and Target Rifles. Send for Illustrated Catalogue.

Marlin Fire Arms Co., New Haven, Conn.

## R. BAIRD'S GRANULES

Cure Dyspepsia, Malaria, Piles, Stomach Disorders, Impure Blood, Kidney Disease, Torpid Liver, Habitual Constipation, etc.

A new principle, a new remedy. Purely Vegetable. A full size box sent FREE, postage prepaid, to any invalid, or their friends sending their address at once. Give account of case, symptoms, etc.

DR. BAIRD, 157 W. 23d St., N. Y.

## FOR SALE CHEAP!

One of Payne & Son's automatic ten-horse power engines. It has only been used about two years, and is in every respect as good as the day it came out of the shop. This engine is equal to twenty-horse power if required of it. Address, FORT WAYNE STEAMSHIP UNION, 55 & 57 Columbia St., Fort Wayne, Ind.

## RUBBER STAMP OUTFIT

FOR SALE CHEAP.

Vulcanizer, 16 fonts of Type, Cuts, and everything used in the business. Address E. R. 174 E. Berry St., Fort Wayne, Ind.

R. S. & A. P. LACEY, Patent Attorneys, Washington, D.C.

Instructions and opinions as to patentability FREE. 17 years' experience.

## PATENTS

**KIDDER'S PASTILLES** Price 35c. Asthma, Cough, Bronchitis, Stomach, Stowell & Co., Charlestown, Mass.

## OPIMUM

Morphine Habit Cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till cured. Dr. J. Stephens, Lebanon, Ohio.

to \$5 a day. Samples worth \$1.50. FREE. Lines not under the horse's feet. Write Brewster Safety Ram Holder Co., Holly, Mich.

**\$5**





MORT & WILL OLDS, PUBLISHERS.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:

One Year, in advance ..... \$0.75  
Six Months ..... 50  
Three Months ..... 25

Entered at the Post Office at St. Joe as second-class matter.

FRIDAY SEPTEMBER 2, 1887.

Last Friday Mrs. M. J. Widney of this place received the startling intelligence that her son Harvey had been drowned. She got ready and immediately left for his home in Excelsor, Minn. Nothing more has been known in regard to the sad affair, until yesterday, a paper was received by Sam Widney, which contained the following account: "One of the saddest fatalities that has ever happened at the lake occurred yesterday, near the Excelsor Academy, causing the death of Prof. H. S. Widney, principal of the Excelsor Academy and Lulu Haines, the 14 year old daughter of a well known citizen of Excelsor. Prof. Widney's two daughters and Lulu Haines were gathering water lilies on a raft in a pond near the rear of the Academy. The raft began to sink, when Prof. Widney jumped off, thinking to lessen the weight, and save the little girls. He had no sooner jumped in, however, when the girls followed after him, and in the struggle which ensued, Prof. Widney and Lulu Haines were drowned. The two daughters of Prof. Widney were rescued from a watery grave through the bravery of Theodore Bast Jr., who witnessed the accident and jumped in to the rescue. The bodies were recovered soon after life was extinct. At first it was thought that three were drowned but both the daughters recovered consciousness soon after being taken from the water. Prof. Widney has resided in Excelsor but one year, yet has gained hosts of friends by his generosity and noble manhood. He was principal of the Excelsor Academy and has recently been engaged in making preparations for the opening of the season of '87 and '88. He leaves a wife and two children to mourn his untimely death. It is supposed that the raft tipped down on one side, causing Prof. Widney and the children to slip off, and the children caught hold of him so that he could help neither himself or them. Theodore Bast, who was the first to the rescue, was at work on Prof. Widney's new residence. When he reached the scene of the drowning he jumped into the water just in time to save Widney's two children. The grass and soft mud so obstructed and hindered him that only the timely arrival of other persons prevented him from drowning also. He did not know that Prof. Widney was drowned until one of the children told of it. At a meeting of the citizens of Excelsor the following resolution was adopted: In the death of Prof. Widney our village has lost a noble and upright citizen; our youth an able instructor and warm friend; the church a zealous and devout Christian worker, and his family a loving husband and kind father."

The Y. P. T. L. A. will meet at the residence of Miss Sake Wineland, on Wednesday evening, Sept. 7th. A good program has been arranged. We want every member to be present as there is some matters of importance to attend to.

OUR CORRESPONDENTS.  
COBURN TOWN.

Some sickness in the neighborhood. I understand. Daye Andrews family are all sick.

Some of the farmers have commenced sowing their wheat; pretty dry don't it.

R. G. Coburn is now on the road with the Albion Cultivator again. Now is the time for farmers to pitch in and buy while they can get them cheap and on long time.

We have only two babies to report this week, but we hope to do better in the future. Johnny Abel is the proud father of a bouncing boy, while Wil's Beaber has to be satisfied with a girl, but he is awful proud though.

Augustus Coburn has gone into the real estate business. Office in Dr. Sheffer's office. Any one contemplating going west, will do well by consulting him, as he has some of the finest land in the Arkansas valley, for sale very cheap, and on easy terms.

PERSONS' RETREAT.

Mort N. Kline's health is no better. The whooping-cough has broken out in Leo.

"Bab" Shilling has quit farming and is now buying stock.

Grandma Kline has recovered from her recent attack of cholera morbus. She is able to be around again.

It is reported that there are some cases of the black-tongue diphtheria between St. Joe and Hicksville. Will our Coburntown correspondent kindly inform us if the report is true?

On account of ill health our teacher Miss Ida Koch, closed her school at this place on last Friday. We understand that the parents were well pleased with the school, and would have liked to have had it continue another month.

Bert Zimmerman in company with Charley Mills of Maysville, Sundayed at home. He brings news of a large barn burning near Maysville. Some children playing at burning corn-stalks, with matches, set the barn on fire, burning a large amount of hay and grain. Children and matches should never play together.

NEWVILLE.

This city was quite well represented at Butler last Sunday.

Arthur Olds visited with his parents at Spencerville last Sunday.

Ulysses Swansgood, of Stafford, was the guest of Cora Plum Saturday evening.

Both of the Sunday schools will attend the picnic at St. Joe next Saturday.

We understand Ida Cotrell will teach at No. 2, Newville township, this winter.

Rev. I. W. Lowman preaches his farewell sermon at the U. B. church, Sept. 11th.

Frank Segur and Miss Eva Fell attended the lecture at Butler Monday evening.

Wonder what caused Mr. Patco to visit this city one day this week? Ask Ida to explain.

One of our city ladies, Miss Lusina Smith was married to John Hahlwetz of Butler, Aug. 28th.

Mrs. Akins, Cora Plum, Lizzie Seely and Charrie Linton are attending Institute at Butler this week.

Nathan Stafford was surprised by a gathering of his children at his home on last Saturday, it being his 70th birthday.

Our Normal school closes next Friday. Profs. Walton and Koeppe gave the best of satisfaction, and we would be pleased to receive them back next year.

JUST RECEIVED THIS WEEK AT

LEIGHTY'S

Nearly 5000 Yards of Best Prints,

WHICH WILL BE SOLD AT

5 CENTS PER YARD.

ALSO A LARGE STOCK OF OTHER GOODS, CHEAP  
CALL AND SEE THEM

CONCORD.

Bill Baker is selling a good many pumps.

Henry Baker is the happy father of a 9 lb. girl.

The fast train killed two fine colts west of here last week.

Mrs. M. J. Widney, of St. Joe, visited in the family of F. Buchanan last Thursday.

Mrs. N. Huffman contemplates going to Illinois sometime in the near future to open up a boarding house.

Mrs. M. E. Baker entertained quite a number of friends last Sunday. Among them were Warren Strong of Spencerville.

The fortune teller over north has been quite liberally patronized of late, and the young people are permitted to know what is in store for them in the future.

Little Ray E. son of Calvin and Elida Ohinger died last Sunday morning, August 28th, age four months. The funeral services were conducted at the house of it's grand-parents, G. and J. Morr, on Monday afternoon, by Rev. Langley.

Mrs. M. J. Dawson returned to Auburn last Friday, where she will remain until about the middle of September. She will then go to Colorado to spend the winter visiting with friends on the way at different places, for a short time.

A very pleasant and agreeable surprise was given Mrs. H. F. on Thursday of last week. The unsuspected arrangement of it was due Mrs. James Smith and Miss H. M. There were quite a number of guests present. Time passed swiftly, friends had met, pleasant conversations indulged in and charming music listened to. A repast was then served, to which all did ample justice. A few nice presents were given, and all returned to their respective homes feeling that they had had a good time.

This space belongs to J. H. Conrad, the man who Gutters and Sputters and Spouts, and makes the best Tinware in the county. Give him a call when needing anything in his line.

SORGHUM MAKING.

I am now prepared to make Sorghum molasses at my residence east of St. Joe. I have a new process for clearing, which enables me to make better molasses than ever before. Give me a call. Prices reasonable and satisfaction guaranteed.

Howard Northrup



"TRUTH IS MIGHTY, AND WILL PREVAIL."

LOOK THIS WAY!

I keep on hand a fine line of Furniture, which I will sell for the next 60 days at prices that defy competition. Glass Cupboards \$8.50. Double Cane Seat and Back Rockers \$2. Dressing Case with French Plate Glass \$12.00. Carpet Lounges \$6.50. Solid Comfort Beds for \$2.25. Undertaking a speciality.

August Kinsey, St. Joe, Ind.

A Disastrous Flood!

Heavy damages done by the over-throw of High Prices, and we will continue same. Good Brown Sugar 5 and 6 cts. Granulated 7 cts. Rosin 5 cts. Alum 5 cts. Salts 5 cts. Bird Seed 8 cts. Salt Peter 12 1/2 cts. Prunes 6 1/2 cts. Good Gingham 6 cts. Dress Goods at your own price. Grain Sacks 18 cts. All goods as cheap as the cheapest. Highest market price paid for Wheat, Oats and Seeds.

S. & F. Barney



## WHY IS IT?

Why is it that some people have so many more eggs to sell than others? They have not any more chickens but what they do have seem to lay better. The facts in the case are they use Raven's Poultry Food, and that is one of the best preparations in the world to make chickens lay. It is also a sure preventative of cholera. Try it. For sale at Patterson's Drugstore, St. Joe, Ind.

### DON'T EXPERIMENT.

You cannot afford to waste time in experimenting when your lungs are in danger. Consumption always seems at first, only a cold. Do not permit any dealer to impose upon you with some cheap imitation of Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds, but be sure you get the genuine. Because he can make more profit he may tell you he has something just as good, or just the same. Don't be deceived, but insist upon getting Dr. King's New Discovery, which is guaranteed to give relief in all Throat, Lung and Chest affections. Trial bottles free at W. C. Patterson's Drug Store. Large Bottles \$1.

### NOTICE.

Our annual partnership settlement occurs on the first of September, and we desire to have all who are indebted to us, call on or before that time and settle up. Please attend to this matter at once, and oblige.

Filley, Lounsberry & Shuler.

### LOCALS.

The circus exhibits at Newville today.

Miss Anna Merrill spent the Sunday with friends at Waterloo.

Some interesting reading matter will be found in the supplement this week.

Little Johnny Dills, who has been very sick the past week, remains about the same.

Mrs. W. B. McClaran is spending a few days with friends here and at Spencerville.

C. E. Everett, general agent for the Union Central Life Insurance Co., was in town this week.

Mrs. Jake White has removed her household goods to her parents, and will make her home with them.

Clocks, Watches and Jewelry repaired by Bert Patterson, at the St. Joe Drugstore. All work warranted.

Dr. T. J. Dills of Fort Wayne, and Wm. Dills and wife of Auburn, were the guests of J. W. Dills last Sunday.

W. K. Sheffer of the Angola Herald, with his wife and children, were the guests of his brother, Dr. Sheffer, over last Sunday.

Bert Patterson has taken an interest in the drug business at this place, with his brother, W. C. Bert is a young man of good business qualifications, and we are glad to have him become a citizen of our thriving town.

The marriage of Miss Eva B. Shutt to Dr. Elson, of Canton, Ohio, occurred yesterday, at the home of the bride, at 12 o'clock. The happy couple left on the afternoon train for an extended wedding tour in the east. The News extends congratulations.

Lafayette was recently visited by a shower of frogs.

The Waterloo fair promises to be a good one this year.

Mrs. J. D. Leighty visited friends near Maysville, last Friday.

Don't buy your fall shoes until you have seen those twenty button Kids at Case & Olds.

Mrs. E. Metsgar of Fort Wayne, visited in this place last week, the guest of her daughter, Mrs. J. D. Leighty.

Mrs. Henry Sharp of Fort Wayne and Mrs. Newman of Edgerton, Ohio, were the guests of Mrs. M. J. Olds, last Friday.

Mrs. S. G. Flint returned last week from an extended visit with her daughter, Mrs. C. M. Thayer, of Minneapolis.

The W. C. T. U. will meet at the residence of P. P. Shuler, on Thursday afternoon, Sept. 8th, at 2 o'clock. All are invited.

The Normal school has been closed since Tuesday, in order to allow the teachers and students to attend the county institute at Butler.

A meeting has been called at Auburn for to-morrow, at two o'clock, to take some action in regard to the payment of the drive well royalty.

Never borrow if you can possibly avoid it, but if you must borrow, don't borrow the St. Joe News. Take it yourself; only 25 cents for three months.

Art Woodcox says: "That's all right, August Kinsey, but you wait down to our house Sunday night, and I can prove it by my own mother." That settles it.

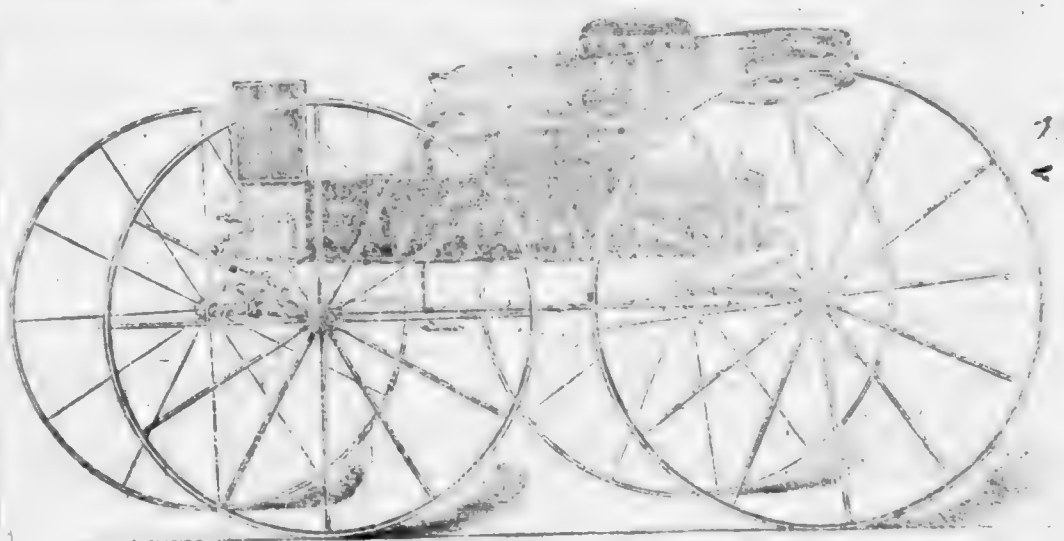
The bears set a bad example before the crowd last Friday by stopping in front of the saloon and drinking a couple glasses of beer. They handled the glasses like old toppers.

Rev. J. A. Thomas will deliver a lecture in this place on Wednesday evening, Sept. 7th, before the students of the Normal school, and all others who will attend. Subject: "Generalization and Classification of Knowledge."

We went to press last week to early to report the success of the lecture by Rev. Beaty, at the Methodist church, but we are glad to state that it was well attended, and highly appreciated by our citizens. The Normal school students were out in full force, and no doubt they obtained many new ideas, and derived much useful information. Such lectures are a benefit to the town, and we are glad to know that we are to have more of them.

The Auburn ball-club is no good, and it ought to go into the shop for repairs, before they ever try to play again. Some time ago the Spencerville club beat them by a good score, and last Saturday they played a game at Auburn, and the score stood 15 to 35 in favor of Spencerville. Poor old Auburn has had her share of trouble this summer. Her balloon would not go up, her gas well was a failure, and now to think that her ball club should get so gloriously whipped, is just too bad.

In order to fill previous engagements, it became necessary for Prof. Hootman to resign his position as instructor in the Normal at this place. Prof. Price has secured the services of an assistant for the balance of the term, which it is hoped will prove satisfactory to all concerned. During Prof. Hootman's brief stay among us, he has made many warm friends, and they no doubt join with us in wishing him success in his new field of labor. We understand that he takes charge of the schools at Eureka, Ill.



MOUNTED WITH THE HERBRAND GEAR IRON

ECKHART CARRIAGE WORKS,

AUBURN, DE KALB CO., IND.

—MANUFACTURER OF—

FIRST CLASS CARRIAGES,

CHARLES ECKHART, PROPRIETOR.

Call on me when in need of a first class Carriage or Buggy, and I will save you money. I guarantee all work as represented.

### ST. JOE MARKETS.

CORRECTED EVERY FRIDAY.

Wheat	70 cts.
Oats	25 cts.
Corn	35 cts.
Butter	15 cts.
Eggs	12 cts.
Tallow	31 cts.
Lard	10 cts.
Potatoes	50 cts.

### Baltimore & Ohio R. R.

Trains Leave St. Joe as follows:

WESTBOUND.	
No. 9 Mail and Express	11:05 A. M.
17 Accommodation	4:18 P. M.
3 Chicago Express	10:42 P. M.
35 Local Freight	3:42 P. M.

EASTBOUND.	
No. 10 Express and Mail	2:08 P. M.
16 Accommodation	10:28 A. M.
14 Morning Express	4:55 A. M.
34 Local Freight	7:59 A. M.

W. I. McKee, Agent.

### Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

THE BEST SALVE in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chills, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by W. C. Patterson.

### Wonderful Cures.

W. D. Hoyt & Co., Wholesale and Retail Druggists of St. Joe, Ga., say: We have been selling Dr. King's New Discovery, Electric Bitters and Bucklen's Arnica Salve, for four years. Have never handled remedies that sell as well, or give such universal satisfaction. There have been some wonderful cures effected by these medicines in this city. Several cases of pronounced Consumption have been entirely cured by use of a few bottles of Dr. King's New Discovery, taken in connection with Electric Bitters. We guarantee them always. Sold by W. C. Patterson.

There will be a soldier's re-union at Hicksville on Oct. 6th and 7th.

J. D. Leighty told Mervin Widney that if he would clean off his potato patch, and put it in condition for sowing turnip seed, he would give him what stray potatoes he might find. He did so, and got thirty bushels of nice potatoes for his trouble.

### PERSONAL.

Mr. N. H. Frohlichstein, of Mobile, Ala., writes: I take great pleasure in recommending Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, having used it for a severe attack of Bronchitis and Catarrh. It gave me instant relief and entirely cured me and I have not been afflicted since. I also beg to state that I had tried other remedies with no good result. Have also used Electric Bitters and Dr. King's New Life Pills, both of which I can recommend.

Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs, and Colds, is sold on a positive guarantee. Trial bottles free at W. C. Patterson's Drug Store.



Last week quite a number of the brethren of this vicinity received thru the U. S. mail a letter with red something like this: "You will please crawl at my odds in Auburn and pay the royalty on your drive well in this, save trouble and costs." Some of them take the matter in a cool, kam way, while others got hot, and said that it was a regular swindle from beginning to end. We heard of one gude old brother that got a littel hotter than awl the rest, and he started home with a club in his hand (see cut) and he said that the first pedlar, litching-rod or sowing machine agent, bohannan oats man, patent rite swindlar or ana other sardere that cum onto his farm to sell gudes wood git the day-lite knocked out of him in double quick ordar. The fact is this is an age of swindels and swindlers. A pursion don't hardly feel safe to go to sleep at nite fur fear sum fello wil cum along the next morning an want him to pa a royalty on his sleeping apparatus.

Bareus Q. Hippenhammer.



# The St. Joe News.

ST JOE, INDIANA.

MORT & WILL OLDS,

PUBLISHERS.

## THE SECRET DRAWER.

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

In idle mood I touched the springs  
That opened wide the secret drawer,  
To gaze on half-forgotten things  
That waked the memories of yore;  
Small scraps of letters loosely tied  
With silken bands of faded blue,  
Containing words of love and pride,  
Wrung from my heart when life was new.

A lock of radiant golden hair  
That once adorned a glorious head  
Of a young angel heavenly fair—  
And long since numbered with the dead;  
A dark brown tress—the sole remains  
Of a brave woman lost and gone,  
The partner of my joys and pains,  
Whose smile made sunlight where it shone.

I sighed, I kissed them like a fool—  
Although perhaps the fool was wise  
With wisdom learned in sorrow's school.  
Who saw the truth through all disguise.  
And in my counsel with my thought  
I asked myself, mid haze of tears,  
Why those fond relics, fancy-treasures,  
Should live beyond my span of years?

Live with their tale of thought or deed,  
For mementoes in scandal's mart,  
To satisfy the clamorous greed  
Of scribblers who'd dissect my heart  
When I lay slumbering in the mold,  
Unwept of Fame's noisy blast—  
And sell for miserable gold  
The sacred secrets of the past?

To build romances from my life,  
Or weave the lies that seem like truth,  
From shadows of long-ended strife  
And unknown agonies of youth?  
Take them, ye flames! such fate is best!  
All but the lock of hair I crave  
To wear upon my living breast,  
And perish with me in the grave.  
—Temple Bar.

## A SCHEMING WOMAN.

MRS. W. F. SMITH.

"Why, Mr. Maynard, what a very uncomplimentary gentleman you are! Did Mrs. Jackson give you such a poor dinner that you feel justified in denouncing all cooks, or are you above being influenced by tough steaks and thick coffee?"

"I should be hardly human, Miss Gertie, if such things did not have some weight in forming my decisions. I think Dr. Pillsbury hardly realized what I should have to endure at Mrs. Jackson's hands, or he would not have sent me out into the country to rest and regain my strength."

"If you had as much strength as the butter she gave us for breakfast you would have been able to pursue your studies without a rest," said Olive Marlett, speaking for the first time. "I should think she would be ashamed to set any one down to such a table; really, I think I shall be obliged to go home soon unless I can find a different place to board. I did not expect to find anything very wonderful in the country, but I did suppose the folks knew enough to cook a decent meal."

Gertie Weston's face flushed. "You should not judge all country people by Mrs. Jackson, or Sarah Ann," she said, gently. "I know a number of young ladies, educated and refined, that are also excellent cooks."

"Do you, really, Miss Weston? Then I should think you might take pity on me, and go with me to look for a new boarding place. I will be under lasting obligations to you if you will, and will try and make the ride pleasant beside."

Bert Maynard became very much in earnest, as he thought how pleasant a ride would be with Gertie Weston as guide and companion.

But Miss Marlett had no intention of letting them take such a ride without her, if she could help it. For she had fancied, of late, that Bert felt more than an ordinary interest in Gertie, and for the sake of her own plans for the future she did not wish them to get any better acquainted, so she joined in the conversation at once, speaking as if she had been included in the invitation, and asking if they should go the next morning.

Bert's interest in the ride seemed to die out as speedily as it had arisen; and he did not appoint any other time or urge the matter when Gertie said to Olive that it would be impossible for her to go in the morning.

Miss Marlett noticed how willing he was to let the subject drop, and was quick enough to see the reason, and a jealous hatred and determination to lessen his regard for Gertie took possession of her; but she did not show it in her actions she was pleasant and sweet to

the young girl, while inwardly planning to mortify and humiliate her.

They were still laughing and chatting together when Mrs. Jackson's supper-bell rang; and as Miss Marlett and Bert walked across the lawn she tried to lead him to make some disparaging remark about Gertie, saying: "Did you notice Miss Weston's hands? They are such an odd shape, so short and stubby," and she glanced complacently at her own slender fingers. But he only said:

"You have such nicely-shaped hands yourself, Miss Marlett, it makes you take more notice of others' than I do." Then, as he, too, glanced at her hands he continued:

"That is an odd bracelet you wear, at least the bangles are odd."

"Yes," she said, "it is odd, and also very valuable. Would you like to look at it? and she slipped it off and handed it to him. "My uncle was a collector of rare coins, and left those to me when he died. I do not like them to be out of my sight, and thought if I had them put on a band now while it is the fashion to wear bangles it would be the easiest way for me to take care of them. You and the jeweler," and she laughed a little, "are the only ones that have ever handled them, except myself, since they came into my possession."

"Indeed! I feel quite honored. But here is one that some one else will handle if you don't have it fixed. See, the fastening is defective."

"Why, so it is! I am very glad you noticed it. I will have to be careful or I shall lose it, but will have it repaired the first time I go to the city."

As she held out the slender wrist for Bert to put the bracelet on, she added:

"If I should lose it, Mr. Maynard, I will call upon you to identify it in case of its being found. It is the most valuable coin in my collection. Would you know it again?"

"Certainly I should, no matter where I saw it."

They had reached the house by this time, and the conversation dropped.

The next afternoon Miss Marlett, watching from behind the shelter of Mrs. Jackson's green blinds, saw Bert cross the lawn to Mrs. Weston's, and at once decided to go there herself. Catching up her hat she reached the shaded porch almost as soon as Bert himself, whom she appeared much surprised to see.

Living so close to Mrs. Jackson's it was no unusual thing for her summer boarders to make themselves at home at motherly Mrs. Weston's, so there was no need of an excuse for their coming.

Gertie and Mrs. Weston brought chairs for them, and the four were soon having a pleasant chat.

In the course of their conversation Mrs. Weston asked if they were fond of honey. And on their replying, said, "Mr. Weston took out about three hundred pounds from our hives this morning, and Gertie has promised him she will make warm biscuits for tea; you had better stay and have some with us."

Bert glanced at Gertie with a smile. "I shall be more than pleased to accept my share of your kind invitation," Mrs. Weston, he said, "for Miss Gertie and I had an argument yesterday about young ladies cooking, and I shall be glad to let her convince me that I was in error."

"Will you acknowledge that you are in error if the biscuits are good?" Gertie asked, as she glanced at the clock, and began to roll up her work.

"Certainly. It shall be an unconditional surrender," and from the look in Bert's eyes Miss Marlett thought that it would not be his side of the argument alone that would be surrendered to Gertie.

A few moments later Gertie excused herself and went to the kitchen to make the biscuits for tea; and Mrs. Weston and Bert were soon so deeply engaged in conversation that they never noticed that Miss Marlett, laying down the paper she had been pretending to read, had left them alone for a moment or two, returning with a somewhat flushed face, but a triumphant look in her eyes.

When Gertie appeared, after putting her biscuits in the oven, Miss Marlett proposed that they have tea out on the porch. "It will not make you much more work, for we will help," she said; "you get whatever you want for tea ready, and I will carry it out and set the table."

Of course Gertie acquiesced; and the table was soon set. Miss Marlett proved

so helpful in her fear of making Gertie more work by her plan of an out-door tea, that she even took the biscuits from the oven and arranged them upon the table; so it was not until Mrs. Weston, removing the snowy napkin that covered them, passed the plate to Mr. Maynard that Gertie noticed them. Then she could scarcely believe her eyes, for instead of the nice, white biscuits she had expected to see, and which all her past experience justified her in expecting, they were as yellow as saffron, and smelt strongly of salaratus.

"What in the world ails your biscuits, Gertie?" said Mrs. Weston. "Stop, Mr. Maynard," as that gentleman, in pity for the embarrassment so plainly discernible in Gertie's face, broke open the one he had taken and raised it to his lips. "Don't eat that; Gertie will get some bread."

Thanking her mother, in her heart, for sending her instead of going herself, Gertie rose just as Miss Marlett, with a perceptible sneer in her voice, said:

"I'm so sorry you didn't tell us you couldn't make them, and let me do it for you, Gertie; but don't feel at all grieved over your failure; perhaps you will do better next time."

"Perhaps she will, Miss Marlett, if she does not have too much assistance. The old saying of 'too many cooks spoiling the broth' is undoubtedly true; and this little trifle will prove that some one else, as well as Miss Gertie, took part in mixing the biscuits," and Bert held out a piece of the one he had taken, with a small gold coin imbedded in the center of it.

Miss Marlett glanced at the trifle, and her face took a grayish hue as she recognized the coin that last night had occupied a place upon her bracelet.

Not for ten times the value of that coin would she have had Bert Maynard know how she lost it, and she would have denied owning it now, but she knew by his looks it was no use. Her hand trembled a little in spite of her efforts to keep it steady, as she silently took the coin he held toward her; and she mentally blessed Mr. Weston, who, seeing her distress and pitying her, asked Mr. Maynard some question and so changed the conversation, while Gertie and her mother, with true lady-like tact, appeared not to notice her embarrassment.

In spite of the efforts of all concerned the meal was rather a silent one, and no objections were raised when, at its close, Miss Marlett, saying she had letters to write, begged to be excused, and went back to Mrs. Jackson's.

"I see now how it was," said Gertie, when, later in the evening, Bert had told them how he knew to whom the bangle belonged. "I left the flour in the pan, and the box of salaratus by it, while I went to the well for some fresh water. She must have put the salaratus in while I was gone and lost the bangle then."

"I presume so," said Bert, "for I remember now that she left your mother and I alone for a few moments, but perhaps the chance of settling our argument is not lost, for your mother has consented to let me board here the rest of the vacation."

When Mr. Maynard returned to Mrs. Jackson's late that evening he was surprised to find Sarah Ann still up, and to learn that Miss Marlett had left for New York on the night express. And as she left no address it was impossible to send her wedding cards when, that fall, Gertie became Bert Maynard's bride.

### Willing to Correct.

He walked into the office looking pretty much like a man dissatisfied with general results.

"Can I see the editor?" he inquired. He was directed to the foot of the throne.

"Good morning, sir," he began gruffly.

"Mornin'," grunted the editor.

"I came in," he proceeded, "to tell you of a misprint in the paper."

"What is it?"

"Well I sent a notice here that my friend Smith had just been married, and your infernal compositor got it, 'Mr. Smith has just been martyred.'"

"Ugh, you call that a misprint, do you? Well I don't, and I've raised that compositor's wages. If you don't like it, send Smith around to me ten years from now, and if he wants it corrected, I'll have it done."

The visitor departed to see Smith.—*Merchant-Traveler.*

### PITH AND POINT.

A BIG spread—the sky.

TROUBLE in grease—explosion in a lard factory.

THE bald-headed man is just as well satisfied with a back seat as with a front one—at church.

A POSTAGE stamp is like a youngster. It always sticks to business better after it has been thoroughly licked.

WHEN a man loses money faster at poker than he makes it in his business, something is going to drop soon.

VIOLET—Ma, how do people know that it's a man in the moon? Mother (sadly)—Because it's always out nights.

LADY (to friend calling)—You won't mind my going on with my work while you are here, will you? Then I shan't feel I am wasting time.

OLD MAID—Is this parrot for sale? Bird-dealer—Yes, mum. "Can't he talk?" "Not yet, but he understands everything you say to him.—*Texas Siftings.*

AN Indiana man drew a revolver on a doctor, and the doctor drew a box of pills on the Hoosier. Both fired at once, and neither can recover.—*New-moon Independent.*

HEINRICH—I am afraid it is not for me that you come here so often, but for my money. Ardent wooer—You are cruel to say so. How can I get your money without getting you?—*Boston Courier.*

SOME man who would invent a new swear-word that would be as expressive and effective as the old favorites, and at the same time would not be wicked, would surely fill a long-felt want. *Somerville Journal.*

MRS. YERGER—Matilda, who was that man you were talking to last night at the back fence? Matilda Snowball—Has yer nebbler felt de influence ob de tender pashun dat yer axes me sich qeshuns?—*Texas Siftings.*

"GOOD-BYE is a simple little phrase," says a writer, "but ah! how much there is in it." True, indeed, and we never realize more fully how much there is in it than when we see two women bidding each other good-bye.—*Boston Courier.*

ACCORDING to records kept for many years, London fogs are becoming less frequent every year. This will be a cruel blow to certain New Yorkers who were talking seriously of adopting London fogs, because they were so awfully English we know.—*Peck's Sun.*

THE reports of burglars had made the mistress of the house cautious, and she reminded her maid-of-all-work that the door at the foot of the back stairs must be bolted at night, and told her the reason why. "They wouldn't come upstairs, would they?" asked Abigail. "They might," said the mistress. "And go into the rooms where folks are sleeping?" "Yes, indeed." "Well, if they ain't got cheek!"

A MAN was in the smoking-car on a Dakota train and put his head out of a window to look at some stock. In drawing back his fine silk hat came off and fell down by the side of the car. "See here, conductor!" he yelled, "I lost a \$5 hat out this window—what are you going to do about it?" "Just step back to the hind platform of the sleeper and pick it up as you go past," replied the conductor. "We're behind time and trying to make it up, so I can't stop for it."—*Dakota Bell.*

"WILL you please allow me to ask you why you have stopped here?" asked a passenger on a "backwoods" railroad, addressing the conductor, who had just come into the car. "Yes, sir," the conductor replied; "hot box." "Hot box!" exclaimed the passenger; "hot box, when we haven't averaged eight miles an hour!" "I can't help that; we have a hot box, all the same." "I don't understand it," said the passenger. "There's no mystery connected with it," the conductor replied. "We stopped too near some burning cord-wood back yonder, and the box took fire."—*Arkansas Traveler.*

### A Boarding Paradise.

OMAHA Man—What do you charge for board at this hotel?

HOTEL Man—We can accommodate you for \$200 a month.

"That's outrageous."

"In this hotel we do not allow waiters to accept tips, and we make the servants eat what the guests don't want instead of making the guests eat what the servants don't want."

"Oh! That's different."—*Omaha World.*



### Don't Laugh at Nervous People.

Their sufferings are very real, although you, with your vigorous physique and strong nerves, can scarcely believe it. Rather suggest the use of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which, in removing every trace of dyspepsia, and regulating the liver and bowels, strikes at and extirpates the most prolific cause of chronic nervous trouble. That nerve-shattering disease, fever and ague, is among the formidable ailments, to the removal of which this genial remedy is specially adapted. Nervous prostration, resulting from protracted mental or physical effort, is also a state of the system where the intervention of this tonic is very desirable, more particularly as its use is to quiet and relax the tension of overwrought nerves. The Bitters are invaluable in rheumatism, neuralgia, and kidney troubles. Employ no substitute for it.

### An Arkansas Judgment.

In the course of his charge to the jury on a murder case an Arkansas judge said: "In making your decision, gentlemen, please bear in mind that the deceased was reaching for his hip pocket when the prisoner blazed away at him. The territorial statutes, you understand, gentlemen, allow one man, when he sees another make this motion, to produce his gun and begin the bombardment. To be sure it has been proved that the deceased was reaching for his handkerchief, but that makes no difference, the law does not recognize any such movements. The very fact that he was carrying a pocket-handkerchief while in Arkansas shows that he was an unfit member for our society. Please weigh all of these facts before bringing in your verdict."—*Texas Tarantula.*

This most severe cough can at once be removed by Red Star Cough Cure. "Give it to your children by all means," says Prof. Williams, ex-State Chemist of Delaware, who found it wonderfully efficacious. Price only twenty-five cents a bottle.

Why find fault with the Boston girl, there are spots on the sun.

\$10,000 were spent in eighteen years by Prof. C. A. Donaldson, of Louisville, Ky., in trying to get rid of his rheumatism, but he found no relief until at last he used St. Jacobs Oil, which speedily cured him.

### Met His Match.

"Well, lad," said an inquisitive village squire to a boy who was home for a summer visit, "I hear you've got a splendid chance in the city."  
"Pretty good, sir."  
"Nice house?"  
"Yes, sir."  
"Pay pretty well?"  
"Yes, sir."  
"How much did you make last year?"  
"Nothing."  
"Saved it up to put in the bank against a rainy day, I suppose?"  
"Yes; would you like to borrow half?"

### The Cutest Little Things.

"Cutest!" he echoed. "Well, I don't know as the adjective would have occurred to me in just that connection. But if you mean that they do their work thoroughly, yet make no fuss about it; cause no pain or weakness; and, in short, are everything that a pill ought to be, and nothing that it ought not, then I agree that Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets are the cutest little things going!"

THE bulldog in the show whose part it was to seize the villain by the throat and hold on for dear life succeeded at Cincinnati the other night in dragging from under the player's collar the piece of liver which coaxed him on, and, taking it before the footlights, he sat down and quietly ate it, while the villain escaped.

I THINK it best not to dispute where there is no probability of convincing.—*Whitefield.*

### From Boston.

One of the most eminent physicians in Boston gives his opinion that the extent of the Moxie Nerve Food plant, now rapidly substituting stimulants and recovering the nervous system, will probably become one of the great trade staples of the country, because its place cannot be filled. Most of the dealers so consulted now, and even the grocers deliver it to their customers as they do catfishes. When we consider it has been on the market but fourteen months, and that it can now be found in almost any part of the country, and that the company are selling it at the rate of 7,200,000 bottles per year, it must have a most marvellous power over the people.

### Everything booms.

"Gimme bre'kfas' an' I'll split yer ten sticks o' wood," said a tramp to a Sioux Falls lady, as she came to the back door.

"No, sir; I won't do it unless you split twenty sticks."

"But yer uster gimme bre'kfas' for ten sticks."

"Can't help it; breakfasts have had a boom since you were here last. You split twenty or more on, else I'll untie the dog and come out with a kettle of hot water and scream for the police."—*Dakota Bell.*

MILD, soothing, and healing is Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy.

THERE is hope for dudes. A French scientist claims to manufacture artificial brains.—*Philadelphia Call.*

ASK your shoe and hardware dealers for Lyon's Heel Stiffeners; they keep boots and shoes straight.

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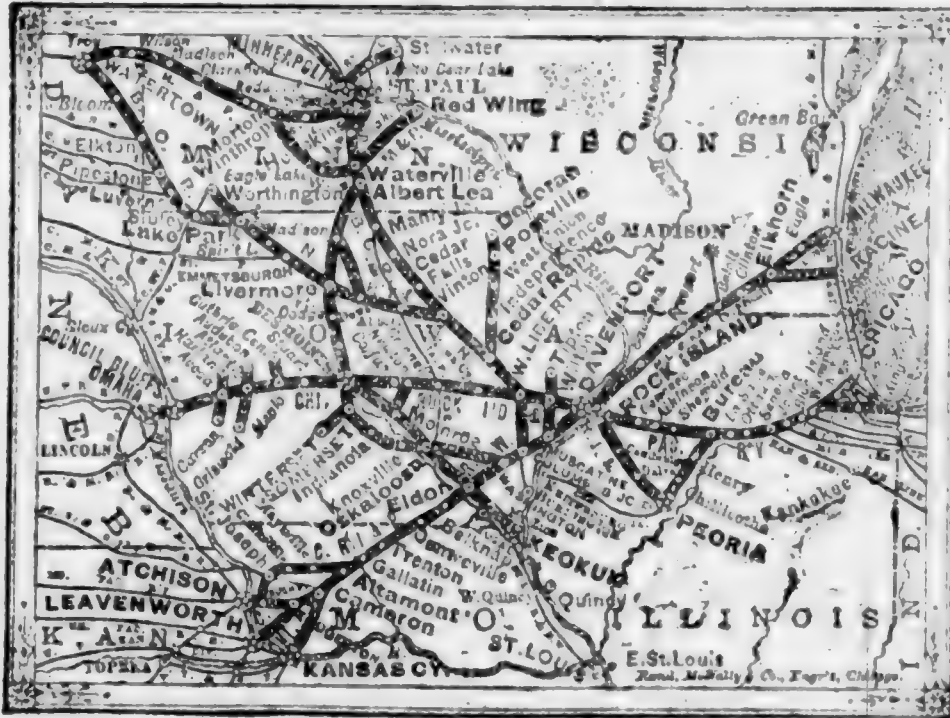
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## WOMAN'S OPPORTUNITY.

Discourse by Rev. Dr. Talmage at the Hamptons.

God Made Man and Woman for a Specific Work and to Move in Particular Spheres—Woman Suffragists Unfit to Vote or to Keep House.

THE HAMPTONS, Aug. 28.—"Woman's Opportunity" was the subject of discourse by the Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D. D., to-day; and his text: "So God created man in His own image, the image of God created He him; male and female created He them." Genesis i, 27. Following is the sermon in full:

In other words God, who can make no mistake, made man and woman for a specific work and to move in particular spheres—man to be regnant in his realm, woman to be dominant in hers. The boundary line between Italy and Switzerland, between England and Scotland, is not more thoroughly marked than this distinction between the empire masculine and the empire feminine. So entirely dissimilar are the fields to which God called them that you can no more compare them than you can oxygen and nitrogen, water and grass, trees and stars. All this talk about the superiority of one sex to the other sex is an everlasting waste of ink and speech. A jeweler may have a scale so delicate that he can weigh the dust of diamonds; but where are the scales so delicate that you can weigh in them affection against affection, sentiment against sentiment, thought against thought, soul against soul, a man's world against a woman's world? You come out with your stereotyped remark, the man is superior to woman in intellect, and then I open on my desk the swarthy, iron-typed, thunderbolted writings of Harriet Martineau, and Elizabeth Browning, and George Eliot. You come on with your stereotyped remark about woman's superiority to man in the item of affection; but I ask you where was there more capacity to love than in John the disciple, and Robert McCheyne, the Scotchman, and John Summerfield the Methodist, and Henry Martin the missionary? The heart of those men was so large, that after you had rolled into it two hemispheres there was room still left to marshal the hosts of Heaven and set up the throne of the eternal Jehovah. I deny to man the throne intellectual. I deny to woman the throne affectional. No human phraseology will ever define the spheres, while there is an intuition by which we know when a man is in his realm, and when a woman is in her realm, and when either of them is out of it. No bungling legislature ought to attempt to make a definition or to say: "This is the line and that is the line." My theory is that if a woman wants to vote she ought to vote, and that if a man wants to embroider and keep house he ought to be allowed to embroider and keep house. There are masculine women and there are effeminate men. My theory is that you have no right to interfere with any one's doing anything that is righteous. Albany and Washington might as well decree by legislation how high a brown thrasher should fly, or how deep a trout should plunge, as to try to seek out the right or the depth of woman's duty. The question of capacity will settle finally the whole question, the whole subject. When a woman is prepared to preach she will preach, and neither conference nor presbytery can hinder her. When a woman is prepared to move in highest commercial spheres she will have great influence on the exchange, and no boards of trade can hinder her. I want woman to understand that heart and brain can overfly any barrier that politicians may set up, any that nothing can keep her back or keep her down but the question of incapacity.

There are women, I know, of most undesirable nature, who wander up and down the country—having no homes of their own, or forsaking their own homes—talking about their rights; and we know very well that they themselves are fit neither to vote, nor fit to keep house. Their mission seems to be to humiliate the two sexes at the thought of what any one of us might become. No one would want to live under the laws that such women would enact, or to have cast upon society the children that such women would raise. But I shall show you this morning that the best rights that woman can own, she already has in her possession; that her position in this country at this time is not one of commiseration, but one of congratulation; that the grandeur and power of her realm have never yet been appreciated; that she sits to-day on a throne so high, that all the thrones of earth piled on top of each other would not make for her a footstool. Here is the platform on which she stands. Away down below it are the ballot-box and the congressional assemblage and the legislative hall. Woman always has voted and always will vote. Our great grandfathers thought they were by their votes putting Washington into the Presidential chair. No. His mother, by the principles she taught him, and by the habits she inculcated, made him President. It was a Christian mother's hand dropping the ballot when Lord Bacon wrote, and Newton philosophized, and Alfred the Great governed, and Jonathan Edwards thundered of judgment to come. How many men there

have been in high political station, who would have been insufficient to stand the test to which their moral principle was put, had it not been for a wife's voice that encouraged them to do right, and a wife's prayer that sounded louder than the clamor of partisanship! Why, my friends, the right of suffrage, as we men exercise it, seems to be a feeble thing. You, a Christian man, come up to the ballot-box and drop your vote. Right after you comes a libertine, of a sort—the offscouring of the street—and he drops his vote; and his vote counteracts yours. But if in the quiet of home life a daughter by her Christian demeanor, a wife by her industry, a mother by her faithfulness, casts a vote in the right direction, then nothing can resist it, and the influence of that vote will throb through the eternities.

My chief anxiety then is, not that woman have other rights accorded her; but that she, by the grace of God, rise up to the appreciation of the glorious rights she already possesses. This morning I shall only have time to speak of one grand and all-absorbing right that every woman has, and that is to make home happy. That realm no one has ever disputed with her. Men may come home at noon or at night, and they tarry a comparatively little while; but she, all day long, governs it, beautifies it, sanctifies it. It is within her power to make it the most attractive place on earth. It is the only calm harbor in this world. You know as well as I do, that this outside world and the business world is a long scene of jostle and contention. The man who has a dollar struggles to keep it; the man who has it not struggles to get it. Prices up. Prices down. Losses. Gains. Misrepresentations. Gouging. Under-selling. Buyers depreciating; salesmen exaggerating. Tenants seeking less rent; landlords demanding more. Gold-fidgity. Struggles about office. Men who are in trying to keep in; men out trying to get in. Slips. Tumbles. Defalcations. Panics. Catastrophes. O woman! thank God you have a home, and that you may be queen in it. Better be there than wear Victoria's coronet. Better be there than carry the purse of a princess. Your abode may be humble, but you can, by your faith in God and your cheerfulness of demeanor, gild it with splendors such as an upholsterer's hand never yet kindled. There are abodes in the city—humble, two stories; four plain, unpapered rooms; undesirable neighborhood; and yet there is a man here this morning who would die on that threshold rather than surrender it. Why? It is a home. Whenever he thinks of it, he sees angels of God hovering around it. The ladders of Heaven are let down to that house. Over the child's rough crib there are the chantings of angels as those that broke over Bethlehem. It is home. These children may come up after awhile, and they may win high position, and they may have an affluent residence; but they will not until their dying day forget that humble roof under which their father rested, and their mother sang and their sisters played. O, if you would gather up all tender memories, all the lights and shades of the heart, all banquetings and reunions, all filial, fraternal, paternal, and conjugal affections, and you had only just four letters with which to spell out that height and depth, and length, and breadth, and magnitude and eternity of meaning, you would, with streaming eyes, and trembling voice, and agitated hand, write it out in those four living capitals, H-O-M-E.

What right does woman want that is grander than to be queen in such a realm? Why, the eagles of Heaven cannot fly across that dominion. Horses, panting and with lathered flanks, are not swift enough to run to the outpost of that realm. They say that the sun never sets upon the English empire; but I have to tell you that on this realm of woman's influence eternity never marks any bound. Isabella fled from the Spanish throne, pursued by the nation's anathemas; but she who is queen in a home will never lose her throne, and death itself will only be the annexation of heavenly principalities.

When you want to get your grandest idea of a queen you do not think of Catharine of Russia, or of Anne of England, or Marie Theresa of Germany; but when you want to get your grandest idea of a queen you think of the plain woman who sat opposite your father at the table, or walked with him arm in arm down life's pathway; sometimes to the thanksgiving banquet, sometimes to the grave, but always together—soothing your petty griefs, correcting your childish waywardness, joining in your infantile sports, listening to your evening prayers, toiling for you with needle or at the spinning-wheel, and on cold nights wrapping you up snug and warm. And then at last, on that day when she lay in the back room dying, and you saw her take those thin hands with which she toiled for you so long and put them together in a dying prayer that commended you to the God whom she had taught you to trust—O, she was the queen! The chariots of God came down to fetch her, and as she went in all Heaven rose up. You cannot think of her now without a rush of tenderness that stirs the deep foundations of your soul, and you feel as much a child again as when you cried on her lap; and if you could bring her back again to speak just once more your name as tenderly as she used to speak it you would be willing to throw yourself on the ground and kiss the sod that covers her, crying: "Mother, mother!"

Ah, she was the queen—she was the queen. Now, can you tell me how many thousand miles a woman like that would have to travel down before she got to the ballot-box? Compared with this work of training kings and queens for God and eternity, how insignificant seems all this work of voting for aldermen and common councilmen, and sheriffs, and constables, and mayors, and presidents. To make one such grand woman as I have described, how many thousands would you want of those people who go in the round of godlessness and fashion and dissipation, distorting their body until in their monstrosities they seem to outdo the dromedary and hippopotamus! going as far toward disgraceful apparel as they dare go so as not to be arrested of the police—their behavior a sorrow to the good and a caricature of the vicious, and an insult to that God who made them women and not gorgons; and tramping on, down through a frivolous and dissipated life, to temporal and eternal damnation.

O, woman, with the lightning of your soul, strike dead at your feet all these allurements to dissipation and to fashion. Your immortal soul cannot be fed upon such garbage. God calls you up to empire and dominion. Will you have it? O, give to God your heart; give to God your best energies; give to God all your culture; give to God all your refinement, give yourself to Him, for this world and the next. Soon all these bright eyes will be quenched, and these voices will be hushed. For the last time you will look upon this fair earth. Father's hand, mother's hand, sister's hand, child's hand will be no more in yours. It will be night, and there will come up a cold wind from the Jordan, and you must start. Will it be a lone woman on a trackless moor? Ah! no. Jesus will come up in that hour and offer His hand, and He will say: "You stood by me when you were well; now I will not desert you when you are sick." One wave of His hand, and the storm will drop; and another wave, of His hand, and midnight shall break into midnight; and another wave of His hand, and the chamberlains of God will come down from the treasure houses of Heaven with robes lustrous, blood-washed, and heaven-glinted, in which you will array yourself for the marriage supper of the Lamb. And then with Miriam, who struck the timbrel of the Red Sea; and with Deborah, who led the Lord's host into the fight; and with Hannah, who gave her Samuel to the Lord; and with Mary, who rocked Jesus to sleep while there were angels singing in the air; and with Florence Nightingale, who bound up the battle wounds of the Crimea, you will, from the chalice of God, drink to the soul's eternal rescue.

One twilight, after I had been playing with the children for some time, I laid down on the lounge to rest. The children said, play more. Children always want to play more. And, half asleep and half awake, I seemed to dream this dream. It seemed to me that I was in a far distant land—not Persia, although more than oriental luxuriance crowned the cities; nor the tropics—although more than tropical fruitfulness filled the gardens; nor Italy—although more than Italian softness filled the air. And I wandered around, looking for thorns and nettles, but I found none of them grew there. And I walked forth and I saw the sun rise, and I said, "When will it set again?" and the sun sank not. And I saw all the people in holiday apparel, and I said: "When will they put on workingman's garb again and delve in the mine and sweelter at the forge?" but neither the garments nor the robes did they put off. And I wandered in the suburbs, and I said: "Where do they bury the dead of this city?" and I looked along by the hills where it would be most beautiful for the dead to sleep, and I saw castles, and towns, and battlements, but not a mausoleum, nor monument, nor white slab could I see. And I went into the great chapel of the town, and I said: "Where do the poor worship? Where are the benches on which they sit?" and a voice answered: "We have no poor in this great city!" And I wandered out, seeking to find the place where were the hovels of the destitute; and I found mansions of amber and ivory and gold, but no tear did I see nor sigh hear. I was bewildered, and I sat under the shadow of a great tree and I said: "What am I and whence comes all this?" And at that moment there came from among the leaves, skipping up the flowery paths and across the sparkling waters, a very bright and sparkling group; and when I saw their step I knew it, and when I heard their voices I thought I knew them; but their apparel was so different from anything I had ever seen, I bowed, a stranger to stranger. But after awhile, when they clapped their hands and shouted, "Welcome! welcome!" the mystery was solved, and I saw that time had passed, and that eternity had come, and that God had gathered us up into a higher home; and I said "Are we all here?" and the voice of innumerable generations answered, "All here;" and while tears of gladness were raining down our cheeks, and the branches of the Lebanon cedars were clapping their hands, and the towers of the great city were chiming their welcome, we began to laugh, and sing, and leap, and shout: "Home! Home! Home!"

Then I felt a child's hand on my face and it woke me. The children wanted to play more. Children always want to play more.

M. T. BISHOP,

—DEALER IN—

LUMBER, LIME,

—LATH—

SHINGLES,

MOULDING &c.

Large Stock and Low Prices. Yard Near Depot, St. Joe, Ind.

J. F. WALKER,

MAKER AND DEALER IN

Harness, Collars,

WHIPS, HARNESS OIL &c.

ST. JOE, IND.

Repairing done promptly. Prices as low as the lowest. Call and see.



WILLIAM CURIE,

PROPRIETOR OF

MEAT MARKET

ST. JOE, IND.

Highest market price paid for Hides, Tallow &c. Give me a call.

F. A. ZEIGLER,

MAKER AND DEALER IN

HARNESS

COLLARS, WHIPS,

Fly Nets and Dusters,

HARNESS OIL &c.

Prices the Lowest. All work guaranteed. Call and see me.

Blacksmith

AND

Repair Shop.

Having secured the services of an experienced workman, I am now prepared to do all kinds of Blacksmithing and Repairing in a first-class manner. Special attention given to repairing machinery. Give me a call. Prices reasonable.

A. W. Hall, St. Joe.



# Supplement to the St. Joe News.

Vol. I.

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 2, 1887.

No.

The Auburn school begins next Monday.

The county commissioners meet next week.

It is said there are 3500 drive wells in this county.

Don't miss the Waterloo fair from Sept. 26th to 30th.

The old settlers of Defiance county, will meet on the fair grounds in Hicksville on Sept. 8th.

Miss Mabel Nelson of Hicksville, has been visiting her cousin, Miss Bessie Patterson, this week.

Tomatoes are scarce this year, and prices will be high for canned goods before another spring.

There is a fair crop of pears this year, and will be a good many apples when they get them all gathered up.

Fairs are now in order. The Defiance fair is being held this week, and next week the Toledo fair takes place.

The B. & O. will carry passengers to Philadelphia and return from September 8th to 17th, at half fare rates. Tickets good to return until Sept. 22nd.

The Criterion Comedy company open up the season at Avilla this week. Charley Meek, formerly of this place, is one of the leading actors in the company.

M. & B. Cole one of our subscribers at Concord, is traveling with Houltons circus. He was at home over Sunday, and says their show will strike this place in about four weeks.

A Fort Wayne Gazette man in writing up Auburn last week, claims that they have the finest looking lot of girls there that he has seen in the state. Oh hosh! He ought to come over and see our St. Joe girls.

Those who were fortunate enough to plant potatoes on low ground or muck swamps this year, will be the lucky ones. J. D. Leighty planted about 4 acres of low mucky ground, just south of this place, in potatoes, and got over 700 bushels.

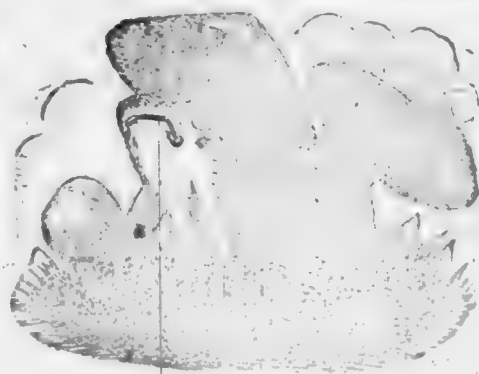
Chris Curie is a practical farmer. He believes it is better and more profitable to put out 10 acres of wheat, and do it right, than to put out twice that amount, and only half do it. A look at Mr. Curie's farm, the manner in which he does his work and the crops he always harvests, bears us out in this statement.

Last Friday the town was drier than a chip until about two o'clock, when a couple of Frenchmen struck the town with two large performing bears, and it was not five minutes until there was a crowd on street large enough to make a person think there was a circus in town. The bears were well trained, and the performance was quite amusing; especially to the little folks. Of course they didn't forget to pass the hat.

## MONEY TO LOAN.

Interest payable only once a year. No commission charged. You can return any part or all of loan, at any time. For further particulars see

W. C. Patterson, St. Joe.



"Be it ever so busy,  
There's no place like home."

And no home is complete without first going to Mart Tustison's Grocery and getting a pound can of Baking Powder and a handsome piece of China-ware. Price only 50 cents. Baking Powder warranted strictly pure. Main street, St. Joe, Ind.

Remember the Waterloo fair, Sept. 26th to 30th.

A fast man is very slow when it comes to paying his debts.

Bentley & Rogers' circus skipped Spencerville. They only show in larger towns.

There were three bears in town last Friday; two cinnamon bears and one Jonathan Bair.

In some localities they are clubbing together, and will stand the drive well royalty a suit.

Ad Chubb is putting in lots of tile on his farm this fall. Adam thinks that it is money well spent.

George Swineford's brown mare sold for \$208.00 at the sale last Thursday. C. C. Walters was the purchaser.

Mr. John Hefty is very happy these days, all because of the young lady in the family, an heir, usual weight.—Waterloo Press. William Hefty of this place, is rejoicing under the same circumstances. They probably both feel Hefty.

## THE INTER-STATE FAIR.

Fort Wayne, Indiana, September 27, 28, 29, 30, 1887.

For five years past the Inter-State Fair has had

The largest cattle show in the State.  
The largest horse show in the State.  
The largest side show in the State.  
The largest hog show in the State.  
The largest poultry show in the State.  
The best races in the State.  
The most liberal premiums of any Fair in the State.

The best line of attractions and amusements of any Fair in the State.  
Every premium has been paid in full, as advertised, and every promise has been fulfilled.

The Fair of 1887 will equal its predecessors in every particular, and in many features will surpass any former fair.

The same liberal policy in regard to premiums and attractions will govern the management this year as in the past, and exhibitors will receive uniform treatment, and liberal inducements to show at the Fort Wayne Fair.

To the progressive farmer the stock exhibit, the immense line of agricultural implements, and the horticultural display, offer an interesting field of study, amply sufficient to repay him for the time and money spent at the Fair.

To the mechanic the many improved machines and other displays in the mechanical line will afford an endless amount of instruction and amusement.

To entertain the amusement-loving public a fine line of attractions have been secured, over \$3,000 being offered in this department alone.

Believing that in no way can the farmer, the mechanic, the laboring man, the merchant, the housewife, the young and the old receive the same amount of instruction and amusement as at the great Inter-State Fair, a cordial invitation is extended to all to attend.

Subscribe for the St. Joe News.

A girl may be like sugar for two reasons. She may be sweet, and she may be sandy and full of grit.

The B. & O. only runs two freight trains now on Sunday. They either haven't got as much business as formerly, or else they are getting too pious to run trains on Sunday.



# THE ST. JOE NEWS.

VOL. I.

ST. JOE, IND., FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 9, 1887.

NO. 33.

## Churches.

### DISCIPLE.

SERVICES every alternate Sunday evening, in the Lutheran church. Cottage prayer meeting every Friday evening.

J. A. THOMAS, PASTOR.

### METHODIST PROTESTANT.

SERVICES every alternate Sunday at 10:30 A. M. Prayer meeting every Tuesday evening. Sunday School at 9:30 A. M.

J. M. LANGLEY, PASTOR.

### EVANGELICAL LUTHERAN.

SERVICES every Sunday, one Sunday in the morning at 10:30, and the following Sunday in the evening. Prayer meeting every Thursday evening. Sunday School at 9:30 A. M.

S. P. FRYBERGER, PASTOR.

## Societies.

### G. A. R.

REGULAR meetings on Saturday evening on or before the full moon of each month, at their hall over Leighty's store.

O. H. WIDNEY, COMMANDER.

J. M. MILLIMAN, ADJUTANT.

## Business Notices.

H. W. BOWMAN, M. D., Physician and Surgeon, St. Joe, Ind. Office opposite the Drugstore.

ST. JOE HOTEL, Wm. Leighty, proprietor. Special attention given to furnishing teams for commercial men.

B. S. SHEFFER, M. D., Physician and Surgeon, St. Joe, Ind. Prompt and careful attention to all business entrusted to his care.

ST. JOE BARBER SHOP, one door west of hotel, Will Gee, proprietor. Satisfaction guaranteed. Your patronage is solicited.

FILLEY, LOUNSBERRY AND SHULER, proprietors of the St. Joe Saw and Planing Mill. All work promptly done. Cash paid for Oak Logs.

CITY BARBER SHOP, St. Joe, Ind., John Hull, proprietor. Shaving, Hair Cutting &c. done in the best of style. Come and see me. Two doors west of Kinsey's Furniture Store.

SIMON WINELAND, proprietor St. Joe Handle and Feed Mills. Feed grinding a speciality. Highest prices paid for second growth White Ash. Enquire at the mill for full particulars.

## INDIANA STATE NEWS.

—A Logansport special says: Recent developments have brought to the surface a new scheme to defraud and rob the farmers. The first move made by the sharper is to write his victim a letter stating that a distant relative in New York or Philadelphia has just died, leaving him a large sum of ready cash. The amount is usually placed at about \$3,000. The farmer is urged to keep the matter strictly to himself, or at least divulge it to his intimate friends only, and he is urged to come to the city at the earliest possible moment, with as much as \$250 to pay legal expenses. If he does not become suspicious he follows the instructions and meets the agent who so graciously informs him of his good fortune at a hotel. The \$3,000 in crisp, new bills is counted out to him and done up in a neat package. He pays the "legal expenses," and is given a package, the exact counterpart of the one containing the bills, which he is advised to send home by express. When he reaches home and anxiously tears open his package, to his surprise he finds a brick, waste paper, and saw-dust. Several complaints have been made to the authorities by persons victimized in this way, but thus far no arrests have been made.

—Alfred W. Scott has sent his resignation as Representative of Morgan County to the Governor. Mr. Scott proposes to make his home in Lincoln, Neb. If an extra session of the Legislature should be called two Senators and four Representatives would have to be elected to fill the vacancies caused by the resignations of Senators Sellers and Bailey, and Representatives Barnes, Gordon, Patton, and Scott.

—One of the largest people's mass meetings ever held in Fort Wayne took place at the Court-house recently to organize a stock company, composed of citizens, to pipe natural gas to the city from Hartford City, a distance of forty miles. It requires a capital of \$400,000. One hundred thousand dollars were raised at once, and the entire sum will be subscribed. It is expected that pipe-laying will commence at once.

—The Executive Committee of the Ninth District Veteran's Association, whose reunion will be held at Crawfordsville, September 19 to 22, has chosen Capt. J. E. Southard, of Frankfort, as Commander of Camp H. S. Lane. His aids are: Adjutant, J. W. Aughe; Quartermaster, J. Q. W. Wilhite; Chief of Ordnance, H. H. Talbot; Commissary, J. H. Wasson; Surgeon, Dr. S. L. Ensminger.

—A most strange thing has occurred on the farm of E. D. Higley, near Tocsin, on the Chicago and Atlantic Railway. A well had nearly gone dry—had only a few inches of water on the bottom. When Mr. Higley went as usual to draw water the other morning he found that the bottom had dropped out of the well. There is now a deep black hole there, which has not yet been fathomed.

—By the fall of a portion of a heavy derrick at the bridge being erected over Silver Creek near New Albany, for the O. & M. Railroad extension to New Albany, Harry Connelly was struck over the heart by a piece of timber and died in an hour. Thomas Stanger was very badly injured, but will recover. Both men were employed by the contractor for the bridge piers.

—Rushville is infested by a gang of small boys who, for the past few weeks, have set fire to seven barns in different parts of the town, all of which have burned to the ground. The last to burn was owned by M. C. Kerr. The authorities are making strong efforts to break up the gang, and it is believed the infamous practice will soon be stopped.

—Jack Vanbibber, a young man residing near Evansville, attempted to jump on a log-wagon, but lost his hold and fell to the

ground between the wheels. One of the hind wheels passed over him, inflicting internal injuries, crushing his skull, and breaking his right thigh. He died a few hours later, after suffering intense agony.

—Henry Fletcher, a young man 23 years of age, of Elkhart, was blown to fractions by the explosion of fifty pounds of dynamite cartridges while blasting stumps on the farm of John Hill, near La Porte. Parts of his body were found eighty rods distant, hanging in the limbs of trees forty feet from the ground.

—Two men named Darrow were overcome by damps while digging a well on the farm of Mr. McNamee, five miles east of Wabash. Before help arrived both men perished. The dead men were aged 30 and 40, respectively, and were brothers. Both resided in the vicinity and were well known.

—The Sixth, Twenty-second, and Eighty-third Regiments, Indiana Volunteers, will hold their annual reunion at Columbus, Oct. 6, 7, and 8. Several other regiments are expected to participate. All old soldiers are cordially invited.

—Sylvester Kirk, of Mount Vernon, a painter, fell from a scaffold recently, receiving what is believed to be fatal injuries. He fell a distance of over fifty feet. He leaves a large family, who were entirely dependent upon him for support.

—Rev. Alexander Blackburn, for nine years pastor of the Baptist Church, at Lafayette, has received and accepted a call at Lowell, Mass. He will leave on November 1. His present salary is \$1,800; his prospective salary, \$2,500.

—The remains of a mastodon were discovered on the Godfrey farm, four miles east of Montpelier, at a depth of five feet. This makes two mastodons and one mammoth (hairy elephant) found in that locality during the past four years.

—E. W. Benjamin, a pioneer of Wabash County, and an old Mason, died recently in LaGro Township, aged 77.

—While digging a public well at Farwell, at the depth of thirty feet black-shale was struck, and petroleum flowed in quantities sufficient to warrant the hope of good results. The inhabitants are jubilant over the prospects.

—Mrs. Hannah Kingsman has entered suit in the Montgomery County Court against the L. N. A. & C. Railway, asking \$5,000 damages for refusing to stop a fast train at Cherry Grove and let her get off.

—Samuel Slagle, while working in the Wabash gravel pit at Fort Wayne, was killed by the bank caving in.

—Alvin Buley, a farmer, aged about thirty-five, residing five miles north of Vincennes, was instantly killed by a runaway team recently. He was unmarried and an excellent citizen.

—James Echoline, while painting the tower of an engine-house at Peru, fell off a ladder, striking on the roof, falling thence to the ground, receiving injuries which are probably fatal.

—Jennie S. Allen, a descendant of Ethan Allen, has been engaged by Prof. Howe to take charge of the voice-culture department of the school of music at DePauw University.

—Thomas Lewis, while engaged in blowing up stumps with dynamite, on the farm of Mr. Zergeble, near Mount Vernon, was seriously injured by a premature explosion.

—Robert S. Mitchell was crushed to death beneath a box-car in process of repair in the Pap Handle shops at Indianapolis.

—Aaron Lyons, a young man employed at the North Marion Glass Works, fell recently, and received probably fatal injuries.

—An attempt was made to burn the bridge over the culvert on the Wabash Railway near Lafayette.

## MONEY

## TO

## LOAN

## On Farm Property

IN SUMS OVER \$200.

Interest only once a year. We charge no commission. You can pay any part or all of the loan at any time. You can keep the money as long as you please if the interest is promptly paid. For further particulars call on or address

W. C. Patterson,  
ST. JOE, IND.

## Ho for Arkansas!

## Cheap Homes for Everybody!

In a high, healthy, rich land country. On the 15th of September and the 1st of October there will be excursions from this place to that point at a very low rate of fare. For full information in regard to these excursions call on A. B. Coburn, Real Estate Agent, St. Joe, Ind. Office with Dr. Sheffer, one door east of Drugstore.

GO to the News Office, St. Joe for all kinds of Printing. All work done promptly, and at the lowest prices. Give us a call.

G. E. EMANUEL, M. D., Physician and Surgeon, Spencerville, Ind. Office in J. Emanuel & Son's Drug Store. All calls promptly answered.

HOUSE PAINTING, Graining, Glazing Paper Hanging and Ceiling Decorating a specialty. All work guaranteed. B. A. Woodcox. Call and see me, or leave orders at the St. Joe Drugstore.



## THE QUEENS OF HOME.

Rev. Dr. Talmage Preaches at the  
Hamptons.

Woman Has the Special Right to Comfort  
the Sick, to Care for the Poor and to So-  
lert Charities. Husbands Should Con-  
sider Their Troubles to Their Wives.

THE HAMPTONS, Sept. 4.—The Rev. Dr.  
T. De Witt Talmage's text to-day was from  
Solomon's Song, vi, 8: "There are three-  
score queens." Following is the sermon in  
full:

So Solomon, by one stroke, set forth the  
imperial character of a true Christian woman.  
She is not a slave, not a hireling,  
not a subordinate, but a queen; and in my  
text Solomon sees sixty of these helping to  
make up the royal pageant of Jesus. In a  
former sermon I showed you that crown  
and courtly attendants, and imperial ward-  
robe were not necessary to make a queen;  
but that graces of the heart and life will  
give coronation to any woman. I showed  
you at some length that woman's position  
was higher in the world than man's, and  
that although she had often been denied  
the right of suffrage, she always did vote  
and always would vote by her influence;  
and that her chief desire ought to be that  
she should have grace rightly to rule in the  
dominion which she has already won. I  
began an enumeration of some of her  
rights, and this morning resume the sub-  
ject.

In the first place, woman has a special  
and superlative right—not again going  
back to what I have already said—woman  
has the special and superlative right of  
blessing and comforting the sick.

What lan I, what street, what house has  
not felt the smitings of disease? Tens of  
thousands of sick be! What shall we do  
with them? Shall man, with his rough  
hand and clumsy feet go stumping around  
the sick room trying to soothe the dis-  
tracted nerves, and alleviate the pains of  
the tossing patient? The young man at  
college may scoff at the idea of being un-  
der material influences; but at the first  
blast of the typhoid fever on his cheek, he  
says: "Where is mother?" Walter Scott  
wrote partly in satire and partly in compli-  
ment when he said:

O woman, in hours of ease,  
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,  
When pain and anguish wring the brow,  
A ministering angel thou.

I think the most pathetic passage of all  
the Bible is the description of the lad who  
went out to the harvest field of Shunem  
and got sunstruck—throwing his hands on  
his temples and crying out: "Oh, my head!  
my head!" and they said: "Carry him to  
his mother." And then the record is: "He  
sat on her knees till noon, and then died."  
It is an awful thing to be ill away from  
home in a strange hotel, once in awhile  
men coming in to look at you, holding their  
hand over their mouth for fear they will  
catch the contagion. How roughly they  
turn you in bed. How loudly they talk.  
How you long for the ministries of home.  
I knew one such who went away from one  
of the brightest of homes, for several  
weeks' business absence at the west. A  
telegram came at midnight that he was on  
his death bed, far away from home. By  
express train the wife and daughters went  
westward, but they went too late. He feared  
not to die, but he was in agony to live until  
his family got there. He tried to bribe the  
doctor to make him live a little while  
longer. He said: "I am willing to die,  
but not alone." But the pulses fluttered,  
the eyes closed and the heart stopped. The  
express trains met in the midnight; wife  
and daughters going westward—lifeless re-  
mains of husband and father coming east-  
ward. Oh, it was a sad, pitiful, over-  
whelming spectacle! When we are sick  
we want to be sick at home; when the time  
comes for us to die we want to die at home.  
The room may be very humble, and the  
faces that look into ours may be very plain;  
but who cares for that? Loving hands to  
bathe the temples. Loving voices to speak  
good cheer. Loving lips to read the com-  
forting promises of Jesus. In our last  
dreadful war, men cast the cannon; men  
fashioned the musketry; men cried to the  
hosts: "Forward, march!" men hurled  
their battalions on the sharp edges of the  
enemy, crying, "Charge! charge!" but woman  
scruped the lint; woman adminis-  
tered the cordials; woman watched by the  
dying couch; woman wrote the last message  
to the home circle; woman wept at the  
solitary burial attended by herself and four  
men and a spade. We greeted the General  
home with brass bands, and triumphal  
arches, and wild huzzas; but the story is  
too good to be written anywhere, save in  
the chronicles of Heaven, of Mrs. Brady,  
who came down among the sick in the  
swamps of the Chickahominy; of Margaret  
Breckinridge, who came to men who had  
been for weeks with their wounds un-  
dressed—some of them frozen to the  
ground, and when she turned them over  
those that had an arm left waved it and  
filled the air with their "hurrah!" of Mrs.  
Hodge, who came from Chicago with  
blankets and with pillows, until the men  
shouted: "Three cheers for the Christian  
commission!" God bless the women at  
home!" then sitting down to take the last  
message: "Tell my wife not to fret about  
me, but to meet me in Heaven; tell her to  
train up the boys whom we have loved so

well; tell her we shall meet again in the  
good land; tell her to bear my love like the  
Christian wife of a Christian soldier;" and  
of Mrs. T. Holt, who, when she saw the con-  
valescent soldier looked and said: "Your  
grapes and eolone cure me." Men did  
their work with shot and shell and carbin-  
and howitzer; women did their work with  
socks and slippers and bandages and warm  
drinks and Scripture texts and gentle  
stroking of the hot temples and stories of  
that land where they never have any pain.  
Men knelt down over the wounded and  
said: "On which side did you fight?"  
Women knelt down over the wounded and  
said: "Where are you hurt? What nice  
thing can I make for you to eat? What  
makes you cry?" To-night, while we men  
are sound asleep in our beds, there will be  
a light in yonder loft; there will be cries  
of distress in that cellar. Men will sleep,  
and women will watch.

Again, woman has a superlative right to  
take care of the poor. There are hundreds  
and thousands of them all over the land.  
There is a kind of work that men cannot  
do for the poor. Here comes a group of  
very little bare foot children to the door of  
the Pious Society. They need to be  
clothed and provided for. Which of these  
directors of banks would know how many  
yards it would take to make that little girl  
a dress? Which of these masculine hands  
could fit a list to that little girl's head?  
Which of the wise men would know how to  
tie that new pair of shoes? Man some-  
times gives his charity in a rough way and  
it falls like the fruit of a tree in the east,  
which fruit comes down so heavily that it  
breaks the skull of the man who is trying  
to gather it. But woman glides so softly  
into the house of destitution, and finds for  
all the sorrows of the place, and puts so  
quietly the donation on the table, that all  
the family come out on the front steps as  
she departs, expecting that from under her  
shawl she will thrust out two wings and fly  
right up toward Heaven, from whence she  
seems to have come down. (Christian  
young woman) if you would make yourself  
happy and win the blessing of Christ, go  
out among the destitute. A loaf of bread  
or a bundle of socks may make a home-  
load to carry, but the angels of God will  
come out to watch, and the Lord Almighty  
will give his messenger hosts a charge, say-  
ing: "Look after that woman. Canopy  
her with your wings and shelter her from  
all harm;" and while you are seated in the  
house of destitution and suffering, the  
little ones around the room will whisper:  
"Who is she? Ain't she beautiful?" and  
if you will listen right sharply you will  
hear dripping down through the leaky roof  
and rolling over the rotten stairs, the angel  
chant that shook Bethlehem. "Glory to  
God in the highest, and on earth peace,  
good will to men." Can you tell me why  
a Christian woman, going down among the  
haunts of iniquity on a Christian errand,  
never meets with any iniquity? I stood in  
the chapel of Helen Chalmers, the daugh-  
ter of the celebrated Dr. Chalmers, of the  
most abandoned part of the city of Edin-  
burgh; and I said to her as I looked around  
upon the fearful surroundings of that  
place: "Do you come here nights to hold  
a service?" "Oh, yes," she said. "Can it  
be possible that you never meet with an  
insult while performing this Christian  
errand?" "Never," she said, "never."  
That young woman who has her father by  
her side walking down the street, an armed  
police at each corner, is not so well de-  
fended as that Christian woman who goes  
forth on Gospel work into the haunts of  
iniquity, carrying the Bibles and bread.  
God, with the red right arm of his wrath  
omnipotent, would tear to pieces any one  
who should offer indignity. He would  
smite him with lightnings and drown him  
with floods, and swallow him with earth-  
quakes, and damn him with eternal in-  
dignations. Some one said: "I dislike very  
much to see that Christian woman teach-  
ing those bad boys in the mission school."  
I am afraid to have her instruct them.  
"So," said another man, "I am afraid, too."  
Said the first: "I am afraid they will use  
vile language before they leave the place."  
"Ah," said the other man, "I am not afraid  
of that. What I am afraid of is, that if  
any of those boys should use a bad word in  
that presence the other boys would tear  
him to pieces, and kill him on the spot." That  
woman is the best sheltered who is  
sheltered by the Lord God Almighty, and  
you need never fear going anywhere where  
God tells you to go.

It seems as if the Lord had ordained  
woman for an especial work in the solici-  
tation of charities. Backed up by barrels  
in which there is no flour, and by stoves  
in which there is no fire, and by ward-  
robes in which there are no clothes, a  
woman is irresistible; passing on her  
errand God says to her: "You go into that  
bank, or store, or shop, and get the  
money." She goes in and gets it. The  
man is hard-fisted, but she gets it. She  
could not help but get it. It is decreed  
from eternity she should get it. No need  
of your turning your back and pretending  
you don't hear; you do hear. There is no  
need of your saying you are begged to  
death. There is no need of your wasting  
your time, and you might as well submit  
first as last. You had better right away  
take your check book, mark the number  
of the check, fill up the blank, sign your  
name, and hand it to her. There is no  
need of wasting time. Those poor chil-  
dren on the back street have been hungry

long enough. That sick man must have  
some farina. That consumptive must have  
something to ease his cough. I meet this  
destitute of a relief society coming out of  
the store of such a hard-fisted man, and I  
say: "Did you get the money?" "Of  
course," she says, "I got the money; that's  
what I went for." The Lord told me to go  
in and get it, and He never sends me on a  
fool's errand.

Again: I have to tell you that it is a  
woman's specific right to comfort under  
the stress of dire disaster. She is called  
the weaker vessel; but all prophane as well  
as sacred history attests that when the  
crisis comes she is better prepared than  
man to meet the emergency. How often  
you have seen a woman who seemed to be  
a disciple of frivolity and indolence, who,  
under one stroke of calamity, changed to  
a heroine. Oh, what a great mistake those  
business men make who never tell their  
business troubles to their wives! There  
comes some great loss to their store, or  
some of their companions in business  
play them a sad trick, and they carry the  
burden all alone. He is asked in the  
household again and again: What is the  
matter? but he believes it a sort of Chris-  
tian duty to keep all that trouble within  
his own soul. Oh, your first duty was to  
tell your wife all about it. She, perhaps,  
might not have disentangled your finances,  
or extended your credit, but she would  
have helped you to bear your misfortune. You  
have no right to carry on one shoulder  
that which is intended for two. There are  
business men here who know what I mean.  
There came a crisis in your affairs. You  
struggled bravely and long, but after a  
while there came a day when you said:  
"Here I shall have to stop," and you  
called in your partners, and you called in  
the most prominent men in your employ,  
and you said: "We have got to stop."  
You left the store suddenly. You could  
hardly make up your mind to pass through  
the street and over on the ferry boat. You  
felt everybody would be looking at you,  
and blaming you, and denouncing you.  
You hastened home. You told your wife  
all about the affair. What did she say?  
Did she play the butterfly? Did she talk  
about the silks, and the ribbons, and the  
fashions? No. She came up to the  
emergency. She quailed not under the  
stroke. She helped you to begin to plan  
right away. She offered to go out of the  
comfortable house into a smaller one, and  
wear the old cloak another winter. She  
was one who understood your affairs  
without blaming you. You looked upon  
what you thought was a Chin, weak  
woman's arm holding you up; but while  
you looked at that arm there came into the  
feeble muscles of it the strength of the  
eternal God. No chiding. No fretting.  
No telling you about the beautiful house  
of her father, from which you brought  
her, ten, twenty, or thirty years ago. You  
said: "Well, this is the happiest day of  
my life. I am glad I have got from under  
my burden. My wife don't care—I don't  
care." At the moment you were utterly  
exhausted God sent Deborah to meet the  
host of the Amalekites and scatter them  
like chaff over the plain. There are some-  
times women who sit reading sentimental  
novels, and who wish that they had some  
grand field in which to display their  
Christian powers. O, what grand and  
glorious things they could do if they only  
had an opportunity! My sister, you need  
not wait for any such time. A crisis will  
come in your affairs. There will be a  
Thermopylae in your own household where  
God will tell you to stand. There are  
scores and hundreds of households to-day  
where as much bravery and courage are  
demanded of women as was exhibited by  
Grace Darling, or Marie Antoinette, or  
Joan of Arc.

Again: I remark, it is a woman's right  
to bring to us the kingdom of Heaven. It  
is easier for a woman to be a Christian  
than for a man. Why? You say she is  
weaker. No. Her heart is more respon-  
sive to the pleadings of divine love. She  
is in vast majority. The fact that she can  
more easily become a Christian, I prove  
by the statement that three-fourths of the  
members of the churches in all Christen-  
dom are women. So God appoints them  
to be the chief agencies for bringing this  
world back to God. I may stand here and  
say the soul is immortal. There is a man  
who will refute it. I may stand here and  
say we are lost, and undone without Christ.  
There is a man who will refute it. I may  
stand here and say there will be a judg-  
ment day after a while. Yonder is some  
one who will refute it. But a Christian  
woman in a Christian household, living in  
the faith and the consistency of Christ's  
Gospel—nobody can refute that. The great-  
est sermons are not preached on celebrated  
platforms; they are preached with an audi-  
ence of two or three, and in private home  
life. A consistent, consecrated Christian  
service is an unanswerable demonstration  
of God's truth. A sailor came shipping  
down the ratline one night, as though  
something had happened, and the sailors  
cried: "What's the matter?" He said:  
"My mother's prayer haunts me like a  
ghost." Home influences, consecrated,  
Christian home influences, are the might-  
iest of all influences upon the soul. There  
are men here to-day who have maintained  
their integrity, not because they were any  
better naturally than some other people,  
but because there were home influences  
praying for them all the time. They got a  
good start. They were launched on the

world with the benedictions of a Christian  
mother. They may track Siberian snows,  
they may plunge in African jungles, they  
may fly to the earth's end—they cannot go  
so far and so fast but the prayers will keep  
up with them.

I stand before women to-day who have  
the eternal salvation of their husbands in  
their right hand. On the marriage day  
you took an oath before men and angels  
that you would be faithful and kind until  
death did you part, and I believe you are  
going to keep that oath; but after that  
parting at the door of the grave will it be  
an eternal separation? Is there any such  
thing as an immortal marriage, making  
the flowers that grow on the top of the  
sepulcher brighter than the garlands which  
at the marriage banquet flooded the air  
with aroma? Yes; I stand here as a priest  
of the most high God, to proclaim the  
blessing of immortal union for all those who  
join hands in the grace of Christ. Oh,  
woman, is your husband, your father, your  
son away from God? The Lord demands  
their redemption at our hands. There  
are prayers for you to offer, there are ex-  
hortations for you to give, there are ex-  
amples for you to set, and I say now,  
as Paul said to the Corinthian woman:  
"What knowest thou, O woman, but thou  
canst save thy husband?"

Lastly: I wish to say that one of the  
specific rights of woman is, through the  
grace of Christ, finally to reach Heaven.  
O, what a multitude of women in Heaven!  
Mary, Christ's mother in Heaven; Eliza-  
beth Fry in Heaven; Charlotte Elizabeth  
Fry in Heaven; the mother of Augustine in  
Heaven; the Countess of Huntingdon  
who sold her splendid jewels to fund  
charity in Heaven; while a great many  
others who have never been heard of on  
earth, or known of little, have gone into  
the great assembly of Heaven. What  
most? What? It was from the  
small room, with no fire and one window,  
the glass broken out, and the aching  
side, and worn out eyes, to the "house  
of many mansions." No more stitching  
until 12 o'clock at night, no more thrust-  
ing of the thumb by the employer  
through the work to show it was not  
done quite right. Plenty of bread at  
last. Heaven for aching heads. Heaven  
for broken hearts. Heaven for anguish-  
bitten frames. No more sitting up until  
midnight for the coming of staggering  
steps. No more rough blows across the  
temples. No more sharp, keen, bitter  
curses. Some of you will have no rest in  
this world. It will be toil, and struggle,  
and suffering, all the way up. You will  
have to stand at your door fighting back  
the wolf with your own hand, red with  
carnage. But God has a crown for you.  
I want to realize this morning that He is  
now making it, and whenever you weep a  
tear He sets another gem in that crown;  
whenever you have a pang of body or soul  
He puts another gem in that crown, until,  
after a while, in all the time there will be  
no room for another splendor, and God  
will say to His angel: "The crown is done;  
let her up that she may wear it." And as the  
Lord of Righteousness puts the crown  
upon your brow, angel will cry to angel:  
"Who is she?" and Christ will say: "I  
will tell you who she is. She is the one  
that came up out of great tribulation,  
and had her robe washed and made white  
in the blood of the Lamb." And then  
God will spread a banquet, and He will  
invite all the principalities of Heaven to  
sit at the feast; and the tables will blush  
with the best clusters from the vine-  
yards of God, and crimson with the  
twelve manner of fruits from the Tree of  
Life; and waters from the fountains of  
the rock will flash from the golden tank-  
ards; and the old harpers of Heaven will  
sit there, making music with their harps;  
and Christ will point you out, amid the  
celebrities of Heaven, saying: "She suf-  
fered with me on earth, now we are going  
to be glorified together." And the ban-  
queters, no longer able to hold their peace,  
will break forth with congratulation:  
"Hail! hail!" And there will be handwrit-  
ings on the wall—not such as struck the  
Persian nobleman with horror—but fire-  
tipped fingers, writing in blazing cap-  
itals of light, and love, and victory: "God  
hath wiped away all tears from all  
faces!"

### Not Much of a Game.

"Things seem kinder quiet 'round  
here to-night," remarked a Western  
citizen, as he stepped into a Third  
Avenue saloon.

"Yes, sir," replied the bartender, in-  
stinctively reaching for the black bottle.  
"The boys were having a little game of  
poker, but it got to be bedtime and they  
all quit."

"Stopped playing poker just to go to  
bed!" said the Western man with dis-  
dain; "it must have been a mighty  
poor game."—*Drake's Magazine.*

THE Queen is very much afraid that  
she shall be blown up during her jubi-  
lee, but Buffalo Williamj assures her  
that there is no danger.

"Why do you think so?" the Queen  
asked.

"Because," replied Williamj, bowing  
with wild Western grace, "the dynam-  
iters are afraid that they might hurt  
me."



## ROMANCE OF A CONFEDERATE FLAG.

Its Owner Led Captive Through a Plucky Union Girl.

[American (Ga.) Republican.]

I was a regular rebel soldier, in the Confederate army over four years, enjoyed its triumphs, took my part of its defeats to heart as much as any one, starved, suffered, bled, froze, and melted in winter and summer under the glorious cross of the South, with a heart as full of devotion as a child could have for a mother or a devoted to his true and beneficent God.

When I first started out from the lovely town in an adjoining State, a lovely daughter of the city gave me a Confederate flag, made of silk, with the bars and starry decorated cross, shining and gleaming with gold and silver threads. It was a pretty thing and I carried it hid in an inside pocket, for it was not larger than a gentleman's handkerchief. I carried it wherever I went, for I had promised to plant it on the Washington Monument if I ever got there.

While Lee's army was encamped near Chambersburg, Pa., one June afternoon I strolled out with Felix C., and about four miles from camp found a cosy retreat in a cottage inhabited by an elderly lady and a beautiful girl of about 18 years. We got a good dinner and heard the ladies deplore the war, for they had relatives South with whom they spent the summer every year until the war broke out. Now this pleasure was debarred. While they were talking I went to a cool shade and soon fell asleep, and then Felix, forgetting my presence, left me. About two hours after I was awakened by the young girl and some one talking, and found that a wounded federal officer was her companion. They did not know of my presence, and when they ran upon me I was awake and pretty much alive; but as the officer remarked, "He was not in service on account of a wound received at Cedar Run, and we could exchange civilities." We had a pretty good talk and milk and bread where we were. During the talk I exposed the flag, which was snatched by the girl, who exclaimed exultingly, "I have captured a rebel flag and intend to keep it." I begged for it, but she wilfully shook her head. I told her it was a present from a dear friend named Mattie, and that she should not have it. Then she said: "Well, Rebel, sir! My name is Mattie, a good Union girl. I have my hands on the emblem of treason, a traitor's flag; and I'll keep it or die!" and her eyes flashed with fire. "I wish I were a man," she said, "that I too might fight." I tried to snatch the flag, but she was too quick, and the officer said prettily, "Here, Sergeant, bring your men quick!" and it seemed as if I were surrounded by four or five men in blue uniforms before I could turn around. The girl said, "Well, Lieutenant, you can keep your prisoner in the cellar until you and your men have tea," and led the way. Soon I was locked up alone in a cellar, wherein there was no security, and the girl laughed as she waved the flag at me. I knew that I had to get out before supper was over and, as I pondered over my position, a fear began to creep over me that I was to suffer a long confinement in a Yankee prison. After an hour or two an inner door opened and Miss Mattie, who had stolen my flag, stood before me, candle in hand, saying: "I guess, Mr. Rebel, that you and I can come to terms. You have no arms and I can trust you. I'll keep your flag, and for my love of friends in the South you shall go free. Cousin Robert and his men are eating."

I went through the house, found their arms, and taking off the caps, wet the tubes thoroughly, stole a pistol that belonged to the officer and started for the door while the young lady was entertaining the soldiers. I ran thirty or forty steps before they discovered my absence, when with a yell they broke for their arms. You can bet there was no shooting. In my race toward camp two guards halted me, but as they were some distance off, I replied, "I don't understand," and kept running. The Dutchmen joined the pursuers, but a detachment of Lomax's cavalry approached and they ran the other way. I have no desire for the return of that flag now, for it has been South several times since the war, and will come again and again.

A girl in one of the public schools applied to her teacher for leave to be absent half a day, on the plea that they had company at home. The teacher

referred her to the printed list of reasons that the school committee think sufficient to justify absence, and asked her if her case came under any of them. She naively replied that it might come under the head of "domestic affliction."

### A Nervous Woman.

A nervous woman, on board a railroad train in Missouri, called the conductor and said:

"I would like so much to take a sleeper, for I've been up three nights, hand runnin', but I am afeard."

"What are you afraid of, madam?"

"W'y, I'm afeard that the train wout run off the track."

"But will your staying awake keep it on the track?"

"Wall, do you know I hadn't thought of that? W'y, my settin' up here with my eyes open kain't have the slightest effect upon the train, can it?"

"None that I can see."

"Then if you was in my place you'd go in the sleeper an' git a good night's rest?"

"I certainly should."

"Well, I will; but whenever you think there's any danger of the train runnin' off, w'y, I wish you'd have me called."

She went into the sleeper. About three hours later, while the conductor was passing through the train, he found the woman sitting on the seat which she had occupied during the day.

"Why, madam, I thought you had taken a sleeper."

"I did," she replied, "but the fetch-taken train kep' a threatenin' an' a threatenin' to run off the track till I thought the safest plan would be fur me to git right out an' set here where I ken watch everything, but do you know that when I got up that fetch-taken nigger in there had tuck my shoes and sloped off with 'em? Well, he had done that very thing, an' I had the hardest sort of work gittin' 'em back again, fur the cussed rascal had put a little dab of blackin' on 'em an' wanted to charge me 10 cents. I paid the conductor \$2 for the shelf—or berth, as he calls it, but I reckon he'll give it back to me in the mornin'."

"He won't give it back."

"He won't?"

"No."

"Not if I tell him I am a pore widdier?"

"That won't make any difference."

"Wall, I'm bouncin' up, 'I'll jest go back there an' lay there waitin' fur the train to run off, fur I'll be bound if I'm goin' to be beat out of my money that-er-way. Whenever the train starts to run off you must call me, an' if you hear a awful rumpus in there you may know that the cussed nigger is arter my shoes again, an' that I am defendin' my right."—Arkansaw Traveler.

### Musical Mexican Bells.

In the large tower hangs the monster bell, which is rarely sounded, but there are many others of moderate size which are continually chiming. All these bells, and indeed nearly all the bells in the republic, are remarkable for sweetness and softness of tone. It is very rarely that one hears a harsh bell. They are exceedingly melodious and pleasing. It is sometimes explained that this is due to the mixture of silver in the bell-metal, and that the new bells are cast from old metal. I believe that the chief reason why the Mexican bells are so much more musical than ours is that the Mexican bells are artistically made, shaped with reference to tone, thin at the edge, each one a work of art intelligently manipulated, not mechanically cast without reference to the sound it shall produce. The great bells are struck with a clapper, and not swung. There would be much less objection to the use of church bells in the United States—the harsh and barbarous jangle which shocks the Sunday stillness—if our bells had any of the musical quality of the Mexican.—Charles Dudley Warner, in Harper's Magazine.

### Scientific Prizes.

The Prussian Society for the Promotion of Industry has offered two prizes, the competition for one to close with 1887, and for the other with 1888. The first prize is about \$750 for the most exhaustive critical comparison of all kinds of existing bronze, tombac, and brass alloys used or recommended for machinery; the second is \$1,250 for the best work on light and heat radiation of burning gases.

## PRICKLY ASH BITTERS

IT IS A PURELY VEGETABLE PREPARATION CONTAINING PRICKLY ASH BARK AND PRICKLY ASH BERRIES.

**PRICKLY ASH BITTERS**

SENNA-MANDRAKE-BUCHU AND OTHER EQUALLY EFFICIENT REMEDIES.

It has stood the Test of Years, in Curing all Diseases of the BLOOD, LIVER, STOMACH, KIDNEYS, BOWELS, &c. It Purifies the Blood, Invigorates and Cleanses the System.

**PRICKLY ASH BITTERS**

CURES ALL DISEASES OF THE LIVER, KIDNEYS, STOMACH AND BOWELS.

FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

PRICE 1 DOLLAR.

It is purely a Medicine as its cathartic properties forbid its use as a beverage. It is pleasant to the taste, and as easily taken by children as adults.

**PRICKLY ASH BITTERS CO.**  
Sole Proprietors,  
St. Louis and Kansas City.

**INVENTORS** having delayed, rejected, abandoned or forfeited applications in the U.S. Patent Office, or wishing to file new applications, will receive valuable advice and assistance by communicating with **CONSOLIDATED PATENT ATTORNEYS**, Washington, D.C.

OFFICE ESTABLISHED IN 1870. Every branch of the Patent Law and soliciting business thoroughly understood and skillfully conducted.

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DISCOVERY. Wholly unlike artificial systems. Any book learned in one reading. Recommended by Mark Twain, Richard Proctor, the Scientist, Hon. W. W. Astor, Judah P. Benjamin, Dr. Minor, etc. Class of 121 Columbia law students, two classes at each at Yale, 30 University of Penn., 300 at Wesleyan College, etc. Prospectus just free. PROF. ROSETTE, 237 Fifth Ave., New York.

**BIRDSELL CLOVER HULLER**

THE NEW! DOES ITS WORK FASTER AND BETTER THAN ANY OTHER.

OUR NEW RE-CLEANER CLEANS THE SEED MARKET CHALLENGE.

BIRDSELL MFG CO. SOUTH BEND, INDY.

## FRAZER AXLE GREASE.

Best in the World. Get the genuine. Every package has our Trade-mark and is marked Frazer's. SOLD EVERYWHERE.

## LOOK NEVER SUCH A BARGAIN BEFORE \$11 COLT REPEATING RIFLE

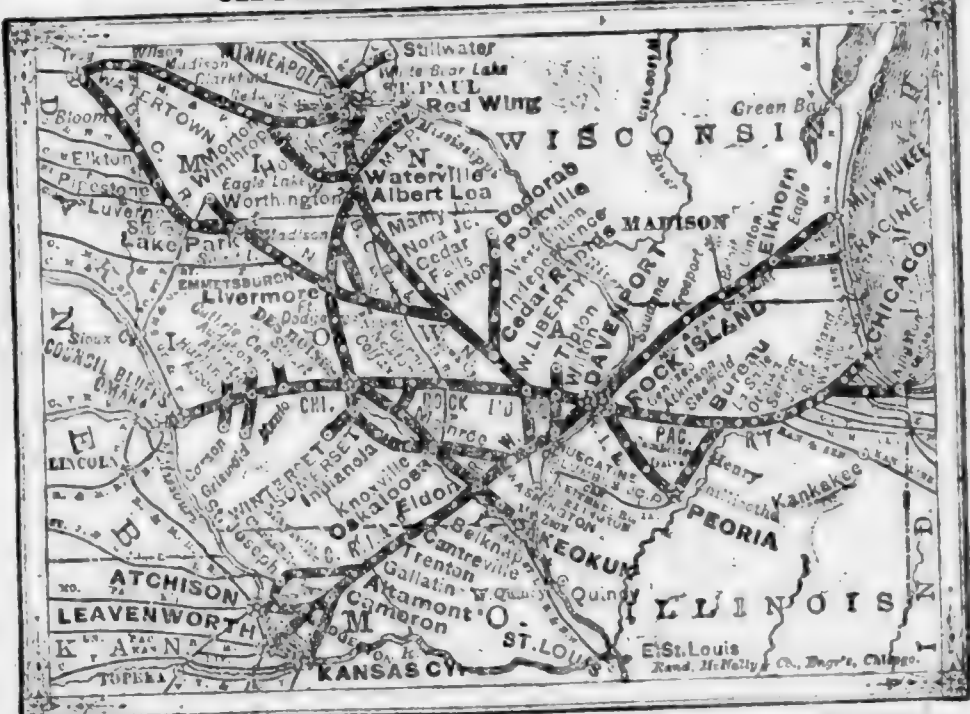
New from Factory. We stake our reputation of 47 years on this rifle, and 13 shot guarantee it the biggest offer ever made. Send 6c. in stamps for illustrated 100-page descriptive Catalogue, Guns, Rifles, Revolvers, Fishing Tackle, Bowlers, Sporting Goods, etc. JOHN P. FOWLER ARMS CO., Boston, Mass.

**PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION**

CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Taste good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.

## A MAN

WHO IS UNACQUAINTED WITH THE GEOGRAPHY OF THIS COUNTRY, WILL SEE BY EXAMINING THIS MAP, THAT THE



## CHICAGO, ROCK ISLAND & PACIFIC RY

By reason of its central position, close relation to principal lines East of Chicago and continuous lines at terminal points West, Northwest and Southwest—is the only true middle-link in that transcontinental system which invites and facilitates travel and traffic in either direction between the Atlantic and Pacific.

The Rock Island main line and Rock Island, in Illinois; Davenport, Muscatine, Peoria, Geneseo, Moline and Rock Island, in Iowa; Des Moines, Muscatine, Washington, Fairfield, Ottumwa, Oskaloosa, West Liberty, Iowa City, Des Moines, Indianola, Winterset, Atlantic, Knoxville, Audubon, Harlan, Guthrie, Centre and Council Bluffs, in Iowa; Gallatin, Trenton, St. Joseph, Cameron and Kansas City, in Missouri; Leavenworth and Atchison, in Kansas; Albert Lea, Minneapolis and St. Paul, in Minnesota; Watertown in Dakota, and hundreds of intermediate cities, towns and villages.

## THE GREAT ROCK ISLAND ROUTE

Guarantees Speed, Comfort and Safety to those who travel over it. Its roadbed is thoroughly ballasted. Its track is of heavy steel. Its bridges are solid structures of stone and iron. Its rolling stock is perfect as human skill can make it. It has all the safety appliances that mechanical genius has invented and experience proved valuable. Its practical operation is conservative and methodical—its discipline strict and exacting. The luxury of its passenger accommodations is unequalled in the West—unsurpassed in the world.

**ALL EXPRESS TRAINS** between Chicago and the Missouri River consist of comfortable **DAY COACHES**, magnificent **PULLMAN PALACE PARLOR** of comfortable **DAY COACHES**, magnificent **PULLMAN PALACE PARLOR** and **SLEEPING CARS**, elegant **DINING CARS** providing excellent meals, and **between Chicago, St. Joseph, Atchison and Kansas City—restful RECLINING CHAIR CARS.**

## THE FAMOUS ALBERT LEA ROUTE

Is the direct, favorite line between Chicago and Minneapolis and St. Paul. Over this route solid Fast Express Trains run daily to the summer resorts, picturesque localities and hunting and fishing grounds of Iowa and Minnesota. The rich wheat fields and grazing lands of interior Dakota are reached via Watertown.

A short desirable route, via Seneca and Kankakee, offers superior inducements to travelers between Cincinnati, Indianapolis, Lafayette and Council Bluffs, St. Joseph, Atchison, Leavenworth, Kansas City, Minneapolis, St. Paul and intermediate points.

All classes of patrons, especially families, ladies and children, receive from officials and employes of Rock Island trains protection, respectful courtesy and kindly attention.

For Tickets, Maps, Folders—obtainable at all principal Ticket Offices in the United States and Canada—or any desired information, address,

R. R. CABLE, Pres't & Gen'l M'gr, Chicago. E. ST. JOHN, Asst Gen'l M'gr, Chicago. E. A. HOLBROOK, Gen'l Tkt. & Pass. Agt., Chicago.

**TOWER'S FISH BRAND SLICKER**

The Best Waterproof Coat.

The FISH BRAND SLICKER is warranted waterproof, and will keep you dry in the hardest storm. The new FISH BRAND SLICKER is a perfect thing, and covers the entire saddle. Beware of imitations. See genuine with the "Fish Brand" trade-mark. Illustrated Catalogue free. A. J. Tower, Boston, Mass.





MORT & WILL OLDS, PUBLISHERS.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:

One Year, in advance	\$0.75
Six Months	50
Three Months	25

Entered at the Post Office at St. Joe as second-class matter.

FRIDAY SEPTEMBER 9, 1887.

The Normal school will close next week.

You will always find a good line of Men's Shoes at Case & Olds.

The Fort Wayne Fair takes place from the 27th to 30th of Sept.

Misses Georgia Van Fleit and Josie Smith began teaching in the Garrett schools, this week.

The Methodist people made about twenty dollars out of the stands at the picnic last Saturday.

"Mamma," said a little boy when the district school was out, "run the line comb through my hair and turn the rascals out."

W. T. Bishop and wife spent last Sunday at Van Wert, Ohio, visiting his brothers. He reports his brother Will, who has been very sick with typhoid fever, as being some better when he left.

We understand that W. I. McKee, the agent at this place, thinks of leaving. He has been offered a position at Hologate, Ohio, and as that is his home, he will probably accept it. He is a good agent and a gentleman, and our people will be sorry to lose him.

Monday, Wash Woodcox's family had their goods nearly all packed, and were loading them on wagons to take them to Butler to ship over the Wabash road. They also had their tickets bought and paid for. In fact they were already to go, when a telegram from Wash was received, telling them not to come, but to rent a house and to move into it, and not to make any further arrangements until they heard from him.

People must like to come to St. Joe, for we never have any thing in the way of a picnic, festival or old settler's meeting, but what we have a big crowd and a good time. The picnic at this place last Saturday was no exception to this rule, as it was estimated that there were between three and four thousand persons on the ground. There were eleven Sunday schools present, besides a great many others from all parts of this and adjoining counties. The program, consisting of speaking, and singing by the different schools was quite interesting, and considering the large crowd, was attentively listened to. One of the most enjoyable features of the occasion, and one in which everybody took an active part, was the dinner exercise. No sooner had the large audience been dismissed, when there was a general scramble for dinner baskets, and in about twenty minutes, all that was left to tell the story of well-filled lunch baskets, was a pile of closely knawed chicken bones and a few empty plates. But that is the best part of a picnic; is to have an abundance of good things to eat, and a long intermission of two or three hours at noon, in which to shake hands with your friends, talk over old times, ask about the crops, hug the girls, kiss the babies and have a general good time. The picnic was a success in every way.

OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

NEWVILLE.

The people who attended the institute report a pleasant time.

Mr. Dean and wife, and Miss Lucy Brownmiller are visiting friends in Marshall county.

Gustin Flint has moved his family back to Hicksville, where they will make their future home.

We wonder what has become of the three M's? We have not heard from them for some time.

Miss Laura McDonald of Walkerton, is making a short visit with her parents and friends at this place.

The funeral services of Joel Davis was held in the U. B. church, Saturday, Sept. 3rd, Rev. Thomas, officiating.

The Band of Hope, which meets at the Disciple church every two weeks is growing in attendance and interest.

The Brethren Sunday school attended the picnic at St. Joe, Saturday, and all come home feeling it was good to be there.

CONCORD.

Mrs. Emma Welsh entertained visitors last Tuesday.

Mrs. M. E. Baker was the guest of Mrs. Jane Hull last Tuesday.

John Baker and wife are the happy parents of a son of usual weight.

Green Brown and wife spent the Sabbath with Jake Baker's family.

Miss Artie Morr, of Auburn Junction, has been visiting among relatives for the past week.

Orange Herrick and wife visited her father and family in Jackson township last Sunday.

Frank Herrick was called to Maysville last Wednesday to attend the funeral of his step-mother.

Joseph Koch threshed forty-three bushels of clover seed from a fifteen acre field one day last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Darling, of Perrysville, Ohio, father and mother of Marion Darling, are visiting relatives here this week.

Mrs. James Smith's condition remains about the same. The attending physician pronounces her disease typhoid malaria.

As Stella Hay was going to Auburn one day last week, she fell out of the wagon on her head and shoulders, and was otherwise hurt quite badly. She is some better at present.

PIGEON'S RETREAT.

Mrs. Israel Horn is on the sick list.

Ben Wasson's cider mill has been in full blast for a couple of weeks.

If Nettie Kline attends school this winter she is apt to gain a reward of Merit.

Misses Laura and Alda Shutt started for Valparaiso, last Friday to attend school.

Nearly all the pigeons from this retreat attended the St. Joe picnic last Saturday.

Among the interesting things seen at the picnic was Bert Hull of Pleasant Hill, with two large (S)warts on his hands.

We hoped to chronicle a wedding this week, but that obliging editor of ours stepped in ahead of us and published the happy event last week.

Sol Shilling attended the drive well meeting at Auburn, last Saturday. His son, "Bub," wonders why there can't be a meeting called in regard to the Bohemian oats swindle. Guess "Bub" got bit.

This neighborhood has its gossips as well as any other, but they have one redeeming point; viz: they go a distance from home to tell their tales of scandal. We call that generosity, for the hapless victim of their tongues

JUST RECEIVED THIS WEEK AT

**LEIGHTY'S**

Nearly 5000 Yards of Best Prints,

WHICH WILL BE SOLD AT

**5 CENTS PER YARD.**

ALSO A LARGE STOCK OF OTHER GOODS, CHEAP  
CALL AND SEE THEM.

don't hear the hurtful remarks about themselves for about a month or so afterwards. Girls did the shoe about those left-hand compliments fit too quick for comfort?

SPENCERVILLE.

Becks Erick went to Toledo Tuesday.

Miss Mabel Murray is attending school at Leo.

G. A. Bishop was at Auburn the first of the week.

Jake Baltz St. and wife were at Fort Wayne Thursday.

Mrs. Dr. Houghton, of Hantertown, is visiting friends in town this week.

Claudia Prossnes has been visiting in the country during the past week.

Willis Carey started to Valparaiso Thursday, where he expects to attend school.

E. J. Coder, wife and daughter, of Auburn, were the guests of his parents Sunday.

Miss Mary Carnes left for Ohio last Thursday to visit among relatives and friends.

Mrs. W. B. McClaran left for Sturgis, Mich., last Monday, where her husband is at present located.

John Zimmerman came down from Auburn last Saturday evening, on a bicycle and returned Sunday.

Ben Zimmerman, the photographer went to Rockford, Mich., last Tuesday to be gone a couple of weeks. The gallery will be closed during his absence.

We noticed in the last issue of the News that the editor says the show didn't stop at Spencerville, it only took in the larger towns. We suppose he means cities like Leo, St. Joe and Newville; but we would inform him that our town isn't so small as he thinks it is, and besides the showmen know by the appearance of our quiet and pleasant place that its people are above attending such a one-horse circus, and consequently moved on to St. Joe, where the people think more of a ten-cent circus than they do of home enterprises.



I am an American, and keep the genuine American Tin Plates the best in the market. Roofing, Spouting, and Guttering a specialty. A full line of Cartridges, Shot, Powder, Cutlery &c., at J. A. Conrad's, St. Joe, Ind. Give me a call when needing any thing in my line. All work fully warranted and prices the very lowest.



TRUTH IS MIGHTY, AND WILL PREVAIL.

LOOK THIS WAY!

I keep on hand a fine line of Furniture, which I will sell for the next 60 days at prices that defy competition. Glass Cupboards \$8.50. Double Cane Seat and Back Rockers \$2. Dressing Case, with French Plate Glass \$12.00. Carpet Lounges \$4.50. Solid Comfort Beds for \$2.25. Undertaking a specialty.

August Kinsey, St. Joe, Ind.

**A Disastrous Flood!**

Heavy damages done by the over-throw of High Prices, and we will continue same. Good Brown Sugar 5 and 6 cts. Granulated 7 cts. Rosin 5 cts. Alum 5 cts. Salts 5 cts. Bird Seed 8 cts. Salt Peter 12 1/2 cts. Prunes 6 1/2 cts. Good Gingham 6 cts. Dress Goods at your own price. Grain Sacks 18 cts. All goods as cheap as the cheapest. Highest market price paid for Wheat, Oats and Seeds.

**S. & F. Barney**



# Watch and Clock

REPAIRING DONE.

and all work warranted satisfactory.  
by C. A. Patterson, at the

ST. JOE

DRUGSTORE.

where will be found at all times a  
full line of

JEWELRY, CLOCKS, WATCHES.

GENERAL DRUGS.

MEDICINES, PAINTERS' SUPPLIES,  
TOBACCOS, CIGARS, &c. SCHOOL  
BOOKS AND SCHOOL SUPPLIES.

## The Verdict Unanimous.

W. D. Sult, Druggist, Bippus, Ind., testifies: "I can recommend Electric Bitters as the very best remedy. Every bottle sold has given relief in every case. One man took six bottles and was cured of Rheumatism of 10 years standing." Abraham Hare, druggist, Bellville, O., affirms: "The best selling medicines, I have ever handled in my 20 years experience, is Electric Bitters." Thousands of others have added their testimony, so that the verdict is unanimous that Electric Bitters do cure all diseases of the Liver, Kidneys or Blood. Only a half dollar a bottle at W. C. Patterson's Drug Store.

## Sorghum Making.

I am now prepared to make Sorghum molasses at my residence east of St. Joe. I have a new process for clearing, which enables me to make better molasses than ever before. Give me a call. Prices reasonable and satisfaction guaranteed.

Howard Northup.

## LOCALS.

There are no houses to rent in St. Joe.

The storm Tuesday night done considerable damage.

Considerable clover seed has been marketed here this week.

Will Curie shipped a car load of hogs to Chicago Tuesday.

We have added eighteen new subscribers to our list since last week.

Case & Olds will receive some of the latest fall styles of Men's Hats, this week.

St. Joe always pays the highest market price for all kinds of grain and seeds.

At the drive well meeting held at Auburn last Saturday, a committee was appointed to go to Indianapolis, and if possible, effect some kind of a compromise with the parties. J. D. Leighty is one of that committee.

The lecture delivered at the Methodist church on Wednesday evening, by Rev. J. A. Thomas, was not only very interesting but highly instructive. The collection taken up at the close of the lecture, was kindly donated to the W. C. T. U.

We couldn't imagine what made the wind blow so furious hard on Tuesday night, but when Frank Barney came over to the store the next morning and announced that he was the father of an eight pound baby, the matter was easily explained. Its a boy, and they say that Frank got so excited over it that he offered a man forty dollars a bushel for clover seed.

Miss Addie Widney will teach the Sodom school, this winter.

If you think of going west, call on A. B. Coburn at Dr. Shaffer's office.

There were 160 teachers in attendance at the county institute at Butler, last week.

Charley Jenkins sends the News to his brother Stephen A. Jenkins of Jacobsville, Md.

The best line of fall clothing ever shown in St. Joe, just received this week, at Case & Olds.

One of Windland's thrashing engines went through a bridge near Russ Coburn's one day last week. Nobody hurt.

A pair of spectacles and case was found near the hotel one day last week. The owner can have same by calling at this office.

Married, at the M. C. parsonage, St. Joe, on Saturday, Sept. 21st, Mr. Henry A. Porter of Allen Co., to Miss Maggie M. Wyatt of De Kalb county.

Fred Johnson left a stalk of corn at this office last week, that just lacked two inches of being twelve feet high. Ad Chubb was to bring one in that would beat it, but he hasn't done it yet. Come Adam, put up or shut up.

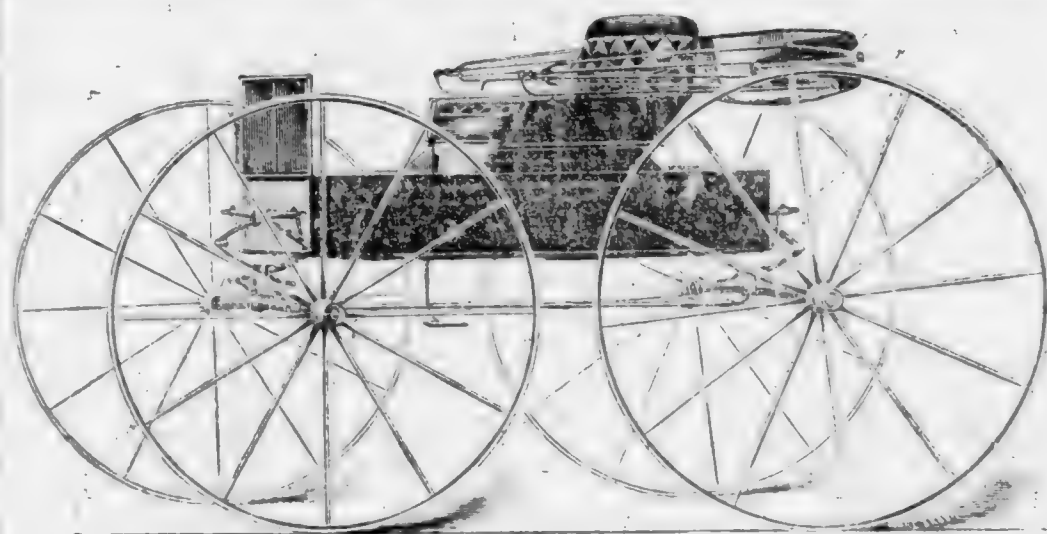
A correspondent in writing to one of the county papers last week says: "It's time to sow wheat now. Such information is very valuable, as there are a great many farmers who probably didn't know it, until they saw that item."

Some half-starved galoots, without the least speck of principle, stole some of the cabbages out of the wagons at the picnic last Saturday. Had they been caught in the act, it is quite likely that they wouldn't have been able to set down with any degree of comfort for several days.

The circus took about forty dollars out of the town last week. If some person had undertaken to raise money for the benefit and improvement of the town or for some benevolent purpose, they probably couldn't have scraped up one sixteenth part of that amount. But that's the way of the world.

We noticed the following item in one of our exchanges last week, and we wondered whether any of the people who are constantly finding fault with prices and grumbling at what they call "hard times," had ever stopped to think of it. "Sixty years ago a bushel of wheat would buy only two yards of calico; now it will buy fifteen or twenty. Then a bushel of corn would buy only a pound of nails; now it will buy ten. Then it took a good cow to buy a pair of factory blankets; now a common cow will pay for six pairs fully as good. Think of these things when disposed to talk up the good old times of long ago."

Last Thursday evening, Charley Koch, accompanied by two young ladies, was driving Florence Buchanan's horse and buggy down Main St., and as he attempted to drive around another team, the horse got frightened in some way, and became unmanageable, and in turning the corner near August Kinsey's residence, the buggy was up-set, and all three occupants were thrown out. The horse continued on, down the street at a rapid rate, and finally ran into the hitching posts in front of the Methodist church, breaking the buggy up badly, and seriously, if not fatally injuring the horse. Fortunately, those who were thrown from the buggy escaped with only a few sprains and bruises. The horse was a fine young colt valued at \$175.00. Mr. Buchanan seems to be unfortunate with horses, as it is but little over a year ago since he lost a valuable horse.



MOUNTED WITH THE HERBRAND GEAR WORKS.

ECKHART CARRIAGE WORKS,

AUBURN, DE KALB CO., IND.

—MANUFACTURER OF—

FIRST CLASS CARRIAGES.

CHARLES ECKHART, PROPRIETOR.

Call on me when in need of a first-class Carriage or Buggy, and I will save you money. I guarantee all work as represented.

Go to M. Tustison,

DEALER IN—

Groceries, Flour,

PROVISIONS.

CANDIES, CIGARS &c.

and get some of those splendid  
Fresh Apricots, only 23c per can.

ST. JOE, IND.

—ST. JOE MARKETS—

CORRECTED EVERY FRIDAY.

Wheat	70 cts.
Oats	26 cts.
Corn	35 cts.
Butter	15 cts.
Eggs	12 cts.
Tallow	34 cts.
Lard	10 cts.
Potatoes	70 cts.

Baltimore & Ohio R. R.

Trains Leave St. Joe as follows:

WESTBOUND.	
No. 9 Mail and Express	11:05 A. M.
17 Accommodation	4:18 P. M.
3 Chicago Express	10:42 P. M.
35 Local Freight	3:42 P. M.
EAST BOUND.	
No. 10 Express and Mail	2:08 P. M.
16 Accommodation	10:28 A. M.
4 Morning Express	4:55 A. M.
34 Local Freight	7:59 A. M.

W. I. McKEE, AGENT.

## Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

THE BEST SALVE in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. PRICE 25 cents per box. For sale by W. C. Patterson.

Read the new advertisements.

Fat hogs are selling for 4 1/2 cents per pound.

Bert Patterson having permanently located in St. Joe, and gone into the drug business with his brother, will also work at his trade, that of a Jeweler. Clocks, Watches and Jewelry repaired in the best manner, and at reasonable prices. Call and see him at the St. Joe Drugstore.

## A Woman's Discovery.

Another wonderful discovery has been made and that too by a lady in this county. Disease fastened its clutches upon her and for seven years she withstood its severest tests, but her vital organs were undermined and death seemed imminent. For three months she coughed incessantly and could not sleep. She bought of a bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption and was so much relieved on taking first dose that she slept all night and with one bottle has been miraculously cured. Her name is Mrs. Luther Lutz. This writes W. C. Hamrick & Co., of Shelby, N. C.—Get a free trial bottle at W. C. Patterson's Drug Store.

## THE INTER-STATE FAIR.

Fort Wayne, Indiana, September 27, 28, 29, 30, 1887.

For five years past the Inter-State Fair has had

The largest cattle show in the State.  
The largest horse show in the State.  
The largest sheep show in the State.  
The largest hog show in the State.  
The largest poultry show in the State.  
The best races in the State.  
The most liberal premiums of any Fair in the State.

The best line of attractions and amusements of any Fair in the State.

Every premium has been paid in full, as advertised, and every promise has been fulfilled.

The Fair of 1887 will equal its predecessors in every particular, and in many features will surpass any former Fair.

The same liberal policy in regard to premiums and attractions will govern the management this year as in the past, and exhibitors will receive uniformly courteous treatment, and liberal inducements to show at the Fort Wayne Fair.

To the progressive farmer the stock exhibit, the immense line of agricultural implements, and the horticultural display, offer an interesting field of study, amply sufficient to repay him for the time and money spent at the Fair.

To the mechanic the many improved machines and other displays in the mechanical line will afford an endless amount of instruction and amusement.

To entertain the amusement-loving public a fine line of attractions have been secured, over \$3,000 being offered in this department alone.

Believing that in no way can the farmer, the mechanic, the laboring man, the merchant, the housewife, the young and the old receive the same amount of instruction and amusement as at the great Inter-State Fair, a cordial invitation is extended to all to attend.

It is said that over one thousand dollars worth of beer was sold on the Defiance fair ground, on Thursday of last week. Better turn it into a beer garden and be done with it.



# The St. Joe News.

ST. JOE, INDIANA.

MORT & W. H. OLDS, PUBLISHERS.

## SILENT WOODS OF INDIANA.

BY CHARLOTTE H. HAYES.

Silent woods of Indiana,  
Forests of primeval gloom,  
Here and there a rude hut rising  
Near the prairie's sea of bloom.

There, amid a little clearing,  
Shrinking from a life so rude,  
Lived a mother as heroic  
As was sweet her womanhood.

Sometimes, at rosy sunset,  
With her young boy at her feet,  
Spoke she of that noble living,  
That for God's high truths is meet.

Or, amid the deepening shadows,  
When the twilight hour grew dim,  
Prayed she, "O Father may he serve thee,  
Whoso'er may come to him."

Then the silver cord was loosened,  
And her face of tender love  
Shone with hallowed light, reflected  
From the golden spheres above.

Round her forest grave they gathered,  
On a quiet Sabbath day,  
With the simple, rustic parson,  
Who had come from far to pray.

Loving friends, from distant places,  
Listened to that fervent prayer;  
And the sunlight, through the pine-trees,  
Shone on tear-wet faces there.

Then they left her there to slumber,  
Mid the prairie lone and wild,  
Little dreaming what a future  
Waited him, her orphan child.

Little dreaming how the nation  
Should arise and call him blessed,  
In the years that were to follow,  
While she, voiceless, lay at rest.

Once, when rung the people's plaudits,  
Bowed he low his prince-crowned head,  
With the humblest of his people,  
The past brought back, and said,

While his heart was overflowing:  
"All I am, or hope to be,  
Owe I to that Christian mother,  
Blessed be her memory!"

Silent woods of Indiana,  
Peaceful be her grave in thee,  
While the nation joins that memory  
With the martyr of the free.

—Youth's Companion.

## A BROTHER'S TREACHERY.

Yesterday was my reception day, and an hundred self-invited guests thronged my rooms, eager to see and be seen, honored to be my guests. My pretty rooms were brilliant with color, and the gay, chattering, smiling crowd made them seem like some fascinating horris cave.

To-day they are closed and dark. The crowd has gone, and my hand and I have come up here to mourn together and comfort each other.

It is the anniversary of our little one's death.

You who see me now, would not dream that we had tasted the very dregs of poverty; would not dream that just five years ago to-day our Saidee, our darling, died; died of starvation.

In this very city, in this very room, outside, the same jostling, smiling, maddening crowd; she, the only darling God ever sent to bless our home and gladden our hearts, died; died of starvation.

The thought almost drives me crazy! I throw open the window for air! I feel stifled, even now!

Ah, me! How treacherous the world is, and how I sometimes hate it!

How eagerly it greets the rich and prosperous with outstretched hands and smiling faces, and fawning words on lying lips; and turns to the poor poverty-stricken wretch with a push, a scowl, a curse, and a kick to help send him headlong on the downward grade.

We know (husband and I) we have tasted the bitterness of poverty's dregs, and know the hollowness of the world's friendship.

But, thank God, not all the rich are worldlings.

My father died when I was a child and left an unencumbered estate worth, perhaps, fifty thousand dollars. My mother soon followed him to the grave and brother (ten years older than myself) and I were left alone. He was executor of the estate. I, child-like, believed in him implicitly and never questioned his authority. In due time I graduated from the high-school, and afterwards from the university at W.

Clarence had sold off nearly everything while I was at W., and established himself in business at Los Angeles. After graduating, I followed him, never doubting my welcome, never dreaming of treachery.

But my reception was coolly business-like, and I was soon given to understand that I was expected to support myself. He said the estate was not as valuable as at first supposed, and he, of course, could not be expected to support me.

We had a dreadful quarrel. I returned East and Clarence became my bitter enemy.

Then I met Tom Dalton and soon we were married. He was a hotel manager, did nicely in business and we were very happy.

Then Saidee came, and when she was 2 years old, we got the California fever; sold out everything we possessed and came to Los Angeles.

Ah, me! had we but known.

From that time everything went wrong. Finally he got a position as night clerk at the old Cosmopolitan. He worked industriously and would have pleased; but one night Clarence passed, saw Tom inside, went to the proprietors, told them Heaven knows what, and the very next day Tom was discharged without a word of warning. So it was everywhere Tom worked. Clarence Sands followed him like a living fiend, everywhere telling lies about us and driving Tom from his position.

At first we had lived nicely; but as matters grew from bad to worse, we moved from one house to another, from one room to another, until we finally came to this poor little room where we now sit. This was a tenement then. Since we have bought the house, had it remodeled and refurnished, all but this one little room, which we have always kept just the same, and where no one but Tom and I ever comes and sits, and we but seldom; the memories are too sad.

But I forget. I tried everywhere for work, but who wanted to see my half-starved face around? We grew so very poor we had but one meal a day and that a meager one.

One after another our valuables found their way to the pawnshop, until nothing was left but my wedding-ring which had never been off my finger. What should we do? There was one gentleman in the city I had known when a child—Judge Brundell. My father had started him in business, loaned him money and given him his first cases. I could not bring myself to ask help from him. What could we do?

Finally Saidee fell sick. I exhausted the resources of my small medicine case, but all the medicines in the universe cannot take the place of proper food and nourishment.

All day she moaned and tossed on her poor little bed; could not eat the bread we gave her and we had nothing else.

Tom hung over her bedside almost crazed with sorrow, and, along in the afternoon I, unable to bear the sight, took my hat and started for the pawnshop.

I passed Judge Brundell's office, stopped, but could not make up my mind to enter.

At the pawnshop I quickly slipped the ring from my finger and gave it to the old man, who waited expectantly.

"Ten dollars is the best I can do," it was a small fortune to me, for it meant soup and fruit for Saidee.

"I could not give that much, but it's evidently your wedding-ring and will probably be redeemed soon," and the old man beamed at me curiously.

I nodded, grasped the money, hastened away from the shop, made my few purchases and started home. As I turned a corner Clarence drove down near the curb and motioned me to stop.

"How's my sweet sister?"

"Do not dare to speak to me," I cried out indignantly.

"Oh! I keep track of you. You're just about to starve. You'll come to me yet, and then—"

He laughed in a horribly significant way, struck his horse and went on.

I stood dazed. "In the nineteenth century could such things be?"

Quickly I retraced my steps and this time entered Judge Brundell's office. Oh, had I but gone before! Brokenly I told my story to the kind-hearted man, who listened attentively after I had once told him who I was. He urged me and I told him all; everything, even down to the insults of a few minutes ago. "I must go now. I've been away too long already; even now Saidee may be dying," I said. I hurried home, and almost before I had told Tom the Judge came; and with him a doctor.

The latter looked grave over Saidee and shook his head. "It is too late," he said, and I think my heart died. We administered restoratives but nothing could be done, and two days later she died.

I did not know it. The fever had entered my brain and for weeks I lay between life and death. When I recovered everything was changed—this room had been locked up. We were at Judge Brundell's, and Tom had a good position.

As soon as I could talk about it the Judge asked me all manner of questions about father's estate, and at once began suit to recover possession.

My one idea was revenge on Clarence. I could not get it out of my head day or night.

Owing to the Judge's influence everything prospered. Tom's salary was increased. I wrote constantly and was well paid, and we finally got about thirty thousand dollars back from Clarence, which embarrassed his affairs considerably.

We bought the tenement, remodeled it, as you see; and then began to buy up Clarence's notes, paid his outstanding debts and had them transferred to us.

I wanted to starve him as he had us. Everything we touched seemed to prosper. Friends crowded around us and we had everything that heart could wish and money could buy. Everything but our Saidee, our darling; and when I thought of her I hardened my heart and was more determined than ever to crush my brother.

Tom never opposed me; but he said nothing.

Everything was now ready for my revenge. I really owned my brother, and I sent for him to come to me. I brought him into this very room, showed him its poor furniture and the little bed where Saidee had died; and then I told him what I meant to do with him.

He, poor, miserable, weak wretch, snivelled and cried like a whipped hound, begged for mercy, and whimpered to be spared.

"My heart misgave me. Should I crush him, as I had planned?"

I thought of Saidee. "Yes, let him suffer as my poor, wan darling had suffered, for food and nourishment!"

Then came Tom's dear, good, noble Tom, and said, "Let him go, Hetty, for Saidee's sake."

"For Saidee's sake." Could it be for her sake?

I hesitated long, then the temptation was over. "Take your notes and money, but get out of my sight forever! I cannot trust myself."

Without one word of thanks Clarence grabbed the roll and escaped from the room; and I sank down by Tom's side and cried like a child.

I'm glad it's over. I'm glad I did not punish him as I had meant to do. I'm glad I let him go, but 'twas a terrible temptation.

### Always Tell Mother.

There is something that tugs at one's heart in the last words of the young woman in Sacramento who shot Patterson and then committed suicide with morphine. After being long in a stupor she rallied a moment and said to the attendant: "Please don't tell mother." It was the final illumination of a path that was ending in gloom and disgrace. Made the victim of heartless selfishness by the man she had killed, and going to her final account tarnished and forlorn, she was, after all, the victim of not telling mother. There is no way of estimating the sorrow and sin and suffering that would be avoided if the confidence of children continued through life to run to their mothers. Over the grave of this girl, dead untimely by her own hand, on which was the blood of another, might be inscribed the epitaph: "Died in her youth, heartbroken, dishonored, a slayer, self-slain, because she would not tell mother."—*San Francisco Alta.*

### Carl Pretzel's Philosophy.

When der bleed comes der heart out, on account of misfortune, dhere vas nothing so good to shtob der bleed like der comfort you found out in der Bible book.

On der outside in of efery heart dhere vas a spark of benefelences and goodness. Some fellers shtob der cavity un mit cross eyed looks, so you coodn't see dot pooty gwick.

I belief me in woomans sufferage on ackound dhey vas suffer-age so much, and it.—*Carl Pretzel's Weekly.*

### PITH AND POINT.

LOST at sea—the sight of land.

A TRIM creature—the milliner.

A FLAT failure—a poor pancake.

PARTY liner—rows of wallflowers.

A HANGMAN who wished to conceal his vocation said he was traveling for a suspender company.—*Texas Siftings.*

It is perfectly safe to go into a dentist's shop and call him a liar to his teeth, if the dentist isn't in.—*Texas Siftings.*

"Old Tabat Cadi was a man of mind. In the days when the earth was new, But he never tackled a single pig."

When the hair is in the butter room it is a bad sign.—*Tabat Cadi.*

"Yes, sir," said Dibbs, earnestly, "we should always look upon long-haired men with respect. It is a surety that they have not been in prison for a while."

The days of the book agent are numbered. A German firm has invented a steel-clad bullet that will penetrate four inches of brass.—*Newman Independent.*

The witty man of the Middle Temple students said at a city chop-house: "I won't pay for steaks as tough as these; no law can compel me; they're not legal tender."

RESTAURANT-KEEPER (to guest)—Is your seat quite comfortable, sir? Are you too near the window? Guest. No, the window is all right; but I wouldn't mind sitting a little farther from the butter.

Mrs. Wells (about to hire a new servant)—Now, in regard to going out visiting. I—Servant (interrupting). "Oh, go out whenever yez loikes; you'll not find Bridget Murphy harrud, mum, or dictatorial loike."

Brown—I say, Robinson, are you still sweet on Miss Littleback? Robinson—I'm afraid she didn't appreciate my visits. "Why do you think so?" "Well, the last time I called she had an alarm clock in the parlor, and had it set for 10 o'clock. I've given up calling there." *New York Sun.*

"Young man," he said, earnestly, "do you ever put the present aside, and gaze thoughtfully into the future?" "You bet I do," was the emphatic response. "I've got a six-months' lease's option on 10,000 barrels of crude oil, and just now I'm spelling future with a big, big F."—*New York Sun.*

Once there was lying by the side of the ditch a pig. On the other side lay a man. The pig was sober, the man was drunk. The pig had a ring in his nose, and man had a ring on his finger. Some one passing exclaimed, so the pig heard it, "One is judged from the company he keeps." Instantly the pig rose and went away.

A lady who had been abroad was describing some of the sights of her trip to a party of friends. "But what pleased me as much as anything," she said, "was the wonderful clock at Strasburg." "Oh, how I would love to see it," gushed a pretty young woman in pink. "I am so much interested in such things. And did you see the celebrated watch on the Rhine, too?"

Oh, I know I can't," she said the woman, after she returned from her husband's funeral, "I just know I can't ever think of anything else with poor John in the—the—the—coo-omb!" and she broke down again. "There was a very large attendance at the funeral," said a lady friend, trying to get the poor woman's mind into some other channel. "Mrs. Gen. Parade was pre-ent." "Was Mrs. Gen. Parade there?" "Yes." "What-wh-what did she have on?" and the poor widow burst into tears anew.—*Dakota Bell.*

Mrs. SHODDY—What has become of your beau, Belle? Miss S.—He has gone to the beach for his health. Mrs. S.—He's rich, and I can't see why you shilly-shally with him so long. Why don't you marry him? Miss S.—I do not care to marry him. He is a val-tudinarian. Mrs. S.—What's that got to do with it? We're no sticklers about religion. It ain't like an if either of you were Catholics and needed a dispensation. You ought to be glad of the chance. If I was in your place I'd marry him if he was a vegetarian.—*Boston Courier.*

"THERE is evidently a great deal to be learned about women," says a Philadelphia editor. "There is, indeed, and the best way to learn it is to ask some other woman about it."—*Somerville Journal.*

The affection of parents is best shown to their children by teaching them what is good and true.



In the Whole Hideous Catalogue  
Of diseases, there were none which, previous to  
the discovery of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters,  
offered more formidable resistance to the old-  
fashioned modes of treatment than the group  
of maladies which, under the collective name  
of malarial disease, afflicted entire communi-  
ties that suffered hopelessly. Chills and fever,  
dumb ague, ague cake, and bilious remittent  
were once regarded as well nigh incurable.  
Now it rejoices the hearts of thousands who re-  
side in districts periodically subject to the vis-  
itation of malaria, to feel certain that in the  
Bitters they possess a certain defense against  
the scourge, a sure means of expelling its poi-  
son from the system. To the settler in the far  
West, the new emigrant thither, and to travel-  
ers and tourists by land and sea, the possession  
of this pleasant safeguard is a guaranty of  
safety from diseases which they might vainly  
seek from any other source.

In Chicago: Citizen (to visiting  
friend)—"There's the handsomest gam-  
bling-house in the country."

"What, do you mean to say it is a  
gambling-house?"

"Yes."

"Has the new Mayor made an effort  
to close it?"

"No."

"What is the name of the place?"

"Board of Trade."

On the obscure road that leads to health,  
(Unmarked by board or sign;  
Wisdom avails not, powerless is wealth  
To soothe these aches of these.  
But do not despair, with life there a hope,  
The cloud conceals the sun;  
With Pierce's Favorite Prescription at hand  
You life's full course may run.  
More truth than poetry in these lines, as  
thousands of ladies all over the land now  
blossoming with health, testify to the great  
curative powers of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Pres-  
cription, adapted by much research and care-  
ful study to the happy relief of all those  
weaknesses and ailments peculiar to females.  
All druggists.

"JOHNNY," inquired his aunt, "what  
do you like best of all?" "Candy," re-  
plied Johnny. "And what after that?"  
inquired his aunt. "More candy," re-  
plied Johnny, after a moment's delib-  
eration.—Pittsburgh Dispatch.

How soon a smile of God can change  
the world.—Browning.

C-h-o-o! C-h-o-o! C-h-o-o!!!

Don't sneeze, sneeze, hawk, spit,  
blow, and disgust everybody with your offen-  
sive breath. If you have acid, watery dis-  
charges from the nose and eyes, throat dis-  
ease, causing chok sensations, cough, ring-  
ing noises in head, splitting headache and  
other symptoms of nasal catarrh, remember  
that the manufacturers of Dr. Sage's Catarrh  
Remedy offer, in good faith, \$500 reward for  
a case of catarrh which they cannot cure.  
The Remedy is sold by druggists at only 50  
cents.

Why are children like jellies? Because as  
they are molded so they will turn out.

How to Gain Flesh and Strength.

Use after each meal Scott's Emulsion with  
Hypophosphites. It is as palatable as milk,  
and easily digested. The rapidity with which  
delicate people improve with its use is won-  
derful. Use it and try your weight. As a  
remedy for Consumption, Throat affections,  
and Bronchitis, it is unequalled. Please read:  
"I used Scott's Emulsion in a child eight  
months old with good results. He gained four  
pounds in a very short time."—Thos. Paim,  
M. D., Alabama.

TELEGRAPH messages never make haste  
to get rich.

PRICKLY ACH BITTERS is an unfailing cure  
for all diseases originating in biliary derange-  
ments caused by the malaria of miasmatic  
countries. No other medicine now on sale will  
so effectually remove the disturbing elements,  
and at the same time tone up the whole sys-  
tem. It is sure and safe in its action.

Why are troubles like dogs? Because the  
smaller they are the more they annoy you.

R. W. Tansill & Co., Chicago:  
I have retailed cigars for sixteen years, and  
I consider your "Tansill's Punch" the best 5c  
cigar I ever saw. JOHN W. AITKEN, Druggist,  
Carbondale, Pa.

Nervous People

Who take Hood's Sarsaparilla earnestly declare: "It  
gives us complete and permanent control of our  
nerves." By regulating the digestion it also over-  
comes dyspepsia and disagreeable feelings in the  
stomach, cures headache and heartburn. By its ac-  
tion on the blood impurities are expelled and the  
whole body is benefited.

"I never can thank Hood's Sarsaparilla for helping  
me so much. When I began taking it I was confined  
to the bed nearly all the time. Now I am up the best  
part of the day, have a better appetite than for five  
years, and am not nearly so nervous as I have been."  
—MRS. ANN A. HALLER, Nicetown, Philadelphia.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. \$1; six for \$5. Prepared only  
by O. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar.

CATARRH  
AND  
HAY-FEVER  
CURE.  
ELY'S CREAM BALM.

Apply Balm into each nostril.

PENSIONS COLLECTED and increased by  
Fitzgerald & Powell, Indianapolis,  
Ind. Old cases reopened. Send for copy of Laws, free.

The Sweetest Girl in School.

"She's the sweetest girl in school!" enthu-  
siastically exclaimed one young man to  
another, as they passed down the street to-  
gether. "Edith is so kind, and gentle, and un-  
selfish, every one likes her. And she has  
lovely golden hair and pretty eyes. Isn't it a  
pity her complexion is so bad; it spoils her  
looks. And then she has such dreadful head-  
aches!" The girls skipped along, but it hap-  
pened Edith's mother had heard what they  
said. It set her thinking. What could be  
done for those headaches and the rough,  
muddy complexion, that was such a trial to  
her gentle daughter. She recalled what she  
had read of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Dis-  
covery, and on the spur of the moment she  
slipped into a drug store and bought a supply.  
Edith took it faithfully, with the result that it  
cleared her disordered blood, relieved the  
headaches, made her skin soft, fair and rosy,  
and now she is not only the "sweetest girl in  
school" but the most beautiful.

It is easier for a saloon-keeper in Iowa to  
get rich than for a Congressman to refuse a  
drink.

FIVE dollars can be saved every year in boots  
and shoes by using Lyon's Heel Stiffeners; cost  
only 25c.

The best cough medicine is Piso's Cure for  
Consumption. Sold everywhere. 25c.

KIDDER'S

DIGESTYLIN

A SURE CURE FOR  
INDIGESTION and DYSPEPSIA.

Over 100 Physicians have sent us their approval of  
DIGESTYLIN, saying that it is the best preparation  
for Indigestion that they have ever used.

We have never heard of a case of Dyspepsia where  
DIGESTYLIN was taken that was not cured.

FOR CHOLERA INFANTUM.  
IT WILL CURE THE MOST AGGRAVATED CASES.  
IT WILL STOP VOMITING IN PREGNANCY.  
IT WILL RELIEVE CONSTIPATION.

For Summer Complaints and Chronic Diarrhea,  
which are the direct results of imperfect digestion,  
DIGESTYLIN will effect an immediate cure.  
Take DIGESTYLIN for all pains and disorders of  
the stomach; they all come from indigestion. Ask  
your druggist for DIGESTYLIN (price \$1 per large  
bottle). If he does not have it, send one dollar to us  
and we will send a bottle to you, express prepaid.  
Do not hesitate to send your money. Our house is  
reliable. Established twenty-five years.

WM. F. KIDDER & CO.,  
Manufacturing Chemists, 83 John St., N. Y.

FOR SALE CHEAP!

One of Payne & Son's automatic ten-horse power  
engines. It has only been used about two years,  
and is in every respect as good as the day it came  
out of the shop. This engine is equal to twenty  
horse power if required. It is at the  
WAYNE & LAWSPIDER UNION, 55 & 57  
Columbia St., Fort Wayne, Ind.

ADVERTISERS or others who wish to advertise  
this paper, or obtain estimates  
on advertising space when in Chicago, will find it at  
45 to 47 Randolph St.,  
the Advertising Agency of

LORD & THOMAS.

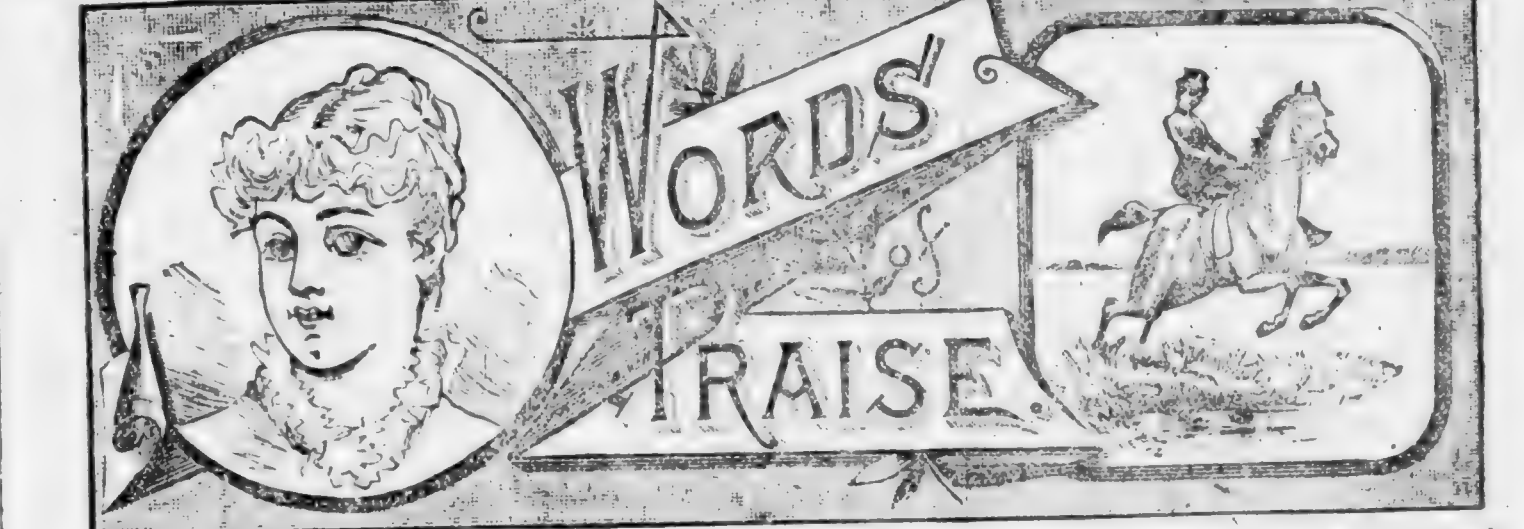
PILES  
Dr. Williams' Indian Pile Ointment  
is a sure cure for bleeding or  
itching piles. Cure guaranteed.  
Price 50c. and 1 lb. At druggists or  
mailed by Wm. L. Mumford & Marvin, who sell  
Aq. Toledo, Ohio.

Send for the best catalogue of the  
best Business College, shorthand,  
Typewriting and Penmanship  
School in the world. SPENCER  
IAN BUSINESS COLLEGE, Cleve-  
land, Ohio. Circulars free.

Best  
KIDDER'S PASTILLES  
Sure relief for ASTHMA.  
Price 50c. by mail. Stowell & Co.,  
Hartford, Conn.

\$250 A MONTH. Agents wanted. 50 best ad-  
vertising articles in the world. Sample FREE.  
Address JAY BRONSON, Detroit, Mich.

\$5 to \$25 a day. Samples worth \$1.50. FREE.  
Lines not under the horse's feet. Write  
Brewster Safety Rein Holder Co., Holly, Mich.



The following words, in praise of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription as a remedy for those delicate diseases and weak-  
nesses peculiar to women, must be of interest to every sufferer from such maladies. They are fair samples of the spontaneous  
expressions with which thousands give utterance to their sense of gratitude for the inestimable boon of health which has been  
restored to them by the use of this world-famed medicine.

\$100  
THROWN AWAY.

THE GREATEST  
EARTHLY BOON.

The 'Favorite Prescription' is the greatest earthly boon to us  
poor suffering women."

THREW AWAY  
HER  
SUPPORTER.

IT WORKS  
WONDERS.

ment of myself and friends. I can now be on my feet all day,  
attending to the duties of my household.

Mrs. SOPHIA F. ROSEWELL, White Cottage, O.,  
writes: "I took eleven bottles of your 'Fa-  
vorite Prescription' and one bottle of your  
'Pellets.' I am doing my work, and have been  
for some time. I have had to employ help for  
about sixteen years before I commenced tak-  
ing your medicine. I have had to wear a  
supporter most of the time; this I have laid  
aside, and feel as well as I ever did."

Mrs. MAY GLEASON, of Nymica, Ottawa Co.,  
Mich., writes: "Your 'Favorite Prescription'  
has worked wonders in my case.  
Again she writes: "Having taken several bot-  
tles of the 'Favorite Prescription' I have re-  
gained my health wonderfully, to the astonish-  
ment of myself and friends. I can now be on my feet all day,  
attending to the duties of my household."

TREATING THE WRONG DISEASE.

Many times women call on their family physicians, suffering, as they imagine, one from dyspepsia, another from heart disease,  
another from liver or kidney disease, another from nervous exhaustion or prostration, another with pain here or there, and in  
this way they all present alike to themselves and their easy-going and indifferent, or over-busy doctor, separate and distinct diseases,  
for which he prescribes his pills and potions, assuming them to be such, when, in reality, they are all only symptoms caused by some  
womb disorder. The physician, ignorant of the cause of suffering, encourages his practice until large bills are made. The suffering  
patient gets no better, but probably worse by reason of the delay, wrong treatment and consequent complications. A proper medicine,  
like Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, directed to the cause would have entirely removed the disease, thereby dispelling all those  
distressing symptoms, and instituting comfort instead of prolonged misery.

3 PHYSICIANS  
FAILED.

alone. I began taking Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and  
using the local treatment recommended in his "Common Sense  
Medical Adviser." I commenced to improve at once. In three  
months I was perfectly cured, and have had no trouble since. I  
wrote a letter to my family paper, briefly mentioning how my  
health had been restored, and offering to send the full particulars  
to any one writing me for them, and enclosing a stamped-en-  
velope for reply. I have received over four hundred letters.  
In reply, I have described my case and the treatment used,  
and have earnestly advised them to "do likewise." From a great  
many I have received second letters of thanks, stating that they  
had commenced the use of 'Favorite Prescription,' had sent the  
\$1.50 required for the 'Medical Adviser,' and had applied the  
local treatment so fully and, plainly laid down therein, and were  
much better already."

JEALOUS  
DOCTORS.

of money, but received no lasting benefit. At last my husband  
frustrated me to try your medicine, which I was loath to do,  
because I was prejudiced against them, and the doctors said  
they would do me no good. I finally told my husband that if  
he would get me some of your medicine, I would try them  
against the advice of my physician. He got me six bottles of the  
'Favorite Prescription,' also six bottles of the 'Discovery,' for  
ten dollars. I took three bottles of 'Discovery' and four of  
'Favorite Prescription,' and I have been a sound woman for four  
years. I then gave the balance of the medicine to my sister, who  
was troubled in the same way, and she cured herself in a short  
time. I have not had to take any medicine now for almost  
four years."

A Marvelous Cure.—Mrs. G. F. SPRAGUE,  
of Crystal, Mich., writes: "I was troubled with  
female weakness, leucorrhoea and falling of the  
womb for seven years, so I had to keep my bed  
for a good part of the time. I doctored with an  
array of different physicians, and spent large sums  
of money, but received no lasting benefit. At last my husband  
frustrated me to try your medicine, which I was loath to do,  
because I was prejudiced against them, and the doctors said  
they would do me no good. I finally told my husband that if  
he would get me some of your medicine, I would try them  
against the advice of my physician. He got me six bottles of the  
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years. I then gave the balance of the medicine to my sister, who  
was troubled in the same way, and she cured herself in a short  
time. I have not had to take any medicine now for almost  
four years."

THE OUTGROWTH OF A VAST EXPERIENCE.

The treatment of many thousands of cases  
of those chronic weaknesses and distressing  
ailments peculiar to females, at the Invalids'  
Hotel and Surgical Institute, Buffalo, N. Y.,  
has afforded a vast experience in nicely  
adapting and thoroughly testing remedies  
for the cure of woman's peculiar maladies.  
Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription  
is the outgrowth, or result, of this great  
and valuable experience. Thousands of  
testimonials, received from patients and  
from physicians who have tested it in the  
more aggravated and obstinate cases which  
had baffled their skill, prove it to be the  
most wonderful remedy ever devised for  
the relief and cure of suffering women. It  
is not recommended as a "cure-all," but  
as a most perfect Specific for woman's  
peculiar ailments.  
As a powerful, invigorating tonic,  
it imparts strength to the whole system,  
and to the uterus, or womb and its ap-  
pendages, in particular. For overworked,  
"worn-out," "run-down," debilitated teach-  
ers, milliners, dressmakers, seamstresses,  
"shop-girls," housekeepers, nursing moth-  
ers, and feeble women generally, Dr.  
Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the great-  
est earthly boon, being unequalled as an  
appetizing cordial and restorative tonic. It  
promotes digestion and assimilation of food,

cures nausea, weakness of stomach, indig-  
estion, bloating and eructations of gas.  
As a soothing and strengthening  
nervine, "Favorite Prescription" is un-  
equalled and is invaluable in allaying and  
subduing nervous excitability, irritability,  
exhaustion, prostration, hysteria, spasms  
and other distressing, nervous symptoms  
commonly attendant upon functional and  
organic disease of the womb. It induces  
refreshing sleep and relieves mental an-  
xiety and despondency.  
Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription  
is a legitimate medicine, carefully  
compounded by an experienced and skillful  
physician, and adapted to woman's delicate  
organization. It is purely vegetable in its  
composition and perfectly harmless in its  
effects in any condition of the system.  
"Favorite Prescription" is a posi-  
tive cure for the most complicated and  
obstinate cases of leucorrhoea, or "whites,"  
excessive flowing at monthly periods, pain-  
ful menstruation, unnatural suppressions,  
prolapse or falling of the womb, weak-  
back, "female weakness," anteversion, re-  
troversion, bearing-down sensations, chron-  
ic congestion, inflammation and ulceration  
of the womb, inflammation, pain and ten-  
derness in ovaries, accompanied with "in-  
ternal heat."

In pregnancy, "Favorite Prescription"  
is a "mother's cordial," relieving nausea,  
weakness of stomach and other distressing  
symptoms common to that condition. If  
its use is kept up in the latter months of  
gestation, it so prepares the system for de-  
livery as to greatly lessen, and many times  
almost entirely do away with the sufferings  
of that trying ordeal.  
"Favorite Prescription," when taken  
in connection with the use of Dr. Pierce's  
Golden Medical Discovery, and small laxa-  
tive doses of Dr. Pierce's Purgative Pellets  
(Little Liver Pills), cures Liver, Kidney and  
Bladder diseases. Their combined use also  
removes blood taints, and abolishes can-  
cerous and scrofulous humors from the  
system.  
"Favorite Prescription" is the only  
medicine for women sold, by druggists,  
under a positive guarantee, from the  
manufacturers, that it will give satisfac-  
tion in every case, or money will be re-  
funded. This guarantee has been printed  
on the bottle-wrapper, and faithfully car-  
ried out for many years. Large bottles  
(100 doses) \$1.00, or six bottles for  
\$5.00.  
Send ten cents in stamps for Dr.  
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pages) on Diseases of Women.  
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BINGHAMTON, N. Y.

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probably Dr. Isaac Thompson's  
Celebrated Eye Water  
This article is a carefully prepared physician's pre-  
scription, and has been in constant use for nearly a  
century, and notwithstanding the many other prepa-  
rations that have been introduced into the market, the  
sale of this article is constantly increasing. If the dis-  
eases are followed it will never fail. We particu-  
larly invite the attention of physicians to its merits.  
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# BY TELEGRAPH.

## EVENTS OF A WEEK.

### THE OLD WORLD.

—Messengers have reached Zanzibar from Uganda with the tidings that Emin Bey is well and still holding out.

—A prosecution has been instituted against John Mandeville, leader of the plan of campaign movement in County Cork, for incendiary utterances. Condon, a member of Parliament for East Tipperary, and William O'Brien will be prosecuted simultaneously with Mandeville.

—Franzini was guillotined at 5 o'clock this morning in the presence of more than twenty thousand people, says a Paris dispatch. He was perfectly calm, said he was glad he was to die instead of being imprisoned for life, and when pressed to make a confession to the priest, simply said: "Father, you do your duty and I'll do mine." As to the murder, he repeated his protestations of innocence. When seized by the executioners he resisted, wanting them to let him alone, but they speedily had him bound and strapped to the couch. His head was buried in the ivy cemetery and his body turned over to the medical faculty. Franzini's crime was the murder of Marie Regnault, alias Mme. de Montille, her maid, Annie Gramet, and the latter's child.

### PERSONAL NOTES.

—The United States Court at San Francisco has blocked the Pacific Railway investigation by refusing to issue an order upon Senator Stanford to answer questions or to direct the officers of the railroad companies to produce their books. The following abstract of the decision, which was delivered by Justice Field, was telegraphed from San Francisco:

The Pacific Railway Commission, created under act of Congress of March 3, 1867, is not a judicial body. It possesses no judicial power. It can determine no right of the Government, or of the companies whose affairs it investigates. Those rights will remain the subject of judicial inquiry and determination as fully as though the commission had never been created, and in such inquiry its report to the President of its action will not be even admissible as evidence of any of the matters investigated. It is a mere board of inquiry, directed to obtain information upon certain matters, and report the result of its investigations to the President; also, to lay the same before Congress in the progress of its investigations, and in furtherance of them it is authorized to invoke the aid of the courts of the United States in requiring the attendance and testimony of witnesses and the production of books, papers, and documents, and the act provides that the Circuit or District Court of the United States within the jurisdiction of which contumacy or refusal of any person to obey subpoenas to him may issue an order requiring such persons to appear before the Commission, and produce books and papers, and give evidence touching the matters in question. Of all rights of the citizen few are of greater importance or more essential to his peace and happiness than the right of personal security, and that involves not merely the protection of his person from assault, but exemption of his private affairs, books, and papers from inspection and scrutiny of others. Without the enjoyment of this right, all other rights would lose half their value. The law provides for compulsory production in the progress of judicial proceedings or by direct suit for that purpose of such documents as affect the interest of others, and also in certain cases for the seizure of criminal papers necessary for the prosecution of offenders against public justice, and only in one of these ways can they be obtained and their contents made known against the will of the owners. In the recent case of Boyd vs. United States, 116 U. S. 616, the Supreme Court held that the provision of a law of Congress which authorized the Court of the United States in revenue cases on motion of the Government to require defendant or claimant to produce in court his private books, invoices, and papers, or that the allegations of the attorney respecting them should be taken as confessed, was unconstitutional and void as applied to suits for penalties or to establish forfeiture of party's goods. In Kilbourn vs. Thompson, 113 U. S. 165, we have the decision of the Supreme Court of the United States that neither house of Congress had the power to make inquiries into the private affairs of a citizen.

—One year ago, Mrs. Eliza McAlister, an elderly lady of Terre Haute, Ind., was mysteriously lost on a Chicago and Alton train between St. Louis and Kansas City. During the months that have elapsed since that time every effort has been made to discover the whereabouts of the missing lady. Tuesday her skeleton was found on the Missouri River bank, near Marshall. The remains were recognized by a ring, which had the lady's name on the inside, and which gleamed with mocking splendor on the fleshless finger. It is thought she was robbed and thrown from the train.

### FINANCIAL AND INDUSTRIAL.

—A company of Pittsburgh and New York capitalists has entered the field in opposition to the Standard Oil Company. Pipe lines are being laid from Washington to Pittsburgh. The company has a capital of \$3,000,000.

—Reports received from more than fifty cotton-growing counties in Arkansas show the condition of the crop to be about 10 per cent.

below what it was this time last year. Picking has commenced, but will not become general for a week or ten days. The reports estimate that the yield will barely exceed 600,000 bales.

—The *Manufacturers' Record* of this week, says a Baltimore dispatch, contains about five pages of special reports from the entire South as to the crops and the condition of business:

The corn crop of the South is unprecedentedly large, exceeding the yield of 1886 by over 50,000,000 bushels, the yield of 1885 by 70,000,000 bushels, and the yield of 1884 by 107,000,000 bushels. The South will this year, it is said, be nearly self-supporting in the matter of corn, and many millions that have heretofore gone West for corn will this season be saved to Southern farmers. While recent unfavorable weather has damaged to some extent the cotton prospects which a month ago promised such an enormous yield, the crop will be a large one. Advanced prices for tobacco will, it is claimed, counterbalance to the farmers the decrease in yield, due mainly to decreased acreage. Other crops have, with few exceptions, been very good, and it is said that the farmers will enjoy greater prosperity than for many seasons. The business prospects are reported brighter than ever before, and one correspondent predicts that this will be noted as a debt-paying year.

—An assignment has been made at Philadelphia by the extensive coal mining firms of Robert Hare Powell & Co., and Robert Hare Powell, Sons & Co., the liabilities are estimated at \$1,578,000, while the assets are said to exceed \$4,000,000. The suspension was caused by the failure of Charles E. Pennock & Co., iron plate merchants at Coatesville, to take up paper indorsed by the Powell firms.

### POLITICAL POINTS.

—In the Democratic State convention at Allentown, Pa., J. Ross Thompson was nominated for Judge of the Supreme Court, and Bernard J. McGrann for Treasurer. The platform was reported by Congressman Scott. It demands that the surplus in the National Treasury be used to pay the public debt, favors a "wise and prudent reduction of internal taxation and of duties on imports," indorses the administration of President Cleveland, favors "liberal pensions to deserving Union soldiers and sailors," expresses sympathy for the people of Ireland in their struggle for Home Rule, and concludes as follows:

We still hold to the ancient doctrine of the party that the preservation of the rights of the people demand that we should look with jealousy upon monopolies and restrict corporate power within its proper sphere, and we heartily approve the action of the national administration in reclaiming and throwing open to the people for settlement 100,000,000 acres of lands which, through artifice and fraud, were wrongfully held by corporations, having been forfeited to the people by failure to comply with the conditions of the grant.

—A Des Moines dispatch of Thursday says: The Greenback party in Iowa finally passed out of existence here yesterday. After the organization of the Union Labor party at Cincinnati the Greenback leaders in Iowa fell smoothly in with the new movement until the State convention was held at Marshalltown. There are two factions in the party here, one led by General Weaver and the other by ex-Congressman Weller. Both plotted to capture the convention, and Weller succeeded. Then the Weaver faction bolted, and called this convention. There were about forty delegates present. Serious differences at once arose, one element wanting to indorse the Marshalltown ticket and another insisting on straight nominations. A compromise was finally effected by which the Greenback party becomes a thing of the past in Iowa. No ticket was named, but resolutions were adopted indorsing the Marshalltown platform, and calling on the farmers to immediately call a non-partisan State convention to place an independent ticket in the field.

—The Iowa State Democratic convention assembled at Des Moines on the 1st inst. and made the following nominations: For Governor, Maj. T. J. Anderson; Lieutenant Governor, J. M. Elder; Supreme Court Judge, Charles S. Fogg; Superintendent of Public Instruction, H. W. Sawyer. Following is a synopsis of the platform:

It commends the fidelity of President Cleveland to the obligations of his high trust, and congratulates the country upon the economy, courage, honesty and patriotism of his administration; approves the civil-service policy; commends the efficiency of the Pension Department; demands of Congress a remission of tariff laws in the interest of equal taxation, and favors retaining its internal revenue taxes; welcomes to our shores the liberty-loving people of all lands; approves the efforts of Gladstone and Parnell in behalf of the cause of Ireland; declares the vigorous prosecution of faithless officials and those who have corrupted them now being conducted by Democratic prosecuting officers in New York and Chicago a hopeful sign of reform of public morals, and demands that the same measure of justice visited upon bribery of local boards should be visited upon the defense when committed in State and national legislatures; favors the repeal of the present prohibitory liquor law and the substitution in its stead of a local option and carefully guarded license law, with a minimum license fee of \$500, for the better control of the liquor traffic.

### FIRES AND ACCIDENTS.

—Princeton (Mo.) telegram: "At the Mercer County Fair Randall Bakeslee, a half-breed Indian, made a balloon ascension, hanging to a trapeze bar. In the ascent the balloon shot up suddenly, giving Bakeslee a severe wrench, and he was unable to pull himself on the bar, but managed to hold himself up by a loop which he had drawn around his wrist. After traveling about a mile and a half, reaching an altitude of 2,000 feet, the balloon began to descend, but the poor fellow's strength gave out, and when within 500 feet of the

earth his grip relaxed and he fell to the earth, lighting on his feet in a cornfield, his thighs being broken and driven into the trunk of his body."

—The boiler of a steam thrasher exploded on the farm of Lyman G. Curtis, near Flint, Mich. Mr. Curtis was fatally injured, Daniel Steegar, one of the thrashers, was instantly killed, and Miss Belle Newcomb and Miss Jennie Foadick, who were looking on, and several others were more or less injured.

### THE CRIMINAL RECORD.

—Frank C. McNeilly, a clerk in the Saco and Biddeford Savings Institution, at Saco, Me., has decamped, taking \$3,500 in cash, and United States and other bonds amounting to \$276,000, belonging to the bank. Detectives are after the fugitive. The bank is said to be solvent. It is believed that the thief cannot make use of the \$185,000 in Government bonds which he carried off. McNeilly is only 19 years old.

—A dispatch from Columbus, O., says: Josiah Terrill was executed at 12:30 o'clock Friday morning, and proclaimed his innocence after he had been brought upon the scaffold. The execution took place in the Penitentiary. Terrill slept up to 11 p. m., and then ate a lunch, and, after smoking, was ready to proceed to the gallows. His exhibition of nerve was something wonderful, and those who had seen many hanged before stated that they had never witnessed one in which there was so much quiet determination exhibited. Terrill was convicted of murdering Charles Phelps, aged about 60 years. He was an inoffensive citizen, and it is supposed that Terrill committed the murder for the purpose of robbery.

—New Albany (Ind.) dispatch: "The White Caps visited the residence of John Hildebrand, a Justice of the Peace residing near Frenchtown, in Harrison County, last midnight, took him from his bed, and gave him a terrible switching. The White Caps charged the Justice with drunkenness and whipping his wife. At De Pauw, a short distance from Frenchtown, the White Caps called on Joseph Rosenberger, a saloon-keeper. He was taken out, a badly scared man, and got orders that he must be more orderly and drink less whisky, under penalty of being tied to a tree and whipped and salted. At the residence of Paul Henriot, the Postmaster, and Judge J. C. Calhoun, the White Caps gave explicit orders to report Justice Hildebrand's fate to all his neighbors for miles around, or, failing to obey, they would be similarly treated and run out of the community."

### MISCELLANEOUS NOTES.

—Forty-six of the sixty-four Grand Army posts in Connecticut have taken a vote upon the pension bill proposed by the national encampment. All but one favor the measure, which is practically identical with the bill vetoed by the President last spring.

—A Chicago dispatch of Wednesday says: General Terry has received the following, dated Fort Duchesne, Utah, Aug. 20:

Colorow and all his following are now at Ouray Agency, fifty miles from the Colorado, and manifest a disposition to remain on the reservation. There is no excitement among the Indians. The cowboys hold hundreds of horses and thousands of sheep and goats belonging to Colorow and Chiptie, Ouray's widow. This stock was grazing on the land claimed by the Indians as belonging to their reservation, and where they have been permitted by their agent to live for years. The Colorado settlers have claimed locations there, and have at last succeeded in driving the Indians in. Colorow has not in this trouble been on the warpath, and has made his way to the reservation, avoiding hostilities as far as possible.

—The Washington authorities have telegraphic advices that Colorow and his followers are all back at the Ouray agency, and willing to remain there. The Acting Secretary of the Interior requests the Governor of Colorado to take measures for the return of three hundred horses and a large number of sheep and goats, with other property belonging to the Indians. The militia and cowboys captured the animals and property, and the Acting Secretary asks that they be delivered to Agent Byrnes.

—The plant, franchise, and business of the Baltimore and Ohio Express have been sold to the United States Express Company for a period of thirty years. It is said the price paid was \$2,500,000.

—Suits for damages amounting to \$127,500 have been commenced at Peoria, Ill., against the Toledo, Peoria and Western Railroad Company—all growing out of the Chateworth disaster.

—There is another "international affair" on the Rio Grande. Mr. Brigham, United States Consul at Paso del Norte, called at the residence of Zubia, a local Mexican Judge, on some business. The Judge said he had more important affairs to attend to. The Consul, on leaving, made some remarks which the Judge did not like, and the latter thumped the Consul's head and then ran in and locked the door. The matter has been telegraphed to Washington.

M. T. BISHOP,

— DEALER IN —

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MAKER AND DEALER IN

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WHIPS, HARNESS OIL &c.

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PROPRIETOR OF

MEAT MARKET

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Highest market price paid for Hides, Tallow &c. Give me a call.

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A. W. Hall, St. Joe.



# THE ST. JOE NEWS.

VOL. I.

ST. JOE, IND., FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 16, 1887.

NO. 34.

## Churches.

### DISCIPLE.

SERVICES every alternate Sunday evening, in the Lutheran church. Cottage prayer meeting every Friday evening.

J. A. THOMAS, PASTOR.

### METHODIST PROTESTANT.

SERVICES every alternate Sunday at 10:30 A. M. Prayer meeting every Tuesday evening. Sunday School at 9:30 A. M.

J. M. LANGLEY, PASTOR.

### EVANGELICAL LUTHERAN.

SERVICES every Sunday, one Sunday in the morning at 10:30, and the following Sunday in the evening. Prayer meeting every Thursday evening. Sunday School at 9:30 A. M.

S. P. FRYBERGER, PASTOR.

## Societies.

### G. A. R.

REGULAR meetings on Saturday evening on or before the full moon of each month, at their hall over Leighty's store.

O. H. WIDNEY, COMMANDER.

J. M. MILLIMAN, ADJUTANT.

## Business Notices.

H. W. BOWMAN, M. D., Physician and Surgeon, St. Joe, Ind. Office opposite the Drugstore.

ST. JOE HOTEL, Wm. Leighty, proprietor. Special attention given to furnishing teams for commercial men.

B. S. SHEFFER, M. D., Physician and Surgeon, St. Joe, Ind. Prompt and careful attention to all business entrusted to his care.

ST. JOE BARBER SHOP, one door west of hotel, Will Gee, proprietor. Satisfaction guaranteed. Your patronage is solicited.

FILLEY, LOUNSBERRY AND SHULER, proprietors of the St. Joe Saw and Planing Mill. All work promptly done. Cash paid for Oak Logs.

CITY BARBER SHOP, St. Joe, Ind., John Hull, proprietor. Shaving, Hair Cutting &c. done in the best of style. Come and see me. Two doors west of Kinsey's Furniture Store.

SIMON WINELAND, proprietor St. Joe Handle and Feed Mills. Feed grinding a speciality. Highest prices paid for second growth White Ash. Enquire at the mill for full particulars.

## INDIANA STATE NEWS.

—Patents have been granted to Indiana inventors as follows: Charles Bennett, Manchester, assignor of one-half to C. Arkenberg, Milan, churn; Benjamin F. Berger and I. Samsley, South Bend, wheel cultivator; William Bunday, Carthage, machine for making wire and wood fencing; William Dunkle, Linden, corn-planter; Martin A. Eisenhour, Plymouth, cultivator tooth; George S. Faulkner and G. K. Pope, Indianapolis, gas-pressure regulator and cut-off; Joseph Imler, Garrett, well-drilling machine; Samuel F. Knies, Warsaw, gate; Andrew J. Sonner, Miltown, hame coupling; Cyrus Stephens, C. A. Carter, and Louis Creek, straw-rope machine; Charles O. Wilder, Indianapolis, indicator attachment for chucks; Jacob Wintrode, Huntington, picket fence.

—One evening recently, while Eli Williams, who lives ten miles northwest of Portland, was returning home with a young man named Paxton Miller, he proposed to go over the watermelon-patch of Levi Pence and get a melon. Unfortunately for Williams, Pence was expecting some boys who had been there a few nights before, and was armed with a shotgun. When the man got fairly in the patch Pence fired, and twenty-one No 1 shot entered Williams' back, killing him instantly. Williams and Pence are both prosperous farmers. Williams leaves a family, and stood very high for honesty and industry.

—It is thought that the new building for the Soldiers' and Sailors' Orphans' Home at Knightstown will be ready for occupancy by the first of December. It is proposed to make the house-warming a grand event for the children and the friends of this institution. A feature of the exercises is to be a military parade and drill by the boys, who are being organized for that purpose. The girls, too, are to have a share in the ceremonies. The managers think that within sixty days after the building is occupied they will have 500 children under their care. At present there are only 150 in the institution.

—A mass-meeting of citizens of Vincennes was held recently to protest against the driven-well royalty. Attorney J. T. Goodman presided, and Editor Boland, of the Commercial, acted as Secretary. A committee of ten, including several prominent citizens, was appointed to call on L. Johnson, the local agent for the collection of the royalty, for the purpose of requesting him to resign his position. Great feeling was shown by the meeting and it seems pretty well settled that any attempt to collect the odious royalty will meet with the most determined resistance.

—In a little house on the farm of Mr. John Potter, near Cementville, Clark County, lies dying the oldest woman in the State of Indiana. She is Maria Kennedy, colored, born in Henry County, Kentucky, in 1785, consequently is 102 years old. She came to Indiana about twenty-three years ago. Before the emancipation she was the slave of Mr. William Kennedy, twelve miles from Louisville on the Salt River Pike. Three children, the youngest 54 years old, twenty grandchildren, the oldest 40 years old, and thirty-nine great-grandchildren are her descendants.

—The Board of Trustees of the Deaf and Dumb Asylum has ordered the purchase of a printing press at a cost not to exceed \$800. This will give them sixteen cases. Printing has been added to the regular industrial curriculum. They expect to publish a semi-monthly paper, as is done in New York, Kentucky, and some other States, at Institutions for the Deaf and Dumb. No distinction of sex will be made. It is expected that pupils will attain proficiency in type-setting in two years of instruction.

—A very sad accident occurred at English Lake, recently. While Joseph

Podach and two young ladies, Miss Kate Homalka and Miss Tillie Honvalenka, were out boat riding on the lake, the boat upset and the girls were drowned. The bodies were raised in about an hour. Both girls were highly esteemed by all who knew them, and their loss is mourned by many. The young man escaped and is nearly wild with grief. All parties are Bohemians.

—While Mrs. Ida Steele and her aunt, Mrs. Dilliard, of Kansas, were driving near the railroad track at Greenfield, the horse became frightened at a passing train, suddenly turning, and both occupants were thrown from the buggy. Mrs. Dilliard's head struck a rock, and she received injuries that will prove fatal. Mrs. Steele was also seriously hurt, and may be crippled for life.

—Amos White, brakeman on the Bee-Line, was run over and killed at Muncie. He was making a coupling in the yards when he fell in front of a stone car, and was cut completely in two. Strange to say, he remained alive for over an hour. He piteously begged his friends to kill him. White was about 27 years of age, unmarried, and a resident of Lawrence.

—The nineteenth annual reunion of the 120th Indiana Volunteers will be held at Warsaw October 6. All ex-soldiers of Northeastern Indiana, and especially members of Hovey's division, 23d corps, are invited to be present. Communications addressed to E. G. Melundy, at Fremont, will be promptly answered.

—The postoffice at Stillwell, LaPorte County, was burglarized recently, and some \$30 worth of stamps, all that the office contained, were carried off. A general store is conducted in connection with the office, but none of the goods were disturbed.

—While the 3-year-old child of Fletcher Pettinger, of Muncie, was playing in the yard it was butted and killed by a ram. The ram mangled the child terribly, breaking nearly every bone in its little body.

—The Indiana State headquarters of the G. A. R. will leave Indianapolis for St. Louis at 11 o'clock a. m., September 26, on a special train. Stops will be made at Greencastle, Brazil, and Terre Haute. The train will be lavishly decorated.

—A horrible accident occurred at a saw-mill near Markley, in Huntington County. The rope which held the circular saw broke, and the saw struck John Drabenstot, a mill hand, in the back, ripping his body almost open. He died in a short time.

—Lee Scott, farmer, living near Muncie, was gored to death by a bull.

—While a traction engine was passing along Pennsylvania street, Indianapolis, several boys attempted to climb upon it. Eddie Reardon, aged 11 years, fell beneath the wheels and was fatally crushed.

—The old-settlers' meeting at Oakland was very successful, the attendance being large, the weather beautiful, and the addresses very satisfactory.

—Edward Hermanheimer, living five miles west of Fort Wayne, was instantly killed by the accidental discharge of a gun he was polishing.

—Hog cholera has broken out in Wabash County.

—The eighth annual reunion of the Society of the Fifty-seventh Regiment Indiana Volunteers will be held in Richmond, Oct. 11 and 12.

—The fifth annual reunion of the Fifth Indiana Cavalry Association will be held at Greenfield on October 12 and 13.

—Rev. N. W. Heermans, of Ottawa, Ill., has accepted the rectorship of Christ Episcopal Church, Madison.

—John Federspeil, a wealthy blacksmith at New Haven, committed suicide by hanging in a barn.

—A young man named Henry Moréy was smothered to death in a gravel bank south of Fowler.

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## Ho for Arkansas! Cheap Homes for Everybody!

In a high, healthy, rich land country. On the 15th of September and the 1st of October there will be excursions from this place to that point at a very low rate of fare. For full information in regard to these excursions call on A. B. Coburn, Real Estate Agent, St. Joe, Ind. Office with Dr. Sheffer, one door east of Drugstore.

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HOUSE PAINTING, Graining, Glazing Paper Hanging and Ceiling Decorating a specialty. All work guaranteed. B. A. Woodcox. Call and see me, or leave orders at the St. Joe Drugstore.



## HOW TO TREAT COMPANY.

Discourse by the Rev. Dr. Talmage at the Hamptons.

**The Trials and Rewards of Christian Hospitality.** The Toil and Expense of Exercising It. A Pretty Custom Among the Greeks.

THE HAMPTONS, Sept. 11.—The Rev. Dr. T. De Witt Talmage's text to-day was from Romans xii, 13: "Given to hospitality;" and his discourse was as follows:

"There is danger that the multiplication of large and commodious hotels in our towns and cities and villages will utterly exterminate that grace which Abraham exhibited when he entertained the angels, and which Lot showed when he watched for guests at the gate of the city, and which Christ recognized as a positive requisite for entering Heaven when He declared: 'I was a stranger and ye took me in.'"

I propose to speak this morning of the trials and rewards of Christian hospitality. The first trial often comes in the whim and eccentricity of the guest himself. There are a great many excellent people who have profuberances of disposition and sharp edges of temperament, and unliability of character, which make them a positive nuisance in any house where they stay. On short acquaintance they will begin to command the household affairs; order the employees to unusual services, keep unreasonable hours, use narcotics in places offensive to sensitive nostrils, put their feet at unusual elevations, drop the ashes of their Havana on costly tapestry, open bureaus they ought never to touch, and pry into things they ought never to see, and become impervious to rousing bells, and have all the peculiarities of the gormandizer or the dyspeptic, and make excavations from poor dentistry with unusual implements, and in a thousand ways afflict the household which proposes to take care of them. Added to all, they stay too long. They have no idea when their welcome is worn out, and they would be unmoved even by the blessing which my friend Gerrit Smith, the philanthropist, asked one morning at his breakfast table, on the day when he hoped that the long protracted guests would depart, saying: "O Lord, bless this provision and our friends who leave us to-day." But, my friends, there are alleviations to be put on their side of the scale. Perhaps they have not had the same refining influences about them in early life that you have had. Perhaps they have inherited eccentricities that they cannot help. Perhaps it is your duty, by example, to show them a better way. Perhaps they are sent to be a trial for the development of your patience. Perhaps they were to be intended as an illustration of the opposite of what you are trying to inculcate in the minds of your children. Perhaps it is to make your home the brighter when they are gone. When our guests are cheery and fascinating and elegant it is very easy to entertain them; but when we find in our guests that which is antagonistic to our taste and sentiment, it is a positive triumph when we can obey the words of my text, and be "given to hospitality."

Another trial in the using of this grace is in the toil and expense of exercising it. In the well-regulated household things go smoothly, but now you have introduced a foreign element into the machinery, and though you may stoutly declare that they must take things as they find them, the Martha will break in. The ungovernable stove; the ruined dessert; the joint that proves to be unmanageable; the delayed marketing; the perplexities of a caterer; the difficulty of doing proper work, and yet always being presentable. Though you may say there shall be no care or anxiety, there will be care and there will be anxiety. In 1694 the captain general provided a very grand entertainment, and among other things he had a fountain in his garden—a fountain of strong drink. In it were four hogsheds of brandy, eight hogsheds of water, 25,000 lemons, thirteen hundred-weight of Lisbon sugar, five pounds of grated nutmeg, 300 toasted biscuit, and a boat built on purpose was placed in the fountain and a boy rowed around it and filled the cups of the people who came there to be supplied. Well, you say, that was a luxurious entertainment, and of course the man had no anxiety; but I have to tell you that, though you had or propose an entertainment like that, you have anxiety. In the very thing comes the divine reward. We were born to serve, and when we serve others, we serve God. The flush on that woman's cheek, as she bends over the hot stove, is as sacred in God's sight as the flush on the cheek of one who, on a hot day, preaches the Gospel. We may serve God with plate, and cutlery, and broom, as certainly as we can serve him with psalm book and liturgy. Margaret, queen of Norway, and Sweden, and Denmark, had a royal cup of ten lips, on which were recorded the names of the guests who had drank from this cup. And every Christian woman has a royal cup, on which are written all the names of those who have ever been entertained by her in Christian style—names not cut by human ingenuity, but written by the hand of a divine Jesus. But, my friends, you are not to toil unnecessarily. Though the fare be plain, cheerful presidency of the table, and cleanliness of appointments will be good enough

for anybody that ever comes to your house. John Howard was invited to the house of a nobleman. He said: "I will come on one condition, and that is that you have nothing but potatoes on the table." The requisition was complied with. Cyrus, King of Persia, under the same circumstances, prescribed that on the table there must be nothing but bread. Of course, these were extremes, but they are illustrations of the fact that more depends upon the banquet than upon the banquet. I want to lift this idea of Christian entertainment out of a positive large into a glorious inimitable. Every effort you put forth, and every dollar you give to the entertainment of friend or foe, you give directly to Christ. Suppose it were announced that the Lord Jesus Christ would come to this place this week, what woman in this house would not be glad to wash for Him, or spread for Him a bed, or bake bread for Him? There was one of old who washed for Him, drawing the water from the well of her own tears. He is coming. He will be here tomorrow. "Inasmuch as ye have done it to one of the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it to me." In picture galleries we have often seen representations of Walter Scott and his friends, or Washington Irving with his associates; but all those engravings will fade out, while through everlasting ages, hanging luminous and conspicuous, will be the pictures of you and your Christian guests.

You see we have passed out from the trials into the rewards of Christian hospitality: grand, glorious, and eternal. The first reward of Christian hospitality is the divine benediction. When any one attends to this duty, God's blessing comes upon him, upon his companion, upon his children, upon his dining-hall, upon his parlor, upon his nursery. The blessing comes in at the front door, and the back door, and down through the skylights. God draws a long mark of credit for services received. Christ said to His disciples: "He that receiveth you, receiveth me; and he that giveth a cup of cold water in the name of a disciple shall in no wise lose his reward." As we have had so many things recorded against us in Heaven, it will be a satisfaction to have written on unfading archives the fact that in the month of May, or June, or September, or December, 1887, we made the blissful mistake of supposing that we were entertaining weak men like ourselves, when lo! they shayed their pinions before they left, and we found out that they were angels unawares.

Another reward comes in the good wishes and prayers of our guests. I do not think one's house ever gets over having had a good man or woman abide there. George Whitefield used to scratch on the window of the room where he was entertained a passage of Scripture, and in one case, after he left, the whole household was converted by the reading of that passage on the window pane. The woman of Shunem furnished a little room over the wall for Elisha, and all the ages have heard the glorious consequences. On a cold, stormy winter night my father entertained Truman Osborne, the evangelist, and through all eternity I will thank God that Truman Osborne stopped at our house. How many of our guests have brought for us condolence and sympathy and help! There is a legend told of St. Sebald, that in his Christian rounds he used to stop for entertainment at the house of a poor cartwright. Coming there one day, he found the cartwright and his family freezing for the lack of any fuel. St. Sebald ordered the man to go and break the icicles from the side of the house and bring them in, and the icicles were brought into the house and thrown on the hearth, and they began to blaze immediately, and the freezing family gathered around and were warmed by them. That was a legend; but how often have our guests come in to gather up the cold, freezing sorrows of our life, kindling them into illumination and warmth and good cheer. He who opens his house to Christian hospitality turns those who are strangers into friends. Years will go by, and there will be great changes in you, and there will be a great change in them. Some day you will be sitting in loneliness, watching a bereavement, and you will get a letter in a strange handwriting, and you will look at the postoffice mark and say: "Why, I don't know anybody living in that city; and you will break the envelope, and there you will read the story of thanks for your Christian generosity long years before, and how they have heard afar off of your trouble. And the letter will be so full of kindly reminiscences and Christian condolence it will be a plaster large enough to cover up all the deep gashes of your soul. When we take people into our houses as Christian guests, we take them into our sympathies forever. In Dort, Holland, a soldier with a sword at his side stopped at a house, desiring lodging and shelter. The woman of the house at first refused admittance, saying that the men of the house were not at home; but when he showed his credentials that he had been honorably discharged from the army, he was admitted and tarried during the night. In the night time there was a knocking at the front door, and two ruffians broke in to despoil that household. No sooner had they come over the doorsill than the armed guest, who had primed his piece and charged it with slugs, met them, and tell-

ing the woman to stand back, I am happy to say, dropped the two assaulting desperadoes dead at his feet. Well, now there are no bandits prowling around to destroy our houses; but how often it is that we find those that have been our guests become our defenders. We give them shelter first, and then afterward in the conflicts of life they fought for our reputation, they fought for our property, they fought for our soul.

Another reward that comes from Christian hospitality is in the assurance that we shall have hospitality shown to us and to ours. In the upturnings of this life who knows in what city or what land we may be thrown, and how much we may need an open door? There may come no such crisis to us, but our children may be thrown into some such strait. He who is in a Christian manner hospitable has a free pass through all Christendom. It may be that you will have been dead fifty years before any such stress shall come upon one of your descendants; but do you not suppose that God can remember fifty years? and the knuckle of the grandchild will be heard against the door of some stranger, and that door will open, and it will be talked over in Heaven, and it will be said: "That man's grandfather, fifty years ago, gave shelter to a stranger, and now a stranger's door is open for a grandson."

Among the Greeks, after entertaining and being entertained, they take a piece of lead and cut it in two, and the host takes one-half of the piece of lead and the guest takes the other half as they part. These two pieces of lead are handed down from generation to generation, and from family to family, and after a while, perhaps one of the families in want or in trouble go out with this one piece of lead and find the other family with the corresponding piece of lead, and no sooner is the tally completed than the old hospitality is aroused and eternal friendship pledged. So the memory of Christian hospitality will go down from generation to generation, and from family to family, and the tally will never be lost, neither in this world nor the world to come.

Mark this: The day will come when we will all be turned out of doors—without any exception—bare foot, bare head, no water in the canteen, no bread in the haversack, and we will go in that way into the future world. And I wonder if eternal hospitalities will open before us, and if we will be received into everlasting habitations? Francis Frescobaldi was a rich Italian, and he was very merciful and very hospitable. One day an Englishman by the name of Thomas Cromwell appeared at his door asking for shelter and alms, which were cheerfully rendered. Frescobaldi afterward lost all his property, became very poor, and wandered up into England, and one day he saw a procession passing, and lo! it was the Lord Chancellor of England, and lo! the Lord Chancellor of England was Thomas Cromwell, the very man whom he had once befriended down in Italy. The Lord Chancellor at the first glance of Frescobaldi recognized him and dismounted from his carriage, threw his arms around him and embraced him, paid his debts, invited him to his house and said: "Here are ten pieces of money to pay for the bread you gave me, and here are ten pieces of money to provide for the horse you loaned me, and here are four bags, in each of which are 400 denars. Take them and be well." So it will be at last with us. If we entertain Christ in the person of His disciples in this world, when we pass up into the next country we will meet Christ in a regal procession, and He will pour all the wealth of Heaven into our lap and open before us everlasting hospitalities. And O how tame are the richest entertainments we can give on earth compared with the regal magnificence which Christ will display before our souls in Heaven! I was reading the account which Thomas Fuller gives of the entertainment provided by George Neville. Among other things for that banquet they had 300 quarters of wheat, 104 tons of wine, 80 oxen, 3,000 capons, 200 cranes, 200 kids, 4,000 pigeons, 1,000 rabbits, 204 bitterns, 200 pheasants, 500 partridges, 400 plover, 100 quail, 100 curlews, 1,500 hot pasties, 4,000 cold venison pasties, 4,000 custards—the Earl of Warwick acting as steward, and servants 1,000. O, what a grand feast was that! but then compare it with the provision which God has made for us on high; that great banquet hour; the 144,000 as guests; all the harps and trumpets of Heaven as the orchestra; the vintage of the celestial hills poured into the tankards; all the fruit of the orchards of God piled on the golden platters; the angels of the Lord for cup bearers, and the once folded starry banner of the blue sky flung out over the scene, while seated at the head of the table shall be the One who eighteen centuries ago declared: "I was a stranger and ye took me in." Our sins pardoned, may we all mingle in those hospitalities!

A LITTLE grain of the romance is no ill ingredient to preserve and exalt the dignity of human nature, without which it is apt to degenerate into everything that is sordid, vicious, and low.—Swift.

He that would relish success to purpose should keep his passion cool, and his expectation low.—Jeremy Collier.

## What the Dying Umpire Said.

A base-ball umpire lay dying. It appears there was lack of tender usage, there was dearth of friendly cheers, and a player stood beside him as his life's sands ebbed away, and bent with rapt attention to hear what he might say. The "croaking" umpire faltered as he took the player's paw, and he said: "Old boy, I'm going; you'll miss my tuneful jay. Say to all your brother players who were once dear (?) friends of mine: If they check the man who runs the game, expect they must a fine." Tell the pitcher of your base-ball club—I think his name is Mike—that he can't expect each ball that's pitched to be declared a 'strike,' and he mustn't scowl and show his wrath or make display of gall, when the hired man behind the plate shouts forcibly 'one ball.' And just whisper to your brother not to pause when ball is caught; such breaks as that will change a man's decision not a jot. Besides," he said, his glossy eyes were wet with tears of brine, "they cannot grumble if they get a reasonable fine. Tell your 'coacher, who at first or third is wont to take his place, not to open up his insillade until a man's on base; and, furthermore, if captain, I would warn him to desist, for he makes the people tired, and he never would be missed. Tell the fellows that an umpire's only human, after all, and they can't expect him not to err sometimes in games of ball, and the only way we have to keep recalcitrants in line is to 'sock it to 'em' gently with a 'tenner' for a fine. Say to all the members of your club, whenever disputes arise, that it hurts one's feelings to be told direct that he lies; and, also to the fellows three who occupy the field, to hold their ground, because, be sure the umpire will not yield. This wordy warfare only serves to cause delays in the game. You may hound the umpire most to death, but he'll get there just the same, and he'll make cold shivers 'chassez' up and down each kicker's spine by passing around among you all a souvenir in fine. Tell the mouthy men, who make remarks while seated in the stand, that their witticisms and chestnuts, are no time in demand; that umpires cannot always rule in favor of their team, however strange or startling this assertion may seem, and cries of 'rats' put 'em out' and 'umpire, how is that?' disgust all lovers of the game—are silly, 'stale, and flat.' Such people should in dungeons be, and there, be made repine, for an umpire cannot reach them with his customary fine. I'm going now, old fellow; I think I've told you all the things that umpires must detest while refereeing ball. I've done my best to satisfy the patrons of the game, and if I erred in judgment, sure my heart was, not to blame. I've only this request to make when I am laid away, that you'll think of what I told you in the games you'll often play. Soon I'll quit this sphere of sorrow for a land that's more divine, where the umpire gets a square shake, and there's no more need for fine."—St. Paul Globe.

## The Wedding Ring.

The ceremony perceeded along smooth and proper till Hannibal undertook to find the ring to put on my finger. Then there was trouble. He fumbled first in one pocket, then another, took out a cigar, a little box o' matches, a tooth-pick, a penknife, a horse-chestnut that he alwers carries for rheumatiz, and several other things—took 'em out one to a time, looked at 'em thoughtful and inquirin' and put 'em back agin. Finally he dove into some place and took out a little wad o' paper, and all our sperits revived. That looked more like, but when he ondid it, out rolled a dozen or more sugar-coated pills on to the floor! He let 'em roll and tried agin. This time he fished out a small card that 'peared ter have some writin' on it. (I found out afterwards that he'd writ down on that card where he put the ring, for fear he'd forgot, jest as he had.) When he'd read the card what did-dedew but stoop over deliberate and pull off one o' 'em dreifal boots and shake the ring out o' the 'tee on't! Then he put his boot back on, and straightened himself up as calm as if it was customary and common for bridegrooms to carry the ring in the toe o' their boots, and, takin' my hand, slipped the ring on to my finger as graceful as you please.—American Magazine.

IMMORTALITY will come to such as are fit for it, and he who would be a great soul in the future must be a great soul now.—Emerson



## NABBED BY WOLF MEN.

A Montana Mail-Carrier's Narrow Escape from Being Hanged.

"Vic Smith is a famous character in the northern territories, and though he is less than thirty-five years of age his experience as a government scout has given him a wider knowledge of the country along the Missouri and Yellowstone rivers, the Big and Little Horn, and Powder, Musselshell, and Tongue rivers than any man in Montana or Dakota. I spent a day in Vic's company last summer, and he told me an event in his life that was as remarkable as it was interesting," said a gentleman to a San Francisco *Examiner* reporter. "He was born in Milwaukee, and ran away from home at the age of thirteen. When seventeen he was carrying the mail between Fort Abercrombie, on the Devil's lake, and Grand Forks. The city of Grand Forks was then only a wolf station. That is, there was only a shed for travelers to put up at and for men who poison wolves for a living during the winter. They received bounty money for each tail and sold the pelts, and they did quite well during the fall and winter. It was in the fall when the frosts were heavy and biting cold that a rich prospector named Brown arrived at the wolf station and told the men that he was looking for land. He intimated that he had \$5,000 upon him, and was anxious to have it laid away in some secure place for the several days he would remain in camp. The men were all supposed to be honest, and the traveler had no fear.

"In the camp was a dissolute man named Robinson, who had been lounging about for a month and making himself generally obnoxious to the other men. Brown had been in camp three days when Robinson took leave of the men with the remark that he was going up to the fort, which was 120 miles distant and a three days' ride.

"Vic was out a day and a half from Fort Abercrombie with his mail, and was riding along at an easy canter, when Robinson rode up. 'Hello, Vic,' he says; 'that's a nice horse you're riding.' Vic answered that it was, but thought Robinson's was a much better one. Then the latter proposed a trade, and to hurry up a bargain offered Vic a premium of \$50. It was accepted at once, and as they were parting Robinson handed him a pistol, which he told him to put in his saddle pouch. Vic was very happy when he pulled up at the next 'dog station' about sundown, and set to work preparing his supper of bacon and bread. He had just finished his repast when half a dozen wolfmen came up to the door. They did not speak, and after waiting some time for them to make some remark Vic told them if they wanted any supper they could come in and cook it for themselves. 'There's lots of bacon and flour, so help yourselves,' he said. They looked at each other and then roared with laughter. 'You've got considerable gall, youngster,' they said, and then one stepped in and took him out of the shanty. They bound him hand and foot, then driving a stake in the ground, tied him to it. This done, they went in and prepared their supper. Vic was young, though spirited, and he begged that they would not leave him in that position all night for he would freeze. They would hold no conversation with him, but turned in and slept until morning. When day broke they arose and found Vic numb and apparently lifeless. His limbs were swollen to twice their size from the hemp which had been tied so tightly about them. He was in a frightful condition, and his long black glossy hair was turned to white; not a black hair could be seen. One old man in the party took compassion on him and loosened his hands. A consultation was held and it was decided to hang him at once.

"Where did you get your horse?" they asked. He told them, but they did not believe his story. Then it just dawned upon him that the horse he got from Robinson was not his property. He was correct in his surmises. Brown left camp the day after Robinson did, and the latter, knowing that Brown intended passing along the trail next day, lay in wait and murder him. A traveler, passing soon after, noticed the body, and informed the wolfmen at the station. They started out immediately to find the murderer, and seeing Vic with Brown's horse supposed they had the right man.

"Vic pleaded with tears in his eyes

and asked them to go up to the fort and ask the officers there whether he had not left there only two days since.

"They did not wish to go to the trouble but the old man said they should give him that little show for his life, and the others acquiesced. They decided to take him within six miles of the fort and wait there while one man went up and inquired what time Vic had left. This was done and Vic's life was saved."

## Letter-writing in Olden Time.

In nothing has our mode of life as a people changed more noticeably than in our letter-writing. Now we telegraph or write short notes if business is our theme, or take the railroad or steamboat if pleasurable converse with friends be our object. Felix Oldboy, in the *Evening Post*, discourses delightfully of the part the letter played in his boyhood:

The art of writing a letter is unknown to the generation of to-day. Cheap postage killed it, and the telegraph buried it. People have neither the time nor the patience to sit down and write a dozen pages of gossip, giving delicious glimpses of life painted with the delicacy of a photograph and with its fidelity. Yet this was the epistolary style of our ancestors. I remember the advent of such letters in my boyhood. A great packet of creamy paper, carefully folded by the rule we were taught in boyhood, addressed with many a quaint but painstaking flourish, and made fast with a broad seal of red wax bearing the sender's coat-of-arms, was handed in by the postman and welcomed with a universal shout. What a revelation it was. There was the atmosphere of the Blue Ridge of Western Virginia in its folds, the lapping of the shallow waters of the Shenandoah over their rocky bed, the rustling of the warty branches and waxy leaves of the persimmon tree, the lowing of great herds of cattle on the mountain side, the waving of meadowy miles of yellow wheat, the song of the slave at his toil, the prattle of the little ones from the cool depths of the verandas that surrounded the great house, and the glint of the white hair of my mother's grandfather, who had fought at Yorktown, and in his quiet Southern home was nearing the century milestone. It was an event in my life when I was first permitted to send a letter in reply to a message in one of these epistles. A week's labor was put into it, and I know that it faithfully mirrored every phase of our city life, down to my surreptitious guinea-pigs in the back yard.

Here is a yellow, faded sheet which contains on its three quarto pages in the cramped little school hand of the day, the story of a voyage from New York and Santa Cruz, in the brig Eliza, forty-four years ago this month. It is only a child's letter, but it tells of the flying fish and the nautilus, of the hooks thrown overboard that came back laden with seaweed in which little crabs made their burrows, of sailors clambering aloft, and the black cook catching a sea that wrecked his tray of dishes and his dignified self—and in these groupings of the pen it is the perfection of a letter.

## Bright Prospects.

Gus Snobberly is one of Gotham's fast young men. His tailor sent word to him the other day that he must come and see him about his bill. He called and found the man of the shears busy at his desk figuring up accounts.

"I really cannot understand why you do not pay me my little bill. You had a good salary and it has been raised," said the tailor.

"Yes."

"And you promised me faithfully that you would pay me out of the amount you saved from your extra allowance."

"Precisely."

"Then you have lied to me, for you haven't paid me the first red cent."

"I haven't lied at all. I simply haven't saved anything from my extra allowance. When I do I'll pay you. Your prospects, my dear sir, are brighter than they ever were before."

—Texas Sitings.

THE love of some men for their wives is like that of Altiery for his horse. "My attachment for him," said he, "went so far as to destroy my peace every time that he had the least ailment; but my love for him did not prevent me from fretting and chafing him whenever he did not wish to go my way."

—Bover.

## Misery After Eating

Is avoided by dyspeptics who, guided by the recorded experience of thousands, begin and systematically pursue a course of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. Persistence in the use of this pure and highly accredited stomachic, is the sole and agreeable condition of the entire removal of the obstinate forms of dyspepsia, no less than a temporary fit of indigestion. In connection with the use of this specific, it is desirable to avoid articles of food which individual experience has shown to be difficult of digestion, by the stomach sought to be benefited. Each dyspeptic's past observation of his digestive capacity should enable him to be his own guide, and mentor in this particular, not trusting to any set of dietetic rules too general to be suited to particular cases. Bilioousness and constipation, heartburn, wind upon the stomach, sour eructations, headache and mental despondency, are among the concomitants of dyspepsia, and we put it to flight by the Bitters.

## Wasn't Fit to Go Anywhere.

"Oi, say, Dinny, air yees afther seein' O'Rafferty this mornin'?" asked Micky Shane of his next-door neighbor, as he leaned over the fence.

"Faith, Oi hivin't, Micky."

"Begorra, an' utes all broke up, so he is."

"Phawt do be ailin' av im?"

"Din't ye hear about it? No! Well,ould yer whist till Oi be afther tellin' yeess. Shure, his old woman, Nora, doid lasht week, long loife to her, an' O'Rafferty gave her the finest wake in the county av Moglahod. She'd er hid-loight av four'e as nate candles at'er fate as iver yer saw; an' tha poteen! Och! but niver moind that. Ute not 'bout that same Oid be afther tellin' yeess. Whin Timmy Flynn an' Doompny, the crooner, waz er carryin' av'er oot, the shutter turned cospide doon, an' the poor craythur rolled over'n the doort. Hiven! bliss her! an' yer moind ut rained yisterdy. An' O'Rafferty sed, sez he—an' phawt d'y'e s'pose 'e sed?"

"Ochone! it's meself that couldn't till a wurrid."

"He loked at Nora an' sez, sez he, 'Wurra, wurra, avick! Oi spint three pound sixpence fer candles an' snoot an' poteen an' poipes ter aise yer way ter Hiven, an' begorra, now yer ain't fit ter go ter the devil, himself!'"

## Italy's Abyssinian Expedition.

The Italian government will have 30,000 troops in Abyssinia by the middle of September. They propose to punish King John for interrupting their stealing of his territory. The experience of England in punishing an Abyssinian king, some years ago, shows that one little expedition into the interior with 20,000 or 30,000 men costs \$60,000,000 to \$70,000,000. The Italians are in for a very expensive war, and possibly a disastrous one.—*New Orleans Times Democrat*.

## A Bloody Affray

Is often the result of "bad blood" in a family or community, but nowhere is bad blood more destructive of happiness and health than in the human system. When the life current is foul and sluggish with impurities, and is slowly distributing its poisons to every part of the body, the peril to health, and life even, is imminent. Early symptoms are dull and drowsy feelings, severe headaches, coated tongue, poor appetite, indigestion and general lassitude. Delay in treatment may entail the most serious consequences. Don't let disease get a strong hold on your constitution, but treat yourself by using Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, and be restored to the blessings of health. All druggists.

The jackass would not hide his ears if he could. He thinks they look well enough.—*New Orleans Picayune*.

In another column of this issue will be found an entirely new and novel specimen of attractive advertising. It is one of the neatest ever placed in our paper and we think our readers will be well repaid for examining the supposed display letters in the advertisement of Prickly Ash Bitters.

"SARAH," said a war "it's all over town!" "What's all over town?" was the anxious inquiry. "Mud," Sarah's eyes dropped.

REMEMBER that one of Smith's Bile Beans does the work of five ordinary cathartic pills and that it is absolutely harmless.

Don't undertake to kiss a furious woman; risk not a smack in a storm.

32 PANTS



32 SHOES

HANDSOME, STYLISH PANTS

OUR FULL SEAMLESS SHOES

made to order in first-class style. Perfect fit guaranteed or money refunded.

For samples of cloth and 4 foot tape measure (worth 10c.) send 3c. stamps. Circulars Free.

beat the world. Made in sizes and styles to please. Perfect fit guaranteed. We refer to any Bank, Express Co., or leading business house in this city.

Established in 1877.

THE HUNTER CINCINNATI, O. MFG CO.

The best and surest Remedy for Cure of all diseases caused by any derangement of the Liver, Kidneys, Stomach and Bowels. Dyspepsia, Sick Headache, Constipation, Bilious Complaints and Malaria of all kinds yield readily to the beneficent influence of

# PRICKLY ASH BITTERS

It is pleasant to the taste, tones up the system, restores and preserves health. It is purely Vegetable, and cannot fail to prove beneficial, both to old and young. As a Blood Purifier it is superior to all others. Sold everywhere at \$1.00 a bottle.

## PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION

FOR HORSES. Uvilla, W. Va., Nov. 17, 1886.

Recently I bought a young horse. He was taken very ill with Pneumonia. I tried to think of something to relieve him. Concluded what was good for man would be good for the horse. So I got a bottle of Piso's Cure and gave him half of it through the nostrils. This helped him, and I continued giving same doses night and morning until I had used two bottles. The horse has become perfectly sound. I can recommend Piso's Cure for the horse as well as for man.

N. S. J. STRIDER.

## PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION

## FOR ALL DISORDERS OF THE Stomach, Liver and Bowels

STRICTLY VEGETABLE. Cure Constipation, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Piles, Sick Headache, Liver Complaints, Loss of Appetite, Biliousness, Nervousness, Jaundice, etc. For Sale by all Druggists. Price, 25 Cents. PACIFIC MANUFACTURING CO., ST. LOUIS, MO.

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Young Man and woman should have a practical business education. The best school is the DETROIT BUSINESS UNIVERSITY, Detroit, Mich., established 1897; 70 students last year. Superior Short-hand school. Elegant illustrated Catalogue free.

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GOLD is worth \$200 per pound. Pettit's Eye Salve (\$1.00), but is sold at 25 cents a box by dealers.



MORT & WILL OLDS, PUBLISHERS.

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One Year, in advance ..... \$0.75  
Six Months ..... .50  
Three Months ..... .25

Entered at the Post Office at St. Joe as second-class matter.

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 16, 1887.

The B. & O. has sold out slick and clean.

Mart Eagle and family are attending the fair at Montpelier, this week, and visiting friends in that vicinity.

There will a concert in the U. B. church at Newville, to-morrow evening. Some fine music will be rendered.

The Normal school closed Tuesday. So far as we have heard, Prof. Price has given the best of satisfaction.

Henry Milliman, Al Bishop and John Provins went to Potoskey, Tuesday, to fish, hunt and have a general good time.

J. D. Leighty accompanied his son John to Terre Haute this week, after which he went to Indianapolis to see whether any thing could be done by way of a compromise in the drive well matter.

Jonathan Shull presented the News this week with a sweet potato that weighed just 41 pounds. It's a lunker, and we predict that it can't be beat in this neighborhood. It will make the News family several square meals.

Some change in the management of J. B. & O., Avilla people have got it into their heads that the shops at Garrett will be moved to that place. The Avilla News cautions them to keep cool, and not count their chickens before they are hatched.

Mell Bishop is having the property he recently purchased of Wash Woodcox repaired, painted and papered and will move into it just as soon as the work is completed. Mell will have a pleasant and convenient home when he gets every thing arranged as he has planned.

Frank Sechler and Vester Widney went to Attica, Ohio yesterday, to visit with Mr. and Mrs. Sell Bowen and other friends. They will be gone two or three weeks and will attend the Sandusky fair, and other points of interest. This is Vester's first trip on the cars and he and his dog Sam will enjoy it highly. We wish them a pleasant time.

School Day at the Waterloo Fair promises to be one of the most interesting days. The best of arrangements are being perfected, and the children are to have a real gala day. All the school children and teachers of the county are to be admitted free, and County Superintendent Merica is very anxious that they all attend.

BRACE UP.—You are feeling depressed, your appetite is poor, you are bothered with Headache, you are fidgetty, nervous, and generally out of sorts, and want to brace up. Brace up, but not with stimulants, spring medicines, or bitters, which have for their basis very cheap, bad whisky, and which stimulate you for an hour, and then leave you in worse condition than before. What you want is an alternative that will purify your blood, start healthy action of Liver and Kidneys, restore your vitality, and give renewed health and strength. Such a medicine you will find in Electric Bitters, and only 50 cents a bottle at W. C. Patterson's Drug Store.

OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

SPENCERVILLE.

Ivan Fryberger is again able to be on the streets.

Misses Rallie and Rossie Murphy of Leo, were in town Saturday.

P. Bishop and wife visited with their daughter Mrs. Kagey at Hicksville last Tuesday.

Miss Iva Hussey, of Kendallville, was the guest of Miss Minnie Provins a part of last week.

The Lutheran Sunday school will attend the picnic to be held at Halls corners next Saturday.

Considerable damage was done by the storm last week. Mill Hersh was one of the unfortunate in having a valuable cow killed by lightning.

Prof. Weedan held a meeting in the Lutheran church Tuesday evening for the purpose of organizing a singing class. Quite a large number are in attendance.

Dell Steward had quite an accident Saturday evening. His horse frightening at some lumber on a bridge backed off of the embankment, doing considerable damage.

NEWVILLE.

Mrs. Rhodes was called to Hicksville to attend her sister who is very low.

W. B. Cheesman and Milo Stafford have gone on a hunting expedition for a few days.

Miss Josephine Lorens has returned from Findlay, Ohio, and will remain until fall.

Mr. Plum is moving his family into the house vacated by Gustus Flint, where they will live this winter.

Mr. Porter and wife have returned from their extended visit in Michigan, and look improved by their journey.

There will be a picnic on the Brethren church ground, Saturday afternoon Sept. 17th, 1887. All are invited.

Mrs. Jones, of Garrett, will address the Band of Hope on next Sunday, and deliver a lecture at the Brethren church in the evening.

Prof. E. L. Coburn is holding a free singing school at the Brethren church and will close on next Saturday evening with a concert. Everybody should attend as they expect a jolly good time.

CORINTHTOWN.

R. G. Coburn sold two Albion Cultivators last week.

There was no meeting at the Corners last Sunday, to much rain.

War Coburn has just completed the mason work on Dave Murray's new house.

The Sunday school will attend the Hicksville fair in a body, as they go in free.

Mrs. Emma Abel, of Hesperia, is expected here on a visit to her parents in a few days.

Nelson Scholes will put a slate roof on his house this week. He expects the slaters on about Thursday.

Some sickness in town. Grandma Milliman is quite poorly, and A. B. Coburn is not feeling as well for the last few days.

Mrs. Sell Gee visited with her parents a few days last week, while Sell was at work on the Rolland Bearss house, for Volmer and Smith.

In answer to your correspondent from Pigeon's Retreat permit me to say, there is no black-tongue diphtheria between St. Joe and Hicksville, nor has't been as I can ascertain. If there is such a report out it is no doubt false.

J. M. Milliman will canvas the township for the sale of a very interesting book, the title of which I have forgotten. Give him your patronage as he is in feeble health, and deserves it; that is your patronage, not his poor health.

EXAMINE THE LARGEST, FINEST,

AND MOST COMPLETE LINE OF

Men's, Ladies', Misses' & Children's FINE SHOES.

Ever exhibited in St. Joe. They comprise the most popular brands, such as Reed, Weaver, Gokey & Son, &c. The buttons will be reset on all shoes purchased of us, with Wilkin's patent fasteners. Call and see.

J. D. LEIGHTY, ST. JOE.

PIGEON'S RETREAT.

Little Beulah Koch was quite sick last week.

Miss Emma Kline is the happy possessor of a brand new organ.

Laten Lake and wife, and Joe Keister and wife spent Sunday at Solomon Shilling's.

Will and Elsworth Shilling shipped a car load of cattle to Massillon, Ohio one day this week.

Laten Lake has had to draw several loads of water from the river for his cattle on account of his well being dry.

Martin Kline is still very poorly. A number of his neighborly neighbors gathered in last Saturday afternoon and cut corn for him.

Clark Mathews still makes his weekly visits through this place, and deals out cash and groceries to the farmers wives, in exchange for their butter and eggs.

The cyclone last week did no further damage than blowing most of the winter apples off the trees, uprooting a few apple and forest trees and frightening E. L. Dilley's folks so badly that they took refuge in the cellar. George recovered sufficiently from his scare however, to call upon his best girl Saturday evening.

CONCORD.

Mrs. Henry Baker is very sick with intermittent fever.

"Bub" Shilling returned from an Ohio visit the first of the week.

Mrs. Shurts and Mrs. Smith are slowly recovering from a protracted illness.

George Hamilton and wife visited at the M. P. parsonage in St. Joe last Tuesday.

Mrs. Ida Stafford has been seriously ill nearly all summer, and at present is but very little better.

The Sunday school was thinly attended last Sabbath, because of the disagreeableness of the weather.

We are informed that Alcock's kitchen caught fire and burned down, while himself and family were at the picnic, one week ago last Saturday.

The News editor thinks they may be the prettiest girls in the world. We are glad to see you stuck to your own town, but 'tis a pity you may have been away from home.

Last Tuesday about twenty friends and neighbors met at the residence of her parents, to celebrate Mrs. O. birthday. A good many interesting presents were given, and good time had by all present.

Lyman Knight met with an accident last Saturday evening. As he was coming home from a horse back, some one behind him, frightened his horse, and throwing him to the ground. I was hurt quite badly, but seriously we have not yet.



I am an American, and keep the genuine American Tin Plate, the best in the market. Roofing, Spouting, and Guttering a specialty. A full line of Cartridges, Shot, Powder, Cutlery &c., at J. A. Conrad's, St. Joe, Ind. Give me a call when needing any thing in my line. All work fully warranted, and prices the very lowest.

A Disastrous Flood!

Heavy damages done by the over-throw of High Prices, and we will continue same. Good Brown Sugar 5 and 6 cts. Granulated 7 cts. Rosin 5 cts. Alum 5 cts. Salts 5 cts. Bird Seed 8 cts. Salt Peter 12 1/2 cts. Prunes 6 1/2 cts. Good Gingham 6 cts. Dress Goods at your own price. Grain Sacks 18 cts. All goods as cheap as the cheapest. Highest market price paid for Wheat, Oats and Seeds.

S. & F. Barney



# Watch and Clock

REPAIRING DONE.

and all work warranted satisfactory by C. A. Patterson, at the

ST. JOE

## DRUGSTORE,

where will be found at all times a full line of

JEWELRY, GLOVES, WATCHES,

GENERAL DRUGS,

MEDICINES, PAINTERS' SUPPLIES, TOBACCOES, CIGARS, AC., SCHOOL BOOKS AND SCHOOL SUPPLIES.

### THEIR BUSINESS BOOMING.

Probably no one thing has caused such a general revival of trade at W. C. Patterson's Drug Store as their giving away to their customers of so many free trial bottles of Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption. Their trade is simply enormous in this very valuable article from the fact that it always cures and never disappoints: Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Bronchitis, Croup, and all throat and lung diseases quickly cured. You can test it before buying by getting a trial bottle free, large size \$1. Every bottle warranted.

### LOCALS.

The Hicksville fair will be on deck next week.

Case & Olds sell the Fort Wayne factory vams.

Hugh Nelson of Hicksville, was in town Tuesday.

Joe Smith is agent for an organ that turns with a crank.

Bartine's band made some fine music on our streets yesterday.

Wheat is bringing 70 cts, Oats 26 cts, Eggs 13 cts, Butter 15 cts.

Bartine's circus exhibited here yesterday. It went from here to Hicksville.

The Methodist Sunday school will attend a picnic at Springfield Center to-morrow.

Geo. Wilson, Mrs. Wilson and Mrs. Kagey of Hicksville were in town Thursday.

The ladies of the W. C. T. U. will attend a temperance picnic at Newville to-morrow.

Geo. Hamm and Jimmie Ryan had a little tussle with Blackstone at Spencerville this week.

Chas. Sullivan, the big man of Garrett, was trying the strength of our side-walks last Monday.

Adam Chubb put up this week, by bringing in a stalk of corn that measures twelve feet and one inch high.

John Leighty left Monday for Terre Haute, where he will enter upon a four year's course of studies at the State University.

The W. C. T. U. will meet at the residence of Mrs. M. J. Widney on Sept. 22nd, at 2:30 o'clock. A cordial invitation is extended to all.

A party was given at the residence of John Davis last Monday evening, by the Normal students, in honor of Prof. Price. A very pleasant time was had.

While Jim White was fooling with one of the knives in Frank Walker's harness shop the other day, he accidentally cut the arm of Grant Burchfield in quite a serious manner. It will lay him up for several weeks.

Farmers are using considerable salt this fall as a fertilizer.

Miss Callie Ettinger of Waterloo, visited friends in this place last week.

The Waterloo Fair offers many new attractions this year. Week after next is the time.

The balloon ascensions at the Hicksville fair will be made by a lady, on Wednesday and Thursday.

On the Lake Shore railroad the fast trains have steam-boat whistles on them, to distinguish them from other trains.

Hi Blinks was married last week to Miss Laura E. Simmers of Hicksville. They visited friends in this place last Sunday.

Cranberries are in the market at 8 and 10 cents a quart. They make the best kind of sauce, but when you buy a quart of them you might as well lay in a supply of sugar.

Lige Saylor was married a few days ago to Miss Fanny Boylich, of Wilmington township. Lige was rather shy about it, as it is not generally known in this neighborhood.

The matter of changing the arithmetics in the schools of the county has been laid over until next spring. At that time they had better lay it over again and then keep it laid over.

Already sixty-five Reading Circles have been formed among the teachers of the county. These circles can be made of great benefit to teachers and we hope to see one organized here.

One of the prisoners in the jail at Auburn made a saw from a steel shank out of his shoe, one day last week, and had sawed one of the bars to the door partly off, when he was detected and the saw taken from him.

Stanley Van Fliet was given a position on the B. & O. this week, as night-operator at Alida, Ind. Peck Sanders takes his place here, and tags the mail bags around with a broad grin on his face and says: "Don't stop the U. S. mail."

A man in Michigan was awarded damages against the owner of a dog who frightened his team by running out into the street and barking, causing it to run away. It is certainly very annoying, and sometimes dangerous, to have a dog come barking snapping and snarling in front of a team when driving along the road. A dog may be a good thing in its place, but just where its place is, is sometimes a hard matter to tell.

The following item from Emanuel Elm, who has been spending the past two or three weeks with Will Dilleys at Graceland, Iowa, was handed to us for publication this week: "I noticed in the St. Joe News the amount of grain taken in at the elevator at St. Joe in a week, and I thought I would drop you a few lines and let you know how the west is off for grain. I was in town a few days ago, and there were two elevators, at the one there was 3000 bushels unloaded in one day, and I think there was equally that much grain taken in at the other elevator.

Our neighboring town of Butler must be growing in a very rapid manner, judging from the following item from that place: Harry Weamer, proprietor of the Weamer House, says: "Last week I went out to the ball ground to witness a game of base ball, and on my return I noticed four new dwelling houses, which sprang up while the game was in progress." That's putting it pretty strong, but really, Butler is building up fast. We were over there last week, and were surprised to see the many new, and elegant residences that are being erected. Truly Butler boometh.

We invite your attention to our new line of fall clothing which we have just received this week. No shoddy, but all the best goods at low prices. Good line of Overcoats, and the Nobbiest lot of latest styled men's hats in town. Call and see them. Case & Olds.

## CLOTHING

In men's and boys' boots our stock never was as large and prices as low as this season. We earnestly solicit a share of your boot patronage and promise you full value for all the money you spend with us. Drop in and look us over.



TRUTH IS MIGHTY, AND WILL PREVAIL.

### LOOK THIS WAY!

I keep on hand a fine line of Furniture which I will sell for the next 60 days at prices that defy competition. Glass Cupboards \$8.50. Double Canoe Seat and Back Rockers \$2. Dressing Case, with French Plate Glass \$12.00. Carpet Lounges \$6.50. Solid Comfort Beds for \$22.25. Undertaking a specialty.

August Kinsey, St. Joe, Ind.

Go to M. Tustison,

DEALER IN

## Groceries, Flour,

PROVISIONS,

CANDIES, CIGARS & C.

and get some of those splendid Fresh Apples, only 23c per can.

ST. JOE, IND.

### Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

THE BEST SALVE in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by W. C. Patterson.

### GARD OF THANKS.

The ladies of the W. C. T. U. return thanks to Rev. J. A. Thomas for kindly donating to them the proceeds of his lecture, delivered at the Methodist church, Sept. 7th.

C. P. Houser, of Auburn, was in town Wednesday.

You will always find a good line of Men's Shoes at Case & Olds.

Mrs. Dr. Houghton of Hometown, visited friends in this place this week.

There will be a bicycle race at the Waterloo Fair. Don't forget it, from 26th to 30th of September.

J. H. Conrad our cranky tinner, fell from a roof the other day, and might have hurt himself, but he didn't.

A threshing machine fell onto John Johnson the other day, or rather John fell onto a threshing machine and hurt one side of his face quite seriously.

Ad Chubb came into the store the other day and said: "I might just as well tell it; we've got a new baby up to the Chubb house, that weighs 114 pounds." Its the biggest Chubb Adam ever caught.

## THE INTER-STATE FAIR.

Fort Wayne, Indiana, September 27, 28, 29, 30, 1887.

For five years past the Inter-State Fair has had

The largest cattle show in the State. The largest horse show in the State. The largest sheep show in the State. The largest hog show in the State. The largest poultry show in the State. The best races in the State. The most liberal premiums of any Fair in the State.

The best line of attractions and amusements of any Fair in the State. Every premium has been paid in full, as advertised, and every promise has been fulfilled.

The Fair of 1887 will equal its predecessors in every particular, and many features will surpass any former Fair.

The same liberal policy in regard to premiums and attractions will govern the management this year, as in the past. Exhibitors will receive uniformly courteous treatment, and liberal inducements to show at the Fort Wayne Fair.

To the progressive farmer the stock exhibit, the immense line of agricultural implements, and the horticultural display offer an interesting field of study, and sufficient to repay him for the time and money spent at the Fair.

To the mechanic the many improvements in machinery, and other displays in the mechanical line will afford an endless amount of instruction and amusement.

To entertain the amusement seekers, a fine line of attractions have been secured, over \$30,000 being offered in this department alone.

Believing that in no way can the farmer, the mechanic, the laboring man, the merchant, the housewife, the young and the old receive the same amount of instruction and amusement as at the great Inter-State Fair, a cordial invitation is extended to all to attend.



Last week Tuesday night, when the wind was blowing a two-forty gale, and the twisted lightning flashed, muttering thunder rolled on their promising evidence, of a general western cyclone, a good many people in this town got scared. The most that was sent quite red, to the flowery beds of ease, and none of them hankered to go out, and see what the wild winds were saying. Some of them, tho' seriously of moving into the cellars, and thus escape the impending danger. While all this commotion was going on, the Professor of the Normal school was slumbering, and snoring sweetly unconcerned that any thing unusual was happening. As the storm approached the landlord of the boarding house, where he is stopping, went to shut the windows, and as he went into his room the Professor thought it was a burglar, and as he was awakened suddenly out of his sleep, he was awfully scared, and as he raised up in bed his head stood on end, and he said: "Hold on there." I guess he offered to give up every thing if the burglar would just go away and leave him alone.

Barens Q. Hippenhammer.



# The St. Joe News.

ST. JOE, INDIANA.

MORT & W. H. OLDS, PUBLISHERS.

## CUTTING OFF THE BABY'S CURLS.

BY MARY A. DENISON.

My beautiful darling ran in from his play.  
His blue eyes swimming with tears unshed;  
"The boys all call me a 'dirl,' mamma,  
And I isn't a 'dirl,'" he said.  
"It's cause I've got curls, and they're just like  
a dirl's."

And I wish you'd cut off all these mis-  
table curls."

I held my darling close, close to my breast,  
And I hushed his sobs with a sigh and a smile.  
But oh, my heart was so ill at rest  
As I thought of the past the while;  
Must I sever those ringlets, half silk, half gold,  
That lovingly over my fingers I rolled?

I thought of the baby kisses and wiles;  
Alas! had my baby gone far away?  
Must I look in vain for his dream-like smiles,  
And watch him no more at his play?  
Nor call him my "we dimpled pearl of pearls,"  
While I stealthily fondled the hated curls?

I lifted them gently—my boy, my pet,  
Still sobbed and still clamored to have them  
shorn;

His cheeks were like scarlet, his eyes were wet,  
As he heaved of his playmate's scorn;  
And my own eyes were heavy with unshed  
tears,  
As the shining tresses fell off the shears.

It was done—my darling no longer wept,  
But proudly held up his head as he ran.  
"See! now you can't call me a dirl any more;  
My curls are all gone—I'm a man!"  
Ah, poor little maikin, what did he care  
That my tears fell hot on that glistening hair?

I laid them aside in a carved box.  
Those living tresses of amber glow,  
And I look at them now with a yearning love,  
Though my locks are as white as the snow;  
And they straighten and spring into spirals of  
gold  
At the touch of my tremulous hand, as of old.

And I think of the head which they clustered  
soft,  
Of the tearful voice and the wet blue eyes;  
And I wish if his ringlets are grown again,  
In his beautiful home in the skies.  
My baby! his triumph was brief as wild—  
He died on my bosom a little child.

I had dreamed my dreams of the coming man,  
My proud, high dreams, but they never led  
So high as the heaven to which he has gone.  
Or stooped to that narrow bed;  
They were full of glory, untrodden by pain—  
Now God has the glory, and he has the gain.

And I sometimes see through the open door  
My darling, my baby, my pearl of pearls!  
His hands outstretched and his shoulders hid  
In a cloud of golden curls.  
Ah! me, these tresses will never grow gray,  
Yet my tears fall like rain as I hide them  
away.

—Youth's Companion.

## AT THE PICNIC.

BY JEFFIE FORBUSH HANAFORD.

Do I love her? "If a man does not  
love a girl why should he seek her so-  
ciety daily, talk nonsense to her every  
chance he gets, and nearly bankrupt  
himself to keep her supplied in cho-  
colate caramels?"

I remember having read that some-  
where, and it all flashes through my  
mind as I lazily swing back and forth  
in a remarkably comfortable hammock,  
under a large apple tree in the orchard.  
The day is exceedingly warm and  
sultry, and I find this peaceful abode,  
with the addition of my cherished cigar,  
very desirable.

"She is very pretty," continuing my  
mental soliloquy. "Yes, decidedly  
pretty," remembering her dark eyes,  
so full of sparkling life, her glossy dark  
hair, her cherry lips and merry ringing  
laughter. But—do I love her? That's  
the all-important question.

Here I so far forget myself as to fall  
asleep, regardless of my cigar, and the  
danger in its close proximity to my  
carefully-treasured mustache.

"Down the shadowy lane she goes.  
Happy little maiden."

Thus sang a clear, sweet voice, as  
its owner, closely followed by a big  
Newfoundland dog, entered the orchard  
by a little side gate and made straight  
for the hammock under the cool, shady  
trees.

As the first words of the song reach  
my ears I open my eyes, and sitting  
through the trees I see the object of my  
thoughts, pretty Lillian Earlford, her  
cheeks flushed with exercise and  
health, and her hands full of blossoms.

Here I discreetly close my eyes and  
feign sleep. Nearer and nearer she  
comes, until, all of a sudden, the sweet  
song dies on her lips, and I know that I  
am discovered.

Do I love her? The question again  
agitates my mind.

At this moment, fortunately for me,  
Carlo gives a loud bark and dashes  
away after an imaginary rabbit, and of  
course I immediately embrace the op-  
portunity to "wake up," that is to say,  
I open my eyes.

But alas! Lillian is nowhere to be  
seen. I lift my head with a gesture of  
impatience, and look to the right and  
left, but am not rewarded by even a  
glimpse of her dotted white muslin.

But the hammock has no further at-  
tractions for me. So I gather myself  
up as gracefully as the occasion per-  
mits, and pulling my hat over my eyes  
with a savage jerk, make straight for  
the little gate through which Lillian  
had come. Where has she disappeared  
to? Why did she leave in such haste?  
Was the simple fact of my being pres-  
ent disagreeable to her?

Each of these questions demands an  
answer. Still I keep on my way re-  
gardless of where my steps lead me,  
when all of a sudden I hear the sharp  
bark of a dog. I hasten my lingering  
steps and soon I can see in the distance  
Lillian in her dainty white muslin and  
fluttering blue ribbons. I make up  
my mind at once that I will join her  
and—but hark! She is not alone. As  
I'm alive, that detestable Tom Bur-  
chard is with her, and she is smiling up  
into his face as she says, "Why, you  
see, Tom, I haven't got the shawl.  
Well, I did go for it, but Mr. Clayton  
was asleep in the hammock, and so  
rather than disturb him I did not get  
it, for—" with a merry laugh—"the  
shawl was in the hammock, too."

Tom laughs good-naturedly and an-  
swers carelessly. "Well, never mind.  
Fair Lilly," at the same time takes pos-  
session of one of Lillian's dimpled  
white hands, and helps her to a seat  
beside him—having first spread down  
his handkerchief.

Yes, I am quite decided now, and  
there is no hesitation this time. I love  
her, and in all probability she loves  
Tom. For didn't she call me formally  
"Mr. Clayton," and speak to him as  
"Tom?"

I turn away and walk very rapidly in  
the opposite direction. "Miserable"  
doesn't half express my feelings on  
this memorable occasion! I love Lil-  
lian and Lillian loves Tom. Alas! for  
human nature, all too quick to jump at  
conclusions.

The next day and the next pass and  
I do not once see Lillian. On the  
evening of the third day I determine  
to see her and hear from her own lips  
if there is any hope for me.

I am going away for a week or two  
on a fishing expedition, expecting to  
start the next day. But I cannot go  
without bidding Lillian good-bye.

So at precisely seven o'clock I start  
to call on her. The question "Do I  
love her?" had been satisfactorily set-  
tled; and now the question that tor-  
ments me is, "Can I win her love in re-  
turn?" Taking a short cut through  
the orchard I hasten along, and even  
feel an inclination to whistle. My  
spirits are certainly rising.

I open the front gate softly and pro-  
ceed up the gravel path leading to the  
house. I am still in the shadow of  
the large oaks as the door opens ad-  
mitting a flood of light, and I see  
Lillian and Tom Burchard come out  
and come down the path toward me.  
In an instant I step out of the path,  
deeper into the shadow of the friendly  
oak. And as they pass me, near enough  
for me to touch Lillian's dress, I hear  
Tom whisper:

"I have something to tell you, Lilly,  
dear, and I must tell you to-night; I  
hope—"

They pass through the gate and out  
of hearing; so, feeling utterly crushed,  
I turn my steps toward home.

Two weeks from that day I returned  
home and deposited my fishing-tackle  
on the front steps. I enter the house,  
and on opening the sitting-room door,  
come face to face with Lilly. How  
the bright blushes come and go at my  
unexpected appearance! My sister,  
Edna, accepts my brotherly kiss, and  
hastens away to get me some refresh-  
ments. Lilly has commenced putting  
on her hat, and seems in a decided  
hurry to get away, or, at least, it ap-  
pears so to me. "Lilly," I say, without  
looking at her. "Do not be in a hurry,  
wait five minutes, and I will walk home  
with you."

This is how it happens that I am  
walking by her side on the way to her  
home. The quiet evening shadows are  
commencing to fall; and in the houses  
as we pass the bright lights twinkle.

After a most prolonged silence, I as-  
tonished myself as well as Lillian by  
saying in a tragic whisper, "Lilly, I am  
going away." The pressure of her  
little hand tightens on my arm, and  
she looks up quickly as she says, "Why  
you have only just returned home,  
Frank!"

"Yes, I know," I answered, my heart

turning completely over at the sound  
of her dear voice pronouncing my name.  
"But I am going away again, and I  
can't say if I shall ever return."

"Oh!" says Lilly, and again silence  
reigns supreme.

"Yes, I am going away," I begin  
again, desperately, "and before I go I  
want to offer my congratulations, and  
hope you will be happy with the man  
of your choice."

I cannot see Lillian's face. But I  
can feel her hand tremble, as, with a  
little gesture of impatience, she an-  
swers: "Thank you, Mr. Clayton, I am  
always happy. Good-night."

By this time we are close to Lillian's  
home, and before I am aware of her  
intentions, she disappears through the  
gate and I find myself standing on the  
outside alone.

"Lillian," I call, but receive no an-  
swer; so I am obliged to return home  
completely disgusted with myself.

Two weeks have passed away. Two  
very uneventful weeks. For during  
that time I have not once seen Lillian.

There is to be a picnic to-morrow at  
"Glenwood Grove," and every one is  
delighted at the prospects of a day in  
the woods. I am almost happy myself,  
for the reason that Tom Burchard is  
away and will not be present, and I  
can see Lillian.

Now a wild idea has entered my  
head, and without waiting to consider I  
start off to call on Lillian and offer my-  
self as her escort to the picnic. As I  
find myself in sight of the house, my  
heart misgives me; I have not seen her  
since the night she left me, so uncer-  
emoniously at the gate. Suddenly I re-  
member that I told her I was going  
away, and I have no excuse to offer for  
not going. However, it is too late to  
draw back now, for Lillian stands not  
far from the old-fashioned rustic gate  
without her shade hat and her hands  
full of scarlet poppies. She is look-  
ing unconsciously in the opposite direc-  
tion; but I feel sure, by the quick turn  
of her head, that she has seen me. So  
without any outward show of hesitation  
I smilingly wish her "good morning."  
Half expecting a refusal, I politely re-  
quest the pleasure of her company to  
the picnic.

To my joyful surprise she answers,  
"yes," with a smile so bright and win-  
ning that I long to clasp her in my  
arms and tell her of my love.

Fortunately I realize that this is  
scarcely the time or place to speak of  
love, so I thank her for the pleasure  
her acceptance has given me, and de-  
part.

Now the day for the picnic has ar-  
rived. It is a lovely morning. There  
is a golden haze that gives promise of a  
warm summer day.

There are ten couples of us, and it is  
decided that we all go in one large con-  
veyance. Every one seemed in the  
best of spirits, and amid a general con-  
fusion of voices and merry laughter we  
are at last on our way.

Some one remarks: "It is a pity Tom  
Burchard is away, as he is always such  
a jolly fellow for a picnic."

I glanced quickly at Lillian and im-  
agine she looks unhappy. Probably on  
account of Burchard's absence.

However, if she feels unhappy it  
does not make her less fair to look  
upon. She is dressed in white, her  
favorite color. I find myself growing  
deeper in love, and am conscious of a  
firm determination to win her in spite of  
fate (Tom Burchard representing fate).  
In the woods at last, we find it deli-  
ciously cool. The bright green of the  
trees is very refreshing, and the hush  
and stillness is broken only by the  
twitter of the birds or the quick scam-  
per of an astonished squirrel.

After selecting what we consider a  
sufficiently secluded spot, the baskets  
are deposited on the soft carpet of moss,  
thickly studded with little acorns.

Lillian assists in spreading the table-  
cloth under a large tree, and every one  
frantically offers assistance. At  
last all is in readiness and we proceed  
to eat of the good things prepared for  
the occasion.

As a matter of course there are the  
usual number of mishaps common to  
lunches served in the open air. Salt is  
used in place of sugar; and a large  
spider is discovered seated contentedly  
on top of the chocolate cake, while it  
would be impossible to number the  
flies that embraced the opportunity to  
commit suicide in the milk and tea.

This only adds to the general hilar-  
ity; for what would a picnic be without  
these little mishaps?

At last lunch is at an end and the  
dishes are replaced in the baskets.

Some one suggests that we explore a

large cave at the top of a rather steep  
bluff on our left, and offers to lead the  
way if we will all promise to follow.

Of course we all agree, and are soon  
on our way.

The cave Tracy Kent has reference  
to is large enough to allow us to enter,  
so we follow Tracy, and find ourselves  
in a large, roomy space, dimly lighted  
by a ray of daylight that creeps in  
through the opening where we entered.

"There was an old miser once made  
this his home," said Tracy, "and the  
story goes that he died here all alone  
of starvation. Several years after his  
death, two hunters, on passing, stopped  
and entered. In one corner they found  
a little iron chest, open, and full of  
gold, and near it lay the skeleton of a  
man. And just as they attempted to  
lift the box and carry it away a deep  
voice said 'halt' and a tall ghost-like  
form advanced from—"

We do not wait for the remainder of  
the weird tale. There is a general  
rush for the opening where we entered,  
the girls all scream, and each tries to  
be the first one out.

Slipping my arm around Lillian  
I draw her closer to me,  
and bending my head, whisper:

"Don't be frightened, darling, I will  
take care of you."

But Lillian is very much frightened  
and clings to me convulsively, and I  
can feel her slight form tremble. I re-  
assure her with loving words, while my  
heart beats rapidly with the great  
pleasure I experience at having her so  
near and feeling that she does not re-  
pulse me.

It seems an eternity before it comes  
our turn to leave the cave, and Lillian  
draws a breath of intense relief when  
she finds herself in the open air again.

Once on the outside, every one laughs  
at the story that caused so much con-  
sternation in the cave, and all agree to  
a race back to the place where we left  
the baskets, and instantly start, at a  
quick pace down the rather steep hill-  
side.

"Let us rest here a little—it is so  
awfully hot," I suggest to Lillian, and  
we seat ourselves on a moss-covered  
stone, under the shadow of a large  
rock.

"Isn't it delightful here?" Lillian  
says, leaning back against the rock and  
removing her large shade hat.

The wind blows the curls back from  
her face, and the unusual excitement  
has deepened the roses in her cheeks.  
I instantly decide that she never looked  
prettier.

Without waiting to consider what I  
am about to say I clasp the little hands  
so near my own and press them to my  
lips. All I say is:

"O Lillian, my darling, I love you—  
I love you!"

Lillian does not look astonished, and  
she does not draw her hands away. My  
heart gives a tremendous thump and  
then stands still.

"Oh! Lilly, dear, can you not love me  
a little?"

"No, it is impossible," she answers,  
and for the first time a thought of Tom  
Burchard crosses my mind. "Of course,  
she loves Tom. What an idiot I am!"

"But," continues the soft voice,  
while the blue eyes I love, so well are  
raised to meet my own, "Frank, I can  
love you a great deal, if that will satisfy  
you."

Only an instant and she is in my  
arms, and I am assuring her that I am  
the happiest man in the world.

"And you do not love Tom?" I ask  
presently.

"What, Tom Burchard? Why, don't  
you know he is engaged to my  
cousin, Belle Earlford?"

"I certainly did not, I reply. "But  
am sure I wish him much happiness as  
long as it isn't my little girl he is en-  
gaged to. Oh! my darling, I was so  
jealous of Tom."

"I know it," says Lilly, demurely,  
then we both laugh.

The ride home by moonlight is thor-  
oughly enjoyed by all, and there are no  
troublesome questions to torment me.  
They are all satisfactorily answered at  
last, and I am happy. I not only love  
Lillian, but my darling loves me.

An instance of the value of photog-  
raphy in detecting the relative  
motion of stars is given by M. de  
Gothard. Comparison of a recent  
photograph with measures recorded by  
Vogel in 1857-60 appears to show that  
cluster 4,411 G. C. contains an elev-  
enth magnitude star which has changed  
its position relatively to the other  
stars to the extent of 23 seconds a  
year.



## Jenks' Dream.

Jenks had a queer dream the other night. He thought he saw a "prize-fighters" ring, and in the middle of it stood a doughty little champion who met and deliberately knocked over, one by one, a score or more of big, burly looking fellows, as they advanced to the attack. Giants as they were in size, the valiant pigmy proved more than a match for them. It was all so funny that Jenks woke up laughing. He accounts for the dream by the fact that he had just come to the conclusion, after trying nearly every big, drastic pill on the market, that Pierce's tiny Purgative Pills easily "knock out" and beat all the rest hollow!

## Growing Glaciers.

Conformably to the laws of advance and retreat of glaciers, it is said those in the Valley of Chamouix, Switzerland, are now beginning to advance. The lower extremity of the Glacier des Bossons is "not more than 3,000 feet above the level of the sea," and is going still lower. During the past three years this lower extremity "has advanced at the rate of fifty yards a year." It is said that "a grotto cut out of the ice in May, 1886, a quarter of a mile from the extremity, has moved down more than sixty yards.—New York Hour.

## A Woman's Sweet Will.

She is prematurely deprived of her charms of face and form, and made unattractive by the wasting effects of ailments and irregularities peculiar to her sex. To check this drain upon not only her strength and health, but upon her amiable qualities as well, is her first duty. This is safely and speedily accomplished by a course of self-treatment with Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, a nervine and tonic of wonderful efficacy, and prepared especially for the alleviation of those suffering from "dragging-down" pains, sensations of nausea, and weakness incident to women—a boon to her sex. Druggists.

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Dr. J. S. Compas, Owensville, Ohio, says: "I have given Scott's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil with Hypophosphites to four patients with better results than seemed possible with any remedy. All were hereditary cases of Lung disease, and advanced to that stage when Coughs, pain in the chest, frequent breathing, frequent pulse, fever and Emaciation. All these cases have increased in weight from 16 to 28 lbs., and are not now needing any medicine."

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Is one of the most distressing affections; and people who are its victims deserve sympathy. But the great success Hood's Sarsaparilla has had in curing sick headache makes it seem almost foolish to allow the trouble to continue. By its tonic and invigorating effect upon the digestive organs, Hood's Sarsaparilla readily gives relief when headache arises from indigestion; and in neuralgic conditions by building up the debilitated system, Hood's Sarsaparilla removes the cause, and hence overcomes the difficulty.

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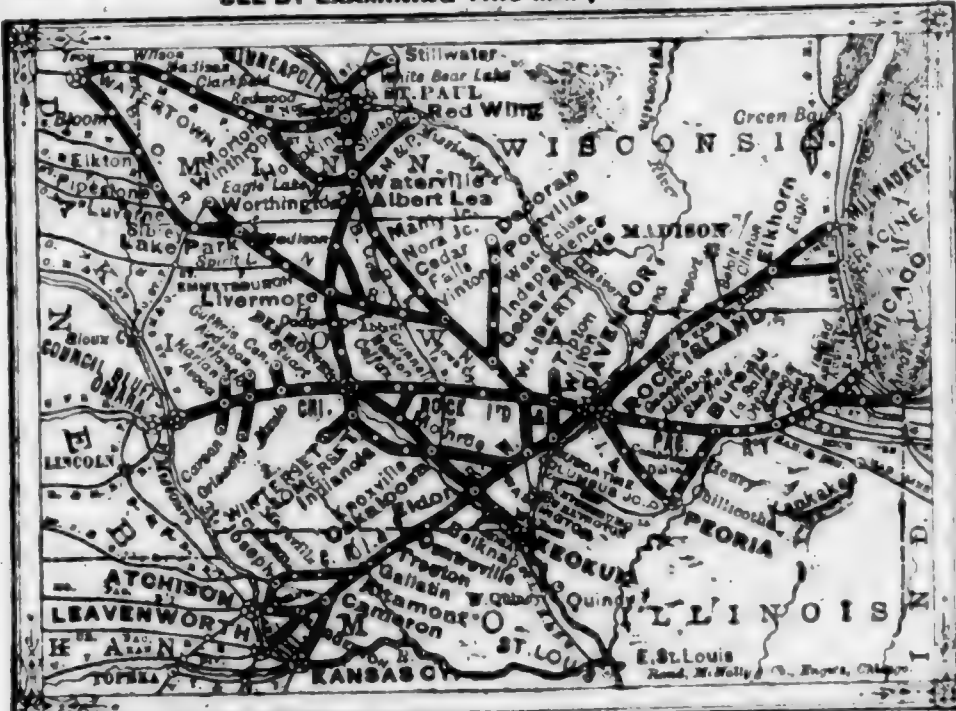


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# BY TELEGRAPH.

## EVENTS OF A WEEK.

### THE OLD WORLD.

—Having made his way safely out of Persia, where he had been long detained, Ayoub Khan is now seeking help among the border tribes to seize the Afghan throne. The present Amier has recently subdued a powerful and extended insurrection, and will probably be able to take care of his old enemy, Ayoub, if the latter gets an army in the field.

—The proposed evictions on the Ponsonby estates in Ireland have been abandoned. Under the provisions of the land act twenty-six of the Ponsonby tenants are protected and cannot be evicted.

—A riot with loss of life occurred at Mitchellstown, Ireland, at a meeting in the public square. A Government stenographer being defended by the police, a mob repulsed the latter, and several were severely injured. Being reinforced, the police returned and fired six shots, killing two men instantly and injuring others.

—The Spanish Government has ordered the release of Mr. Doane, the American missionary at the Caroline Islands, who was lately arrested by the Spanish authorities there, and imprisoned at Manila.

—Mr. O'Brien, who was not present at the Mitchellstown battle, was arrested in Dublin under the coercion act.

—The police at Mitchellstown, Ireland, paraded the day after the battle. A dispatch says "a majority of them wore bandages over the wounds they received." Fourteen of the more seriously injured were in the hospital, and did not turn out to exhibit the bandage used instead of laurels in that part of the world.

—Mr. Sexton, in the House of Commons, challenged the Government to justify its action in the Mitchellstown affray. Mr. Balfour replied to the effect that the attack on the police had been brutal and unprovoked. T. P. Gill, M. P., in a lengthened description of the riots, shows that the police were wholly to blame for the fatal affray. —The interference of the troops was an unwarrantable outrage.

### PERSONAL NOTES.

—William Aiken, who was Governor of South Carolina in 1844, and served three terms in Congress prior to 1857, died near Charleston, aged eighty-one. He owned more slaves than other men in the State before the war, but opposed secession.

—At the Rock County (Wis.) fair, held at Janesville, Miss Abbie Ferris and Mr. G. A. Crossman were married in the presence of 5,000 people. The young people received very many presents.

—N. L. Brown, a traveling salesman for a Cincinnati clothing-house, committed suicide at Quincy, Ill., where his family reside.

—Mr. Lothrop, United States Minister to Russia, has not resigned, reports to the contrary notwithstanding. He says he will spend the winter in St. Petersburg.

### FINANCIAL AND INDUSTRIAL.

—The Wisconsin Leather Company, Milwaukee, the oldest of the kind in the West, yielded to a pressure of judgments Monday and went under. The liabilities are said to be \$400,000. No statements of the assets can be made yet. Mr. E. K. Miller was appointed receiver.

—Dispatches from New Haven, Ct., report the failure of E. S. Wheeler & Co., importers of iron, steel, etc., with liabilities of \$2,000,000. The house has branches in several cities, Chicago among the number.

—The Charles Stewart Paper Company, of Cincinnati, has failed. The assets are about \$75,000, while the liabilities are figured at \$100,000.

THE business failures in the United States for the week, according to R. G. Dun & Co., numbered 153, and for Canada 22—together 174, against 149 the previous week.

—A receiver has taken charge of the business of Colby, Duncan & Co., piano manufacturers at New York, whose liabilities are said to be about \$175,000.

—F. C. Davenport, dealer in metals at Boston, Mass., has made an assignment, his embarrassment being caused by the failure of E. S. Wheeler & Co., of New Haven. Davenport's liabilities are figured at \$100,000.

—Chipman & Holt, extensive coal dealers of Philadelphia, Pa., have failed, the disaster being due to the assignments of Charles E. Pennock & Co. and Robert Hare Powell & Co. The assets are \$288,000, and the liabilities \$217,000.

—Assignments have been made by Thomas

Flourney, Jr., tobaccoist, at Richmond, Va., and by Bessette, Lefort & Co., of Montreal. The latter owe \$60,000, while Flourney's liabilities are placed at \$50,000.

### POLITICAL POINTS.

—Nine hundred and twenty-five delegates attended the Massachusetts Prohibition State Convention at Worcester. A telegram was sent to Neal Dow, giving the number present and saying: "Cheer up, old man, your children are growing to a mighty height." The convention made the following nominations:

For Governor, W. H. Earle, of Worcester; for Lieutenant Governor, Dr. John Blackmer, of Springfield; for Secretary of State, Amos E. Hall, of Chelsea; for Treasurer, J. H. Kilborn, of Lee; for Attorney General, Allen Coffin, of Nantucket; for Auditor, E. N. Stowe.

The platform accuses the liquor men of bribing Legislatures and murdering its opponents; declares against licensing and local options; insists on the necessity of a third party; declares that the Democratic party makes no pretensions in the direction of prohibition, and that the Republican party does nothing else, and, in conclusion, it demands the immediate repeal of all license laws and the submission of a constitutional prohibition amendment to the people. The committee reported a plank demanding the ballot for women. This created the only exciting episode of the day, and, after a hot discussion, and in order to compromise with the anti-woman suffragists, the plank was modified to the extent that the Legislature should submit the question of municipal suffrage to women.

—The State Convention of the Union Labor and Greenback party of Pennsylvania was held at Williamsport. The platform of the Union Labor party adopted at Cincinnati in February last was unanimously adopted, as was also a resolution denouncing the alleged utter disregard by corporations of the provisions of the State Constitution. Charles S. Keyser, of Philadelphia, was nominated for Supreme Court Judge, and H. D. Bunker, of Hollidaysburg, for State Treasurer.

—Washington telegram: "The announcement of the final determination of ex-Governor Porter, of Tennessee, to resign his position as First Assistant Secretary of State creates a commotion in political circles at Washington, since it has become publicly known that his retirement is impelled as a consequence of long standing strained relations between Secretary Bayard and himself. Governor Porter's friends are outspoken in their indignation at the shabby way in which they allege he has been treated, and assert that the true cause of the trouble lies in the fact that Gov. Porter has made friends for the administration, while Secretary Bayard has seriously embarrassed the President, on various occasions, and lost many friends both to the Democratic party and himself. This, they say, aroused Secretary Bayard's jealousy, and hence Gov. Porter has been shorn of his official authority until he had no alternative but to resign."

—Seven out of nine Missouri counties Wednesday voted in favor of local option. There are now thirty pronounced prohibition counties in that State.

### FIRES AND ACCIDENTS.

—Cheboygan (Mich.) special: "A boat from Detroit brings the report that the schooner Niagara, of the Australasia's tow, broke her tow-line eleven miles from Whitefish Point in a terrible storm, and foundered with all hands, thirteen in number, including the Captain's wife and family. The Niagara rolled heavily, opened out, and disappeared after breaking loose. She was laden with ore. The boat was commanded by Capt. Clements, and ore-laden from Ashland to Ashland."

—A dispatch from St. John's, N. F., says: "Reports daily arriving from all parts of the country go to show that the gale of the 26th of August was one that will long be remembered for the loss of life and extent of damage sustained from it. Several large vessels went ashore on Dog Island, near St. Pierre, and in many cases became total wrecks. One hundred thousand dollars will not cover the extent of damage to property sustained by Newfoundland vessels that were on the banks during the storm. Dories swept away, anchors shipped and burst, sails split and torn, lines, twines, and trawls lost and abandoned is the daily report, and many a vessel arriving has the sadder record of loss of life."

—A spark from an engine ignited the bedding of a car-load of fine cattle, en route from Clinton, Ill., to the Atlanta fair. Most of the animals were roasted to death. The others were frightfully burned, and had to be put to death.

—The railroad shops, machinery, etc., of the Milwaukee road at Yankton, Dakota, have been burned. Loss, \$60,000.

—A terrible accident is reported from Needmore, Tenn. The Rev. J. M. Carter and Dr. Logan were to speak there in favor of prohibition. When they arrived they found a big

revival in progress and did not speak. The revival was conducted in a two-story church building, the upper floor being used for church purposes and the lower floor for school purposes. There was an immense audience in the upper story listening attentively to the exhortation of the minister, when the rear end of the floor gave way with a crash, carrying sixty or seventy people with it. The fall was thirteen feet, and hardly one person escaped injury. Two or three were mortally hurt.

—The new railroad round-house, machine-shops, and five locomotives were burned at Lewiston, Pa. Loss, \$65,000.

—In Montreal, Porter's tannery and boot factory and an adjoining tenement-house were burned. Loss, \$200,000.

—Five large saw-mills were burned in Minneapolis, causing an aggregate loss of \$250,000.

### THE CRIMINAL RECORD.

—John Thomas Ross was executed in the jail at Baltimore on Friday. On Dec. 10 Ross beat to death an old white woman named Emily Brown, and sold her body to a medical college for \$15. He confessed the murder, but threw the blame upon Anderson Perry, who, he claimed, had made him drunk and induced him to commit the crime. Upon being placed on trial Ross was convicted. Perry was acquitted, but narrowly escaped lynching at the hands of the infuriated Baltimore colored people.

—Shade Sunshine, a Cherokee Indian, was hanged in the national prison-yard at Talequah, Indian Territory. He was convicted of the murder of Long John, in Sequoyah District, Christmas night. He showed no signs of fear, and was nery to the last. He spoke from the scaffold, gave a short history of the crime, acknowledged the same, and thought he did not get justice in the trial.

—A special dispatch from Leavenworth, in Southern Indiana, says:

James Wilson, an aged farmer of Crawford County, was the victim of a cowardly outrage by the White Cap. regulators, being brutally whipped by a party, one of whom is said to be his own son. The young man expressed a desire to join the White Caps, and his father opposing, they got into an altercation and parted in anger. The son told some of the members of the vicious organization of the cause of the trouble, and they took the old gentleman from his house, tied him to a tree, and gave him a terrible whipping. Wilson has left the country, and claims that his son was one of the desperadoes who abused him so shamefully. Hildebrand, another old farmer, was whipped severely a few days ago, but was unwilling to complain on account of the disgrace. He was waited upon the next night and forced to write a communication to the county paper, giving the details of the whipping. No effort appears to be making to stop the outrages.

—The Grand Jury at Chicago has indicted Dra. St. John and Dell, Captain John Irwin, of the schooner E. Blake, and Captain John Freer, of the schooner George Marsh, for assisting McGarigle to escape.

—The trial of the Bald-Knobbars at Jefferson City, Mo., came to an end by the defendants agreeing to plead guilty to all of the indictments.

—The Grand Jury at Morris, Ill., refused by a vote of 18 to 5 to return an indictment against Miss Sarah Dodge, charged with the murder of Walter S. Babcock, the Chicago lumber dealer.

### MISCELLANEOUS NOTES.

—A special from Warsaw, Ind., says: "Chaplain C. C. McCabe, Secretary of the Board of Missions of the Methodist Episcopal Church, has received in behalf of the board the largest private donation ever made to that body or for missions in the history of the church. The gift consists of property in Warsaw valued at \$130,000, and the donors are Elijah Hayes and wife. The property comprises their entire possessions. Mr. Hayes asked only an annuity of \$300, which, however, was made \$1,000. The deed provides that the board shall have for fifty years the rents and profits of the property, and at the end of that time it shall be at the disposal of the board. Mr. and Mrs. Hayes are aged, and have no heirs."

—Reports have been received at the Department of State from Chili to the effect that cholera is spreading rapidly in that country.

—The steel stern-post and stem of the new Government cruiser now being built at San Francisco have been cast. The stem weighs 16,000 pounds, and is said to be the largest casting ever made in America.

—The signal-service weather crop bulletin for last week says corn is reported as harvested and below the average in Nebraska, as out of danger from frost in Minnesota, and more rain needed for late corn in Central and Western Kansas; cutting is in progress in Michigan. Pastures are reported good from Nebraska, as improved in Minnesota, Michigan, and Northern Illinois, and as dried up in Southern Illinois. Light frosts are reported to have injured sweet potatoes in Northwestern North Carolina and as having occurred in Northern Illinois. Killing frosts were reported from Central Minnesota, Upper Michigan, and Northern Vermont.

M. T. BISHOP,

—DEALER IN—

LUMBER, LIME,

—LATH—

SHINGLES,

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Large Stock and Low Prices. Yard Near Depot, St. Joe, Ind.

J. F. WALKER,

MAKER AND DEALER IN

Harness, Collars,

WHIPS, HARNESS OIL &c.

ST. JOE, IND.

Repairing done promptly. Prices as low as the lowest. Call and see.



WILLIAM CURIE,

PROPRIETOR OF

MEAT MARKET

ST. JOE, IND.

Highest market price paid for Hides, Tallow &c. Give me a call.

F. A. ZEIGLER,

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COLLARS, WHIPS,

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HARNESS OIL &c.

Prices the Lowest. All work guaranteed. Call and see me.

Blacksmith

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Repair Shop.

Having secured the services of an experienced workman, I am now prepared to do all kinds of Blacksmithing and Repairing in a first-class manner. Special attention given to repairing machinery. Give me a call. Prices reasonable.

A. W. Hall, St. Joe.



# THE ST. JOE NEWS.

VOL. I.

ST. JOE, IND., FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 23, 1887.

NO. 35.

## Churches.

### DISCIPLE.

SERVICES every alternate Sunday evening, in the Lutheran church. Cottage prayer meeting every Friday evening.

J. A. THOMAS, PASTOR.

### METHODIST PROTESTANT.

SERVICES every alternate Sunday at 10:30 A. M. Prayer meeting every Tuesday evening. Sunday School at 9:30 A. M.

J. M. LANGLEY, PASTOR.

### EVANGELICAL LUTHERAN.

SERVICES every Sunday, one Sunday in the morning at 10:30, and the following Sunday in the evening. Prayer meeting every Thursday evening. Sunday School at 9:30 A. M.

S. P. FRYBERGER, PASTOR.

## Societies.

### G. A. R.

REGULAR meetings on Saturday evening on or before the full moon of each month, at their hall over Leighty's store.

O. H. WIDNEY, COMMANDER.

J. M. MILLIMAN, ADJUTANT.

## Business Notices.

H. W. BOWMAN, M. D., Physician and Surgeon, St. Joe, Ind. Office opposite the Drugstore.

ST. JOE HOTEL, Wm. Leighty, proprietor. Special attention given to furnishing teams for commercial men.

B. S. SHEFFER, M. D., Physician and Surgeon, St. Joe, Ind. Prompt and careful attention to all business entrusted to his care.

ST. JOE BARBER SHOP, one door west of hotel, Will Gee, proprietor. Satisfaction guaranteed. Your patronage is solicited.

FILLEY, LOUNSBERRY AND SHULER, proprietors of the St. Joe Saw and Planing Mill. All work promptly done. Cash paid for Oak Logs.

CITY BARBER SHOP, St. Joe, Ind. John Hull, proprietor. Shaving, Hair Cutting &c. done in the best of style. Come and see me. Two doors west of Kinsey's Furniture Store.

SIMON WINELAND, proprietor St. Joe Handle and Feed Mills. Feed grinding a speciality. Highest prices paid for second growth White Ash. Enquire at the mill for full particulars.

## INDIANA STATE NEWS.

—W. J. Gronert, leader of C. G. Conn's famous Trumpet Note band, of Elkhart, is one of those who experienced the executive clemency of Queen Victoria, of England, in her recent decree that those who had deserted from her military service before a certain time should be pardoned the offense and allowed to enter England again, should they desire to do so. As a lad Mr. Gronert was in the Queen's service, and while in China, before he had attained his majority, he decided to desert, and did so, stowing himself away on a vessel. When the craft had been at sea three days he appeared on the deck in his uniform, very much to the astonishment of the crew, which happened to be Dutch, not one of them being able to speak a word of English. They threatened to throw him overboard, but he finally induced them to abandon their design, and by the aid of his clarinet he soon made friends of them. After a six months' voyage he landed in San Francisco, and went thence to New York. Since his arrival he has never dared return to England, and when the Queen issued her declaration that all whose desertion ante-dated a certain time would be pardoned, if they would apply to her before a stated period, he made application, and has just received his parchment granting him full pardon. He is very anxious to visit his parents, and will do so soon.

—The skeleton of a mastodon was found on the banks of Silver Creek, about five miles from Jeffersonville, recently. John Jacobs and William Crawley were fishing at a point on the creek when the latter discovered what he thought to be the branch of a tree lying on the ground. An attempt to cut it with a pen-knife proved that it was bone. This aroused the curiosity of the fishermen, and, procuring a spade, they began digging underneath the spot where the bone had been found. At a depth of about four feet they came upon what is undoubtedly the skeleton of one of the largest mastodons ever unearthed. It was in a tolerable good state of preservation, considering the great lapse of time since it was buried there, but contact with the air caused it to crumble, and many of the bones were thus lost. The tusks are broken off, but still measure about four feet in length and sixteen inches in circumference at the largest part. The bones are very black from long contact with the moist ground, and it is estimated that they have lain there many centuries. It has not yet been decided what disposition will be made of the remains of this relic of the dark ages, but it will probably be placed in the museum at the Borden Institute.

—John Nutt, a helper working on the new government building at Fort Wayne, was instantly killed by a falling derrick. It is said that Nutt, whose duty it was to see that the derrick ropes were properly secured, either forgot or neglected to fasten the guy-rope, and while engaged with others in swinging a heavy stone, weighing a ton, into position, the derrick, not being properly supported, toppled over. The unfortunate man was dragged with it, being precipitated sixty feet to the ground, resulting in instant death.

—The City Council of Fort Wayne ordered the condemnation and purchase of the canal feeder for the purpose of supplying the city with water. S. C. Lumbard, H. C. Graffe, and J. L. Gruber were appointed Commissioners to have charge of the condemnation and purchase of the property, and will commence their work at once. The feeder is five miles long and intersects the St. Joe River five miles north of the city, and when repaired and cleaned will give the city an unfailing supply of good, pure water.

—D. J. Mackey, President of the Mackey system of railroads, was interviewed at Evansville recently, in regard to the corn

crop in Southern Indiana. He said he had traveled some 600 miles, going right into the field and examining corn, and he is of the opinion the average yield will not be over fifteen bushels to the acre. Streams are dry, and fields are dusty. He believes corn will be scarce and high this year.

—Joseph Allen, residing near Eckerty, was killed by a tree falling upon him. He had chopped two trees, both of which lodged against a larger one, and while felling the latter, one of the lodged ones fell upon him, breaking his neck and breaking his back in numerous places, killing him instantly. Friends found him within ten minutes after the accident.

—The One Hundred and Fifteenth Regiment Indiana Volunteers has formed an association. Ex-Lieutenant Governor Hanna was chosen President, and W. Edgman, of Portland Mills, Secretary. Comrades are requested to send their names and addresses to the latter, in order that a complete roster may be made.

—Hepry Dickman, aged about thirty-five years, employed by the Enterprise Stone Works, at Vincennes, was run down by a north-bound Evansville & Terre Haute train and had his head and right arm severed from his body. He was on his way to Brazil, Ind., to join his wife.

—Dr. J. R. Harrold, of Dundee, while returning from the Warren fair, attempted to pass a team. His team made a lunge and the rig was tumbled over an embankment. The doctor has a broken arm and is otherwise seriously, perhaps fatally, injured.

—The little 2-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. McCoy, who had just removed to Kokomo from Tipton, fell through the Panhandle Railroad bridge that crosses Sycamore street, a distance of twenty feet, and received injuries that will prove fatal.

—At a special election held at Seymour the proposition to establish a system of water-works was carried by a majority of 340. A small vote was polled.

—The great weight upon the fourth floor of a building in Indianapolis caused it to fall, carrying down the third and second, causing a loss of \$20,000. The floors were occupied by the Steel Pulley Company, Ewald, Murphy, Hilben & Company.

—A young unmarried man, William Allen, aged 23, was struck by a belt at Hanna's saw-mill in Chelsea, Monroe Township, Jefferson County. His skull was fractured and he will die.

—George Smith, living near Logansport, threw a club at a cow and hit his 4-year-old girl on the head, tearing off the scalp.

—Elijah Hayes and wife, old people without heirs, of Warsaw, have deeded lands of an annual value of \$5,000, the profits to be used in the foreign mission work of the M. E. Church.

—Valentine Dobski, a painter employed at the Studebaker Works, South Bend, was run over and killed by a train on the Lake Shore Road.

—At Greensburg, William Baker was sentenced to four years in the penitentiary on his confession that he burned the barn of Jesse Heon.

—Frank J. Walker was crushed to death by cars at Dublin.

—Charles Collins, of Fort Wayne, brakeman on the Fort Wayne and Chicago, was killed at Chicago by being crushed between cars.

—The Hendricks Monument Committee have agreed to advertise for new designs for a monument to cost not more than \$15,000.

—The tenth annual reunion of the Seventh Indiana Volunteers will be held at Franklin, Oct. 20.

—The fourth reunion of the Thirty-sixth Indiana Infantry will be held at Muncie Oct. 6.

—Nate Campbell shot and killed himself near Shelbyville.

# MONEY

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Interest only once a year. We charge no commission. You can pay any part or all of the loan at any time. You can keep the money as long as you please if the interest is promptly paid. For further particulars call on or address

W. C. Patterson,  
ST. JOE, IND.

## Ho for Arkansas!

## Cheap Homes for Everybody!

In a high, healthy, rich land country. On the 15th of September and the 1st of October there will be excursions from this place to that point at a very low rate of fare. For full information in regard to these excursions call on A. B. Coburn, Real Estate Agent, St. Joe, Ind. Office with Dr. Sheffer, one door east of Drugstore.

GO to the News Office, St. Joe for all kinds of Printing. All work done promptly, and at the lowest prices. Give us a call.

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HOUSE PAINTING, Graining, Glazing Paper Hanging and Ceiling Decorating a specialty. All work guaranteed. B. A. Woodcox. Call and see me, or leave orders at the St. Joe Drugstore.



## THE PRIME MINISTER.

Rev. Dr. Talmage's Sermon at the Brooklyn Tabernacle.

Every Man is Finally Valued at His Real Worth: Rising to High Position Through Public Abuse. The World Must Honor Christian Character.

BROOKLYN, September 18.—After being closed for some weeks for improvements and enlargements, the Brooklyn Tabernacle was opened to-day. The same overwhelming throngs were in attendance as before. The congregation sang with great effect the hymn:

Behold Jehovah's awful throne,  
Ye nations bow with awed awe,  
Know that the Lord is God alone,  
He can create and He can destroy.

After explaining appropriate passages of Scripture Dr. Talmage took his text from Genesis xli. 11: "And Pharaoh said unto Joseph: See, I have set thee over all the land of Egypt." The subject of the sermon was "The Prime Minister." Dr. Talmage said:

You cannot keep a good man down. God has decreed for him a certain elevation to which he must attain. He will bring him through, though it cost him 1,000 worlds. There are men constantly in trouble lest they shall not be appreciated. Every man comes in the end to be valued at just what he is worth. How often you see men turn out all their forces to crush one man or set of men. How do they succeed? No better than did the government that tried to crush Joseph, a Scripture character or upon which we speak to-day. It would be an insult to suppose that you were not all familiar with the life of Joseph: how his jealous brothers threw him into the pit, but, seeing a caravan of Arabian merchants moving along on their camels with spices and gums that loaded the air with aroma, sold their brother to these merchants, who carried him down into Egypt; how Joseph was sold to Potiphar, a man of influence and office; how by integrity he raised himself to high position in the realm, until under the false charge of a vile wretch he was hurled into the penitentiary; how by the interpretation of Pharaoh's dream he was freed and became the chief man in the government—the Bismarck of the nation; how in time of famine Joseph had control of a storehouse which he had filled during the seven years of plenty; how when his brothers, who had thrown him into the pit and sold him into captivity, applied for corn, he sent them home with their beasts borne down under the beft of the corn sacks; how the sin against their brother, which had so long been hid, came out at last, and was returned by that brother's forgiveness and kindness, an illustrious triumph of Christian principle.

Learn from this story in the first place that the world is compelled to honor Christian character. Potiphar was only a man of the world, yet Joseph rose in his estimation until all the affairs of that great house were committed to his charge. From this servant no honors or confidences were withheld. When Joseph was in prison he soon won the heart of the keeper, and, though placed there for being a scoundrel, he soon convinced the jailer that he was an innocent and trustworthy man, and, released from close confinement, he became a general superintendent of prison affairs. Wherever Joseph was placed, whether a servant in the house of Potiphar or a prisoner in the penitentiary, he became the first man everywhere, and is an illustration of the truth I lay down that the world is compelled to honor Christian character.

There are those who affect to despise a religious life. They speak of it as a system of phylotomy, by which a man is bled of all his courage and nobility. They say he has beheaded himself. They pretend to have no more confidence in him since his conversion than before his conversion. But all that is hypocrisy. It is impossible for any man not to admire and confide in a Christian who shows that he has really become a child of God and is what he professes to be. You cannot despise a son or a daughter of the Lord God Almighty. Of course half and half religious character wins no approbation. Redwald, the King of the Saxons, after Christian baptism had two altars, one for the worship of God and the other for the sacrifice of devils. You may have a contempt for such men for mere pretension religion, but when you behold the excellency of Jesus Christ come out in the life of one of his disciples, all that there is good and noble in your soul rises up into admiration. Though that Christian be as far beneath you in estate as the Egyptian slave of whom we are discussing, by an irrevocable law of our nature Potiphar and Pharaoh will always esteem Joseph. Chrysostom, when threatened with death by Eudoxia, the Empress, sent word to her saying: "Go tell her that I fear nothing but sin." Such nobility of character will always be applauded. There was something in Agrippa and Felix which demanded their respect for Paul, the rebel against government. I doubt not they would willingly have yielded their office and dignity for the thousandth part of that true heroism which beamed in the eye and beat in the heart of the unconquerable

Apostle. The infidel and wofling are compelled to honor in their hearts, though they may not eulogize with their lips, a Christian firm in persecution, cheerful in poverty, trustful in losses, triumphant in death. I had Christian men in all professions and occupations, and I find them respected, and honored, and successful. John Frederick Oberlin alleviating ignorance and distress, John Howard passing from dungeon to lazaretto, with healing for the body and the soul, Elizabeth Frye coming to the profligate of Newgate prison to shake down their obduracy as the angel came to their prison, Philip, driving open the doors and snapping locks and chains, as well as the lives of thousands of the followers of Jesus who have devoted themselves to the temporal and spiritual welfare of the race, are monuments of the Christian religion that shall not crumble while the world lasts. A man in the cars said: "I would like to become a Christian if I only knew what religion is. But if this lying and cheating and bad behavior among men who profess to be good is religion, I want none of it." But, my friends, if I am an artist in Rome and a man comes to me and asks me what the art of painting is I must not show him the dabb of some mere pretender. I will take him to the Raphael and the Michael Angelo. It is most unfair and dishonest to take the ignominious failures in Christian profession instead of the glorious successes. The Bible and the church are great picture galleries filled with masterpieces.

Furthermore, we learn from this story of Joseph that the results of persecution is elevation. Had it not been for his being sold into Egyptian bondage by his malicious brothers and his false imprisonment Joseph never would have become Prime Minister. Everybody accepts the promise: "Blessed are they that are persecuted for righteousness sake, for theirs is the kingdom of Heaven;" but they do not realize the fact that this principle applies to worldly as well as spiritual success. It is true in all departments. Had it not been for the machines who brought impeachment against Demosthenes, the immortal orator, the Corona would never have been delivered. Men rise to high political position through misrepresentation and the assault of the public. Public abuse is all that some of our public men have had to rely upon for their elevation. It has brought to them what talent and executive force could never have achieved. Many of those who are making great effort for place and power will never succeed just because they are not of enough importance to be abused. It is the nature of man to gather about those who are persecuted and defend them, and they are apt to forget the faults of those who are the subjects of attack while attempting to drive back their slanderers. Helen Stirk, a Scotch martyr condemned with her husband to death for Christ's sake, said to her husband: "Rejoice, we have lived together many joyous days, but this day wherein we must die together ought to be most joyful to us both. Therefore I will bid you good-night, for soon we shall meet in the heavenly kingdom." By the flash of the furnace best Christian character is demonstrated.

Go into another department, and I find that those great denominations of Christians which have been most abused have spread the most rapidly. No good man was ever more vilely maligned than John Wesley. His followers were hooted at and maligned, and called by every detestable name that infernal incunabula could invent, but the hotter the persecution the more rapid the spread of that denomination, until you know what a great host they have become and what a tremendous force for God and the truth they are wielding all the world over. It was persecution that gave Scotland to Presbyterianism. It was persecution which gave our own land first to civil liberty and afterward to religious freedom. Yes, I may go further back and say it was persecution that gave the world the great salvation of the Gospel. The ribald mockery, the hungering and thirsting, the unjust trial and ignominious death where all the force of hell's fury was hurled against the cross, was the introduction of that religion which is yet to be the earth's deliverance from guilt and suffering, and her everlasting enticement among the principalities of Heaven. The State has sometimes said to the church: "Come let me take your hand and I will help you." What has been the result? The church has gone back and has lost its estate of holiness and has become ineffective. At other times the State has said to the church: "I will crush you." What has been the result? After the storms have spent their fury, the church, so far from having lost any of its force, has increased and is worth infinitely more after the assault than before it. The church is far more indebted to the opposition of civil government than to its approval. The fires of the stake have only been the torches which Christ held in His hand, by the light of which the church has marched to her present position. In the sound of racks and implements of torture I hear the rumbling of the wheels of the Gospel chariot. Scaffolds of martyrdom have been the stairs by which the church has ascended. "Aqua fortis is the best test of pure gold."

Furthermore, our subject impresses us that sins will come to exposure. Long ago had these brothers sold Joseph

into Egypt. They had suppressed the crime, and it was a profound secret well kept by the brothers. But suddenly the secret is out. The old father hears that his son is in Egypt, having been sold there by the malice of his own brothers. How their cheeks must have burned and their hearts sunk at the flaming out of this suppressed crime. The smallest iniquity has a thousand tongues and they will blab out an exposure. Saul was sent to destroy the Canaanites, their sheep and their oxen. But when he got down there, among the pastures he saw some fine sheep and oxen too fat to kill, and so he thought he would steal them. He drove them toward home, but stopped to report to the prophet how well he had executed the commission, when in the distance the sheep began to bleat and the oxen to bellow. The secret was out and Saul's task to the blushing and confounded Saul: "What means the bleating of the sheep that I hear and the bellowing of the cattle?" Aye, my hearers, you cannot keep an iniquity quiet. At just the wrong time the sheep will bleat and the oxen will bellow. Achan cannot steal the Babylonish garment without getting stoned to death, nor Benedict Arnold betray his country without having his neck stretched. Look over the public arrests, these thieves, these burglars, these adulterers, these counterfeiters, these highwaymen, these assassins! They all thought they could bury their iniquity so deep down that it would never come to resurrection. But there was some shoe that answered to the print in the sand, some false key found in possession, some bloody knife that whispered of the deed, and the public indignation, and the anathema of outraged law hurled him into the Tombs or hoisted him on the gallows. At the close of the battle between the Dauphin of France and the Helvetians, Bufchard Monk was so elated with the victory that he lifted his helmet to look off upon the field, when a wounded soldier hurled a stone that struck his uncovered forehead and he fell. Sin will always leave some point exposed, and there is no safety in iniquity. Francis I., King of France, was discussing how it was best to get his army into Italy. Amaril, the court fool, sprang out from the corner and said to the King and his staff officers: "You had better be thinking how you will get your army back out of Italy after once you have entered." In other words, it is easier for us to get into sin than to get out of it. Whitefield was riding on horseback in a lonely way with some missionary money in a sack fastened to the saddle bags. A highwayman sprang out from the thicket and put his hand out toward the gold, when Whitefield turned upon him and said: "That belongs to the Lord Jesus Christ; touch it if you dare," and the villain fell back empty handed into the thicket. Oh, the power of conscience! If offended, it becomes God's an-aging minister. Do not think that you can hide any great and protracted sin in your hearts. In an unguarded moment in will slip off of the lip, or some slight occasion may for a moment set ajar this door of hell that you wanted to keep closed. But suppose that in this life you hide it, and you get along with that transgression burning in your heart, as a ship on fire within for days may hinder the flame from bursting out by keeping down the hatchways; yet at last, in the judgment, that iniquity will blaze out before the throne of God and the universe.

Furthermore, learn from this subject the inseparable connection between all events, however remote. Lord Hastings was beheaded one year after he had caused the death of the queen's children, in the very month, the very day, the very hour and the very moment. There is wonderful precision in the Divine judgments. The universe is only one thought of God. Those things which seem fragmentary and isolated are only different parts of that one great thought. How far apart seemed those two events—Joseph sold to the Arabian merchants and the rulership of Egypt. Yet you see in what a mysterious way God connected the two in one plan. So all events are linked together. You who are aged can look back and group together a thousand things in your life that once seemed isolated. "One unbroken chain of events reached from the garden of Eden to the cross of Calvary, and thus up to Heaven. There is a relation between the smallest insect that hums in the summer air and the archangel on his throne; God can trace a direct ancestral line from the blue jay that last spring built its nest in a tree behind the house, to some one of that flock of birds which, when Noah hoisted the ark's window, with a whirl and dash of bright wings went out to sing over Mt. Ararat. The tulips that bloomed this summer in the flower bed were nursed by last winter's snow flakes. The furthest star on one side the universe could not look to the furthest star on the other side and say: "You are no relation to me;" for from that bright orb a voice of light would ring across the heavens responding: "Yes, yes; we are sisters." Sir Sidney Smith in prison was playing lawn tennis in the yard and the ball flew over the wall. Another ball containing letters was thrown back, and so communication was opened with the outside world, and Sidney Smith escaped in time to defeat Bonaparte's Egyptian expedition. What a small accident connected with what a vast result! Sir Robert Peel, from a pattern he drew on the back of a pewter dinner plate, got suggestions of

that which led to the important invention by which calico is printed. Nothing in God's universe swings at both ends. Accidents are only God's way of turning a leaf in the book of his eternal decrees. From our cradle to our grave there is a path all marked out. Each event in our life is connected with every other event in our life. Our loss may be the most direct road to our gain. Our defeat and victories are twin brothers. The whole direction of your life was changed by something which at the time seemed to you a trifle, while some occurrence which seemed tremendous affected you but little. The Rev. Dr. Kennedy, of Fisking Ridge, N. J., went into his pulpit one Sabbath and by a strange freak of memory forgot his subject and forgot his text, and in great embarrassment rose before his audience and announced the circumstance and declared himself entirely unable to preach; then launched forth in a few earnest words of entreaty and warning which resulted in the outbursting of the mightiest revival of religion ever known in that State, a revival of religion that resulted in churches still standing and in the conversion of a large number of men who entered the Gospel ministry who have brought their thousands into the kingdom of God. God's plans are magnificent beyond all comprehension. He turns and directs us, and we know it not. Thousands of years are to him but as the flight of a shuttle. The most terrible occurrence does not make God tremble, and the most triumphant achievement does not lift him into nature. That one great thought of God goes on through the centuries, and nations rise and fall and eras pass, and the world itself changes, but God still keeps the undivided mastery, linking event to event and century to century. To God they are all one event, one history, one plan, one development, one system. Great and marvelous are thy works, Lord God Almighty.

Furthermore, we learn from this story the propriety of laying up for the future. During seven years of plenty Joseph prepared for the famine, and when it came he had a crowded storehouse. The life of most men in a worldly respect is divided into years of plenty and famine. It is seldom that any man passes through life without at least seven years of plenty. During these seven prosperous years your business bears a rich harvest. You hardly know where all the money comes from, it comes so fast. Every bargain you make seems to turn into gold. You contract few bad debts. You are astounded with large dividends. You invest more and more capital. You wonder how men can be content with a small business, gathering in only \$100 where you reap your thousands. These are the seven years of plenty. Now, Joseph, is the time to prepare for famine, for to almost every man there do come seven years of famine.

Finally, learn from this subject that in every famine there is a storehouse. Up the long row of building, piled to the very roof with corn, come the hungry multitudes, and Joseph commanded that their sacks and their wagons be filled. The world has been blasted. Every green thing has withered under the touch of sin. From all continents and islands and zones up the groan of dying millions. Over tropical spout groves and Siberian ice hat and Hindu jungle the light has fallen. The famine is universal. But, glory be to God! there is a great storehouse. Jesus Christ, our elder brother, this day bids us come in from our hunger and beggary and obtain infinite supplies of grace enough to make us rich forever. Many of you have for a long while been smitten of the famine. The world has not stilled the throbbing of your spirit. Your conscience sometimes rouses you up with such suddenness and strength that it requires the most gigantic determination to quell the disturbance. Your courage quakes at the thought of the future. Oh, why will you tarry amid the blastings of the famine when such a glorious storehouse is open in God's mercy?

Ye wretched, hungry, starving poor,  
Behold a royal feast.  
Where mercy spreads her bounteous stores  
For every humble guest.  
See, Jesus stands with open arms,  
He calls, He bids you come;  
Guilt holds you back amidst alarms,  
But see, there yet is room.

### A Mean Trick.

"Never heard of anything so contemptibly mean in all my life—never!" she said, as he brought his right hand down upon his left.

"What was it?"  
"Why, I bet \$20 with a man on one of the races, and we put the money in the hands of stakeholder. I won it."

"Well?"  
"Well, a constable stood right there and attached the whole \$40 for a debt of five years old!"

"No!"  
"He positively did, and he offered to mop the ground with me to boot! It is just such work as this that has brought horse-racing into disrepute, and which keeps honest people away from the tracks!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

How little do they see what is who frame their hasty judgment upon that which seems.—*Southey.*



## BARRYMORE'S NARROW ESCAPE.

Sequel to the Murder of Actor Porter in Texas Years Ago.  
(Chicago Tribune.)

"The severest test I was ever subjected to," said Maurice Barrymore recently in talking of emergencies that prove a man's metal, "was in connection with the Porter murder case in Marshall, Texas. I do not refer to the killing itself, but to one of the complications that grew out of it."

The Porter murder will be recalled by every newspaper, as it created a great sensation at the time in theatrical circles all over the country. A New York company was playing "Diplomacy" down in Texas, and among the members were Robert Porter, Minnie Cummings, and Maurice Barrymore. These three were together when they happened to enter the railroad station in Marshall. They were accosted by a half-drunken rough named Jim Currie, who fancied that some slight had been put upon him, and who followed them, using the vilest language. Barrymore warned him to stop, but this only infuriated the fellow, who drew two pistols and blazed away. Both bullets took effect, one in the fleshy part of Barrymore's arm, the other breaking the shoulder blade. The wounded man ran into a neighboring saloon and begged the bartender to give him a revolver to defend himself. The bartender would not and Barrymore returned to his companions in time to see Porter on his knees as if imploring mercy, while Currie took deliberate aim at his breast and killed him. A year after a Texas jury set Currie free on the plea of insanity.

"After traveling thousands of miles to give testimony at the trial against the cowardly murderer," said Barrymore, "you may fancy what my feelings were at the verdict. I expressed myself pretty freely in denouncing the trial as a farce, and ascribed the verdict to the venality of the marshal. Some friends came to me and warned me to leave town, as I might expect to get riddled by the marshal as soon as my words were carried to his ears. It seems that this excellent official was himself a desperado, and had earned the respect of his fellow townsmen by the number of killings he had to his credit. I assure you I had no desire of provoking a quarrel with him and resolved to get out of town as soon as possible.

"That night I was sitting on the veranda of the hotel about dusk, and there were some half dozen of us in conversation, when we saw the marshal approaching. He was a one-armed man and wore his revolver exposed in a belt, as the law permitted him to do. My companions scented trouble and got up quietly and walked away in different directions. I sat where I was, not knowing what else to do. The marshal, who did not know me by sight, passed me and went up to the hotel clerk, who was behind his desk, only a few steps from me. 'Is Mr. Barrymore in?' I heard him ask. The clerk, with a presence of mind which I mentally blessed, replied, 'No; he left town this afternoon.' The marshal was about to go when a darkey, who was cleaning spittoons near by, looked up and said, 'Dat's Mr. Barrymore out dere sittin' on de steps.' 'It's all up,' I thought, and for the second time in my life I cursed fate that I had no weapon. What was I to do? I couldn't run away, and yet to remain was death. I made up my mind to snatch a pistol from his belt when he approached. He had but one arm and I had two, and there was an advantage in that. He came toward me and asked quietly, 'Is this Mr. Barrymore?' 'Yes,' said I, and arose. I was sitting three steps beneath him, and when I stood up my head about reached to his waist. As I straightened up his hand fell on the handle of his revolver, and he drew it.

"I have faced danger in life when it was sudden, and have hardly realized it till it was over, but the mental strain of that moment was something I never wish to go through again. As he drew the revolver he handed it to me, handle foremost, saying: 'I've brought you the revolver that Jim Currie shot you with last year. I thought you might be curious to see it.'"

"I was stupefied. It was no sudden revulsion of feeling. The situation had been too terrible to suddenly become ridiculous. I mistrusted him. I took the pistol and examined it. It was fully ten minutes before I returned it to him, convinced that he merely came to gratify my curiosity and not to make

a corpse of me. The fact was he bore me no ill will at all, as he had not heard of the disparaging remarks I had made about him. I kept him at the bar drinking with me until it was time for my train to go, and then I shook hands with him and jumped on board with a thankful heart.—Chicago Tribune.

### Cool Rejoinders.

Our neighbors across the Channel are fond of relating humorous little incidents of sang froid in which an Englishman usually acts the role of chief character. As, for instance:—A man entered a furniture shop and said:

"Have you any old furniture?"

"No, sir; but we can make you some!"

This reminds us of the Englishman in a restaurant who called for stale bread.

"We have none, my lord."

"Make some, then; I will wait," was the calm reply.

Instances of remarkable coolness and assurance among adventurers "out West" are only to be expected. To begin with a small example. A boy who comes of a chronically borrowing family, went to a neighbor's for a cup of sour milk.

"I haven't got anything but sweet milk," said the woman, pettishly.

"I'll wait till it sours," said the obliging youth, sinking into a chair.

But in many of the cases now under consideration, foreigners of several nationalities will be found to have figured conspicuously in the matter of taking things coolly.

It is related that a lady and gentleman came to a ferry, and the boatman deputed his grandson to row them across.

"Why do you not manage your boat yourself," asked the lady, "instead of letting this child do it?"

"Oh, don't you be afraid, ma'am," answered the ferryman; "the lad can swim."

Equally indifferent to the fate of others was one of the sufferers by a late railway accident. He was seen rushing anxiously about, when some one asked if he was hurt.

"No; but I can't find my umbrella."

About a year ago, when the upper part of a hotel was on fire, one of the servant girls was directed to awaken two gentlemen who were asleep in an upstairs room. She knocked at the door, and, with the greatest simplicity, said:

"I beg pardon, gentlemen, for disturbing you, but the house is on fire."

This case of what may be called ludicrous politeness brings to mind another.

"Hi! you dropped a brick up there!" shouted a pedestrian on whose shoulder one of those articles had fallen from a three-story scaffold.

"All right," cheerfully responded the bricklayer; "you needn't take the trouble to bring it up."

"What is the matter?" asked a lawyer of his coachman.

"The horses are running away, sir."

"Can't you pull them up?"

"I am afraid not."

"Then," said the lawyer after judicial delay, "run into something cheap."—Chambers' Journal.

### Blessing Cattle in Bulgaria.

In the Greek Church of Eastern Europe much of the religious work is done by the married parish clergy, who are popularly styled "Papae" or "Fathers." Bishops are not allowed to marry, but the working clergy are not as a rule ordained until they are married. They differ from the monastic clergy, from among which the bishops are chosen, in other ways, but it is to them that the people look for pastoral work. They belong by birth to the people, and they usually live on terms of familiarity with the peasantry, and identify themselves with the rustic population, being not much distinguished from them in manners and habits of domestic life. Among the ecclesiastical customs of Bulgaria is that of the priest visiting a farmyard, at stated intervals, to pronounce a religious benediction upon the increase of flocks and herds; the oxen and cows, the sheep, the goats, getting the benefit of his blessing, which is read with solemnity from an authorized liturgy, accompanied with the gentle waving of a feathered fan, sprinkling a few drops of consecrated water in the presence of the assembled rural household.

If a rich man doesn't dispense money in charity—he is called miserly; if he does he is accused of doing it for notoriety.

### The Correct Time.

There are very few men who do not pride themselves on always having the correct time, and wonderful and delicate mechanisms are devised to enable them to do so. But the more delicate a chronometer is made the more subject it becomes to derangement, and unless it be kept always perfectly clean it soon loses its usefulness. What wonder, then, that the human machine—so much more delicate and intricate than any work of man—should require to be kept thoroughly cleansed. The liver is the main spring of this complex structure, and on the impurities left in the blood by a disordered liver depend most of the ills that flesh is heir to. Even consumption (which is lung scrofula) is traceable to the imperfect action of this organ. Kidney disease, skin diseases, sick headache, heart disease, dropsy, and a long catalogue of grave maladies have their origin in a torpid or sluggish liver. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, by establishing a healthy, normal action of the liver, acts as a cure and preventive of these diseases.

How to make a horse fast: Don't feed him.

### If Sufferers from Consumption.

Scrofula, Bronchitis, and General Debility will try Scott's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil with Hypophosphites, they will find immediate relief and permanent benefit. The Medical Profession universally declare it a remedy of the greatest value and very palatable. Read: "I have used Scott's Emulsion in several cases of Scrofula and Debility in Children. Results most gratifying. My little patients take it with pleasure."—W. A. HULBERT, M.D., Salisbury, Ill.

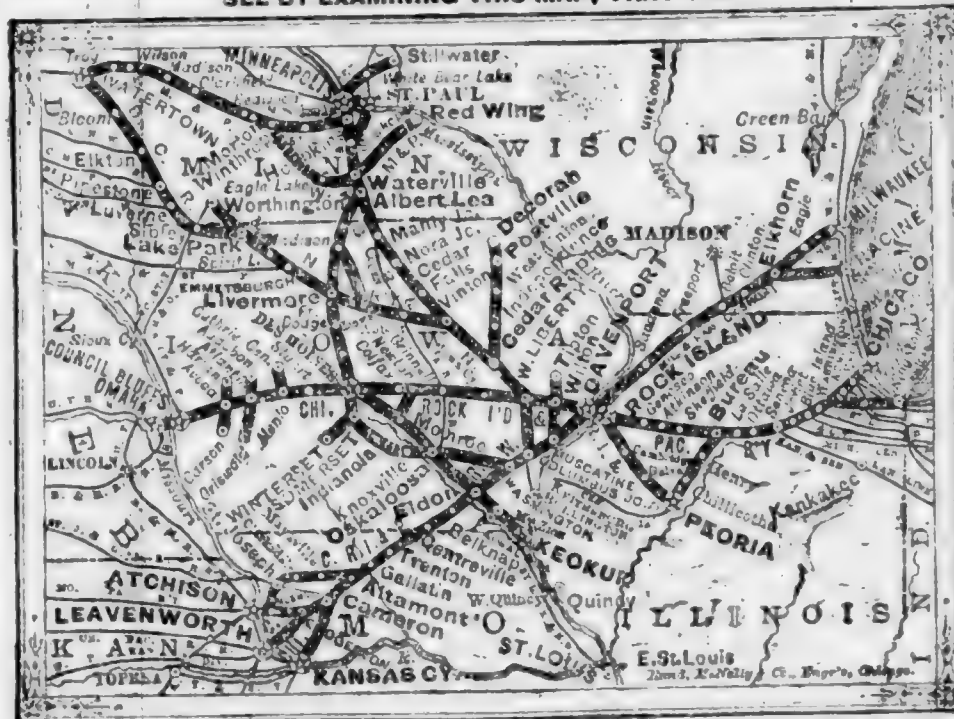
When an owner of a sailing vessel grows wealthy, would it be proper to say that he has almost a fortune?

### Harvest Excursions.

The Burlington Route, C. B. & Q. R. R., will sell, on Sept. 20 and Oct. 11, Harvest Excursion Tickets at one fare for the round trip to principal points in Nebraska, Kansas, Minnesota, and Dakota. Limit, thirty days. Tickets and further information may be obtained of any C. B. & Q. Ticket Agent, or by addressing Paul Morton, Gen'l Passenger and Ticket Agent, Chicago, Ill.

## A MAN

WHO IS UNACQUAINTED WITH THE GEOGRAPHY OF THIS COUNTRY, WILL SEE BY EXAMINING THIS MAP, THAT THE



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By reason of its central position, close relation to principal lines East of Chicago and continuous lines at terminal points West, Northwest and Southwest—is the only true middle-link in that transcontinental system which invites and facilitates travel and traffic in either direction between the Atlantic and Pacific. The Rock Island main line and branches include Chicago, Joliet, Ottawa, La Salle, Peoria, Geneseo, Moline and Rock Island, in Illinois; Davenport, Muscatine, Washington, Fairfield, Ottumwa, Oskaloosa, West Liberty, Iowa City, Des Moines, Indianola, Winterset, Atlantic, Knoxville, Audubon, Harlan, Guthrie Centre and Council Bluffs, in Iowa; Gallatin, Trenton, St. Joseph, Cameron and Kansas City, in Missouri; Leavenworth and Atchison, in Kansas; Albert Lea, Minneapolis and St. Paul, in Minnesota; Watertown in Dakota, and hundreds of intermediate cities, towns and villages.

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as second-class matter.

FRIDAY SEPTEMBER 23, 1887.

The Hicksville Independent issued a very creditable daily during the fair.

Just a round dozen new subscribers have entered their names on our books this week.

The Auburn Dispatch says that 500 men will be set to work in the Garrett shops about Oct. 1st.

Dick White is traveling with Bartine's circus. He furnishes a team of mules and gets ten dollars a week.

Ladies wishing dress making done in all the latest styles at reasonable prices, should call on Mrs. Everett and Mrs. Merrill over Tustison's grocery.

Wash Woodcox returned Tuesday and has rented a house and moved his family into it. That looks as if he expected to remain here for the present.

What has become of the great mine of muck that was discovered on Stepleten farm near Newville some time ago. It is like a great many other air castles that have been built only on imagination.

Manager Watkins telegraphs the managers of the great Inter-State Fair, that the Detroit, the champion Ball club of the world will positively be in Fort Wayne on the 29th inst. Don't miss seeing this great club.

The slickest thing we have seen lately, is the new button fastener that Olso & Olds received this week. It does the work perfect and secure. Exchange for fastening the button in your shoes. Call and see it work.

Messrs. White, Samuel Lawhead and Mrs. Clara Wyatt left Tuesday for a three weeks visit with friends in and near Allen Creek, Michigan. Uncle Rastus took a gun with him, and expects to kill a few deer, while uncle Sam had a box full of fishing tackle, and will rake in some big fish.

Alex. Filley took over two tons of W. C. T. U. ladies to Newville last Saturday, and they in return presented him with a fine large cake, in which was a one-dollar silver piece. We don't know whether Mr. Filley was like the boy we used to read about in the second reader, who ate so much cake that it made him sick, but we do know that he appreciated the kindness of the ladies, and probably divided the cake up among his friends, although we haven't got our piece yet.

Mell Bishop says that Simon Wineband upset his elevator the other day. Mell was a little off though; he meant separator. As they were pulling out Monday morning, one of the bolts that fastens the tongue to the axle broke, running the separator off to the side of the road, and upsetting it into one of those large holes near the gravel pit. Mr. Wineband was setting on top of the separator when it went over, and although he was considerably frightened and some bruised, he escaped without serious injury.

## AN INTERESTING LETTER FROM S. S. WIDNEY.

ATTICA, OHIO,  
SEPT. 19th, 1887.

EDITOR NEWS: To make good my promise I will try and write a few lines from this part of Buckeye state which may be of interest to a few of the many readers of the News. In just four hours ride, which was made pleasant and interesting by the gentlemanly baggage-master, we arrived safely at our destination; old "Fan" seeming to enjoy the ride as hugely as myself. The locality we are stopping in is on the line between Seneca and Huron counties, about twenty miles south of Sandusky, in a fine farming and stock country; the crops with a few exceptions average fairly with old DeKalb. The loss in the failure of the apple crop is made up to a large extent by a fine peach crop, the good qualities which we have already sampled. Among other things noticeable in this country is the custom among the fair sex of riding on horse-back, which to a St. Joeite presents rather a novel way of transportation. The town of Attica is located about a mile south of the station and is a nice clean business place of about one thousand inhabitants. We will attend the Sandusky fair and visit other places of interest this week. S. S. Widney.

## OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

### CONCORD.

Grandpa Baker is quite sick with chills and fever.

Janie Monroe visited under the parental roof last Sabbath.

Dick Monroe has gone to Garrett to assist in the telegraph office.

Emma Morr started last Wednesday to visit friends in LaGrange for a few weeks.

Mrs. Callie Brown, of Auburn, visited with grandma Buchanan a few days last week.

Miss Louise Plattner, of near Butler, was the guest of Miss Samantha Buchanan last Sunday.

Grandpa Baker went to Waterloo one day this week and procured some fine fish with which to stock his fish pond.

George Draggoo and wife have gone to Indianapolis this week to attend the state fair, and expect to stop off on the way and visit with their son Frank.

### SPENCERVILLE.

W. C. Tindall is dangerously ill.

L. Raber, of Greentown, Ohio, is the guest of S. S. Shutt.

Quite a number of our citizens attended the Hicksville Fair on Wednesday and Thursday.

S. S. Shutt was called to Akron, Ohio, last Tuesday, to attend the funeral of his brother-in-law.

Misses Flora Houghton and Ella Simons, of Hometown, are visiting their many friends at this place.

The Woman's Foreign Missionary Society will be entertained by Mrs. Charley Rhodes, Saturday afternoon Oct. 1st, 1887. A cordial invitation is given to all.

Mrs. Crane and her son Henry, of Butler, were the guests of J. W. Dills and family over last Sunday. Mrs. Crane was formerly Mrs. Spencer Dills, well known to many of the older residents of this vicinity.

County Clerk-elect Bishop didn't have very good luck in catching fish at Petoskey, but upon his arrival home he found something bigger and livelier than any thing he caught while he was gone. It was a girl of the usual weight.

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AND MOST COMPLETE LINE OF

## Men's, Ladies', Misses' AND Children's FINE SHOES.

Ever exhibited in St. Joe. They comprise the most popular brands, such as Reed, Weaver, Gōkey & Son, &c. The buttons will be reset on all shoes purchased of us, with Wilkin's patent fasteners. Call and see

J. D. LEIGHTY, ST. JOE.

## Baltimore & Ohio R. R.

Trains Leave St. Joe as follows:

### WESTBOUND.

No. 9 Mail and Express 11:05 A. M.  
17 Accommodation 4:18 P. M.  
3 Chicago Express 10:42 A. M.  
35 Local Freight 3:42 P. M.

### EAST BOUND.

No. 10 Express and Mail 2:08 P. M.  
16 Accommodation 10:28 A. M.  
4 Morning Express 4:55 A. M.  
34 Local Freight 7:59 A. M.

W. I. McKEE, AGENT.

## ST. JOE MARKETS.

CORRECTED EVERY FRIDAY.

Wheat	70 cts.
Oats	26 cts.
Corn	35 cts.
Butter	15 cts.
Eggs	14 cts.
Tallow	3 1/2 cts.
Lard	10 cts.
Potatoes	70 cts.

## RENEWS HER YOUTH.

Mrs. Phoebe Chesley, Peterson, Clay Co., Iowa, tells the following remarkable story, the truth of which is vouched for by the residents of the town: "I am 73 years old, have been troubled with kidney complaint and lameness for many years; could not dress myself without help. Now I am free from all pain and soreness, and am able to do all my own housework. I owe my thanks to Electric Bitters for having renewed my youth and removed completely all disease and pain." Try a bottle, 50c. and \$1. at W. C. Patterson's Drug Store.

Case & Olds desire to call the attention of the lady readers of the News to their Two Dollar Fine Kid Shoes. They are the best shoe for the money ever offered in this market. Drop in and see them.

## REPORT OF THE DRIVEN WELL COMMITTEE.

For the information of the people of DeKalb county who are interested in the "drive well" question, the following report is submitted by the undersigned, who were appointed a committee to confer with the agent for Indiana of the owner of the patent.

After a full conference with the agent we find that there is no prospect of any settlement of the claims for royalty against any one, or more persons for a sum less than ten dollars each; but by prompt and concerted action throughout the county the people can save several thousand dollars by the payment of a sum in lump for the entire county. We have assurances that such a proposition, if promptly made, will be entertained.

For the purpose of submitting the subject to the people for their consideration and decision, we appoint a meeting to be held at the court house at Auburn, on Monday the 26th day of Sept. 1887, at 2 o'clock in the afternoon. We suggest that all who are interested, either individually or generally in behalf of the people of the county, should attend the meeting, as success depends on the prompt and united action of the people in all parts of the country.

Sept. 16, 1887. J. D. LEIGHTY,  
E. D. HARTMAN,  
W. L. PENFIELD.

In order to aid the meeting in determining whether a settlement is practicable, full reports should be made to the meeting from each school district or township, as to the number of drive wells put down before January 14, 1885, and the amount that could be depended upon for settlement. COMMITTEE.

The Famous Detroit Base Ball club will play at the Fort Wayne fair on Thursday the 29th inst, the big day of the fair. Don't fail to see this great game. Admission to the grounds only 25 cents.

## A Disastrous Flood!

Heavy damages done by the over-throw of High Prices, and we will continue same. Good Brown Sugar 5 and 6 cts. Granulated 7 cts. Rosin 5 cts. Alum 5 cts. Salts 5 cts. Bird Seed 3 cts. Salt Peter 12 1/2 cts. Prunes 6 1/2 cts. Good Gingham 6 cts. Dress Goods at your own price. Grain Sacks 18 cts. All goods as cheap as the cheapest. Highest market price paid for Wheat, Oats and Seeds.

S. & F. Barney



We just want to call your attention to three things this week that we want you to know.

1st. The finest line of Clocks, Watches and Jewelry in St. Joe can be found at the Drugstore.

2nd. Nobody carries as fine a line of Ladies Hand Bags as the St. Joe Drugstore.

3rd. The only place in St. Joe to find a line of Fine Perfumeries is at the Drugstore.

#### WORTH KNOWING.

Mr. W. H. Morgan, merchant, Lake City, Fla., was taken with a severe Cold, attended with a distressing Cough and running into Consumption in its first stages. He tried many so-called popular cough remedies and steadily grew worse. Was reduced in flesh, had difficulty in breathing and was unable to sleep. Finally tried Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption and found immediate relief, and after using about a half dozen bottles found himself well and has no return of the disease. No other remedy can show so grand a record of cures, as Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption Guaranteed to do just what is claimed for it.—Trial bottles free at W. C. Patterson's Drug Store.

#### LOCALS.

Auditor C. C. Walter was in town Wednesday.

Will Gee barbered in Hicksville a part of this week.

S. S. Widney has an interesting letter in this issue.

Clocks and Watches repaired at the St. Joe Drug Store.

Some repairs are being made on the saw mill at this place.

The Hicksville Fair ground was flooded with children Wednesday.

The Fair at Hicksville is reported a success by all who have attended.

Half fare tickets to Chicago on sale at the depot in this place every Monday.

Plenty of fresh home-made Lard at Curie's Meat Market. Only 10 cents per pound.

The St. Joe Band went to the Hicksville Fair Wednesday with the Coburntown Sunday school.

W. I. McKee and Don Van Fleet attended an entertainment at Hicksville on Wednesday evening.

The Fort Wayne Fair offers special attractions next week; one of them being a game of ball by the famous Detroit club.

Free Zeigler received this week a full line of Horse Blankets, Lap Robes &c. Give him a call when you get ready to buy such goods.

The Methodist church at Waterloo was destroyed by fire last Saturday evening. It was a new brick structure, and was one of the finest churches in that city.

Some of the best racing horses in the country will be at the great Inter-State Fair at Fort Wayne, as well as the greatest Base Ball club in the world, the famous Detroit.

Chris Curie requests us to say that a conveyance will be provided to take all the school children to the Waterloo Fair next Wednesday, who desire to go. Teams will leave the west end of Main Street not later than seven o'clock.

The Hicksville schools have an enrollment of 420 pupils.

The seven anarchists of Chicago, are doomed to hang on the 11th of November.

The annual election of officers occurs at the Lutheran Sunday school next Sunday.

St. Joe has already had two circuses, and we understand that a third one is headed this way.

The St. Joe Band accompanied the Methodist Sunday school to the picnic at Springfield last Saturday.

Wall Papers are very cheap this fall. Case & Olds have just received some handsome new patterns.

Wm. Smith has purchased of Chris Curie the property opposite Ben Leighty's, and moved into it this week.

Ferguson & Copp will complete their work on the school-house this week. They will then put up Mahlon Baker's new residence.

Base ball seems to be occupying the time and attention of our neighboring towns. In the mean time St. Joe people are attending strictly to business.

The fare from Hicksville to the G. A. R. Encampment at St. Louis is said to be only \$5.00 for the round trip. Who can't afford to travel at such prices?

We received a copy of the Maysville News, this week, a little sheet published by Charlie Grubb for advertising purposes. It contains quite a good deal of local news and is pretty well gotten up for a new hand.

Wiggins, the great Canadian weather prophet, prophesied a big storm on the 19th of this month, but just as might be expected, he didn't know anything about it. At least it was the pleasantest kind of a day in this neighborhood.

The county convention of the Women's Christian Temperance Union, will be held in this place some time in the latter part of October. Prominent speakers will be present, and a good time is expected. Due notice will be given of the time.

Those who attended the picnic at Springfield last Saturday, report a pleasant time; although the crowd was not as large as had been expected, there only being three schools present. That probably ends the picnics for this season.

There will be a school meeting at the school house in this place, on Saturday evening, Sept 24th, to elect a director, appoint a time for school to commence, and attend to any other business necessary for the welfare of the school. Let there be a general turn out.

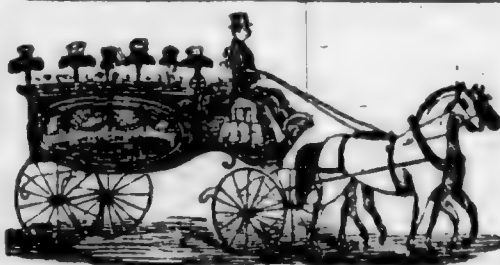
Some time ago people complained that there wasn't going to be any corn, but as usual, they cried before they were hurt. Farmers have been bringing sample ears of corn into this office, and they all report a fair crop. Dave Andrews brought in an ear that had twenty-eight rows on it.

The ladies of the W. C. T. U. of St. Joe went to Newville last Saturday, to attend the picnic at that place. The exercises were held in the Disciple church and church yard, and consisted in singing, speaking, eating and a social time. Mrs. Jones of Garrett was present, and in her pleasant manner, spoke words of cheer and encouragement to those engaged in the temperance work. Rev. Thomas also made some appropriate remarks, and put in a few hard licks for prohibition. The ladies of the W. C. T. U. of Newville entertained the ladies of St. Joe in a right royal manner, and they all came home well pleased with their trip.

We invite your attention to our new line of fall Clothing which we have just received this week. No shoddy, but all the best goods at low prices. Good line of Overcoats, and the Nobbiest lot of latest styled men's hats in town. Call and see them.  
Case & Olds.

## CLOTHING

In men's and boys' boots our stock never was as large and prices as low as this season. We earnestly solicit a share of your boot patronage, and promise you full value for all the money you spend with us. Drop in and look us over.  
Case & Olds



TRUTH IS MIGHTY AND WILL PREVAIL.

#### LOOK THIS WAY!

I keep on hand a fine line of Furniture, which I will sell for the next 60 days at prices that defy competition. Glass Cupboards \$8.50. Double Cane Seat and Back Rockers \$2. Dressing Case, with French Plate Glass \$12.00. Carpet Lounges \$6.50. Solid Comfort Beds for \$2.25. Undertaking a speciality.

August Kinsey, St. Joe, Ind.

M. TUSTISON,

—DEALER IN—

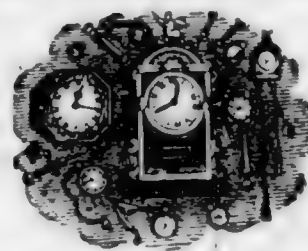
Groceries, Flour,

PROVISIONS,

CANDIES, GIGARS, TOBACCO.

Canned Fruits, Beans, Dried Beef, Cheese, Bologna &c. Produce taken in exchange for goods.

ST. JOE, IND.



—G. A. PATTERSON.—

at the St. Joe Drugstore, repairs Clocks, Watches and Jewelry. All work warranted and prices reasonable. Give me your work.

#### Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

THE BEST SALVE in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. PRICE 25 cents per box. For sale by W. C. Patterson.

S. & F. Barney are buying lots of clover seed.

The Kendallville Fair will be held from the 3rd to the 7th of Oct.

We noticed Prof. Price in town Sunday evening. The Normal has closed, but it seems that the Professor still retains an interest here.

The Detroit Base Ball club, the National League champions will play at the great Fort Wayne Fair on Thursday the 29th. You will never have an opportunity to see this great club for so small an admission, 25 cents to the entire Fair, so don't fail to see them.

## THE INTER-STATE FAIR

Fort Wayne, Indiana, September 27, 28, 29, 30, 1887.

For five years past the Inter-State Fair has had

The largest cattle show in the State.  
The largest horse show in the State.  
The largest sheep show in the State.  
The largest hog show in the State.  
The largest poultry show in the State.  
The best races in the State.  
The most liberal premiums of any Fair in the State.

The best line of attractions and amusements of any Fair in the State.

Every premium has been paid in full, as advertised, and every promise has been fulfilled.

The Fair of 1887 will equal its predecessors in every particular, and in many features will surpass any former Fair.

The same liberal policy in regard to premiums and attractions will govern the management this year as in the past, and exhibitors will receive uniformly courteous treatment, and liberal inducements to show at the Fort Wayne Fair.

To the progressive farmer the stock exhibit, the immense line of agricultural implements, and the horticultural display, offer an interesting field of study, amply sufficient to repay him for the time and money spent at the Fair.

To the mechanic the many improved machines and other displays in the mechanical line will afford an endless amount of instruction and amusement.

To entertain the amusement-loving public a fine line of attractions have been secured, over \$3,000 being offered in this department alone.

Believing that in no way can the farmer, the mechanic, the laboring man, the merchant, the housewife, the young and the old receive the same amount of instruction and amusement as at the great Inter-State Fair, a cordial invitation is extended to all to attend.



Everabody in this naborhood knoe Jon Davis, an tha awl kno that ther is no one that kan laff ana longer an louder than Jon kan, when he sees smnthing funny tu laff at. Last weak one day sumthing happened that was fun fur the rest ov us, but was hard on Jon. It seems that Jon had a sow with sum young pigs an it so happened that the pigs wer up at one end ov the lane an the old sow was down at the othar end hunting sumthing tu eat. Jon thot he wood hav a littel fun an so he began tu maik sort ov a squeeking noise, to maik the old sow think sumthing was aftar her pigs. The sow herd it and she caim pel-mel down the lane and maid a bea line fur Jon in a wa that ment business. Jon thot it was fun at furst, but wen he saw that the old sow was in earnest he actually clum the fenc an wood'nt cum down. He wont be apt tu fule with the old sow ana moor.  
Barcus Q. Hippenhammer.



# The St. Joe News.

ST. JOE, INDIANA.

MORT & WILL OLDS, PUBLISHERS.

## THE WONDERFUL COUNTRY.

BY JOHN BOYLE O'REILLEY.

There once was a time when, as old songs prove it,

The earth was not round, but an endless plain;

The sea was as wide as the heavens above it—

Just millions of miles and begin again.

And that was the time—ay, and more's the pity

It ever should end! when the world could play,

When singers told tales of a crystal city

In a wonderful country far away!

But the schools must come, with their scales

And measures,

To limit the visions and weigh the spells;

They scoffed at the dreamers with rainbow

Treasures.

And circled the world in their parallels;

They chartered the vales and the sunny mea-

Dows.

Where minstrels might ride for a year and a

Day;

They sounded the depths and they pierced the

Shadows

Of that wonderful country far away.

For fancies they gave us their microscopes;

For knowledge a rubble of fact and doubt;

Wing-broken and caged, like a bird from the

Tropics.

Romance at the wandering stars looked out.

Cold Reason, they said, is the early Eden;

But fairer the flowers and fields forbidden

Of that wonderful country far away.

They questioned the slumbering baby's laugh-

ter,

And cautioned its elders to dream by rule;

All mysteries past and to come her after

Were settled and solved in their common

school.

But sweeter the streams and the wild birds'

singing.

The friendship and love that were true always;

The gladness unseen, like a far bell ringing,

In that wonderful country far away.

Nay, not in their Reason, nor dear illusion,

But truer than truths that are measured and

weighed—

O land of the spirit! where no intrusion

From bookmen or debaters shall ever be made!

There still breaks the murmuring sea to greet us

On shadowy vale and peaceful bay;

And souls that were truest still wait to meet us

In that wonderful country far away!

—*Scribner's Magazine*

## HOW TED GOT EVEN.

BY RYE JOHNSON.

Uncle Sam Lusted had been a sailor many years, and his collection of rare and curious things from all parts of the globe was well worth seeing.

Two long rooms in the great house were especially devoted to them, and we loved to gather there on rainy days.

Gussie and I, who are twins, and as like as two rosebuds, (so Cousin Kent always said) had lived with uncle ever since we were made orphans by a fearful railway accident. We were too young to remember it, and now were 17.

There was another orphan cousin, Ted Clarkson, who was also a member of the family.

Uncle had but one child, Cousin Kent, who was now a grave-faced man of 26, already a practicing physician and a great favorite all through the neighboring country.

Ted was just at the imp age, 14, and an adept in mischief. Ted was a constant grief to me, for he never could tell Gussie and me apart, and was always giving my messages or letters and everything else to her. But he rarely gave hers to me, so I never quite believed him innocent in the matter.

She had a lover, but I had none, and of all the comical mistakes you ever heard Ted was constantly getting him into.

He was the minister, and a trifle near-sighted. I never could hear him, for he was small and slight, almost girlish, with a slow, sweet way about him, that captivated all the old women and—Gussie.

But I really disliked him, and when on several occasions he mistook me for her, it gave me the "creeps." Once he took me in his arms, and was about to kiss me, when I gave him a ringing slap that startled him broad awake for once.

I was ashamed when he apologized so sweetly, but he never attempted any more caresses until he was sure "which was which."

Ted and I were good friends, and after Gussie became a victim of the tender passion, we became constant companions. We lived in a large, old-fashioned house in the edge of town.

There were great stretches of forest on two sides, where summers we wandered and lost ourselves. A fine lake, only half a mile away, furnished boating and skating in season, and a high hill on one bank the grandest kind of coasting.

Uncle Sam and Aunt Kate let us run

wild, only requiring gentlemanly and ladylike behavior on all occasions, and uninterrupted attendance at the school, which only kept five months each year.

We had plenty of time for mischief, and well we improved it.

Cousin Kent used to reprove me sometimes for my wildness, but one day I saucily called him an old man, and begged him to let us be young while we could.

"Do I seem so very old to you?" he asked, half sadly.

"You act older than Uncle Sam," I replied, and then hated myself for it, he looked so troubled and turned so abruptly away.

I sprang after him, flung my arms about his neck, and drew his handsome face to mine.

"I did not mean it, dear Kent. You are just a darling when you don't scold," and I kissed him impulsively on the lips.

To my surprise, a deep flush crept over his face, and he pushed me away.

"Don't do that," he cried, his face becoming white in contrast to its previous color.

I stood amazed and cross. To be repulsed when I wished to make friends was more than I could bear with any sort of patience.

"I will go with Ted, now, anyway," and I rushed away.

He had heard of some tom-boy frolic we had on hand, and had been persuading me not to go.

I flung off up garret to a favorite hiding place I had, where even Ted had never intruded as yet. There I always went when my "moods" were on, and stayed until I was good-natured again.

There I sat a long time on that day, puzzling my brain over Kent's odd behavior. At last I came to the conclusion that he thought me bold and unmaidenly for kissing him. That I had shocked his exalted ideas of maidenly modesty. A hot flush dyed my face at the thought, and I vowed to be circumspection itself toward him in the future.

Ted called me many times, while I sat there, and I finally saw him go away to the lake alone, looking cross and out of patience.

I kept myself out of sight all day, and when I saw Ted returning went to meet him. Vainly I tried to induce him not to tell that he had gone alone.

He was ugly. Everything had gone wrong, and he said it was all my fault. At supper Kent asked sarcastically if our fun had paid us, and he answered crossly that he had no fun at all, nodding maliciously and looking full at me.

"Bessie hid herself somewhere and did not go, but told me not to tell you."

A pleased look crossed Kent's face, and he glanced eagerly at me, but I was angry at Ted, and replied hastily. "Be sure I should have gone had I wanted to, and, furthermore, Master Ted, small aid will you get from me in the future to further your fun."

Ted stared open-mouthed at such an outburst, but Kent paid no apparent attention, and went quietly on with his supper.

I got away as soon as I could and went into the garden for a good cry, though I did not seem to know what I was crying for.

I had thrown myself face downward upon a rustic bench, and did not hear any one approach, so was startled to feel an arm passed about me, and hear the minister's low, sweet voice say, "What is the matter, Gussie dear?"

I sprang to my feet in a fury.

"Just please keep your hands off me, John Gordon. I hate the sight of you. You are always making such mistakes. I declare I believe you do it on purpose," and disregarding his dismayed attempt at an apology, I rushed away to my room.

I was thoroughly ashamed of myself in a moment, and when he started home I intercepted him at the gate, and begged his pardon most humbly.

He, gentle soul, quickly granted it, and in turn begged me not to be so angry if he ever transgressed in that way again. I promised, and was nearer liking the small man than I ever was before.

Returning to the house I met Ted, and tried to make peace with him, but the young savage utterly refused all overtures, ending by threatening a most terrible revenge. I shivered a little, for I knew Ted's revenges of old, and wondered what form it would take. I never doubted but it would come.

Time went on, and I became a re-

Ted sneered openly, and predicted a speedy return to fun and folly. Kent gave me an approving smile now, and then, and I knew he appreciated the change.

But since that day I had called him "old" he treated me as if he were 60 and I 10, and called me "little maid" on all occasions.

I missed our long, pleasant "book" talks, missed the delicate attentions he had given me as a young lady, but the change was of my making and I could not complain.

One day I did something that pleased him, and he patted me on the head approvingly, calling me a "dear little girl."

My temper flew instantly. Jerking myself away I cried angrily: "I am not a little girl. I won't have you treat me so."

An amused look crept into his fine eyes, and he said roguishly: "Neither am I an old man."

Then we both laughed heartily, and our real friendship began.

All through that long summer we were constantly together. Gussie and John were so absorbed in each other, Ted was so ugly, that I really had no companion in the house, so I went with Kent on many of his long rides.

I was beginning to hope he cared for me. I dared not own, even to myself, how much I cared for him. His manner was always kind, but sometimes I fancied there was more than brotherly love in the care he took of me.

Ted still occasionally warned me to "look out," that the time would soon come when he would square the debt between us. He honestly thought I had ruined all his fun for the summer, and I knew his nature so well that I daily looked for trouble.

One day some friends came to visit, and we spent the afternoon in uncle's rooms. He, good soul, delighted to get so appreciate an audience, exhibited and explained many curious things.

Only one thing particularly interested me, as I had seen everything before. That was some strange bean-like objects, that he said were the seed of a plant that grew only in India, and called by the natives, a "laughing plant." When ground fine, and taken internally or through the nostrils, it would cause the victim to soon begin laughing immoderately until exhaustion ensued, terminating sometimes in death, and at others in fainting.

It was a curious plant, and best not meddled with, he concluded, fixing his eyes upon Ted, who he saw was listening eagerly. He shrank back, but fixed his eyes upon me with a look that made me shiver.

When the friends departed, after a dainty lunch, Kent and I walked to the gate with them.

It was a glorious night in August. The harvest moon flooded all things with a radiant light. The air was pure and cool; after a sultry day.

We turned aside from the direct path on our return and wandered into the garden.

An arbor reached, Kent drew me to a seat beside him, and in few direct, earnest words told me the "old, old story." My heart beat so with joy that I could scarcely breathe. Then, good heavens! what made me do it? I burst into an uncontrollable fit of laughter.

I could not help it, to save my life, although I would have died sooner than done it.

His dismayed face cut me to the heart, but I laughed and laughed. I tried to speak, but could not control myself long enough to utter a sentence. But he saw by my pleading face, that I had not meant to laugh.

I heard him mutter something about "that cursed Ted," but I only laughed until the family had all gathered about, and I finally fainted from exhaustion.

I awoke in my own bed, with Aunt Kate and Kent administering to me. I could remember nothing at first, and was weak as a babe. The doctor's troubled face showed something wrong, but what?

I essayed to speak, but failed. Then, turned an inquiring glance to Aunt Kate. She was crying softly, but replied:

"Kent says Ted has been giving you some of father's laughing plant."

Then I remembered the scene in the garden and turned to him.

"I did not mean to laugh," I faintly whispered.

"I know," he replied as softly, and, regardless of his mother's presence, kissed me lovingly. His face grew radiant as I kissed him in return, for then

he knew what my answer would have been.

Ted was so badly frightened when he heard he had endangered my life that he ran away to another uncle's, and did not return, for years. But, all in all, I never had any desire to try again the effects of "laughing plant."

## The Action of a Tornado.

When the conditions of atmospheric instability have given birth to a tornado, the fact is announced to the observer by a sudden gathering of dark, swift-whirling clouds, from which depend a writhing, serpent-like body formed of condensed vapor. This writhing column extends rapidly downward until it touches the earth. When it attains the surface it becomes audible from the violent rending actions which it creates upon that surface. As soon as the whirl is created it begins to move away, generally toward the northeast,

for the evident reason that the upper cold layer of air against which it originates has, in the northern hemisphere, a movement in that direction.

In its path over the surface, the circling movement of the writhing air and the sucking action of the partial vacuum in the central portion of the shaft combine to bring about an extreme devastation. On the outside of the whirl the air, which rushes in a circling path toward the vortex, overturns all movable objects, and in the center these objects, if they are not too heavy, are sucked up as by a great air-pump. Thus the roofs of houses, bodies of men, and animals, may be lifted to great elevations, until they are tossed by the tumultuous movements beyond the limits of the ascending currents and fall back upon the earth. Where the center of the whirlwind passes over a building, the sudden decrease in the pressure of the outer air often causes the atmosphere which is contained within the walls suddenly to press against the sides of the structure, so that these sides are quickly driven outward as if by a charge of gunpowder.

It is not unlikely that the diminution of pressure brought about by the passage of the interior of the whirl over a building may be about as much as is indicated by the fall of four inches in the barometer. This is equivalent to a change in the pressure amounting to about three hundred pounds to the square foot. This force operates to burst out the walls of a building. It is not improbable that the diminution of pressure may be much greater than this, but even the amount named is sufficient to account for the bursting out of the frail-walled structures which these devastating movements encounter in the western parts of the United States.—*N. S. Shaler, in Scribner's Magazine.*

## Matthew Arnold Surprised.

Mr. Matthew Arnold was greatly struck by this democratic government of our reading-room when he was in Boston. He came in here one day and saw a little barefooted newsboy sitting in one of the best chairs of the reading-room, enjoying himself, apparently, for dear life. The great essayist was completely astounded.

"Do you let bar-footed boys in this reading-room?" he asked. "You would never see such a sight as that in Europe. I do not believe there is a reading-room in all Europe in which that boy, dressed as he is, would enter."

Then Mr. Arnold went over to the boy, engaged him in conversation, and found that he was reading the "Life of Washington," and that he was a young gentleman of decidedly anti-British tendencies, and, for his age, remarkably well informed.

Mr. Arnold remained talking with the youngster for some time, and as he came back to our desk, the great Englishman said:

"I do not think I have been so impressed with anything else that I have seen since arriving in this country as I am now with meeting this barefooted boy in this reading-room. What a tribute to democratic institutions it is to say that, instead of sending that boy out to wander alone in the streets, they permit him to come in here and excite his youthful imagination by reading such a book as the 'Life of Washington'! The reading of that one book may change the whole course of that boy's life, and may be the means of making him a useful, honorable, worthy citizen of this great country. It is, I tell you, a sight that impresses a European not accustomed to your democratic ways."—*Boston Herald.*



# Removing a Serious Obstruction Gently.

Dynamite and giant powder might answer admirably to remove obstructions from Hell Gate, in East River, New York, but explosive measures in medication are ever attended with disastrous consequences. For instance, the bowels cannot be violently drenched with safety, nor is there the slightest necessity for so doing. On the contrary, it is most unwise. None but the public adherents of antiquated theories in medicine advise or sanction such a course. To weaken the intestines—the effect of drastic purgation—is to compromise the health of the entire system. With Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, on the other hand, the bowels are relaxed, not by a convulsion of nature approximating to an eruption of Mt. Fujiyama, but gradually, beneficially, without wrenching. The liver and stomach, as well as the bowels, are toned and benefited by it.

DR. GRIFFITH, an English physician, has recently demonstrated that iron sulphate is an antidote for many of the most virulent epidemics which attack field and garden crops. These diseases are due to microscopic funguses, whose structures are built up in a somewhat different manner from the corresponding parts in other plants. It appears that the cellulose in these funguses is acted upon by iron sulphate, whereas in the higher plants the cellulose of the cell-walls is not influenced. The iron sulphate destroys the cellulose of the funguses, but does not affect that of the attacked plant. It is, therefore, an antidote and destroyer of such parasitic germs and funguses as the potato disease, wheat mildew, etc.

## A Memory of Early Days.

Rare of childhood's tender years,  
Swallowed off with groans and tears,  
How it made the flesh recoil,  
Loathsome, greasy, cancerous,  
Search your early memory close,  
Till you find another dose  
All the shuddering frame revolts  
At the thought of Epsom salts!  
Underneath the pill-box lid  
Was a greater horror hid,  
Climax of all inward ills,  
Huge and gripping old blue pills!

What a contrast to the mild and gentle action of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets, sugar-coated, easy to take, cleansing, refreshing, renovating the system without wrenching it with agony. Sold by druggists.

"HAVEN'T you finished sealing the fish yet, Sam?" "No, master; 'tis a very large one." "Why, you have had time to seal a mountain."

In another column of this issue will be found an entirely new and novel specimen of attractive advertising. It is one of the nearest ever placed in our paper and we think our readers will be well repaid for examining the superb display letters in the advertisement of Prickly Ash Bitters.

A MAN over ready to scrape an acquaintance the barber.

You will get more comfort for 25c. in Lyon's Head Stuffers than in any other article you buy.

## We Point with Pride

To the "G. name at home" won by Hood's Sarsaparilla. In Lowell, Mass., where it is prepared, there is more of Hood's Sarsaparilla sold than of all other medicines. Whole neighborhoods are taking it at the same time, and it has given the best of satisfaction since its introduction ten years ago. This could not be if the medicine did not possess merit. If you suffer from impure blood or debility, try Hood's Sarsaparilla. I had salt rheum on my left arm three years, suffering terribly. I took Hood's Sarsaparilla, and the salt rheum has entirely disappeared." H. M. MILLIS, 71 French St., Lowell, Mass.

## Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. \$1; six for \$5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar.

The best and surest Remedy for Cure of all diseases caused by any derangement of the Liver, Kidneys, Stomach and Bowels. Dyspepsia, Sick Headache, Constipation, Bilious Complaints and Malaria of all kinds yield readily to the beneficent influence of

# PRICKLY ASH BITTERS

It is pleasant to the taste, tones up the system, restores and preserves health. It is purely Vegetable, and cannot fail to prove beneficial, both to old and young. As a Blood Purifier it is superior to all others. Sold everywhere at \$1.00 a bottle.

## \$500 Reward

Is offered, in good faith, by the manufacturers of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy for a case of catarrh which they cannot cure. It is mild, soothing, and healing in its effects, and cures "cold in the head," catarrhal deafness, throat ailments, and many other complications of this distressing disease. 50 cents, by druggists.

The man who has no rights is the man who lost his right arm and limb in the late war.

R. W. Tansill & Co., Chicago: Your "Tansill's Punch" 5c cigar is becoming more popular every day. Cigar drummers don't bother us any more. RICH ANDRESEN, Beaver, Pa.

No other in Piso's Cure for Consumption. Cures where other remedies fail. 25c.

**KIDDER'S PASTILLES.** Sure relief for Catarrh of the Bladder, Uterus, etc. Price 25c. per box. Sold by all druggists.

**PENSIONS COLLECTED** and increased by Fitzgibbon & Powell, Indianapolis, Ind. Old cases reopened. Send for copy of Laws, free.

**\$250 A MONTH.** Agents wanted, 10 best-selling articles in the world. 1 sample FREE. Address JAY BRONSON, Detroit, Mich.

**OPIUM Habit Cured.** Satisfactory before any fee. Prof. J. E. BARTON, 25th Ward, Cincinnati, O.



**Ely's Cream Balm**  
Is worth \$1000 to any Man, Woman or Child suffering from CATARRH.

**LOOK COLT REPEATING RIFLE**  
15 shot. Guarantee is the biggest offer ever made. Send 6c. in stamps for illustrated 100-page descriptive catalogue, guns, rifles, revolvers, fishing tackle, birdies, sporting goods. JOHN P. LOVELL, ARMS CO., Boston, Mass.

**PILES**  
Dr. Williams' Indian Pile Ointment is a sure cure for blind, bleeding or itching piles. Cure guaranteed. Price 50c. and \$1. At druggists or mailed by Wm. H. Kinnear & Marvin, Who. Case Agents, Toledo, Ohio.

**PATENTS**  
R. E. & A. P. LACEY, Patent Attorneys, Washington, D. C. Instructions and opinions as to patentability FREE. 17 years' experience.

**\$5 to \$25 a day.** Samples worth \$1.50, FREE. (Lines not under the horse's feet. Write Brewster Safety Razor Holder Co., Holly, Mich.)

# MARVELOUS MEMORY

Wholly artificial system. Any book learned in one reading. Recommended by Mark Twain, R. H. Proctor, the Scientist, Hon. W. W. Astor, Judah P. Benjamin, Dr. Minor, etc. Class of 100 Columbia law students, two classes each at Yale, at University of Penna., at Wellesley College, etc. Prospectus post free. PROF. LOISELLE, 237 Fifth Ave., New York.



**BIRDSELL CLOVER HULLER**  
DOES ITS WORK FASTER AND BETTER THAN ANY OTHER. OUR NEW RE-CLEANER. SEND FOR OUR CATALOGUE.

**PISCATOR FOR CONSUMPTION**  
CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.

# LIVER, BLOOD AND LUNG DISEASES.

## LIVER DISEASE AND HEART TROUBLE.

Mrs. MARY A. McCLURE, Columbia, Kans., writes: "I addressed you in November, 1891, in regard to my health, being afflicted with liver disease, heart trouble, and female weakness. I was advised to use Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, Favorite Prescription and Pellets. I used one bottle of the 'Prescription,' five of the 'Discovery,' and four of the 'Pleasant Purgative Pellets.' My health began to improve under the use of your medicine, and my strength came back. My difficulties have all disappeared. I can work hard all day, or walk four or five miles a day, and stand it well; and when I began using the medicine I could scarcely walk across the room, most of the time, and I did not think I could ever feel well again. I have a little baby girl eight months old. Although she is a little delicate in size and appearance, she is healthy. I give your remedies all the credit for curing me, as I took no other treatment after beginning their use. I am very grateful for your kindness, and thank God and thank you that I am as well as I am after years of suffering."

## LIVER DISEASE.

Mrs. I. V. WEBER, of Yorkshire, Cattaraugus Co., N. Y., writes: "I wish to say a few words in praise of your 'Golden Medical Discovery' and 'Pleasant Purgative Pellets.' For five years previous to taking them I was a great sufferer; I had a severe pain in my right side continually; was unable to do my own work. I am happy to say I am now well and strong, thanks to your medicines."

**Chronic Diarrhea Cured.**—D. LAZARUS, Esq., 275 and 277 Decatur Street, New Orleans, La., writes: "I used three bottles of the 'Golden Medical Discovery,' and it has cured me of chronic diarrhea. My bowels are now regular."

## "THE BLOOD IS THE LIFE."

Thoroughly cleanse the blood, which is the fountain of health, by using Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, and good digestion, a fair skin, buoyant spirits, and bodily health and vigor will be established. Golden Medical Discovery cures all humors, from the common pimple, blotch, or eruption, to the worst Scrofula, or blood-poison. Especially has it proven its efficacy in curing Salt-rheum or Tetter, Fever-sores, Hip-joint Disease, Scrofulous Sores and Swellings, Enlarged Glands, and Eating Ulcers.

## INDIGESTION BOILS, BLOTCHES.

Rev. F. ASHBY HOWELL, Pastor of the M. E. Church, of Silverton, N. J., says: "I was afflicted with catarrh and indigestion. Boils and blotches began to arise on the surface of the skin, and I experienced a tired feeling and dullness. I experienced the use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery as directed by him for such complaints, and in one week's time I began to feel like a new man, and am now sound and well. The 'Pleasant Purgative Pellets' are the best remedy for bilious or sick headache, or tightness about the chest, and bad taste in the mouth, that I have ever used. My wife could not walk across the floor when she began to take your 'Golden Medical Discovery.' Now she can walk quite a little ways, and do some light work."

## HIP-JOINT DISEASE.

Mrs. D. M. STROUD, of Ainsworth, Ind., writes: "My little boy had been troubled with hip-joint disease for two years. When he commenced the use of your 'Golden Medical Discovery' and 'Pellets,' he was confined to his bed, and could not be moved without suffering great pain. But now, thanks to your 'Discovery,' he is able to be up all the time."

## CONSUMPTION, WEAK LUNGS, SPITTING OF BLOOD.

GOLDEN MEDICAL DISCOVERY cures Consumption (which is Scrofula of the Lungs), by its wonderful blood-purifying, invigorating and nutritive properties. For Weak Lungs, Spitting of Blood, Shortness of Breath, Bronchitis, Severe Coughs, Asthma, and kindred affections, it is a sovereign remedy. While it promptly cures the severest Coughs it strengthens the system and purifies the blood.

It rapidly builds up the system, and increases the flesh and weight of those reduced below the usual standard of health by "wasting diseases."

**Consumption.**—Mrs. EDWARD NEWTON, of Harrowsmith, Ont., writes: "You will ever be praised by me for the remarkable cure in my case. I was so reduced that my friends had all given me up, and I had also been given up by two doctors. I then went to the best doctor in these parts. He told me that medicine was only a punishment in my case, and would not undertake to treat me. He said I might try Cod liver oil if I liked, as that was the only thing that could possibly have any curative power over consumption so far advanced. I tried the Cod liver oil as a last treatment, but I was so weak I could not keep it on my stomach. My husband, not feeling satisfied to give me up yet, though he had bought for me everything he saw advertised for my complaint, procured a quantity of your 'Golden Medical Discovery.' I took only four bottles, and, to the surprise of everybody, am to-day doing my own work, and am entirely free from that terrible cough which harassed me night and day. I have been afflicted with rheumatism for a number of years, and now feel so much better that I believe, with a continuation of your 'Golden Medical Discovery,' I will be restored to perfect health. I would say to those who are falling a prey to that terrible disease consumption, do not do as I did, take everything else first; but take the 'Golden Medical Discovery' in the early stages of the disease, and thereby save a great deal of suffering and be restored to health at once. Any person who is still in doubt, need but write me, inclosing a stamped, self-addressed envelope for reply, when the foregoing statement will be fully substantiated by me."

**Ulcus Cured.**—ISAAC E. DOWNS, Esq., of Spring Valley, Rockland Co., N. Y. (P. O. Box 23), writes: "The 'Golden Medical Discovery' is sold by druggists."

**WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Proprietors,**  
No. 663 Main Street, BUFFALO, N. Y.

**FRAZER AXLE GREASE.**  
Best in the World. Get the genuine. Every package has our Trade-mark and is marked FRAZER'S. SOLD EVERYWHERE.



**JONES PAYS the FREIGHT**  
For Wagon Scales, Iron Scales, Steel Scales, and Beam Scales. \$80.00. Every size Scale. For free price list mention this paper and address JONES OF BINGHAMTON, BINGHAMTON, N. Y.

**Best**  
Send for the best catalogue of the best Business College, Shorthand, Typewriting and Penmanship School in the world. SPENCER, IAN BUSINESS COLLEGE, Cleveland, Ohio. Circulars free. SINGLE LADIES provided for during confinement. S. at Dr. Thayer's, 54 Walton Ave., Fort Wayne, Ind. N. U. F. W. No. 30-37. When Writing to Advertisers, please say you saw the Advertisement in this paper.



# The St. Joe News.

ST. JOE, INDIANA.

MORT & WILL OLDS, PUBLISHERS.

## EVENTS OF A WEEK.

### PERSONAL NOTES.

—Ex-Gov. Luke Blackburn, of Kentucky, died at Frankfort after a lingering illness, aged 61 years. He was eminent as a physician and philanthropist.

—Mrs. Cleveland was given a reception at the country seat of George Washington Childs, near Philadelphia. An incident of the affair was the presentation by the host to his fair guest of a Jersey cow.

—Hon. Joseph Cilley, the oldest ex-United States Senator and a veteran of the war of 1812, died at Nottingham, N. H., at the age of 93 years.

—Rear Admiral J. R. Madison Mullaney, U. S. N., died at Bryn Mawr, Pa., aged 70 years.

### FINANCIAL AND INDUSTRIAL.

—A receiver has taken charge of the business of Colby, Duncan & Co., piano manufacturers at New York, whose liabilities are said to be about \$175,000.

—F. C. Davenport, dealer in metals at Boston, Mass., has made an assignment, his embarrassment being caused by the failure of E. S. Wheeler & Co., of New Haven. Davenport's liabilities are figured at \$100,000.

—Chipman & Holt, extensive coal dealers of Philadelphia, Pa., have failed, the disaster being due to the assignments of Charles E. Pennock & Co. and Robert Hare Powell & Co. The assets are \$288,000, and the liabilities \$217,000.

—Assignments have been made by Thomas Flourney, Jr., tobaccoist, at Richmond, Va., and by Besette, Lefort & Co., of Montreal. The latter owe \$600,000, while Flourney's liabilities are placed at \$70,000.

—More than a thousand cigarmakers have been "locked out" by their bosses in Boston, on account of differences about the employment of apprentices.

### POLITICAL POINTS.

—The New York Republican Convention met at Saratoga on Wednesday. Ex-Mayor Seth Low, of Brooklyn, was the temporary Chairman, and ex-United States Senator Warner Miller permanent Chairman. A full ticket was nominated, with Col. Fred Grant at the head for Secretary of State. The platform "arraigns" the administrations of President Cleveland and Governor Hill, indorses the protective tariff, demands "liberal" pensions for the old soldiers, advocates restrictions upon immigration, and favors local option.

—The new political combination known as the American party convened at Philadelphia and adopted an elaborate platform. It denounces the present system of immigration and naturalization, and charges that

hordes of foreign immigrants are the refuse of European countries and are unfit to become American citizens, "banding together in societies for the destruction of private property and personal liberty, becoming the political and social agitators, of every cause looking to the destruction of private rights, leading and encouraging all disturbance of labor, seeking to array labor against capital, setting themselves up as the judges of the rights of the American people, committing murder, arson, and other crimes by means of secret organizations, thrusting aside the American citizen and wage-worker to make place for themselves, preventing by threats the children of American citizens from apprenticeship to trades—the enemies of free government by the people." It charges both the old parties with dodging this question and with pandering to the worst foreign element in order to secure votes, and demands that a Department of Immigration, whose head shall be a Cabinet officer, be established by Congress to restrict and regulate foreign immigration. It calls for a revision of the naturalization laws, making fourteen years' residence requisite for citizenship, and excluding all communists, socialists, nihilists, anarchists, paupers, and criminals from naturalization. It favors the limiting of real-estate holdings in area and value; opposes the holding of land by non-resident aliens, and condemns the granting of public lands to private and public corporations. In conclusion, the party declares that it "recognizes no North, no South, no East, and no West in these United States, but one people pledged to our liberty and independence."

### FIRES AND ACCIDENTS.

—By the fall of a pile of lumber in the street railway engine-house in Kansas City six men were severely injured. Their names are: John H. Kennett, John Logan, W. H. Smith, James Good, L. W. Whitsitt, and Isaac Verner.

—A Chatsworth (Ill.) special says: "The last of the wondrous of the ill-fated Niagara excursionists remaining here, Mrs. S. R. Borden, of Tonica, LaSalle County, Ill., died yesterday, at the home of her friends, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Martin. Mrs. Borden took the train with the expectation of visiting her old home in Pennsylvania. Her injuries were

broken and bruised ankle and a bruise in the shoulder. The last two weeks of her suffering she was unconscious most of the time. The direct cause of her death was nervous prostration from the great shock sustained. The deceased was 59 years of age."

—The town of Ironwood, on the Gogebic range, in the Northern Peninsula of Michigan, was visited by a destructive fire. The loss will reach \$150,000.

—Four workmen were severely injured by the fall of the roof trusses in the new Jewish synagogue, at the corner of Judd and Clinton streets, Chicago.

### THE CRIMINAL RECORD.

—The friends of the condemned Anarchists have decided to take no chances so far as the Supreme Court of the United States is concerned, says a Chicago telegram. The Amnesty Association held its first informal meeting Thursday night and decided to immediately commence the circulation of a petition asking for executive clemency. The following form was adopted:

This petition must be at headquarters Amnesty Association Nov. 1, 1897. City of —, State of —. To his Excellency, Richard J. Oglesby, Governor of the State of Illinois: The undersigned, believing that in any case involving life, humanity and the state are better served by mercy than by the rigorous execution of a sentence the justice of which is questioned by many of our people, respectfully but urgently bespeak the exercise of the Executive clemency by your Excellency in behalf of August Spies, Michael Schwab, Oscar Neebe, Albert R. Parsons, Samuel Fielden, Adolph Fischer, Louis Lingg, and George Engel, being persuaded that such action on your part will conduce to the peace of the State.

This will be accompanied by a circular requesting the recipient to use every effort to obtain signatures from all classes of citizens. Copies will only be sent out of the State upon application, and the association will confine its work entirely to Illinois.

—The trial of Fred Munchbrath, Jr., at Sioux City, Iowa, for the murder of Rev. George Haddock resulted in a verdict of guilty of manslaughter, the extreme penalty of which is eight years. The jury was out nearly twenty hours.

—Petitions asking for a commutation of the sentence in the anarchists' case are being circulated at Chicago. The Clothing Cutters' Assembly has formally condemned the action of the Supreme Court. The anarchists in other cities are issuing rabid appeals, some demanding mercy and others threatening vengeance.

### MISCELLANEOUS NOTES.

—According to an Ottawa dispatch the Dominion Government is preparing to employ heroic measures to bring the obstreperous Manitobans to terms on the railway question. It is said that if Manitoba does not abandon her present attitude of disobedience the Federal Government will withhold payment of the next half year's subsidy to the Provincial Government, which will, it is expected, prevent it from carrying forward the Red River Valley project. The Provincial Treasurer has, it is said, secured a loan of \$51,000 at Montreal, the proceeds of which have been applied to the purchase of enough rails to lay fifteen miles of track on the new road.

—The celebration of the 100th anniversary of the adoption of the Federal Constitution began at Philadelphia on Thursday, the 15th inst., under favoring conditions. It is estimated that 25,000 strangers were in the city. The principal streets were gay with decorations, and were thronged with eager sight-seers. The civic and industrial parade was an imposing affair, about 3,000 "floats," 12,000 men, 3,000 horses, and 150 bands of music being in line. A Philadelphia telegram says of the grand parade:

To give an idea of the enormous proportions of the pageant it may be said at 2:20 o'clock only seven of the twenty-three divisions had passed by the reviewing stand, and by the time the seventh division had passed southward the head of the column had arrived on the counter-march, having traveled twenty-three squares south of market street. The march was made without casualties, further than that an unknown man dropped dead near Chestnut street, presumably from heart disease, and a little girl was somewhat injured in a crowd. Among the Governors occupying seats on the reviewing stand were Larrabee, of Iowa; Beaver, of Pennsylvania; Hughes, of Arkansas; Buckner, of Kentucky; Thayer, of Nebraska; Pennoyer, of Oregon; Wilson, of West Virginia; Foraker, of Ohio; and Fitzhugh Lee, of Virginia. The President's party, consisting of the President, Mrs. Cleveland, Secretary Bayard, and Col. and Mrs. Lamont, left Washington at 4 p. m. in charge of Major J. M. Carson. Before reaching Baltimore a hot journal delayed the train twenty minutes, which loss was not made up during the journey. At Baltimore a large crowd collected around the station and cheered for the President, but he did not show himself. At Wilmington an immense crowd cheered and called for the President. He finally appeared in company with Mrs. Cleveland on the platform and bowed acknowledgments. At Wilmington the Presidential party was met by the Philadelphia reception committee and escorted to Philadelphia. The party landed at Thirty-second and Market streets, where city troops were in waiting. Under their escort the party was driven to the Lafayette Hotel. Here a great assembly was gathered anticipating a reception. In answer to repeated calls and cheers the President and Mrs. Cleveland appeared on the balcony and bowed acknowledgments and tremendous cheering.

—In an interview at Boston, Gen. Benj. F. Butler is reported as saying:

It is not strictly true that I have undertaken the case of the condemned Chicago anarchists. I was in communication with their representative before I heard of the Supreme Court decision. I told him then that so far as I had been furnished with the facts I could see no Federal question involved in the case of the anarchists. I added, however, that as there doubtless would be ample time in case of an adverse decision given in which to determine by deliberate examination of the history of the case as to its merits and legal technicalities I would look into it further. I did not know until to-day that General Pryor favored carrying the case to the United States Court. I think myself that there are many questions involved in the trial that will bear review, but I have not yet been able to see that any Federal issue has been raised. My position is just this: From what examination of the matter I have thus far made, I do not see anything to warrant my taking any active step in their behalf. On the other hand, I have not completed the examination sufficiently for me to refuse definitely to do so. The public may rest assured that I will never allow a man's life to be sacrificed if I can see any ground on which it can possibly be saved. I thoroughly believe, as the Supreme Court of Massachusetts once expressed it, that "a man always has a right to quibble for his life."

—The Constitutional celebration was continued at Philadelphia, on Friday, the 16th, when about half a million strangers are said to have been in the city. The President, attended by Secretary Bayard, ex-President Hayes and other notabilities, reviewed the employees of the Custom House, and was afterward tendered a reception at the Commercial Exchange, where he made a brief address, urging the importance of a more active interest and participation in public affairs by the business classes. From the Exchange the Presidential party proceeded to Broad and Walnut streets, where they reviewed the great military parade, which was led by Lieutenant General Sheridan. About 30,000 men were in line. A Philadelphia dispatch says:

The military parade was under command of Gen. Sheridan. It included nearly 30,000 uniformed soldiers, and, taken as a whole, was perhaps never equaled by any similar demonstration of modern times. The sounds of fire and drum early told that preparations were being made for the grand street demonstrations of the nation's protectors. Even during the time of the war of the rebellion there were not as many soldiers in Philadelphia. The arrival of the Presidential party was the signal for repeated cheering, and when the Chief Magistrate made his way to the rostrum at the lower end of the hall cheering broke out again, and the names of Secretary Bayard, Governor Beaver, George W. Childs, Mayor Fittler, and A. J. Brevet were also cheered. President Colby introduced the President. The cheering broke out again, and it was some time before Mr. Cleveland could be heard. He said: "I am glad I have an opportunity to meet so large a representation of the business men of Philadelphia. It is well that we should not entirely forget in the midst of our centennial jubilee that the aim and purpose of good government tend, after all, to the advancement of the material interests of the people and the increase of their trade and commerce. The thought has sometimes occurred to me that in the hurry and crush of business there might well be infused a little more patriotism than we are wont to see, and a little more recognition of the fact that a wholesale political sentiment is closely related not only to the general good but to the general success of business. Of course our citizens engaged in business are quick to see the bearing of any policy which the Government may adopt, as it affects their personal success and their accumulation. But I would like to see that broad and patriotic sentiment among them which can see beyond their regular personal interests, and which can recognize that the advancement of the entire country is an object for which they may well strive, even sometimes to the diminution of the constantly increasing profits. Must we always look for the political opinions of our business men precisely where they suppose their immediate pecuniary advantage is found? I know how vain it is to hope for the eradication of a selfish motive in all the affairs of life, but I am reminded that we celebrate to-day the triumph of patriotism over selfishness. Will any one say that the concessions of the Constitution were not well made, or that we are not to-day in the full enjoyment of the blessings resulting from a due regard for all the conflicting interests represented by the different States which were united a hundred years ago? I believe the complete benefits promised to the people by our form of government can only be secured by an exercise of the same spirit of toleration for each other's rights and interests in which it had its birth. This spirit will prevail when the business men of the country cultivate political thought, when they cease to act for their purely selfish and exclusive benefit, I am of the opinion that there is no place in the country where such a condition can be so properly and successfully maintained as here among the enlightened and enterprising business men of Philadelphia."

—The Constitutional celebration at Philadelphia was concluded on the 17th inst. The memorial meeting was held in Independence Square, which was crowded with people. On the stand, among other notabilities, were President Cleveland and wife, Secretaries Bayard and Fairchild, Bishop Potter, Cardinal Gibbons, Archbishop Ryan, John A. Kasson, of Iowa, President of the Constitutional Centennial Commission, General Sheridan, Justice Miller, of the Supreme Court, and ex-Vice President Hamlin. The exercises were appropriate and impressive, and included an address by the President and the memorial oration by Justice Miller. In the morning, before proceeding to Independence Square, the President, attended by Secretaries Bayard and Fairchild, held a public reception at the City Hall, during which he shook hands with many thousands of people.

—The Surveyor General of New Mexico has discovered two more large land grants in that Territory which appear to have been greatly increased by fraudulent surveys. He recommends that proceedings be instituted to vacate the patents, and Commissioner Spartz approves the recommendation.

M. T. BISHOP,

—DEALER IN—

LUMBER, LIME,

—LATH—

SHINGLES,  
MOULDING &c.

Large Stock and Low Prices. Yard  
Near Depot, St. Joe, Ind.

J. F. WALKER,

MAKER AND DEALER IN

Harness, Collars,

WHIPS, HARNESS OIL &c.

ST. JOE, IND.

Repairing done promptly. Prices as  
low as the lowest. Call and see.



WILLIAM CURIE,

PROPRIETOR OF

MEAT MARKET

ST. JOE, IND.

Highest market price paid for Hides,  
Tallow &c. Give me a call.

F. A. ZEIGLER,

MAKER AND DEALER IN

HARNESS

COLLARS, WHIPS,

Fly Nets and Dusters,

HARNESS OIL &c.

Prices the Lowest. All work guar-  
anteed. Call and see me.

Blacksmith

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Repair Shop.

Having secured the services of an experienced workman, I am now prepared to do all kinds of Blacksmithing and Repairing in a first-class manner. Special attention given to repairing machinery. Give me a call. Prices reasonable.

A. W. Hall, St. Joe.



# THE ST. JOE NEWS.

VOL. I.

ST. JOE, IND., FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 30, 1887.

NO. 36.

## Churches.

### DISCIPLE.

SERVICES every alternate Sunday evening, in the Lutheran church. Cottage prayer meeting every Friday evening.

J. A. THOMAS, PASTOR.

### METHODIST PROTESTANT.

SERVICES every alternate Sunday at 10:30 A. M. Prayer meeting every Tuesday evening. Sunday School at 9:30 A. M.

J. M. LANGLEY, PASTOR.

### EVANGELICAL LUTHERAN.

SERVICES every Sunday, one Sunday in the morning at 10:30, and the following Sunday in the evening. Prayer meeting every Thursday evening. Sunday School at 9:30 A. M.

S. P. FRYBERGER, PASTOR.

## Societies.

### G. A. R.

REGULAR meetings on Saturday evening on or before the full moon of each month, at their hall over Leighty's store.

O. H. WIDNEY, COMMANDER.

J. M. MILLMAN, ADJUTANT.

## Business Notices.

H. W. BOWMAN, M. D., Physician and Surgeon, St. Joe, Ind. Office opposite the Drugstore.

ST. JOE HOTEL, Wm. Leighty, proprietor. Special attention given to furnishing teams for commercial men.

B. S. SHEFFER, M. D., Physician and Surgeon, St. Joe, Ind. Prompt and careful attention to all business entrusted to his care.

ST. JOE BARBER SHOP, one door west of hotel, Will Gee, proprietor. Satisfaction guaranteed. Your patronage is solicited.

FILLEY, LOUNSBERRY AND SHULER, proprietors of the St. Joe Saw and Planing Mill. All work promptly done. Cash paid for Oak Logs.

CITY BARBER SHOP, St. Joe, Ind. John Hull, proprietor. Shaving, Hair Cutting &c. done in the best of style. Come and see me. Two doors west of Kinsey's Furniture Store.

SIMON WINELAND, proprietor St. Joe Handle and Feed Mills. Feed grinding a speciality. Highest prices paid for second growth White Ash. Enquire at the mill for full particulars.

## INDIANA STATE NEWS.

—The recent reunion of Gen. Wilder's Brigade at Greencastle was the means of bringing information to Mrs. Elizabeth Collard, of Indianapolis, about a son, whom she supposed had long ago died. The son was I. W. Collard, a member of the Seventeenth Indiana Volunteers. Ten years ago he started West, intending to send for his mother within a year. After his departure there was no further communication between the mother and son. After numerous unsuccessful attempts to obtain some information of each other, they each reached the conclusion that the other was dead. Mr. Collard attended the Wilder Brigade reunion, and met an Indianapolis gentleman, whom he asked for some information regarding his mother. The gentleman promised, upon his return to Indianapolis, to ascertain, if possible, the whereabouts of Mrs. Collard. This he easily succeeded in doing, and apprised her of her son's inquiries regarding her, greatly to her surprise. The son, in turn, was informed of where his mother was living and the happy meeting between mother and son was very affecting.

—Hon. Rufus Magee, United States Minister to Norway and Sweden, has written to President Jordan, of Indiana University, stating that Baron Nordenstrod, the Swedish arctic explorer and scientist, has presented him with a copy of a map made in 1482 and 1486, showing the geographer's idea at that period of the world. The Baron discovered it in an old library in Russia, and caused 100 copies to be made. The only other one in America is at Harvard University. Minister Magee reached the conclusion that he could make no better disposition of the copy given to him than to present it to the University of his native State, in which he was once a student. The map will be framed and hung in the college library.

—Patents have been issued to the following-named Indiana inventors: Martin V. Beiger, Mishawaka, fabric boot; Nelson P. Bowsher, South Bend, grinding mill; Sharon Case, Montezuma, automatic grain scales; Isaac M. Brown, Columbus, ruling machine; John A. Hay, New Goshen, fence; Conrad Lamm, Garrett, eaves-trough hanger; Henry A. Pershing, assignor by mesne assignments to G. A. Baker, South Bend, petit ledger; John T. Splenberger, Kokomo, thill coupling; James L. Sullivan, Xenia, clock-striking machine.

—George McDaniels, a farmer living near Boswell, Benton County, was run over by a C. & I. C. car, at the Colborn lumber switch in Athens. An engine threw two cars on the switch without warning, and McDaniels, who was standing between two cars unloading lumber, did not see them. His right arm and leg were terribly lacerated, the bones of his arm being crushed into a pulp.

—A distressing accident occurred at Bloomington resulting in the death of the 18-months-old child of Andrew Wycoll. The parents had just returned from a circus, and the little one was playing about the room, when it pushed a lamp over and fired its clothes. No one was in the room at the time and when the mother came in the child lay dying on the floor. It died in an hour.

—Henry Grener, of Columbus, while hunting ducks in White River, landed his boat, and in drawing his shotgun out it was discharged, the charge entering his right side under the armpit, ranging around, tearing him fearfully. He got back in the boat, rowed a mile and then walked a mile to town, trailing blood all the way. He is now in a dying condition.

—The first gas for Selma, was struck recently at a depth of 1,000 feet. It is one of the best wells in the State. From the time the first gush came the gas increased in volume and force so rapidly with every

stroke of the drill that the company soon discovered that they were getting more gas than they could control, and ordered the drilling stopped.

—Mrs. Will Wright, of New Castle, gave premature birth to four children recently. This is the first case of the kind that ever occurred in Henry County, and the event has been the subject of a great deal of comment. To add to this record, Mrs. Wright had previously given birth to five pairs of twins, making fourteen children at six births.

—David Cram, wife, child, and a hired man, living north of Laporte, were thrown from a buggy by a runaway team and they were more or less injured. Mrs. Cram had her right arm broken and was badly hurt about the head, having the entire scalp torn loose. She is in a dangerous condition and it is very doubtful if she recovers.

—Mack Steins, of Greensburg, while at work on the bridge at St. Paul, fell a distance of seventy-four feet into the river and was killed, living only an hour after the accident. He was about thirty-five years old, and leaves a widow and one child.

—While C. C. Corwin, a prominent attorney, and Deputy Sheriff John A. Adair were driving out to the Portland gas well recently, their horse took fright and ran away, throwing both out, seriously hurting them, the latter probably fatally.

The muster-roll of the Peru Guards, a new military company, has been received by Adjutant General Koontz. It numbers forty-three men and the enlistment is for three years. The Captain is William Henry Harrison Spaulding.

—Alfred Arnick, the oldest resident of Lexington, Scott County, fell from excessive weakness and, striking a fence, broke the point of his shoulder-blade and sustained serious internal injuries. He now lies in a critical condition.

—Thirty thousand people attended the yearly meeting of Friends at Plainfield.

—The escaping gas at the Wheeler well at Noblesville was ignited by some mischievous person, setting fire to and completely consuming the derrick and a large amount of drilling rope.

—William Laymon, of Crawfordsvill, fell dead in his yard recently. He was in his usual health, and it is supposed that the cause of death was heart disease. He leaves a family.

The round-house and machine shops of the L. N. A. & C. R. R., at Michigan City, were entirely consumed by fire. Loss, \$25,000.

—Mrs. Mary Johnson, aged 63, wife of Oliver Johnson, of Madison, fell dead on the street while going to a grocery near her residence. Coroner's verdict, heart disease.

—Chas. Strimaller, of Fort Wayne, died from the effects of lock-jaw, which was brought about by a severe goring he received from a vicious cow a few days ago.

—The mangled remains of Christian Scherer, a farmer near Monroeville, were found on the railway track near his home.

—Perry Freeman, of Muncie, committed suicide by taking morphine.

—The Rev. Mr. Lyons, minister at Zion M. E. Church, New Albany, has been transferred to Philadelphia conference.

—Thomas Coakley, a fireman on the C. & I. Railroad, was killed by falling from the train and being run over.

—Stephen Jeffries was killed by cars at Aurora.

A boy in Pittsfield, Mass., swallowed the bulb of a thermometer. He now has a mercurial temperament.

Why is a black horse hard to train? because you can't make a black horse a bay (obey).

It is no sign because a man makes a stir in the community that he is a spoon.

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# The St. Joe News.

ST. JOE, INDIANA.

MORT & WILL OLDS, PUBLISHERS.

## WHEN THE HEARSE COMES BACK.

BY JAMES WHITEHEAD KELLY.

A thing 'at's 'bout as tryin' as a body can  
to make poor Mr. Ed's funeral a beginnin' to  
the horses—slow enough  
the patience of the gentleman  
the gravel and the slow  
every wee 'at everybody  
the contrast when I hear the  
the horses  
Hearse  
Come  
Back!

Meet it goin' to ride the country, you'll want to  
chap your eyes  
But of the plumes don't fetch you, you'll ketch  
you otherwise  
You'll had to see the easin', though you'd ort to  
look away.  
And 'conomize and save 'yer signs for any other  
day.  
Yersey 'pathetic' won't wake up the sleeper  
f'r his rest  
Yer tears won't thaw them hands, o' his 'at's  
f'rze across his breast  
And this is why—when mirth and sky's a-pettin'  
blurred and black  
I like the whoop and racket  
—When the  
Hearse  
Come  
Back!

The idly 'wadin' round here over shoe-mouth  
deep in woe,  
When they's a graded pike o' joy and sunshine,  
don't you know!  
When evenin' strikes the pasture, cows'll puff  
out for the bars,  
And skittish-like from out the dark'll prance  
the happy stars,  
And so when my time comes to die, and I've got  
ary, f'r, no  
'At wants expressed my last request I'll mebbey  
recommend  
To drive slow, of they have to, goin' long the  
onward track,  
But I'll smile and say, "You speed 'em  
—When the  
Hearse  
Come  
Back!"

## A WOMAN'S DULICITY.

BY BETH DAY.

Great was the excitement in May Harding's country home, when, one afternoon, her brother brought a letter which proved to be from "Aunt Edwards in the city," containing an invitation to May to spend the winter with them and share with her cousins, Tom and Julia, in the season's gaiety.

Mrs. Edwards had hinted, during her annual visit to the farm, that such invitation might be expected, nevertheless, it came with the shock of a pleasant surprise, for she had hinted in the same manner before, when no invitation had followed. With the exception of a week's stay during the holiday season of the previous winter, May had never been invited to visit them. That week had been a glimpse of fairy land to her. They had all been so kind, and Tom, her schoolboy cousin, had crowded as much sight-seeing as possible into her short stay. There had been a ball, a real ball, at the Edwards mansion, and there she had met Frank Carrol, whose dark, magnetic eyes haunted her even yet. How his hand had trembled as his fingers touched her wrist, when he had begged leave to fasten her glove; it was the thought of this, perhaps, that sent the light to her eyes, and the color to her cheek, as she stood waiting her mother's reply to her eager question.

"May I go, mamma? do you really think I may go?"

How lovely she looked as she stood there, her dark-blue eyes shining, the peach-bloom color in her rounded cheeks deepening to rose, expectation in every curve of the graceful figure. The mother saw, and a sudden pang smote her; a premonition of all this visit might mean to her, and that thought made her voice faintly tremulous, but she answered bravely:

"Yes, dear, I think you may go."

One month later Miss May was comfortably seated in the cars whirling away towards all that awaited her in the city.

Within a week after her arrival there was a grand ball to which they all were invited, and where she again met Frank Carrol. From that time he became a frequent visitor at the Edwards mansion. He and Tom were firm friends, and Julia had long been endeavoring to awaken something more than friendship in his heart for herself.

As his visits became more frequent

she flattered herself that she had succeeded; then, as she perceived that she was not the sole object that drew him thither, she became filled with a bitter and unreasoning jealousy of one who could take without an effort what she had striven so hard to gain.

"He shall never marry her, never!" she exclaimed to herself again and again, as she no longer tenderly glanced, or loverlike attention. But no opportunity to near their friendship presented itself until the holiday season drew near.

The great event of the season was to be a ball on Christmas eve; Julia and her cousin had accepted invitations, and on the evening in question had retired to their separate apartments to dress for the occasion. There was a ring at the doorbell and Julia sent her maid down.

"A parcel for Miss Harding," said the girl, not raising.

"Give it to me," said her mistress, who had caught sight of the address, and recognized the handwriting as that of Frank Carrol.

"It is for Miss Harding," said the girl, drawing back.

"She shall never have it, never!" exclaimed Julia, passionately. Then suddenly conscious that she had betrayed her feelings to her maid, she drew the girl into the room and closed the door.

"Bettie," she said, quietly, "you are in my employ, and it is right for you to do whatever I tell you to do. Do you not think it is?"

"I do not know, m'am. Is it really?" asked the girl, doubtfully.

"Yes, of course," replied the unscrupulous Julia. "Give me the parcel, and promise you will not tell my cousin, and you shall have that dress of mine that you have wanted so long, and," she added, hastily, seeing little signs of acquiescence in Bettie's face, "you shall go home and visit your mother for a week."

That decided Bettie. What would she not give, what would she not do, to gain the privilege of visiting that mother whose care-worn face she had not seen for nearly three years? When ever she had asked for a holiday Julia had threatened her with the loss of her place if she did not postpone it; and, as her wages were a necessity to the family at home, she could but submit.

She handed the parcel to Julia, who, without a moment's hesitancy, tore open the wrapper, disclosing a box containing a few choice hot-house flowers, and among them one exquisite white rose, beside whose snowy petals lay a note addressed to Miss Harding. As Julia read the few words penned for other eyes than hers, the dark flush of anger rose in her cheeks, her eyes flashed with a dangerous light; forgetting all else in her passion, she crushed the unconscious paper fiercely in her clenched hand, flung it upon the floor and set her foot upon it, exclaiming through set teeth, "No! she shall never wear that rose if she loves him," and cutting the rose she was about to send it after the crushed and crumpled biller-doux, when some unexpressed thought made her pause. A sinister smile touched her lips, and she began to fasten the flowers in her hair and corsage.

A moment later May Harding came to the door.

"Are you not ready, cousin?" she asked.

"Not quite," replied Julia, pushing the crumpled note under the dressing bureau with her foot. "I must wear some of these flowers; Mr. Carrol sent them; are they not lovely? I will come in a moment," she added, as May, with paling cheeks, left the room.

The observant Bettie saw the disappearance of the note. As soon as her mistress left the room she secured it.

Next day Miss Julia instituted a quiet search for the crumpled bit of paper, and discovered that after Catherine, the chambermaid, had swept the room the scraps of paper were taken from the dust-bin to light the dining-room fire. "I am safe," muttered Julia, exultingly, "for Catherine cannot read."

At the ball Julia stationed herself where Frank Carrol would be sure to see her, before his eyes fell upon May.

"Ah!" she exclaimed gaily, as he came near, "you are admiring my roses, I see," for, in truth, his eyes were riveted upon them. "Are they not lovely? Some one sent them to May, and I am indebted to her for them," and the arch-traitor smiled to herself, as she noted the fact that he did not seek May during the evening.

When they were leaving, however, he placed them in the carriage, and

taking May's hand, pressed it to his lips, murmuring as he bowed his head over it, a low-spoken, but significant farewell.

The tone, more than the words, told her that it was forever. She could not understand his changed demeanor; she felt it keenly, but managed to hide it bravely, as women can and do, and when, a week later, she received a letter from her mother stating that she was suffering under a slight indisposition, May made it the pretext for an immediate return to her home, leaving Tom disconsolate and Julia jubilant.

When Tom made his semi-annual visit to the farm in the spring he was shocked by his cousin's changed appearance, and with the astuteness of fifteen, fancied that he divined the cause; he determined, by what he considered a noble act of unselfishness, to bring the vanished roses again to her cheeks.

"Auntie," he inquired, "may I bring my chum down here for a week to fish?"

"Certainly," replied Mrs. Harding, who was never known to refuse Tom anything; and, armed with this permission, Tom went to Frank Carrol and asked him to go.

"What is your aunt's name?" inquired Carrol.

"Harding," answered Tom, hesitatingly.

"I should like to accompany you, Tom," said the young man, "but really, just now it is impossible; so much to do, you know."

All Tom could say did not alter his decision.

Scarcely had the disappointed boy left the lawyer's office—Frank Carrol was a lawyer—when a young woman closely veiled, and apparently in deep trouble, was ushered into the apartment. She raised her veil, thereby disclosing the tear-stained features of Bettie, and she, with much trembling and many sobs, related to the astonished lawyer the fate of the note and the bouquet he had sent to Miss Harding months before.

"You see, sir," she sobbed, "I haven't had a mite of peace since; an' Miss Julia didn't let me go to see my mother after all, and now she's dead and I can't," and a burst of sobs completed the sentence.

"Who is Miss Julia?" asked the lawyer, more for the purpose of drawing the girl's mind from her sorrow than from any interest he felt in the lady.

"Julia Edwards? I was her maid, and the other lady was Miss May Harding, Miss Julia's cousin."

"Oh!" said the lawyer, a light beginning to break in upon him.

"And he got the letter, sir, as was with the flowers," continued the repentant Bettie, producing it. "I couldn't read it, an' don't know who sent them, or who wrote it, but I thought best to keep it, so maybe I could give it to Miss Harding some time."

"Why didn't you tell this before? or rather, why have you told it now?" asked Carrol.

"Because I thought they'd put me in jail for it. But my mother is dead and don't need me now, an' you can send me there as soon as you please," sobbed Bettie.

"You are a good girl, Bettie, I shall not send you to jail," said Carrol.

"Nor Miss Julia, neither?" queried the amazed and ungrammatical Bettie.

"No," said the lawyer. "Now I want to ask a favor of you; it is, that you do not tell Miss Julia or any one else what you have told me."

Bettie promised and went away with a lighter heart than she had known for many a day.

Fifteen minutes later Frank Carrol astonished Tom by rushing into his presence and announcing with all the enthusiasm of a boy of ten, that he had so arranged his business that he could take care of itself for the remainder of the week, and if Tom would, renew his invitation, which Tom did without ceremony, they would the next morning be off for the country.

The third day of his visit was drawn to a close before he found an opportunity of speaking to May alone. He found her sitting on a rustic seat in the garden among the roses. He laid the crumpled note before her, stating how it had come to him, touching, as lightly as possible, Julia's share in the transaction.

"Tell me, May," he whispered when she had read the note, "would you have worn the rose?"

She made no reply.

Nervously he tore the date from the

note, and, plucking a rose from the bush beside him, laid it with the note, in her lap. Then he turned away. When he looked back she was pressing them both to her lips.

A moment later Tom, coming suddenly around the corner of the house, gave a low chuckle of surprise, or delight, and, turning on his heel, sped away in an opposite direction.

Six weeks later Tom acted as groomsmen at his cousin's wedding. Miss Julia did not accept the invitation extended to her, though she wondered greatly how her duplicity had been covered, for the said invitation was enclosed in a small box of hot-house flowers, conspicuous among which was one magnificent white rose.

## Old California-Hotel.

"I was in California during the stirring days of 1848-2," said an old, tall, lank minstrel man who has been in Australia for the last twenty years, and who recently returned to this country, to die, being afflicted with an incurable disease. "I was 14 years old or so," he went on to a reporter of the *Sydney Standard*, "and a hanger-on at my uncle's mining camp. We ran into San Francisco frequently, and I shall never forget the attractions which two rival hotels offered to the public to eclipse the other's patronage. One of them was known as the Clean Shirt and the other as the Golden Eagle. The Clean Shirt started with a small one-horse brass-band concert on the balcony every evening, and drew big crowds, including about all the Golden Eagle's guests. Pretty soon, however, the Clean Shirt began to lose her boarders by the score without any apparent cause. The proprietor enlarged his brass-band and polished up his bar without effect. It did not take him long to find out that the Golden Eagle was having nightly cocking mains and dog-fights for the exclusive benefit of her guests. Then the Clean Shirt got back part of her custom by introducing private prize fights and slugging matches. It's a fact, gentlemen, that when miners and others had personal differences to settle they used to offer their services to the proprietor of the Clean Shirt, who paid well for a fight, the money going to the winner. Of course these exhibitions were given in private quarters and none but guests and their friends were admitted. The Golden Eagle next enhanced its attractiveness by knocking out one end of its dining-room and building on a stage and a green-room and other like accessories, and had variety performances at every meal. Women were scarce in that part of the country and the Golden Eagle's half-dozen serio-comics, which came on from the Lord knows where, proved a great asset, a better one than the Clean Shirt with all its ingenuity could play. One day, however, a desperado went into the Clean Shirt and shot a bartender, a phenomenon which made her funions and placed her far ahead of the Golden Eagle in the estimation of the traveling public. But the proprietor of the Eagle was an ingenious, enterprising cuss and saw his opportunity. He headed a gang which went out and captured the murderer, and, bringing him back strung him up on the dining-room stage one evening at supper, and all the guests, transient and permanent, were accorded the privilege of firing their revolvers at his dangling body. That was a great day for Golden Eagle. One shot accidentally went through the head of a waiter, and the entertainment far exceeded the proprietor's most sanguine expectations."

## Punishment for an Anarchist.

Some years ago a quondam brigand chief was raised to the Presidency of Bolivia. He was noted for his long shaggy hair and beard, on which he never bestowed the slightest pains. On the day of his election he had to attend mass in obedience to the usual custom, and a barber was called in to comb and dress the matted hair and beard of his Excellency. When the tedious and painful operation was over, an official came in to inform his Excellency that there was a criminal sentenced to death and awaiting execution, but that it was customary for a newly elected President to commute the sentence into a lighter one. "Well, and what other punishment am I to give him?" inquired the President, still smarting from the recent operation. "Whichever your Excellency may please." "Then let him have his hair combed and have done with it!" was the reply. — *New York Mercury*.



The Advance from Richardson's Planché to  
our Day.

The age of women is what they call this last quarter of the nineteenth century sometimes. Of a certainly whatever else it may or may not be, nobody could pronounce it the age of the girl. The girl has had her day. A long day it was and a sunny one, but she does not seem at present likely to get another.

No change wrought in the last hundred years is more marked than the steady advance in the period of life at which the feminine part of humanity is thought to reach its prime. When the novel originated its first heroine was the 14-year-old, Richardson's Pamela, Clarissa and their kin might be 13 than very many years above it. Sweet 16 and blooming 17 reigned in the pages of Irving and Cooper, dominating the sentiment of a half to a third of a century ago; 20, 21, and 22 were the next favorites springing up with the women's colleges, as the better education of girls kept them in the schoolroom and out of society longer, while the mature woman of 27 or 33 quite as frequent nowadays finds herself brought to the fore in the modern novel which is a fairly truthful index of the civilization it tries to represent.

History and society chronicles tell the same tale as the novel. When the French Revolution was hatching, the wild sayings and gay doings of Marie-Antoinette fed the discontent, and yet she whom the folk of Paris judged so harshly and took so seriously was a girl of 14 when she was taken out of the nursery and lifted to the throne. Benedict Arnold's wife was under 20 when his disgrace bowed her to the ground, and pretty Dolly Payne before she became Dolly Madison at 24 had been a quaker belle, had kept house for Mrs. John Tod, had sorrowed as a widow and bloomed on through several years of "belledoni" again. Our granddames not so many generations removed on whom we look back with the awe and reverence that hedge an ancestor were very youthful dignitaries indeed when they took the responsibilities of life upon them. As the boy went to college at 14 so the girl took her place in society, married at 16, had a brood of children while yet under age, and was relegated to knitting work and caps while hardly mature, ending all active career under 40, at an age when the modern woman feels that she is just coming to the full command of her powers.

From being passeé at 20 to being charming at 30 tells in itself the whole tale of woman's growth for the past century. That peculiar combination of angel and idiot which was the ideal woman was unthinkable except in the teens. Idiocy was angelic after the first score of years. The rosebud is delightful and everybody loves it, but there is not a woman left who would care to be always 18. Up to 35 a woman is not now at all abashed at owning her age. She knows she has but gained in charm; she knows that the man who fought shy of taking her out to dinner during her first season, and who was mute and bored during the whole time that he sat by her side, will seek her out in company now, and will recognize her added experience and maturity by giving her credit for common sense in the talk which he begins with her. She knows that where her crudeness used to drive off people worth knowing, she can at her will call them about her now.

Frau Von Stein was past 30 when she carried off Goethe captive after he had weathered the dangers of the younger Lillis Charlotte and the rest. And in New York or any of the country's great centers to-day it is not the younger women whose positions in the only society that is worth the name is happiest or best established. The woman who marries is 25 when she used to be 15. The woman who gathers about her any circle that deserves the name of salon is Mary E. Booth at 50; Mrs. Marth J. Lamb, with the gray hairs coming; Mrs. Frank Leslie; Jenny June, with a third of a century of active work in the city behind her; or at the youngest, Miss Grace H. Dodge, on the border line of the thirties; women who are often better looking and always better worth seeing than when they were younger. It is a tribute to the common sense of the day that things should be as they are. The world will always feel and acknowledge a girl's fresh charm. There is nothing

also quite like it. But the mature woman, whose face has thought and knowledge in it is the woman who is crowned on in a later life.

Year an old German castle is a lim

Near an old German castle, is a lime which a boy, accused of killing his master, planted with its head in the earth, to attest his innocence if it grew and flourished. Two friends were attacked by robbers in a wood, and one of them was killed. The robbers having been put to flight by a flash of lightning, the surviving friend, found kneeling at the side of his dead companion, was condemned to death for his murder. On his way to execution he planted a stick, which he adjured to take root and grow if he was innocent. As, of course, it is proved that he was by the beautiful apple tree that the stick became. Somewhat similar is the account of the Luther elm near Worms. A bigoted old Catholic lady, planting a stick in the ground, declared her resolution not to accept the new faith till that dry stick became green. The fact that it did so proves the interest taken by trees in the preservation of orthodoxy, but it would seem that the elm tree takes a special interest in matters of this sort, for is not the elm tree the symbol of St. Zenobius, whose coffin of that saint was carried past a dry elm tree suddenly burst into leaf?

Another way by which trees revealed their inherent sympathy with humanity is by bleeding. Both Virgil and Ovid tell the story of Polydore, one of Priam's sons, intrusted to the care of a king of Thrace, and by him killed after the taking of Troy; from his grave there grew a myrtle, which, when Æneus plucked its boughs, bled in a pure human fashion, much to that hero's dismay. The present writer himself has searched for an oak tree in a Surrey wood which was said to show a blood-red sap in memory of a murderer committed in its vicinity. At all events, if a deed of blood had been committed near the spot the tree in question had forgotten all about it, for no blood issued from its wound, and a disbelief in bleeding trees had to take itself to many another negative conclusion.

The peculiarities, no less than the existence, of trees, admit of mythological explanation; and strangely absurd those explanations often are. Here, for instance, is one of the jagged form of the oak leaves, an explanation of the same order as that which traces the minute holes in the leaves of the St. John's wort to the needle with which the devil pricked it as a punishment for its devil-dispelling powers. The devil agreed with a man that he should have the latter's soul at the time when the oak leaves fell; but when he came to look at the oak in the autumn he found it still in leaf, nor did it part with its old leaves till the new ones began to sprout. In his rage and disappointment he scratched the leaves so vehemently that they have been in consequence jagged ever since. — *Gentleman's Magazine*.

Now it is a fact, well-known and beyond dispute, that every animate or inanimate structure responds to some chord or note of music, called the dominant. We have all felt some building vibrate in unison with the pulsation of some note of a musical instrument; we have felt "creepy" shivers run through us as some musical chord is sounded. It is well-known that animals are strangely affected by certain harmonies.

Some day, when civilization has advanced, it is believed that these evidences of physiological structure will be better understood. It will be recognized that vice and virtue are in accord with different harmonies, and yield to the power of different dominants; and, when once the classification is made, and the disclosures of the dominant understood, then the extent and influence of the dominant will be a physiological test to define the character and ruling passions of men's nature, and to decide the fitness of men for the various pursuits of life, and even for life itself.—*Exchange.*

CONQUER thyself. Till thou hast one that thou art a slave; for it is almost as well to be in subjection to another's appetite as thy own.

CLEVERNESS is a sort of genius for instrumentality. It is the brain of the hand. — Coleridge.

**The Corn Palace at Sioux City.**

This question applies to everybody. Some will say yes, while others will answer, "Not if we know ourselves; no West in ours." Well, perhaps not. But time works wonders, and as one knows what a day may bring forth; therefore those who have no idea of going West just at present should keep posted a little, for there is no telling how soon the "Western fever" may strike them, and if it does their departure will be as sudden as that of a bank cashier who has got on the wrong side of the wheat market. So we say keep posted just a little, and particularly as to the best and safest road over which to make a Western trip.

From Chicago there are numerous well-equipped railways that branch out to nearly every section of the great West, none of which are more prominent than the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul. For years this road has been noted for its enterprise in improving its train service and its efforts to provide comfort, convenience and safety for the traveling public. This is a fact which is appreciated by those who are obliged to spend much of their time in a passenger coach or a sleeping car. It is a pleasure to travel on any division of the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul, for a more courteous and obliging corps of conductors and subordinates, cannot be found than is in charge of the numerous trains of this popular railway system.

Trains are leaving Chicago over this line for different points in the West almost hourly. One of the new and popular trains recently added to its service is that which leaves Chicago every day at 7:30 p. m. and arrives at St. Paul the next morning at 9:30 o'clock, and at Minneapolis only thirty-five minutes later. This train is known as the "business man's favorite" because it leaves Chicago at the end of the day and arrives in St. Paul the next morning before business begins.

Another very popular train up in this road is the Sioux City short line. Leaving Chicago at noon daily, passengers arrive in Sioux City shortly after 9 o'clock the next morning, making close connections with trains for Northern and Southern Dakota. Elegant dining cars are run upon this train, upon which dinner, supper, and breakfast are served in a style that traveling men say is ahead of any other road.

The Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Roadway offers superior advantage to all who contemplate a Western trip. Its various lines traverse Northern Illinois, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Iowa, and Dakota to a greater extent than any other road. Its equipment is first-class in every respect, and travelers who patronize it speak in the highest terms of it.

Parties who propose to attend the great "Corn Palace" festivities, which are to be held at Sioux City, Iowa, from October 3 to October 8, inclusive, should not fail to buy their tickets over the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul.

The next Harvest Excursion over this favorite road will leave Chicago October 11. Tickets for this Excursion will be sold at half prices to points in Minnesota, Dakota, and Northern Iowa. For further particulars address A. V. H. Carpenter, General Passenger Agent, Milwaukee, Wis., or F. A. Miller Assistant General Passenger Agent, 65 Clark St., Chicago, Ill.

"Bright Eyes," the eloquent Indian advocate, will lecture this season on the wrongs on the Indians. Good subject; the Indian is full of 'em; he seems to be wrong half the time; and the other half he is waiting for the grass to get green so that he may go wrong again. His wrongs keep this peaceful and Christian land in such a perennial turmoil that we hardly know; whether it is because we have the Indian wrongs or the wrong Indians. — *Burdette*.

"Didn't I tell you so?" said a gentleman to an acquaintance whom he chanced to meet on the street; "it's always the way." "What's always the way?" inquired a mutual friend of the two men, who happened along just then. "Why, just this," replied the first speaker; "you see Smith, here, the last time I met him he had one of the worst coughs you ever heard. He complained of a loss of appetite, of night-sweats, of low spirits and other unmistakable premonitory symptoms of consumption. I told him to get a supply of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery at once. He did so, and look at him now! Did you ever see a healthier-looking man? The 'Discovery' has snatched thousands from consumptives' graves. I knew it would cure Smith. It's always the way."

There is said to be 'a great similarity between a vain young lady and a confirmed drunkard, in that neither of them can ever get enough of the glass.

We call attention of our lady readers to the handsome present that is being prepared for them. By special arrangement with *Demorest's Monthly*, the Greatest of all Family Magazines, we will print in our next issue an **ORDER**, entitling every one of our readers to a pattern of this handsome jacket (free). Look out for it, for it is worth 25 cents.

While Demorest's is not a Fashion Magazine, many suppose it to be, because its Fashion Department, like all its other departments, is so perfect.

Don't subscribe for another magazine for  
next year before sending for this pattern, for  
the pattern's descriptive envelope will contain  
all information about *Demorest's Monthly*,  
which is published by W. Jennings Demorest,  
5 East 14th St., New York.

The Fraser Axle Grease is the very best.  
A trial will prove we are right.

[illegible]

"Feeling languid and dizzy. Having no appetite and no ambition to work. Took Hood's Sarsaparilla, with the best results. As a health invigorator and tone house for general debility I think it superior to anything else." A. A. RIKES, Albany Street, Utica, N. Y.

**100 Doses One Dollar:**

The best and surest Remedy for Cure of  
all diseases caused by any derangement of  
the Liver, Kidneys, Stomach and Bowels.  
Dyspepsia, Sick Headache, Constipation,  
Bilious Complaints and Malaria of all kinds  
yield readily to the beneficent influence of

It is pleasant to the taste, tones up the system, restores and preserves health.  
It is purely Vegetable, and cannot fail to prove beneficial, both to old and young.  
As a Blood Purifier it is superior to all others. Sold everywhere at \$1.00 a bottle.

**STRICTLY VEGETABLE.**  
Cure Constipation, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Piles,  
Sick Headache, Liver Complaints, Loss of Ap-  
petite, Billiousness, Nervousness, Jaundice, etc.  
For Sale by all Druggists. Price, 25 Cents.  
**PACIFIC MANUFACTURING CO., ST. LOUIS, MO.**

300 PANTS

300 SHOES

HANDSOME,  
STYLISH  
**PANTS**

made to order in  
first-class style.  
Perfect Fit guar-  
anteed or money  
refunded.

For samples of  
cloth and foot type  
measure, worth loc.)  
send 3 2c. stamps.

**Circulars Free.**

Established  
in 1877.

**THE HUNTER**  
**CINCINNATI, O. F. G. CO.**

A black and white advertisement for Ely's Cream Balm. On the left is a profile of a man's head facing right. Various parts of his face and head are labeled with ailments: "EYES GOLD" near the eye, "COLD" near the nose, "HEADACHE" along the top of the head, "SORES" on the ear, "ITCHING" on the neck, "PRICK SORE" on the cheek, "ELY'S BALM" on the forehead, "OWED" on the chin, and "USA" at the bottom. To the right of the head is a large testimonial in italics: "I found it a specific for Hay Fever. For ten years I have been a great sufferer from August 9th till frost. Ely's Cream Balm is the only preventive I have ever found. Hay Fever sufferers should know of its efficacy.—Frank B. Ainsworth, Publisher, Indianapolis, Ind. Apply Balm into each nostril."

**Lauderbach's German Catarrh Remedy.**  
 Since 1891. Samples free at Druggists. Mailed for 10c. in stamps.  
 HUNDREDS CURED since the discovery of this method of  
 treatment. Every man brings letters from grateful persons  
 CURED. B. B. LAUDERBACH & CO., Newark, N. J., U.S.A.

**FOR SALE CHEAP!**  
One of Payne & Son's automatic ten-horse power engines. It has only been used about two years. It is in every respect as good as the day it came out of the shop. This engine is equal to twenty-horse power if required of it. Address, **FORT WAYNE NEWS-PAPEr UNION, 55 & 57 Columbia St., Fort Wayne, Ind.**

Piso's Remedy for Catarrh is the  
Best, Easiest to Use, and Cheapest.

**CATARRH**

Sold by druggists or sent by mail.  
50c. E. T. Haseltine, Warren, Pa.

**OME STUDY.** Bookkeeping, Business Forms, Penmanship, Arithmetic, Short-hand, etc., thoroughly taught by mail. Circulars free. **BRYANT'S BUSINESS COLLEGE, Buffalo, N.Y.**





MORT & WILL OLDS, PUBLISHERS.

Subscription Rates:

One Year, in advance ..... \$0.75  
Six Months ..... 50  
Three Months ..... 25

Entered at the Post Office at St. Joe as second-class matter.

FRIDAY SEPTEMBER 30, 1887.

St. Joe is the best hog market in the county.

The Chautauqua Circle of this place begin their course of readings for 1887-8, Oct. 1st.

Jud Davis left last Monday night for Janesville, Wis., to complete his course in telegraphy.

We are reminded by the "sear and yellow" condition of things, that autumn is here, and that it will soon be time to clean house and put that awful stove-pipe together again.

The Butler Review says that invitations were printed at that office announcing the wedding of Miss Mabel Andrews of Newville, and Mr. Frank Seiler of Fairfield township.

The Synod of the Evangelical Lutheran church of Northern Indiana meets at Columbia City, this week. Rev. Fryberger is in attendance and will be absent over Sunday, consequently there will be no preaching in the Lutheran church on Sunday morning.

Remember that we stop all papers when the time, for which the subscription was given, expires. Therefore if any of the readers of the News should not receive their paper, they will know the cause. If you wish to continue taking the paper, let us know either in person, or by postal card, and it will be promptly forwarded.

At the school meeting last Saturday evening, Chris Curie was re-elected director, and it was decided to open the winter term of school on Oct. 1st. A resolution was also passed, asking the trustee to require the teachers to be responsible for the good condition of the school building, and see that no damage is done to the same.

Some time ago it was predicted that bogus driven-well agents would soon let themselves loose upon the unsuspecting. They have "arrived." They appear upon the farm with a long story and lots of authority, on paper, to settle with the farmer for a small sum, the farmer in turn to say nothing about the matter, but simply present his receipt if called upon. Owners of wells should be a little careful to which gang of swindlers they pay the royalty.—Avilla News.

**ELECTRIC BITTERS:**—The remedy is becoming so well known and so popular as to need no special mention. All who have used Electric Bitters sing the same song of praise. A purer medicine does not exist and it is guaranteed to do all that is claimed. Electric Bitters will cure all diseases of the Liver and Kidneys, will remove Pimples, Boils, Salt Rheum, and other affections caused by impure blood. Will drive Malaria from the system and prevent as well cure all Malarial fevers. For cure of Headache, Constipation and Indigestion try Electric Bitters. Entire satisfaction guaranteed, or money refunded. Price 50 cts. and \$1.00 per bottle at W. C. Patterson's Drug Store.

OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

NEWVILLE.

Orin Hatch is moving to Waterloo this week.

Mrs. Akins school is progressing very favorably.

Joseph Rex and wife have left for Fort Wayne.

Mrs. Hathaway is moving into her house again from Hicksville.

Ernest Brown visited friends in Auburn and Waterloo Sunday.

William Moody and Uriah Linton were in Butler the first of the week.

James Stafford, of St. Louis, Mich. is visiting friends in this place this week.

W. B. Chiesman and George Bartlett went to Waterloo the first of the week.

D. D. DeLong Professor of Lebanon College Pennsylvania, has visited his mother and brother lately.

Newville was well represented at the Hicksville Fair. The U. B. Sunday school turned out enmasse on Wednesday.

SPENCERVILLE.

Florence Fryberger is on the sick list.

Mrs. Burley is very ill at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Frank Wise.

Will Bishop and wife are spending a couple of weeks at this place.

Mrs. Ed. Gelhausen, of Garrett, is visiting friends in town this week.

Rev. S. P. Fryberger started for Columbia City Wednesday to attend Synod.

G. A. Bishop went to Chicago Tuesday night to purchase a stock of goods.

Miss Julia Emanuel, of Antwerp, O., was the guest of her grandparents last Sunday.

Ben Zimmerman has returned from Rockford Mich., and invites all who are in need of photographs to give him a call.

Orange Fales and wife are visiting at the home of his parents. He has just returned from the west where he has been traveling for his health.

Mr. W. C. Tindall died at his home last Friday morning, aged 61 years. He has been a great sufferer nearly all summer, but had began to be around some, when he was suddenly taken worse and after a severe illness of ten days, departed this life. He leaves a wife, two children and many friends to mourn his loss. The funeral services were held in the M. E. church on Sunday morning and were largely attended.

CONCORD.

Con Howey visited under his father's roof last Sunday.

Joseph Koch and wife visited with their son Reuben last Sabbath.

Sadie Hilderbrandt was a visitor under the parental roof Sunday.

Aleck Provines and wife visited with grandpa Baker and wife last Sunday.

John Smith and family visited in Jackson township last Saturday and Sunday.

Eph Wyatt and family, of near Fort Wayne, visited with his mother last Sunday.

Sam Johnson and wife were the guests of David Miller and family last Sunday.

Miss Maud Maxwell, of Hopewell, is a visitor in Henry Jenkins' family this week.

The enrollment of the infant class in Sunday school, now numbers thirty-seven and more to follow.

EXAMINE THE LARGEST, FINEST

AND MOST COMPLETE LINE OF

Men's, Ladies', Misses' & Children's FINE SHOES.

Ever exhibited in St. Joe. They comprise the most popular brands, such as Reed, Weaver, Gokey & Son, &c. The buttons will be reset on all shoes purchased of us, with Wilkin's patent fasteners. Call and see

J. D. LEIGHTY, ST. JOE.

Vet Johnson and Ed Berry, of Rehoboth, were visitors at Sunday school last Sunday. Ask Belle what the attraction was.

Ike Meese will move to St. Joe in a short time. We dislike to lose such good neighbors, but our loss will be St. Joe's gain.

James Draggoo and Will Scott entered their horses at the Hicksville Fair, and Will had a fine colt, which drew first premium.

Charley Knight moved to Butler last Tuesday. He has been employed as a brakeman on a freight train, on the Lake Shore road.

Jake Baker, wife and son went to Garrett last Sunday, and returned Sunday evening. They were the guests of Frank Smith and family.

Richard Irvin is agent for a firm in Philadelphia, for enlarging pictures from smaller ones. The samples are very good, and we wish him success in his new enterprise.

Mrs. P. A. Shurts was improving quite rapidly last week, but has taken a relapse and at present is much worse. Her physician thinks that it will be only with the best of care that she will recover.

While Tillie Knight was riding horse-back one day last week, she was thrown off, the horse stepping on her foot and hurting her quite seriously. It is feared that amputation will be necessary.

While Sherd Plattner was staying with his girl last Saturday evening, his horse which was hitched to the fence, broke the halter strap and ran away. The last account we had, he had heard nothing of its whereabouts. His girl should invite him to put his horse in the barn.

The Y. P. T. L. A. will meet at the residence of Clarence Hull, on Wednesday evening, Oct. 5th. Every member is expected to take part in the exercises. There will be a way provided to take all who want to go; so let us have a full attendance.

J. H. CONRAD.

Wash morning is sure to come and of course now and then your boiler will give out and you will be compelled to get a new 1. In that case call on J. H. Conrad, St. Joe, and get one of those splendid one dollar boilers.

J. H. CONRAD.

Baltimore & Ohio R.R.

Trains Leave St. Joe as follows

WEST BOUND.

No. 9 Mail and Express 11:05 A. M.  
17 Accommodation 4:18 P. M.  
3 Chicago Express 10:42 P. M.  
35 Local Freight 3:42 P. M.

EAST BOUND.

No. 10 Express and Mail 2:08 P. M.  
16 Accommodation 10:28 A. M.  
4 Morning Express 4:55 A. M.  
34 Local Freight 7:59 A. M.

W. I. McKee, Agent.

ST. JOE MARKETS.

CORRECTED EVERY FRIDAY.

Wheat ..... 70 cts.  
Oats ..... 26 cts.  
Corn ..... 35 cts.  
Butter ..... 15 cts.  
Eggs ..... 15 cts.  
Tallow ..... 34 cts.  
Lard ..... 10 cts.  
Potatoes ..... 70 cts.

A Disastrous Flood!

Heavy damages done by the over-throw of High Prices, and we will continue same. Good Brown Sugar 5 and 6 cts. Granulated 7 cts. Rosin 5 cts. Alum 5 cts. Salts 5 cts. Bird Seed 8 cts. Salt Peter 12 1/2 cts. Prunes 6 1/2 cts. Good Gingham 6 cts. Dress Goods at your own price. Grain Sacks 18 cts. All goods as cheap as the cheapest. Highest market price paid for Wheat, Oats and Seeds.

S. & F. Barney



We just want to call your attention to three things this week that we want you to know.

1st. The finest line of Clocks, Watches and Jewelry in St. Joe can be found at the Drugstore.

2nd. Nobody carries as fine a line of Ladies Hand Bags as the St. Joe Drugstore.

3rd. The only place in St. Joe to find a line of Fine Perfumeries is at the Drugstore.

## IS CONSUMPTION CURABLE.

Read the following. Mr. C. H. Morris, Newark, Ark., says: "Was down with Abscess of Lungs, and friends and physicians pronounced me an Incurable Consumptive. Began taking Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, am now on my third bottle, and able to over see the work on my farm. It is the finest medicine ever made."

Jesse Middlewart, Decatur, Ohio, says: "Had it not been for Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption I would have died of Lung Troubles. Was given up by doctors. Am now in best of health." Try it. Sample bottles free at W. C. Patterson's Drug Store.

## LOCALS.

Miss Anna Merrill Sundayed over at Waterloo.

New Overcoats received this week, at Case & Olds.

A. M. Richards of Hicksville, was in town one day this week.

Man Ulms arrived home from his extended trip in the west this week.

There will be preaching at the Methodist church on next Sunday evening.

Miss Nettie Galloway, of Garrett, is the guest of Mrs. Sanders this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Patterson and daughter Bessie are visiting at Fort Wayne this week.

E. Olds is in Chicago this week buying new goods for the fall and winter trade.

Will Gee was at North Baltimore this week taking in the sights. He thinks that is a boss town.

Mr. Webb has changed his base, and now makes and repairs boots and shoes in Frank Walker's harness shop.

Hicksville is billed for a big reunion on next Thursday and Friday, Oct. 6th and 7th. They invite everybody to attend.

In last week's News we stated that fare tickets to Chicago would be on sale at the depot every Monday. It should have been Tuesday.

One belonging to S. P. Platner of Mt. Hope, was hitched in front of Curie's last Saturday night and somehow it broke loose, and has not been heard of. He was jetted with a small white spot on his left hind foot, and shod with a small white spot on his right hind foot. He had a buggy harness on; information in regard to him will be thankfully received at the post

Sam Johnson and family have moved to Waterloo.

Samuel Widney expects to take a trip west this fall.

Ask J. W. Dills what premium he was awarded on his roadster at the fair last week?

George Swineford, of the Swineford house, Auburn, was in town one day last week.

Miss Jessie Wentz of Tiffin, Ohio, is visiting in this place, the guest of Miss Cora White.

There ought to be some money in the country this fall from the amount of clover seed that is being sold.

When you get ready to buy a Lap Robe call on Free Zeigler. He also has a big line of Horse Blankets.

Quite a number of our citizens attended the funeral services of Wm. Tindall, at Spencerville last Sunday.

Hugh Nelson and daughter Miss Emma, of Hicksville, were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Patterson over last Sunday.

The corn crop in this state will average about 60 per cent. What's the matter with that, when it was thought there wouldn't be any corn at all.

Charlie and Miss Sake Bartlett took in the Niagara Falls excursion last Saturday. They returned Tuesday, well pleased with their trip.

Frank Seehler returned from his visit in Ohio, last week. Vester Widney had not seen all of the sights yet, and will not be home for a few days.

Garrett people are as bad off as St. Joe for a cemetery. They bury their dead at Auburn, while our people go either to Spencerville or Newville.

One of the cheapest excursions we have known of, was that which went over the B. & O. last Saturday to Niagara Falls. Only \$4.60 from St. Joe and return.

A saloon building at Hicksville was destroyed by fire last Saturday morning. Saloon men and their followers have a hard road to travel in that lively town.

Wash Woodcox has bought the William Vanzile property near the depot, and will move his family into the same. Instead of going west, Wash went about sixty feet south.

A horse 30 years old was frightened to death by the cars at Hicksville one day last week. It would seem as though he was old enough to know better than to get scared at a train of cars.

A. M. Richards of Hicksville was here last week, and adjusted in a prompt and satisfactory manner, the loss to Mrs. Culbertson, caused by the burning of her summer kitchen some time ago. The companies Mr. Richards represents are always prompt in paying their losses.

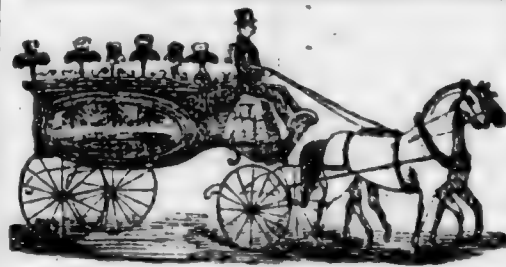
One of our popular dry goods clerks and the B. & O. agent at this place, were at Garrett Sunday evening. It is hardly necessary for us to state what they went for, as almost everybody here knows that two of our good looking young ladies are teachers in the Garrett schools.

The trial of the persons who robbed the grave of Miss Belle Bowen, near Attica, Ohio, will come off at the October term of court. Our citizens will remember the horrible occurrence, which happened some over a year ago. The parties, being men of some influence and money, have been able, thus far, to but the trial off, but it is hoped that they will now receive the punishment they so justly deserve.

Fort Wayne Yarn.  
Fort Wayne Yarn.  
Fort Wayne Yarn.  
Fort Wayne Yarn.  
Fort Wayne Yarn.  
Fort Wayne Yarn.  
Fort Wayne Yarn.  
Fort Wayne Yarn.  
Fort Wayne Yarn.

## "SOCKS."

Perhaps it may be a little early to speak about yarns, but it is getting along that way, and these cold snaps reminds us that winter is headed this way. We are prepared to "sock" everybody with the Fort Wayne Factory Yarn. "Socks" knit from this yarn will wear twice as long as this cheap John shoddy stuff. Sold only by Case & Olds.



TRUTH IS MIGHTY AND  
WILL PREVAIL.

## LOOK THIS WAY!

I keep on hand a fine line of Furniture, which I will sell for the next 60 days at prices that defy competition. Glass Cupboards \$8.50. Double Cane Seat and Back Rockers \$2. Dressing Case, with French Plate Glass \$12.00. Carpet Lounges \$6.50. Solid Comfort Beds for \$2.25. Undertaking a speciality.

August Kinsey, St. Joe, Ind.

M. TUSTISON,

—DEALER IN—

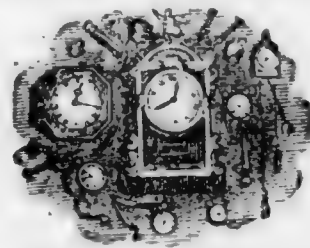
Groceries, Flour,

PROVISIONS,

GANDIES, CIGARS, TOBACCO.

Canned Fruits, Beans, Dried Beef, Cheese, Bologna &c. Produce taken in exchange for goods.

ST. JOE, IND.



—G. A. PATTERSON—

at the St. Joe Drugstore, repairs Clocks, Watches and Jewelry. All work warranted and prices reasonable. Give me your work.

## Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

THE BEST SALVE in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. PRICE 25 cents per box. For sale by W. C. Patterson.

Ralph Cole moved his family to Garrett this week, where he has a position in the shops.

The ladies of the Christian church will give a Pumpkin Pie Social at the Vollmar building, one week from to-night, Friday Oct. 7th. Preparations are being made for a pleasant time. Everybody cordially invited. Refreshments 10 cents.

Clocks and Watches repaired at the St. Joe Drug Store.

J. H. Conrad is doing the tin work on the new church at Spencerville.

Twenty-five cents pays for the St. Joe News for thirteen weeks. Try it.

It is reported that 2,340 hogs have recently died in Elkhart county, of cholera.

The Methodist church at Waterloo which was recently destroyed by fire will be rebuilt.

Plenty of fresh home-made Lard at Curie's Meat Market. Only 10 cents per pound.

There are now 615 convicts in the Michigan City prison, fifty-four of whom are under life sentence.

Free Zeigler received this week a full line of Horse Blankets, Lap Robes &c. Give him a call when you get ready to buy such goods.

Houlton's circus passed through this place one day last week on their way to Butler. They were a sorry looking troupe.

This is the way a Dutch farmer advertises for a lost calf: "Rund away—2 read and vite. His tube hind legs vos plack; he vos a she calf. Enipoti vot prings him pack gives five tollars. Jacob Zuddering, Clear Creek, three miles behind the pridge."

A good many big stories are going the rounds of the papers, but the following from the Waterloo Press, is the biggest corn fodder yarn we have heard. "Our second corn story is reported by Will Jackson. Mr. J. and Charles Nodine cut and shocked two hundred shocks of heavy corn, eight hills square, between 7 and 12 o'clock, a. m., last Friday. They also tied the saddles and shocks."

The sharper and confidence man is abroad in the land, and their latest victim is John Warner, of an adjoining county. A few days ago a nice looking, smooth talking fellow stopped at his house, and after getting on the good side of the old man, offered to send him free a patent harrow he was introducing. The harrow was to be attached to a plow and finish the ground as it went. All that was required of the old gentleman was to write his name and address on a postal card "to prevent any mistake in shipping." This he readily consented to do, and the smooth talking gentleman left. A few days after another man appeared with the self-same postal card, on which was an order for \$282 for harrows, which had been shipped, and for which he demanded settlement. The matter was finally settled by the old gentleman paying fifty dollars and the agent giving up the order. Warner is now considerable wiser, though a little poorer.



Rev. Dr. Talmage's Sermon at the  
First Tabernacle.

Brooklyn, Sept. 25.- After the great congregation had sung the long meter hymnology in the Brooklyn Tabernacle this morning, Dr. Tallmage expounded the sixth chapter of the Second Epistle to the Corinthians, setting forth the importance of separation from the world, Jewish, and saying that a man is no better than the company he keeps. Professor Henry Lyre Brown played an organ solo, Sonata No. 1 in D minor by Gunglman. The subject of the sermon was "A Straight Up and Down Religion," and the text was Amos vii, 8, "And the Lord said unto me, Amos, what seest thou? and I said, a plumb line." Dr. Tallmage said:

What the world wants is a straight up and down religion. Much of the so-called society of the day bends this way and that, to suit the times. It is horizontal with a low state of sentiment and morals. We have all been building a wall of character, and it is glaringly imperfect and needs reconstruction. How shall it be brought into the perpendicular? Only by the divine measurement. "And the Lord said unto me, Amos, what seest thou? and I said, A plumb line."

The pressure to do wrong is all the stronger from the fact that in our day the big business houses are swallowing up the smaller, the whales dining on bluefish and minnows. The large houses under-ell the small ones because they can afford it. They can afford to make nothing, or actually lose, on some styles of goods, assuredly they can make it up on others. So a great many goods house go outside of its regular line and sell books at cost, or less than cost, and that swamps the booksellers; or the dry goods house sells bric-a-brac at low prices, that swamps the small dealer in bric-a-brac. And the same thing goes on in other styles of merchandise, and the consequence is that all along the business streets of all our cities there are hordes of small capital who are in terrible struggle to keep their heads above water. The Cunarders run down the Newfoundland fishing smacks. This is nothing against the man who has the big store, for every man has a large a store, and so great a business as he can manage. To feel right and do right under all this pressure requires martyr grace, requires divine support, requires celestial re-enforcement. But there are tens of thousands of such men getting splendidly through. They see the others going up and themselves going down, but they keep their patience, and

In the same way we need to measure our  
 religions. All sorts of religions are put-  
 ting forth their intentions. Some have a  
 spiritualistic religion, and their chief work  
 is with ghosts, and others a religion of  
 official economy, I propose to put on a  
 human masonry by a new style of religion,  
 and there is a humanitarian religion that  
 looks after the body of man and lets the  
 soul look after itself, and there is a legis-  
 lative religion that proposes to rectify all  
 wrongs by enactment of better laws, and  
 there is an aesthetic religion that by gifts  
 of exquisite taste would lift the heart out  
 of its deformities, and religions of all sorts,  
 religions by the peck, religions by the  
 square foot, and religions by the ton all  
 of them devices of the devil that would  
 take the heart away from the only religion  
 that will ever effect anything for the hu-  
 man race, and that is the straight up and  
 down religion written in the book, which  
 begins with Genesis and ends with Revela-  
 tion, the religion of the skies, the old  
 religion, the God given religion, the ever-  
 lasting religion, which says: "Love God  
 above all and your neighbor as yourself."  
 All religions but this one begin at the  
 wrong end and in the wrong place. The  
 Bible religion demands that we first fight  
 with God. It begins at the top and  
 measures down, while the other religions  
 begin at the bottom and try to measure up,  
 they stand at the foot of the wall up to  
 their knees in the mud of human theory  
 and speculation, and have a plummet and  
 string tied fast to it. And they throw the  
 plummet this way, and break a head there,  
 and throw the plummet another way and  
 break a head there, and then they throw it  
 up, and it comes down upon their own  
 heads. Fools! Why will you stand at the  
 foot of the wall measuring up when you  
 ought to stand at the top measuring down?  
 A few days ago I was in the country, thirsty  
 for a long walk. And I came in, and my  
 child was blowing soap bubbles, and they  
 fled out of the cup, blue, and gold, and  
 green, and sparkling, and beautiful, and  
 peculiar, and in so small a space I never  
 saw more splendor concentrated. But she  
 blew once too often and all the glory  
 vanished into suds. Then I turned and took a  
 glass of plain water and was refreshed,  
 and so far as soul thirst is concerned, I  
 fight against all the glowing, glittering soap  
 bubbles of worldly reform and human  
 speculation one draught from the fountain  
 of life under the throne of God, clear as  
 crystal. Glory to God for the religion that  
 pours from above, not coming up from  
 beneath! "And the Lord said unto me,  
 Moses, what seest thou? and I said, A

want you to notice this fact, that when man gives up the straight up-and-down religion in the Bible for any new fangled religion, it is generally to suit his sins. When first hear of his change of religion, and then you hear of some swindle he has effected in Colorado mining stock, tell some one if he will put in \$10,000 he can take out \$100,000, or he has sacrificed chastity, or plunged into irremediable wickedness. His sins are so broad he has broadened his religion, and he becomes as bad as temptation, as broad as the soul's weakness, as broad as hell. They want a religion that will allow them to keep their sins, and then at death say to them: "Well done, good and faithful servant," and tell them: "All is well, for there is no hell." Let a glorious Heaven they hold before them. Come, let us go in and see it. There Herod and all the babes he massacred, there is Charles Guiteau, Jim Fisk, and Desperiere, the friend of the French Revolution, and all the liars, thieves, house-breakers, gamblers, pickpockets, and liars, of all the centuries. They have all crowns, and thrones, and harps, and scepters, and when they chant they sing: "Thanksgiving, and honor, and glory, and power to the broad religion that let us all go to Heaven without repentance and faith in those disgraceful dogmas of ecclesiastical theologians."

Lord Nelson's general direction when he engaged in naval battle was, no man can do anything that places his ship at sea alongside the enemy. My friend, you will never do wrong if you keep your life close alongside the Ten Commandments. Do not think and you can be as brave as Maria Theresa, who rode up the hill of Defiance and shook her sword at the four corners of the earth.

But," you say, "you shut us young folks out from all fun." Oh, no! I like fun. I love fun. I have had lots of it in my life. But I have not had to go into paths of sin to find it. No credit to me, but because of an extraordinary parental example of influence I was kept from outward aggressions; though my heart was bad enough and desperately wicked. I have had fun limitless, though I never swore a oath, and never gambled for so much the value of a pin, and never saw the inside of a haunt of sin save as when ten years ago, with commissioner of police and detective and two elders of my church, I explored these cities by midnight, not out of curiosity, but that I might in pulpits dissuade set before the people the poverty of the horrors of underground city life. I though I never was intoxicated for an instant, and never committed one act of looseness, restrained only by the grace of God, without which restraint I would have gone headlong to the bottom of iniquity. I have had so much fun that I don't believe there is a man on the planet at the present time who has had more. Hear it, men and boys, women and girls, all the fun is on the side of right. It may seem attractive, but it is dreadful, like the munchedale, a tree whose dew is poisonous. The only genuine happiness is in an honest Christian life. The hypocrite, wanting to see God, blackens his face with charcoal and fasts till he has vision of what he calls God. My God I see best when I take my hat off and let the sunshine blaze in my face, and after a comfortable breakfast. He is not a God of darkness and starvation, but of light and attitude, and the glory of the noonday is Egyptian midnight compared to it. Where they go—two brothers. The one converted a year ago in church, one day morning, during prayer, or sermon, or hymn. No one knew it at the time. The sons on either side of him suspected nothing, but in that young man's life this process went on: "Lord, I am, a young man amid the temptations of city life, and I am afraid to be alone; come and be my parlor, my help; save me from making the mistake that some of my comrades are making, and save me now." And quicker than a flash God rolled Heaven into his heart. He is just as jolly as he used to be, just as brilliant as he used to be. He can strike a ball or catch one as easily as when he was converted. With gun or

[illegible]

"I say you," "if there be nothing but  
plumb line what can any of us do, for  
e is and old proverb which 'truthfully  
ares: 'If the best man's faults were  
ten on his forehead it would make him  
his hat over his eyes.' What shall we  
then, according to Isaiah, God shall  
judgment to the line and righteousness  
e plummet?" Ah, here is where the  
el comes in with a Saviour's righteous-  
to make up for our defects. And  
o I see hanging on the wall a plumb  
I see also hanging there a cross." And  
the one condemns us the other saves  
if only we will hold to it. And here  
now you may be set free with a more  
ous liberty than Hampden, or Sidney.  
Kosciusko ever fought for. Not  
yonder, or down there, or up here,  
ust where you are you may get it. The  
id proprietress of a wealthy estate in  
land visited the continent of Europe  
rid of her maladies, and she went to  
Baden and tried those waters, and  
to Carlsbad and tried those waters,  
went to Hamburg and tried those  
s, and instead of getting better she  
orse, and in despair she said to a  
ician: "What shall I do?" His re-  
ase: "Medicine can do nothing for  
You have no chance in the waters  
at Keathly, Scotland." "Is it possi-  
e she replied. "Why, those waters are  
y own estate!" She returned,  
k of the fountain, and in a few months  
etely recovered. Oh sick, and dis-  
ed, and sinning, and dying hearer,  
go trudging all the world over,  
eeking here and there relief for your  
maged spirit, when close by, and at  
very feet, and at the door of your  
aye, within the very estate of your  
consciousness, the healing waters of  
al life may be had, and had this very







# The St. Joe News.

ST. JOE, INDIANA.

MORT & WILL OLDS, PUBLISHERS.

## EVENTS OF A WEEK.

### THE OLD WORLD.

—The Dublin *Gazette* publishes a proclamation suppressing the league and all its branches in County Clare and the baronies of Leitrim and Loughrea, in Galway; Corkaguiney, in Kerry; Coudone, Clannigibon, and Muskerry, in Cork; and Shelburne, in Wexford. The proclamation makes it criminal to convoke, hold, or publish meetings, or do anything in connection with the league. The branches of the league were not prepared for the proclamation, not expecting it so soon. The Nationalist leaders, says a Dublin dispatch, are hurriedly consulting as to what measures shall be taken.

—The British steamer *Romeo*, from New Orleans to Rouen, capsized at Villeguon, August 30, with a loss of seventeen lives.

—The trial of William O'Brien on two counts of an indictment charging him with uttering seditious language at a recent meeting in Mitchelstown resulted in a verdict of guilty, the punishment being fixed at three months' imprisonment in each case. He was released on bail pending the decision on an appeal. Mr. O'Brien, in his speech of defense, said the crown was guilty of having suppressed evidence favorable to him. The crown had withheld, for instance, the notes made by the head constable of the defendant's speech. In these notes, he said, was recorded his statement that the Irish party would give the land bill fair play. Continuing, Mr. O'Brien justified his defense of the Kingstown tenants on the ground that the evictions against them were begun just on the eve of the passage of the land bill, and thus an attempt was made to defraud the tenants of the benefits of the measure. He admitted that he had advised the tenants not to give up without resistance, and he declared that, before God and man, they were justified in defending their homes.

### POLITICAL POINTS.

—The following ticket was placed in the field by the Massachusetts Democratic State Convention at Worcester: For Governor, Henry B. Lovering, of Lynn; for Lieutenant Governor, Walter E. Cutting, of Pittsfield; for Secretary of State, John F. Murphy, of Lowell; for Treasurer, H. C. Thatcher, of Yarmouth; for Attorney General, John W. Corcoran, of Clinton; for Auditor, William F. Cook, of Springfield. The platform of the convention indorses President Cleveland and his administration; approves of the laws forbidding the importation of contract labor and requiring the return of vicious immigrants; sympathizes with Ireland; demands the abolishment of the State poll-tax; pledges the party to legislate in the best interests of the wage-worker; and indorses the candidates nominated.

—It can now be stated on the best authority that the straight Greenbackers will make no nominations. The State Committee will meet next week, and, while that body may offer no definite course for the party to follow, it is safe to say there will be no hostility to the Democratic platform and ticket. This indicates, other things being taken into account, an outcome in November no worse for the Democracy than two years ago, when Gov. Larrabee had about 6,000 majority.

### FINANCIAL AND INDUSTRIAL.

—Great opposition to the re-election of Mr. Powderly and the General Executive Board has developed among the Knights of Labor, says a Philadelphia special. Mr. Powderly and all his colleagues are now engaged in getting ready their annual reports. Mr. Powderly in his report will review his course throughout the past year, and will make a large number of recommendations for the future conduct of the Knights' organization. He will favor, he says, an open convention of the General Assembly at Minneapolis, to which the newspaper correspondents will be admitted. Mr. Powderly will also advance certain plans for the promotion of temperance and education. He will center his greatest efforts, however, in urging the adoption of the new constitution, which General Secretary Litchman last June announced as adopted, but which has been contested since. Mr. Powderly thoroughly appreciates the difficulty of the task, and his expectation is that a great contest will be waged over it in the General Assembly. He will also strongly advocate the adoption of his new scheme in regard to the formation of national trades assemblies which he promulgated.

—A Cincinnati telegram says: "Nearly two

hundred colored male waiters at seven hotels struck for recognition as a union, and for about 25 per cent. higher wages. The hotel men have refused the demands. The strike includes not only the colored waiters now employed, but the unemployed who follow the profession have agreed to stand by the strikers. A waiter, reciting his grievances, said: 'We get only \$20 a month and have to furnish a \$4 jacket, and if we are detected eating a piece of warm bread or cake we are charged 25 cents. We have no protection whatever.'

### PERSONAL NOTES.

—The following is the itinerary of the President's journey in the South and West, as telegraphed from Washington:

Leave Washington Friday, Sept. 30, at 10 a. m.; arrive at Indianapolis Saturday, Oct. 1, at 11 a. m.; leave Indianapolis Oct. 1 at 4 p. m.; arrive at Terre Haute at 5:30 p. m.; leave Terre Haute Oct. 1 at 6:15 p. m.; arrive at St. Louis Oct. 1 at 12 o'clock midnight; leave St. Louis Oct. 4 at 11 p. m.; arrive at Chicago Oct. 5 at 9 a. m.; leave Chicago Thursday, Oct. 6, at 10 a. m.; arrive at Milwaukee Oct. 6 at 1 p. m.; leave Milwaukee Oct. 7 at 10 a. m.; arrive at Madison Oct. 7 at 1 p. m.; leave Madison Oct. 9 at 9 a. m.; arrive at St. Paul Oct. 10 at 5:30 p. m.; leave St. Paul Oct. 11 at 12 noon; arrive at Minneapolis Oct. 11 at 1 p. m.; leave Minneapolis Oct. 11 at 8 p. m.; arrive at Omaha Oct. 12 at 11 a. m.; leave Omaha Oct. 12 at 12 noon; arrive at St. Joseph Oct. 12 at 5:15 p. m.; leave St. Joseph Oct. 12 at 5:45 p. m.; arrive at Kansas City Oct. 13 at 11 p. m.; leave Kansas City Oct. 13 at 11 p. m.; arrive at Memphis Oct. 14 at 6 p. m.; leave Memphis Oct. 15 at 1 p. m.; arrive at Nashville Oct. 15 at 11 p. m.; leave Nashville Oct. 17 at 11 a. m.; arrive at Atlanta Oct. 17 at 11 p. m.; leave Atlanta Oct. 19 at midnight; arrive at Montgomery Oct. 20 at 8 a. m.; leave Montgomery Oct. 20 at 1 p. m.; reach Washington Saturday, Oct. 22, at 6 a. m. At the suggestion of the President much proposed speech-making at the places to be visited has been abandoned.

### FIRES AND ACCIDENTS.

—Kansas City (Mo.) special: "A disastrous wreck occurred on the Gulf Division of the Southern Kansas Railroad at Guthrie, four miles south of Purcell, I. T. An engine and construction train collided while both were moving at a high rate of speed. The two engines and twelve freight-cars were piled in a heap, and the list of killed and wounded is large. Engineer Charles Pearson of the light engine was fatally crushed, and his fireman, Charles Stewart, seriously hurt. It is rumored that a large number of workmen were killed, but details are meager. Reports say that eight to ten were killed or wounded."

—Details of the recent hurricane on the Mexican border show that its destructiveness was even greater than indicated by the first reports. The path of the storm presents an appalling picture of ruin and desolation. Many of the victims are in a destitute condition, and unless relief is speedily obtained from abroad their sufferings will be appalling.

—The villages of Wynne, Ark., and Union Mills, Ind., have been almost totally destroyed by fire. Extensive car-shops at Michigan City, Ind., were burned.

—Three children of a farmer named Gault, near Quebec, while playing on the Island of Orleans, found a shell and lit the fuse. The bomb exploded and killed them all instantly.

### THE CRIMINAL RECORD.

Anarchist Parsons has issued a long address to the American people in which he attempts to show that he was convicted on speeches that he never made, and articles he never wrote. He wants his liberty or death, preferring the execution of the full force of his sentence to commutation. In closing he says:

I am prepared to die. I am ready if needs be to lay down my life for my rights and the rights of my fellow-men. But I object to be killed on false and unproved accusations. Therefore I cannot countenance or accept the efforts of those who would endeavor to procure a commutation of my sentence to an imprisonment in the penitentiary. Neither do I approve of any further appeals to the courts of law. I believe them to be all alike the agency of the privileged class to perpetuate their power, to oppress and plunder the toiling masses. As between capital and its legal rights and labor and its rights the courts of law must side with the capitalistic class. To appeal to them is in vain. It is the appeal of the wage slave to his capitalist master for liberty. The answer is curses, blows, imprisonment, and death. If I had never been an anarchist before, my experience with courts and the laws of the governing classes would make an anarchist of me now. No, I am not guilty. I have not been proved guilty. I leave it to you to decide from the record itself as to my guilt or innocence. I cannot, therefore, accept a commutation to imprisonment. I appeal not for mercy, but for justice.

—The following correspondence speaks for itself:

CELL NO. 29, CAPITALIST BASTILLE, CHICAGO, SEPT. 16, 1897.

Citizen George Francis Train:

Your kind note received. Yes, "murdered by the State." Is there anything strange or unusual in that fact? No! O, no! Murder is the legitimate and only occupation of the social organization called "the State." What else but the State, through the mechanism of its constitutions and laws, has made convicts, beggars, and slaves of the vast majority of the human race? What else but this social monster known as "the State" has made of the producers—the world's workers—a race of dependent hirelings and wage-slaves? What else but this social monster called "the State" has made enforced poverty, ignorance, and superstition the artificial condition of those who by their industry create all wealth? Owned by the State, say I; and for this "the State" says I must die! So

be it. For if I live I am in duty bound to kill the State. Yours for humanity.

A. R. PARSONS, Anarchist.

Citizen Train:

Accept my thanks and those of any comrades for the many stand you have taken in behalf of justice! Will street and its hirelings triumph—how long yet? Fraternally.

CHICAGO, SEPT. 16.

A. SPENCER.

Citizen Editor Devine, Western Newsman, No. 13 South Clark street, Chicago:

Spies-Parsons Letters Received! Will Liberate "Socialists" or Tear Down Bastille! One man left Press Law Police cannot "Bulldoze!"

GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN.

—Gen. Roger A. Pryor, of New York, who has accepted employment as counsel for the anarchists, says the constitutionality of the Illinois jury law will be attacked in the proceedings before the Supreme Court. He knows of no reason to believe that Justice Miller will have anything more to do with the case than his fellow Judges.

—At Haverhill, Mass., J. H. Abbott shot and killed his daughter and then killed himself. John Glendening, of Middletown, Ohio, committed suicide after killing John Nolan, against whom he had long cherished a grudge. Both crimes were committed under the influence of whisky.

—The sensational event among the Anarchists on Saturday, says a Chicago special, was the arrest of Lucy Parsons, wife of A. R. Parsons, by Officer P. J. Ward, at the corner of Fifth avenue and Randolph street. She was taken to the Central Station on a charge of violating an ordinance passed Sept. 18, 1881, prohibiting the distribution of circulars or handbills on the streets. She had been distributing circulars headed "An Appeal to the American People," and containing the address written by her husband. The arrest caused a great deal of excitement, owing to the fact that for some hours the people were unable to find out the charge against her. A large crowd gathered at the Central Station when she was taken in. She was asked to obey the ordinance and to stop distributing the circulars, but to this she replied that she would make no promises, but was "amenable to the laws." Orders were then given to lock her up, and Mrs. Parsons looked perfectly happy and proceeded to distribute the remainder of the circulars to the bystanders.

—A collision between the United States Marshal's posse and a band of smugglers, in which four of the latter were killed and their camp captured, took place at Rio Grande City.

—Prescott (Arizona) dispatch: "News has been received here of a bloody fight at Tonto Basin. Thomas Graham, Joseph Ellingwood, and a man named Middleton were killed on the Graham side; and George Newton and James Tewkesbury on the Tewkesbury side. The Graham party ambushed near John Tewkesbury's house, and found Tewkesbury on guard. When the Graham party was discovered, a battle commenced. John Tewkesbury, who was recently ambushed and killed, was found ten days later."

### MISCELLANEOUS NOTES.

—Cincinnati telegram: "The operation of the law of last winter which repealed the statute authorizing the establishment of separate schools for colored pupils is producing friction in many places. At Oxford, Ohio, the colored pupils nearly all deserted their own school and applied for admission to the white school. A public meeting was held and the School Board was asked to order the colored pupils to their own schools. The board complied with the request, and the colored people propose to apply for a mandamus. At Yellow Springs the School Board has ordered the schools closed indefinitely, or until the Legislature can meet and take some action. At Ripley, Ohio, a suit in mandamus has been entered to compel the School Board to admit colored pupils."

—A New York telegram of Saturday last says:

A sensation was created by the announcement that the steamer *Alexia*, which arrived from Marseilles and Naples, had Asiatic cholera on board. Eight of her passengers died on the passage, and on her arrival at quarantine the health officer found four cases aboard. He sent the *Alexia* and her passengers to West Bank, in the lower bay. The *Alexia* left Marseilles Aug. 30, and Naples Sept. 3. All of the victims were buried at sea. The sick passengers will be transferred to the Swinburne Island Hospital. All the remaining passengers will be transferred to Hoffman Island for observation. The ship will remain in the lower bay until she has been thoroughly fumigated and cleaned.

—The National Association of ex-Prisoners of War has just concluded its Chicago meeting. A report from the Committee on Pensions, recommending the passage of a bill giving all ex-prisoners of war \$2 for each day they were in captivity, and placing them on the pension rolls at rates proportioned to the length of their confinement, was unanimously adopted. A resolution was also passed declaring that the captured rebel flags should be held sacred by the National Government, and displayed in some public place, as provided by law. General W. H. Powell was elected President for the ensuing year. The next annual meeting will be held at Indianapolis.

M. T. BISHOP,

—DEALER IN—

LUMBER, LIME,

—BLITH—

SHINGLES,

MOULDING &c.

Large Stock and Low Prices. Yard Near Depot, St. Joe, Ind.

J. F. WALKER,

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WHIPS, HARNESS OIL &c.

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PROPRIETOR OF

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Having secured the services of an experienced workman, I am now prepared to do all kinds of Blacksmithing and Repairing in a first-class manner. Special attention given to repairing machinery. Give me a call. Prices reasonable.

A. W. Hall, St. Joe.



OCTOBER

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# THE ST. JOE NEWS.

VOL. I.

ST. JOE, IND., FRIDAY, OCTOBER 7, 1887.

NO. 37.

## Churches.

### DISCIPLE.

SERVICES every alternate Sunday evening, in the Lutheran church. Cottage prayer meeting every Friday evening.

J. A. THOMAS, PASTOR.

### METHODIST PROTESTANT.

SERVICES every alternate Sunday at 10:30 A. M. Prayer meeting every Tuesday evening. Sunday School at 9:30 A. M.

J. M. LANGLEY, PASTOR.

### EVANGELICAL LUTHERAN.

SERVICES every Sunday, one Sunday in the morning at 10:30, and the following Sunday in the evening. Prayer meeting every Thursday evening. Sunday School at 9:30 A. M.

S. P. FRYBERGER, PASTOR.

## Societies.

### G. A. R.

REGULAR meetings on Saturday evening on or before the full moon of each month, at their hall over Leighty's store.

O. H. WIDNEY, COMMANDER.

J. M. MILLIMAN, ADJUTANT.

## Business Notices.

H. W. BOWMAN, M. D., Physician and Surgeon, St. Joe, Ind. Office opposite the Drugstore.

ST. JOE HOTEL, Wm. Leighty, proprietor. Special attention given to furnishing teams for commercial men.

B. S. SHEFFER, M. D., Physician and Surgeon, St. Joe, Ind. Prompt and careful attention to all business entrusted to his care.

ST. JOE BARBER SHOP, one door west of hotel, Will Gee, proprietor. Satisfaction guaranteed. Your patronage is solicited.

FILLEY, LOUNSBERRY AND SHULER, proprietors of the St. Joe Saw and Planing Mill. All work promptly done. Cash paid for Oak Logs.

CITY BARBER SHOP, St. Joe, Ind. John Hull, proprietor. Shaving, Hair Cutting &c. done in the best of style. Come and see me. Two doors west of Kinsey's Furniture Store.

SIMON WINELAND, proprietor St. Joe Handle and Feed Mills. Feed grinding a specialty. Highest prices paid for second growth White Ash. Enquire at the mill for full particulars.

## INDIANA STATE NEWS.

—The following patents have been granted Indiana inventors: Wm. Adair, Leesville, nut lock; Joseph D. Adams, Marshall, and F. M. Pennock, Kennel Square, Pa., road-grader; Charles A. Bertsch, Cambridge City, furniture ester; John W. Lochner and N. Oster, Aurora, device for ageing and purifying liquors; Britton Poulson and E. L. Lathrop, Fort Wayne, assignors to American Road Machine Company, Kennel Square, Pa., road-grader; Charles J. Rinderknecht, Indianapolis, saw-mill set works; John Rogers, Elkhart, machine for grinding mowing machine knives; Isidore V. Roy, assignor to Dodge Manufacturing Company, Mishawaka, wooden pulley; Calvin W. Telle, North Indianapolis, towel arm.

—The Chief of Police of Fort Wayne has issued an order directing the immediate closing of all gambling houses in that city, under penalty of raids, arrest, and punishment of all room-keepers and inmates. The blow was so sudden and unexpected that the gentry of the green cloth cannot realize what has struck them. For years gamblers have carried things with a high hand there, and there were three public faro banks, one keno room, and numerous poker rooms, public and private, in operation. The Law and Order League is also making vigorous war upon the saloons.

—John Barrett, a well-to-do farmer, retired to a room on the second floor of Mrs. Knight's boarding-house at Logansport, and was not seen again until an early hour next morning, when he was found immediately under the window, with a broken arm, fractured hip, and badly bruised head and face. He also sustained internal injuries that may result seriously. It is generally supposed that he staggered out of the window, as it was open.

—Workmen engaged in a gravel-pit in the southeastern part of Rochester, have unearthed a number of human bones, which on being put together show that they are the skeletons of five grown persons. The bones were found at a place, about five feet beneath the surface, and had evidently been dismembered before being buried. The oldest inhabitants of the place are unable to solve the mystery.

—The Indiana Farmer's latest report shows that the average crop yield of wheat in this State is about thirteen bushels per acre, making the aggregate crop between 38,000,000 and 40,000,000 bushels. The yield of corn is 60 per cent. of a full crop. There is about an average area of oats, with a yield of thirty-two bushels per acre. The average production of potatoes is below thirty bushels per acre.

—A passenger train on the Cairo, Vincennes & Chicago Railroad ran into a saw-log that was laid upon the track recently, about eight miles south of Vincennes. A few nights before an attempt was made to wreck an Ohio and Mississippi train between Shoals and Huron. On this occasion cross-ties were piled across the track, but Engineer Thom saw them in time to save the train.

—Gesey Thompson, who had been working at Hammond and was on his way home, at Rochester, on a freight, in getting off the train slipped and fell, the wheels passing over his right leg and left foot, tearing the flesh and breaking the bone. His hands and head were also bruised, from which injuries he died in about three hours. Deceased was 24 years old.

—A cow belonging to G. A. Smith, living near Elkhart, gave birth, a night or two ago, to a remarkable freak of nature. It had the head and nose of a bull-dog, the ears of a calf, and the legs and hoofs of a hog. The knee-joints of the hind legs were fastened to the hips. The fore-quarters were very heavy and the fore legs very short.

—At North Vernon three sisters named Kelly and a companion named Lena Smith, while returning from school, were attacked by a vicious cow. The Kelly girls escaped injury, but Lena Smith was seriously injured, one of the cow's horns entering her nose and tearing open the flesh from the nostril to the top of her head.

—French Lick Springs, in Orange County, are to be turned over by the recent purchaser, Col. H. E. Wells, to a joint stock company, with a capital stock of \$200,000, who will at once make such improvements as will create of the springs a resort first-class in all respects. The parties interested are Louisville capitalists.

—At the Central Iron and Steel Company's works in Brazil an explosion in one of the furnaces drove a red-hot cinder into the eye of John Billiter, an employe, quite destroying it. He was also so badly burned about the other eye that he will probably lose the sight of it.

—One of a gang of burglars convicted at Princeton, just before sentence communicated to the Court that she was a woman. She had been masquerading in male attire for three years. She was sentenced to the Female Reformatory for three years.

—The citizens of Richmond are so sanguine that the Evansville and Richmond road will be built that they are squabbling over what line it shall enter their city, and have asked the Board of Trade to take the matter up.

—The Rockville Light Artillery, on its return home from Evansville, where it won first prize in the artillery contest, was given a handsome reception, followed by a banquet, at which complimentary speeches were made.

—Samuel Hilman, of Columbus, has a sword captured by him in battle in the late war. It is inscribed, "Lieutenant Colonel Bay, Second Tennessee Cavalry, C. S. A." He is anxious to return it to the owner, if living.

—Benj. Lyon, a well-known young man of Elkhart, was very badly burned by having his face and eyes filled with vitrol, the result of an accident. It is scarcely probable that his eyesight can be saved.

—Rev. A. B. Burner, of Westville, Fayette County, a few days ago fell down stairs at his residence, while carrying an armful of books, and received internal injuries which may prove fatal.

—At Rushville two young ladies named Nora and Katie Barrett were toying with a pistol, when the latter was shot in the shoulder, the wound being a serious one.

—Rev. A. G. Moore was elected Treasurer of Hanover College by the Board of Trustees. Mr. Moore resides in Hanover, and is pastor of the Presbyterian Church there.

—Clarence, the 4-year-old son of A. C. Malone, of Vincennes, was fatally burned. He had gone into an upper room and set fire to a bed while playing with matches.

—Miss Stella Ross, 17 years old, fell from a second-story window of her residence in Fort Wayne, suffering internal injuries from which she may die.

—Willie Shannon, aged 8 years, of Madison, died from eating nightshade berries. —Typhoid fever is almost epidemic in Jeffersonville. One physician has in his care fifteen patients suffering from that disease.

—John Dreeder, a carpenter, who was injured at Muncie recently by falling from the roof of a two-story building, has since died.

—Charles Peterman, a veteran soldier, of Madison, was drowned by falling from the bridge at St. Louis.

—The books of the municipal government of New Albany are being overhauled by experts.

—At Doedsville Philip Fentox had both legs cut off by a circular saw. He will die.

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## FREE GRACE.

Rev. Dr. Talmage's Sermon Last Sunday Morning—Other Worlds Than Ours Inhabitable—The Religion of Christ Not an Abstraction.

BROOKLYN, Oct. 2.—The capacity for a still larger audience has been made at the Brooklyn tabernacle. An adjoining lecture room has been built so that during the week this used by itself, but on the Sabbath it is thrown into the main auditorium and filled by those sitting or standing. Notwithstanding the enlargement the crowd that go away not able to get inside the building are greater this fall than ever before. To-day the pastor explained appropriate passages of Scripture. Prof. Brown rendered upon the organ the First Sonata in D minor, Ritzler. The text of the sermon was from II Corinthians, viii. 9: "Ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, that, though He was rich, yet for your sakes He became poor." Dr. Talmage said:

That all the worlds which on a cold winter's night make the heavens one great glitter are inhabitable is an absurdity. Philosophers tell us that many of these worlds are too hot, or too cold, or too rarefied of atmosphere for residence. But, if not fit for human abode, they may be fit for beings different from and superior to ourselves. We are told that the world of Jupiter is changing until it is almost fit for creatures like the human race, and that Mars would do for the human family with a little change in the structure of the respiratory organs. But that there is a great world swung somewhere, vast beyond imagination, and that it is the headquarters of the universe and the metropolis of immensity, and has a population in numbers vast beyond all statistics and appointments of splendor beyond the capacity of canvas, or poem, or angel to describe, is as certain as the Bible is authentic. Perhaps some of the astronomers with their big telescopes have already caught a glimpse of it, not knowing what it is. We spell it with six letters, and pronounce it Heaven.

That is where Prince Jesus lived nineteen centuries ago. He was the King's son. It was the old homestead of eternity, and all its castles were as old as God. Not a frost had ever chilled the air. Not a tear had ever rolled down the cheek of one of its inhabitants. There had never been in it a headache, or a sideache, or a heartache. There had not been a funeral in the memory of the oldest inhabitant. There had never in all the land been worn a black veil, for there had never been anything to mourn over. The passage of millions of years had not wrinkled or crippled or bedimmed any of its citizens. All the people there were in a state of eternal adolescence. What floral and pomonic brightness! Gardens of perpetual bloom and orchards in unending fruitage. Had some spirit from another world entered and asked, "What is sin? what is bereavement? what is sorrow? what is death?" the brightest of the intelligences would have failed to give definition. Though to study the question there were silence in Heaven for half an hour. The Prince of whom I speak had honors, emoluments, acclamations, such as no other prince, celestial or terrestrial, ever enjoyed. As He passed the street, the inhabitants took off from their brows garlands of white lilies and threw them in the way. He never entered any of the temples without all the worshipers rising up and bowing in obeisance. In all the processions of the high days He was the one who evoked the loudest welcome. Sometimes on foot, walking in loving talk with the humblest of the land, but at other times He took chariot, and among the 20,000 that David spoke of His was the swiftest and most flaming; or, as when John described Him, He took white palfrey with what grace of foot, and arch of neck, and roll of mane, and gleam of eye is only dimly suggested in the Apocalypse. He was not like other princes, waiting for the father to die and then take the throne. When a few years ago an artist in Germany made a picture for the Royal gallery representing Emperor William on the throne, and the Crown Prince as having one foot on the step of the throne, Emperor William ordered the picture changed, and said: "Let the Prince keep his foot off the throne till I leave it."

Already enthroned was the Heavenly Prince, side by side with the Father. What a circle of dominion! What myrmidons of admirers! All the towers chimed the Prince's praises. Of all the inhabitants, from the center of the city, on over the hills and clear down to the beach, against which the ocean of immensity rolls its billows, the Prince was the acknowledged favorite. No wonder my text says that "he was rich." Set all the diamonds of the earth in one scepter, build all the palaces of the earth in one Alhambra, gather all the pearls of sea in one diadem, put all the values of the earth in one coin; the aggregate would not express his affluence. Yes, Paul was right. Solomon had in gold 6680,000,000 and in silver 21,020,000,377 sterling. But a greater than Solomon is here. Not the millionaire, but the quadrillionaire of Heaven. To describe his celestial surroundings the Bible uses all colors, gathering them in rainbow over the throne and

setting them as gems in the temple window, and heisting twelve of them into a wall from stripped jasper at the base to transparent amethyst in the cupstone, while between are green of emerald, and snow of pearl, and blue of sapphire, and yellow of topaz, gray of hyacinth, and flame of jacinth. All the loveliness of landscape in foliage, and river, and rill, and all enchantment a pumarine, the sea of glass mingled with fire as when the sun sinks in the Mediterranean. All the thrill of music, instrumental and vocal, harps, trumpets, dulcimer, and organ. There stood the Prince, surrounded by those who had under their wings the velocity of millions of miles in a second, rich in love, rich in adoration, rich in power, rich in worship, rich in holiness, rich in God.

But one day there was a big disaster in a department of God's universe. A race fallen! A world in ruins! Our planet the scene of catastrophe! A globe swinging out into darkness, with mountains and seas and islands, an awful centrifugal of sin seeming to overpower the beautiful centripetal of righteousness, and from it a groan reached Heaven. Such a sound had never been heard there. Plenty of sweet sounds, but never an outcry of distress or an echo of agony. At that one groan the Prince rose from all the blissful circumstance and started for the outer gate and descended into the nigh of this world. Out of what a bright harbor into what rough sea! "Stay with us," cried angel after angel and potentate after potentate. "No," said the Prince, "I cannot stay; I must be off for that wreck of a world. I must stop that groan. I must hush that distress. I must fathom that way. I must redeem those nations. Farewell, thrones and temples, companions cherubic, seraphic, archangelic! Excuse this absence, for I will come back again, carrying on my shoulder a ransomed world. Till this is done I choose earthly scoff to heavenly acclamation, and a cattle pen to a king's palace, a frigid zone of earth to atmosphere of celestial radiance. I have no time to lose, for hark ye to the groan that grows mightier while I wait. Farewell, farewell."

"Ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, that, though he was rich, yet for your sakes He became poor."

Was there ever a contrast so overpowering as that between the noonday of Christ's celestial departure and the midnight of his earthly arrival? Sure enough, the angels were out that night in the sky, and especial meteor acted as escort, but all that was from other worlds, and not from this world. The earth made no demonstration of welcome. If one of the great princes of this world steps out at a depot cheers resound, and the bands play, and the flags wave. But for the arrival of this missionary Prince of the skies not a torch flared, not a trumpet blew, not a plume fluttered. All the music and the pomp were overhead. Our world opened for him nothing better than a barn door. The rajah of Cashmere sent to Victoria a bedstead of carved gold and a canopy that cost \$750,000, but the world had for the Prince of Heaven and earth only a litter of straw. The crown jewels in the Tower of London amount to \$15,000,000, but this member of eternal royalty had nowhere to lay his head. To know how poor He was, ask the camel drivers, ask the shepherds, ask Mary, ask the three wise men of the East who afterward came there, young Caspar and middle-aged Balthasar and old Melchior. To know how poor He was, examine all the records of real estate in all that oriental country, and see what vineyard, or what house, or what field He owned. Not one. Of what mortgage was He the mortgagee? Of what tenement was He the landlord? Of what lease was He the lessee? Who ever paid Him rent? Not owning the boat on which He sailed, or the beast on which He rode, or the pillow on which He slept. He had so little estate that in order to pay his tax He had to perform a miracle, putting the amount of the assessment in a fish's mouth and having it hauled ashore. And after His death the world rushed in to take an inventory of His goods, and the entire aggregate was the garments He had worn, sleeping in them by night and traveling in them by day, bearing on them the dust of the highway and the saturation of the sea. Paul in my text did not go far from hitting the mark, did he, when he said of the missionary Prince: "For your sakes He became poor?"

The world could have treated Him better if it had chosen. It had all the means for making His earthly condition comfortable. Only a few years before when Pompey, the general, arrived at Brindisi he was greeted with arches and a costly column, which celebrated the 12,000,000 people whom he had killed or conquered, and he was allowed to wear his triumphal robes in the Senate. The world had applause for imperial butchers, but buffetings for the Prince of Peace. Plenty of golden chalices for the favored to drink out of, but our Prince must put His lips to the bucket of the well by the roadside after He had begged for a drink. Poor! Born in another man's barn and eating at another man's table, and cruising the lake in another man's fishing smack, and buried in another man's mausoleum. Four inspired authors wrote of His biography, and innumerable lives of Christ have been published, but He composed His autobiography in a most compressed way. He said: "I have trodden the wine press alone." Poor in the estimation of nearly all the pros-

perous classes. They called Him Sabbath breaker, wine bibber, traitor, blasphemer, and ransacker of the dictionary of opprobrium from lid to lid to express their detestation. I can think now of only two well-to-do men who responded His cause—Nicodemus and Joseph of Arimathea. His friends for the most part were people who, in that climate where ophthalmia or inflammation of the eyeball sweeps ever and anon as a scourge, had become blind, sick people who were anxious to get well, and troubled people in whose family there was some one dead or dying. If He had a purse at all it was empty, or we would have heard what was done with the contents at the post-mortem. Poor? The pigeon in the dove cote, the rabbit in its burrow, the silk worm in its cocoon, the bee in its hive, is better provided for, better off, better sheltered. Aye, the brute creation has a home on earth, which Christ has not.

If on windy days the raven  
Garbol like a dancing skiff,  
Not the less he loves his haven  
On the bosom of the cliff.  
If almost with eagle pinion  
O'er the Alps the chamois roams,  
Yet he has some small dominion  
Which no doubt he calls his home.

But the Crown Prince of all heavenly dominion has less than the raven, less than the chamois, for He was homeless. Aye, in the history of the universe there is no other instance of such coming down. Who can count the miles from the top of the throne to the bottom of the cross? Cleopatra, giving a banquet to Antony, took a pearl worth \$800,000 and dissolved it in vinegar and swallowed it. But when our Prince, according to the evangelist, in His last hours took the vinegar, in it had been dissolved all the pearls of his heavenly royalty. Down until there was no other depth for Him to touch, troubled until there was no other harassment to suffer, poor until there was no other pauperism to torture. Billions of dollars spent in wars to destroy men, who will furnish the statistics of the value of that precious blood that was shed to save us? "Ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, that, though he was rich yet for your sakes he became poor."

Only those who study this text in two places can fully reach its power—the Holy Land of Asia Minor and the holy land of Heaven. How I should like some day to take a drink out of Jacob's well, and take a sail on Galilee, and read the Sermon on the Mount while standing on Olivet, and see the wilderness where Christ was tempted, and be some afternoon on Calvary at about 3 o'clock, the hour at which closed the crucifixion, and sit under the sycamores and by the side of the brooks, and think and dream and pray about the poverty of Him who came our souls to save. But you and I will probably be denied that, and so here, in another continent and in another hemisphere, and in scenes as different as possible, we recount as well we may how poor our heavenly Prince became. And in the other holy land above we may all study the riches that He left behind when He started for earthly expedition. Come, let us bargain to meet each other at the door of the Father's mansion, or on the bank of the river just where it rolls from under the throne, or at the outside gate. Jesus got the contrast by exchanging that world for this; we will get it by exchanging this world for that. There and then you will understand more of the wonders of the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ who, "though He was rich, yet for your sakes became poor."

Yes, grace, free grace, sovereign grace, omnipotent grace. Among the thousands of words of the language there is no more queenly word. It means free and unmerited kindness. My text has no monopoly of the word. One hundred and twenty-nine times does the Bible eulogize grace. It is a door swung wide open to let into the pardon of God all the millions who choose to enter it.

John Newton sang of it when he wrote:  
Amazing grace, how sweet the sound!  
That saved a wretch like me!

Philip Doddridge put it into an hymnology when he wrote:

Grace! 'tis a charming sound,  
Harmonious to the ear;  
Heaven with the echo shall resound,  
And all the world shall hear.

One of John Bunyan's great books is entitled "Abounding Grace." "It is all of grace that I am saved" has been on the lips of hundreds of dying Christians. The boy Sammy was right when, being examined for admission into church membership, he was asked: "Whose work was your salvation?" and he answered: "Part mine and part God's." Then the examiner asked: "What part did you do, Sammy?" and the answer was: "I opposed God all I could, and He did the rest!" Oh, the height of it, the depth of it, the length of it, the breadth of it, the grace of God. Mr. Fletcher having written a pamphlet that pleased the King, the King offered to compensate him, and Fletcher answered: "There is only one thing I want, and that is more grace." Yes, my blood-bought hearers, grace to live by and grace to die by. Grace that saved the publican, that saved Lydia, that saved the dying thief, that saved the jailer, that saved me. But the riches of that grace will not be fully understood until Heaven breaks in upon the soul. An old Scotchman, who had been a soldier in one of the European wars, was sick and dying in one of our American hospitals. His one desire was to see Scot-

land and his old home, and once again walk the heather of the Highlands, and hear the bagpipes of the Scotch regiments. The night that the old Scotch soldier died a young man, somewhat reckless but kind-hearted, got a company of musicians to come and play under the old soldier's window, and among the instruments there was a bagpipe. The instant that the musicians began the dying old man in delirium said: "What's that? what's that? Why, it's the regiments coming home. That's the tune; yes, that's the tune. Thank God, I have got home once more!" "Bonny Scotland and Bonny Doon" were the last words he uttered as he passed up to the highlands of the better country. And there are here to-day hundreds homesick for Heaven; so, because you have so many bereavements, some because you have so many temptations, some because you have so many ailments; homesick, very homesick, for the fatherland of Heaven, and the music that you want to hear now is the song of free grace, and the music you want to hear when you die is free grace, and forever before the throne of God you will sing of the "grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, who, though He was rich, for your sakes became poor."

Yes, yes; for your sakes! It was not of pleasure excursion that He came, for it was all pain. It was not of astronomical exploration, for He knew this world as well before He alighted as afterward. It was not because He was compelled to come, for He volunteered. It was not because it was easy, for He knew that it would be thorn and spike and hunger, and thirst, and vociferation of angry mobs. "For your sakes! Wipe away your tears. To forgive your wrongdoing, to companionship your loneliness, to soothe your sorrows, to sit with you by the new-made grave, to bind up your wounds in the ugly battle with the world and bring you home at last, kindling up the mists that fall on your dying vision with the sunlight of a glorious morn. For your sakes! No, I will change that. Paul will not care, and Christ will not care if I change it, for I must get into the blessedness of the text myself, and so I say: "For our sakes!" For we all have our temptations, and bereavements, and conflicts. For our sakes! We who deserve for our sins to be expatriated into a world as much poorer than this earth was poorer than heaven. For our sakes!

But what a fruitful coming down to take us gloriously up! When Artaxerxes was hunting Tiribazus, who was attending him, showed the king a rent in his garment. The king said: "How shall I mend it?" "By giving it to me," said Tiribazus. Then the king gave him the robe, but commanded him never to wear it as it would be inappropriate. See the startling and comforting fact, while our Prince throws off the habit He not only allows us to wear it, but commands us to wear it, and it will become us well, and for the over-ties of our spiritual state we may put on the splendor of heavenly reglement. For our sakes! Oh, the personality of this religion! Not an abstraction, not an arch under which we walk to behold elaborate masonry, not an ice castle like that which Empress Elizabeth, of Russia, over 100 years ago ordered constructed, winter with its trowel of crystal cementing the huge block that had been quarried from the frozen rivers of the north, but a father's house with a wide hearth crackling a hearty welcome. A religion of warmth and inspiration, and light, and cheer, something we can take into our hearts, and homes, and business, recreations, and joys, and sorrows. Not an unmanageable gift like the galley presented to Ptolemy, which required 4,000 men to row, and its draught of water was so great that it could not come near the shore, but something you can run up any stream of annoyance, however shallow. Enrichment now, enrichment forever!

Right about face! for you are going in the wrong direction. While you are in a favorable mood for it, enter into life. Here and just now decide everything that makes for peace and heaven. Agassiz says that he has stood at one place in the Alps where he could throw a chip into the water in one direction, and it would roll on into the German Ocean, or he could throw a chip into the water in another direction, and it would reach the Black Sea by the Danube, or he could throw a chip in another direction, and it would enter the Mediterranean by the Rhone. How far apart the Mediterranean, and the Black Sea, and the German Ocean? Standing to-day on this Alps of Gospel privilege, you can project your soul into right currents, and it will roll on into the ocean of life, or project it in the wrong direction, and it will roll into the sea of death. But how far apart the two distances! May God help us to appreciate more and more the momentous meaning of our text! The seven wise men of Greece were chiefly known each for one aphorism; Solon for the saying: "Know thyself;" Periander for the saying: "Nothing is impossible to industry;" Chilo for the saying: "Consider the end;" Thales for the saying: "Suretyship is the precursor of ruin." And Paul, distinguished for a thousand utterances, might well afford to be memorable for the saying: "You know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, that, though He was rich, yet for your sakes became poor, that ye through His poverty might be rich."

He that spareth the rod catcheth no fish.



## THE SWORD.

Something About the Blades of All Ages and Nations.

[New Orleans, Picayune.]

For thousands of years and until the invention of gunpowder the sword was the chief weapon used in battle. A collection of the swords of all ages and all nations would be of extreme interest. It would embrace the stone swords of the American aborigines, pointed and double edged, twenty-two inches long in the blade, which was with marvelous skill wrought from a flint stone, and of which, one of the most magnificent specimens extant is in the fine private museum of Dr. Joseph Jones, of this city. There would be also the bronze sword of the early Greeks and of the Teutonic races; the short, stout sword of the Romans, with its double-edged blade nineteen inches long of steel tempered by Celtiberian smiths, carried to Italy from the Spanish peninsula; prominent would be the long two-handed sword of England in the time of Richard the Lion, with blades nearly five feet long, the weapon being slung to the back and drawn over the left shoulder. The sword of Richard naturally suggests the scimitar of Saladin with its Damascus blade curved like the crescent it so ably fought for. Such a collection would not be complete without the sword of the South Sea Islander, made of wood, its edge set with shark's teeth or splinters of obsidian in serrated rows, terribly formidable when used upon the naked body of a foe.

The sword represents so much war, history, and romance that it brings up an endless array of interesting and imposing events. All the early people used a shield to repel attacks with the sword, but after the Middle Ages the art of fencing, probably derived from India, was developed to such a degree that the shield could be dispensed with, and the sword became both sword and shield. All the readers of the incomparable romances of Alexander Dumas will remember the phenomenal fencing of the celebrated guardsmen.

The Orientals are the only people who specially sharpen their swords. Their curved blades, made as keen as razors, are terribly formidable to men not protected by steel armor. In the celebrated trial of skill between the English King and the Saracen Sultan, as related by the immortal Walter Scott, the English champion by main force cleft helmets and chipped through at one blow an iron mare, while the Saracen, with his keen blade, cut through shreds of silk gauze as they floated through the air. In regard to the use of sharp blades for weapons, it is possible that the partiality of the American negro for a razor is due to the presence of the Oriental passion for keen-bladed swords. It has also been suggested in this connection that the razor, except where special statutes on the subject exist, not being considered a weapon, could be carried without suspicion or hindrance, hence its use by the negro. A correspondent from India, writing to the *English Mechanic* on the wonderful sword practice with sharp blades, says:

"The quiet dweller in Europe will scarcely believe the prodigies performed in sword-cutting by these coarse, ill-looking bits of curved metal, costing frequently no more than 1s 6d to 2s. I had shot numerous wild beasts when I was told by an expert that my hunting education was very deficient, as I could not handle a scimitar to stop my game. I was told to exercise continually on a pillar of soft clay, and thus acquire the drawing cut at the proper part of the blade; then on a pillar loosely stuffed with cotton; then on a newly-killed wildcat or jackal, kneaded previous to the practice by the feet of a heavy man till the carcass became a loose, soft mass; then on a great pond carp, a fish clad with heavy, horny scales, like elastic mail—considered as a feat to test man and sword. My first trial at this experiment resulted in a triple fracture of the good blade, sundry scales flying in the air, uncut, only dislodged; then the artistic *tour de force* at paper cones placed on a table—all manner of strange and difficult tasks, which being only ornamental, I eventually forsook for the useful and more easy decapitation of fierce quadrupeds, beginning with a wounded wild hog of full growth, and on essaying the sloping stroke behind the ears, sweeping off the head neatly, that important part dropping between the

forefeet. Not long before I had seen a bold young Ghooraka dismount from his elephant, leaving it standing to await his return, and follow on foot alone an immense bear he had wounded with his rifle. On nearing the powerful brute, it champed its foamy tusk to charge. He drew his kokre (or Nepalese sword), and as it sprang at him the blade was buried across piggy's back, all but severing him in two parts."

The sword in modern warfare is getting to be a mere badge of office, and a proposition is said some time ago to have been made to strip the infantry officer in the French army of his sword and give him something to shoot with. The manufacture of swords all over the world is represented to have declined visibly, and it is stated that there is not in the United States to-day a single establishment where sword blades are made, unless it may be that sabres for the cavalry are manufactured in the United States armory at Springfield, Mass.

### What Shall We Eat?

This is the age of adulteration. Articles of food in particular are tampered with in a most heart-rending, or rather stomach-rending, manner.

The modes of adulterating butter, for instance, are so numerous that there is reason to believe that the only honest butter is the goat. In these oleomargarine days, no one knows on which side the bread is buttered.

Sugar is shamefully adulterated. Occasionally sugar goes up so high as to produce a slight increase in the price of sand.

Doubtless some of our readers have heard or read of milk being adulterated. Not long since a milkman drank some of his own milk, and according to the autopsy his death was caused by water on the brain.

There are several modes of deceiving the public with coffee. One is to substitute peas. There are a great many p's in pepper, but not half as many as there are in coffee.

Pure Italian olive oil consumed in the United States is manufactured in Chicago, the essential ingredients being lard, which, it is fair to presume, has been previously adulterated.

Under the circumstances we are constrained to believe that there is some truth in the following beautiful Arabian legend:

### THE WISE FLY.

Once upon a time several flies flew into a kitchen through a window. They were looking for something nice to eat, but they were not particular. They were willing to put up with anything they could find.

The first fly took a sip at some dough which the cook had left in the pan. It tasted very nice, but in a short time the insect was racked with a dreadful pain in his abdomen, and in a short time he breathed his last in great agony. His bowels could not stand the alum with which the flour had been carefully adulterated.

The second fly took a sip at some coffee drugs, and immediately his head began to swim, and he experienced a sensation of nausea. After a few fearful contortions, the fly held up his legs, and was relieved from his sufferings by death. Oxide of iron, with which the coffee was adulterated, was more than the fly constitution could stand.

The third fly tried the syrup and dropped dead into the pitcher. Unless a fly is provided with Bessemer steel bowels he should never inhale sulphuric acid. It's not healthy.

The fourth fly had a massive, sixty-five-ounce brain. He had studied the nature of his fellow-insect, man, and was up to his tricks and devices. Noticing a box of Rough on Flies, which was labeled "Poison," he flew gayly to it, and fed voraciously on its contents. The fly never experienced evil effects, for like everything else, the fly poison was adulterated.—*Texas Siftings*.

### Ingenuity of a Dog.

It is about as difficult for a dog to get a really satisfactory scratch at his back as it is for a one-armed man to rub his elbow, but a Hartford (Conn.) dog does it. In front of his master's house is an old stone hitching post, which time and weather have made rough and scaly. Proceeding to this the dog sits down, throws himself backwards till he is leaning against this, and then proceeds to rub his back as cleverly as a "long-shorn" reman or one of the ancient Scots who used to bless the Duke of Argyll.—*Chicago News*.

## HARVEST EXCURSIONS.

The Corn Palace at Sioux City.

### ARE YOU GOING WEST?

This question applies to everybody. Some will say yes, while others will answer, "Not if we know ourselves; no West in ours." Well, perhaps not. But time works wonders, and one knows what a day may bring forth; therefore those who have no idea of going West just at present should keep posted a little, for there is no telling how soon the "Western fever" may strike them, and if it does their departure will be as sudden as that of a bank cashier who has got on the wrong side of the wheat market. So we say keep posted just a little, and particularly as to the best and safest road over which to make a Western trip.

From Chicago there are numerous well-equipped railways that branch out to nearly every section of the great West, none of which are more prominent than the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul. For years this road has been noted for its enterprise in improving its train service and its efforts to provide comfort, convenience, and safety for the traveling public. This is a fact which is appreciated by those who are obliged to spend much of their time in a passenger coach or a sleeping car. It is a pleasure to travel on any division of the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul, for a more courteous and obliging corps of conductors and subordinates cannot be found than is in charge of the numerous trains of this popular railway system.

Trains are leaving Chicago over this line for different points in the West almost hourly. One of the new and popular trains recently added to its service is that which leaves Chicago every day at 7:30 p. m. and arrives at St. Paul the next morning at 9:30 o'clock, and at Minneapolis only thirty-five minutes later. This train is known as the "business man's favorite," because he can leave Chicago after business hours and arrive in St. Paul the next morning before business begins.

Another very popular train upon this road is the Sioux City short line. Leaving Chicago at noon daily, passengers arrive in Sioux City shortly after 9 o'clock the next morning, making close connections with trains for Northern and Southern Dakota. Elegant dining-cars are run upon this train, upon which dinner, supper, and breakfast are served in a style that traveling men say is ahead of any other road.

The Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Railway offers superior advantages to all who contemplate a Western trip. Its various lines traverse Northern Illinois, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Iowa, and Dakota to a greater extent than any other road. Its equipment is first-class in every respect, and travelers who patronize it speak in the highest terms of it.

Parties who propose to attend the great "Corn Palace" festivities, which are to be held at Sioux City, Iowa, from October 3 to October 8, inclusive, should not fail to buy their tickets over the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul.

The next Harvest Excursion over this favorite road will leave Chicago October 11. Tickets for this Excursion will be sold at half rates to points in Minnesota, Dakota, and Northern Iowa. For further particulars address A. V. H. Carpenter, General Passenger Agent, Milwaukee, Wis., or F. A. Miller, Assistant General Passenger Agent, 61 Clark St., Chicago, Ill.

### A Fertile Subject.

"Bright Eyes," the eloquent Indian advocate, will lecture this season on the wrongs on the Indians. Good subject; the Indian is full of 'em; he seems to be wrong half the time, and the other half he is waiting for the grass to get green so that he may go wrong again. His wrongs keep this peaceful and Christian land in such a perennial turmoil that we hardly know whether it is because we have the Indian wrongs or the wrong Indians.—*Burdette*.

### It's Always the Way.

"Didn't I tell you so?" said a gentleman to an acquaintance whom he chanced to meet on the street; "it's always the way." "What's always the way?" inquired a mutual friend of the two men, who happened along just then. "Why, just this," replied the first speaker; "you see Smith, here, the last time I met him he had one of the worst coughs you ever heard. He complained of a loss of appetite, of night-sweats, of low spirits and other unmistakable premonitory symptoms of consumption. I told him to get a supply of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery at once. He did so, and look at him now! Did you ever see a healthier-looking man? The 'Discovery' has snatched thousands from consumptives' graves. I knew it would cure Smith. It's always the way."

There is said to be a great similarity between a vain young lady and a confirmed drunkard, in that neither of them can ever get enough of the glass.

### A Great Offer.

We call attention of our lady readers to the handsome present that is being prepared for them. By special arrangement with *Demorest's Monthly*, the Greatest of all Family Magazines, we will print in our next issue an *OLDER*, entitling every one of our readers to a pattern of this handsome jacket (free). Look out for it, for it is worth 25 cents.

While *Demorest's* is not a Fashion Magazine, many suppose it to be, because its Fashion Department, like all its other departments, is so perfect.

Don't subscribe for another magazine for next year before sending for this pattern, for the pattern's descriptive envelope will contain full information about *Demorest's Monthly*, which is published by W. Jennings Demorest, 15 East 14th St., New York.

The Frazer Axle Grease is the very best. A trial will prove we are right.

## Tired All Over

Is the expression a lady used in describing her condition before using Hood's Sarsaparilla. This preparation is wonderfully adapted for weakened or low state of the system. It quickly tones the whole body, gives purity and vitality to the blood, and clears and freshens the mind. Take it now if you feel "tired all over."

"Feeling languid and dizzy, having no appetite and no ambition to work, I took Hood's Sarsaparilla, with the best results. As a health invigorator and medicine for general debility I think it superior to anything else." A. A. RIKER, Albany Street, Utica, N. Y.

## Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists, \$1; six for \$5. Prepared only by C. F. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar.

The best and surest Remedy for Cure of all diseases caused by any derangement of the Liver, Kidneys, Stomach and Bowels. Dyspepsia, Sick Headache, Constipation, Bilious Complaints and Malaria of all kinds yield readily to the beneficent influence of

# PRICKLY ASH BITTERS

It is pleasant to the taste, tones up the system, restores and preserves health.

It is purely Vegetable, and cannot fail to prove beneficial, both to old and young.

As a Blood Purifier it is superior to all others. Sold everywhere at \$1.00 a bottle.

FOR ALL DISORDERS OF THE Stomach, Liver and Bowels TAKE PACIFIC LIVER PILLS

STRICTLY VEGETABLE.

Cure Constipation, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Piles, Sick Headache, Liver Complaints, Loss of Appetite, Biliousness, Nervousness, Jaundice, etc. For Sale by all Druggists. Price, 25 Cents. PACIFIC MANUFACTURING CO., ST. LOUIS, MO.

322 PANTS

HANDSOME, STYLISH PANTS

made to order in first-class style. Perfect fit guaranteed or money refunded.

For samples of cloth and 4 foot tape measure (worth 10c.) send 3c. stamps. Circulars Free.


Established 1877.

322 SHOES

OUR FULL SEAMLESS SHOES

beat the world. Made in sizes and styles to please. Perfect fit guaranteed. We refer to any Bank, Express Co., or leading business house in this city.

THE HUNTER CINCINNATI, O. MFG CO.



FLY'S CREAM BALM CURES COLIC, HEADACHE, BRUISES, BURNS, SORE THROAT, RHEUMATISM, AND ALL PAINFUL AFFECTIONS. PRICE 25 CENTS. BOTTLED BY J. C. HUNTER, CINCINNATI, O.

I found it a specific for Hay Fever. For ten years I have been a great sufferer from August 9th till frost. Fly's Cream Balm is the only preventive I have ever found. Hay Fever sufferers should know of its efficacy.—Frank B. Ainsworth, Publisher, Indianapolis, Ind.

Apply Balm into each nostril.

SURE CURE DISCOVERED FOR CATARRH

Lauderbach's German Catarrh Remedy. Price \$1. Samples free at Druggists. Mailed for 10c. in stamps. THOUSANDS CURED since the discovery of this method of treatment. Every mail brings letters from grateful persons CURED. E. A. LAUDERBACH & CO., Newark, N. J., U.S.A.

### FOR SALE CHEAP!

One of Payne & Son's automatic ten-horse power engines. It has only been used about two years, and is in every respect as good as the day it came out of the shop. This engine is equal to twenty-horse power if required of it. Address, FORT WAYNE NEWS-PAPEER UNION, 55 & 57 Columbia St., Fort Wayne, Ind.

Pico's Remedy for Catarrh is the Best, Easiest to Use, and Cheapest.

# CATARRH

Sold by druggists or sent by mail. 50c. E. T. Hazeltine, Warren, Pa.

HOME STUDY. Bookkeeping, Business Forms, Penmanship, Arithmetic, Short-hand, etc., thoroughly taught by mail. Circulars free. BRYANT'S BUSINESS COLLEGE, Buffalo, N.Y.

OPIMUM Habit Cured call factory before any pay. Prof. J. B. BARTON, 25th Ward, Cincinnati, O.



MORT & WILL OLDS, PUBLISHERS.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:  
One Year, in advance ..... \$0.75  
Six Months ..... 50  
Three Months ..... 25

Entered at the Post Office at St. Joe as second-class matter.

FRIDAY OCTOBER 7, 1887.

Public sentiment is growing more and more in favor of prohibition.

E. Zimmerman of Auburn, was in town a short time on Tuesday evening.

President and Mrs. Cleveland are in Chicago this week. They will not visit St. Joe this fall.

It is said that the present trip of President Cleveland is 4,436 miles long and will cost \$12,000.

E. L. Milliman died at Hoytsville, Ohio, and was buried in the Colburn town cemetery on Wednesday.

The sale of the Hart and Reed Hitches will take place at St. Joe, on Wednesday, Oct. 19th, 1887.

Seven thousand dollars is the modest amount asked for in settlement of the drive well royalty in this county.

People who can't suit themselves in St. Joe this fall, ought not to be suited, for the town is jam-full of new goods.

M. T. Bishop is having a fine veranda built on the front part of his residence, which adds much to the looks of it.

Gen. Baker received a letter from Frank Reynolds this week. He is now located at Tiffin, and is dealing in produce and provisions.

Deputy Surveyor Williams was in town Wednesday, and staked off the ground recently purchased by Wash Woodcock from Wm. Vanzile.

To extinguish kerosene flames, if no cloth is at hand, throw flour on the flames. Flour rapidly absorbs the flame and deadens the flames.

Case & Olds desire to call the attention of the lady readers of the News to their Two Dollar Fine Kid Shoes. They are the best shoe for the money ever offered in this market. Drop in and see them.

Mrs. Matilda Widney left Wednesday for the south, where she will spend the winter with her son Charles. Mrs. Widney is an active worker in Sunday school and church work, and she will be greatly missed from her accustomed place.

John Widney brought us in a potato this week, twelve inches long with two or three small potatoes attached. Russ Coburn was to be put down in that kind of a way, and so brought in one that in this man in good shape, with head, ears, feet &c. Who's next, and what?

DON'T EXPERIMENT—You cannot afford to waste time in experimenting when your lungs are in danger. Consumption always seems, at first only a cold. Do not permit any dealer to impose upon you with some cheap imitation of Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds, but be sure you get the genuine. Because he can make more profit he may tell you he has something just as good, or just the same. Don't be deceived, but insist upon getting Dr. King's New Discovery, which is guaranteed to give relief in all Throat, Lung and Chest affection. Trial bottles free at W. C. Patterson's Drug Store. Large Bottles \$1.

OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

PIGEON'S RETREAT.

Billy Farmer is working for Billy Shilling.

Louis Lake will move in the near future to Michigan.

Mrs. Arnold, of Leo, is spending the week with her daughter Mrs. Timmerman.

Pigeon's Retreat was represented on Wednesday, Thursday and Friday at the Waterloo Fair.

Some small Spencervillians have been scouring the woods in this neighborhood in search of nuts.

The Shilling Bros. entertained the threshers four days last week. They threshed 1900 bushels of grain.

Gandy & Nickey's teamsters are drawing the ash logs from the farm purchased of Daniel Shilling of Ohio, to Concord, to be conveyed by rail from that place to Auburn.

A Mr. Fultz was elected at the school meeting on Saturday evening, to teach the winter term of school at this place; but as he has been already engaged to teach another school the matter will be left in the hands of the trustee.

COBURN TOWN.

A. B. Coburn spent Sunday in Hicksville.

Two insurance agents, both from Butler called on us one day last week.

Uncle John Engle, Dr. Sheffer and wife, from St. Joe, were at church at the corners last Sunday.

Billy Wade has vacated Al Monroe's house and moved into Free Abels house south of the corners.

Charley Coburn is now in a position to count the flies on the ceiling, cause, lame back. War Coburn is at work for him during his lay up.

The viewers took another look at the much contested road from Byron Woodcock's to B. A. Hadsell's. They were all pretty good looking men, so I think we are sure of the road.

Jake Baker has had another well put down on his place. He dug about thirty feet in order to get a fair start, and then got Joe Shell and Cam Hadsell to drive the rest of the way. They went down about fifty-five feet, and now he has a splendid well.

At a school meeting held last Saturday evening, J. M. Milliman was re-elected director, and John Simanton furnished the wood for another year at one dollar per cord, they also voted to have a winter term of four months, and a spring term the balance of the time.

Strange how forgetful some young men are, but then a baby's head is a rather unusual thing for a young man to buy, and it is not so very strange after all that he should forget what he went after, but it is rather strange that it should take him until two o'clock in the morning before he could make up his mind to come without it.

NEWVILLE.

Harry Smith has returned home from his visit at Cleveland.

Moody & Fusselman are doing quite a lively stock business this fall.

Rev. Barr preached in the Disciple church last Sunday morning and evening.

There is more attraction at the bend on Sunday than any other day of the week.

There has been some very nice fish caught in the river lately by Bro. Thomas and others.

We will state for the benefit of our readers that Mike Long was not seen on our streets Sunday.

EXAMINE THE LARGEST, FINEST,

AND MOST COMPLETE LINE OF

Men's, Ladies', Misses' & Children's FINE SHOES.

Ever exhibited in St. Joe. They comprise the most popular brands such as Reed, Weaver, Okey & Son, &c. The buttons will be reset on all shoes purchased of us, with Wilkin's patent fasteners. Call and see

J. D. LEIGHTY, ST. JOE.

Mrs. Bailey, of Cleveland, is visiting with friends at this place.

Mr. Parlingington moves this week east of Butler and Joe Hall moves in the house vacated by him.

Wonder why Frank Felt didn't go in when he took his girl home Saturday evening? Frank is quite a dude.

Uncle George Weeks is boss at the post office, for he neither allows loafing in the office nor on the steps in front of the office.

Father Sheffield and Joe Rhodes were seen conversing very closely Sunday evening; we think the natives want to be on the look out for them.

Clara and Cora Meeks, her sons, on from Bryon, visiting them, and Frank Sagar appears to be the shining light in the young lady's eyes.

Dalton Charley Heasley, going to finish husking this week. Dal is farming on farm, Chilson's second growth farm north of town.

Trustee Chiesman made ample provision to carry all the school children to the Waterloo Fair but owing to the rain the little folks were badly disappointed.

It is too bad to think that George Bartlett had to walk home from the fair, when his girl came in with a nice rig, the best that Butler can afford. Guess George was a little off.

Yank Linton thinks he has a good bell; he tried to call a deaf and dumb man to the door to sell him some meat, and as he didn't come out, Yank moved on and says he is not at home. Yank is a hustler.

The celebrated steed known as Lady Paulding, formerly owned by the Mutter Bros., but now owned by O. Fusselman, departed this life Oct. 2nd, funeral the 3rd. Young Fusselman squandered the large sum of fifty cents for her but we think he will get his money back if he sells the hide and bones, for it won't take long for the hide to decay, as there was not much on the frame.

J. H. CONRAD.

Wash morning is sure to mean and of course now and then your boiler will fly out and you will be compelled to get a new one. In this case call on J. H. Conrad, St. Joe, and get one of those splendid one dollar boilers.

J. H. CONRAD.

Baltimore, Ohio E. R.

Trains Leave St. Joe as follows.

WEST BOUND.

No. 9 Mail and Express 11:05 A. M.  
17 Accommodation 1:15 P. M.  
3 Chicago Express 10:42 P. M.  
35 Local Freight 3:42 P. M.

EAST BOUND.

No. 10 Express and Mail 2:08 P. M.  
16 Accommodation 10:28 A. M.  
4 Morning Express 4:55 A. M.  
34 Local Freight 7:59 A. M.

W. I. McKee, Agent.

ST. JOE MARKETS.

CORRESPONDENT FRIDAY.

Wheat	70 cts.
Oats	26 cts.
Corn	35 cts.
Butter	15 cts.
Eggs	15 cts.
Hay	3 1/2 cts.
Straw	10 cts.
Potatoes	70 cts.

New Goods Arriving Daily!

CALL ON US FOR

BIG BARGAINS.

FULL LINE OF

LADIES CLOAKS AND WRAPS.

FINE STOCK OF CLOTHING ON HAND.  
HEATING & COOK STOVES A SPECIALTY.

S. & F. BARNEY, ST. JOE, IND.







# The St. Joe News.

ST. JOE, INDIANA.

MORT & WELLS, PUBLISHERS.

## EVENTS OF A WEEK.

### THE OLD WORLD.

—The Moscow Gazette, speaking of the plan of dividing influence in the Balkans between Austria and Russia, says that Russia will never relinquish her present position.

—The Vatican is greatly disturbed by a visitation of cholera, of which an officer of the Pontifical guard is the victim. Every precaution will be taken to prevent the spread of the disease.

—It is semi-officially announced that M. Flourens, French Minister of Foreign Affairs, in conversing with Count von Munster, the German Ambassador, on the subject of the frontier shooting incident, pointed out, first, that not a single stain of blood had been found on German soil; second, that Kaufmann, after firing, fled, showing that he was conscious of having committed an illegal act. The French official inquiry, therefore, argued Flourens, proved that the German agent knowingly committed an offense. Count von Munster replied that as the German inquiry had not been concluded he could give no pledge as to what would be done. The French Government will insist upon the punishment of Kaufmann, the question of indemnity being of secondary importance. The Procurator of Nancy will meet the German law officers at the scene of the incident for the purpose of making a joint examination. M. Lebigne, a banker at Nancy, who is the lessee of the ground where the shooting occurred, and who was one of the party of sportsmen, says the party did not cross the frontier line. "After the shooting," he says, "we found blood-pools on French soil. I requested a sergeant of gendarmes to mark a tree at the spot. I swear that neither challenge nor cry was addressed to us. Had the Germans uttered a sound we must have heard them."

—A Russian adventuress known by the nickname of "The Golden Hand" has been condemned by the tribunal of Moscow to transportation for life. This extraordinary woman has been married no less than sixteen times and is described as being remarkably handsome. Her husbands belonged to all nationalities and creeds. She ran away from two in France and three in Germany, carrying off as much of their property as she could lay her hands on. She was in Vienna in 1878 under an assumed name. She robbed her different husbands altogether of more than 300,000 rubles. When traveling she invariably made dupes of them or disappeared with their money, jewels, and even their watches.

### PERSONAL NOTES.

—An anonymous citizen of St. Louis has contributed \$10,000 to the fund of a million dollars with which the Presbyterians propose to endow their board of relief for ministers' widows and orphans. It is expected that the fund will be completed at the centennial meeting of the Presbyterian general assembly, in Philadelphia next year.

—The President's train arrived at Columbus, Ohio, at 4:30 a. m., on Saturday, and remained only long enough to change engines. About one thousand persons were at the depot, but as the party were asleep no demonstration was made. At Richmond, Ind., after daylight, the President went out on the platform and shook hands with all who could get to him during the five minutes' stop. At Indianapolis the drizzling rain ceased, and the sun shone out as the procession moved from the depot to the State House through streets thronged with people and gayly decorated. At the State House a stand had been erected, to which the President was conducted, and a speech of welcome was made by Governor Gray. The President responded, complimenting the State of Indiana and its capital, and paying a handsome tribute to the memory of Vice President Hendricks. At Terre Haute, Ind., the President remarked that he has had some acquaintance with the most widely-known product of that region, the "Tall Sycamore of the Wabash," and has made up his mind that the Sycamore "has height enough and size enough for any locality or for any purpose."

—Thomas A. Armstrong, one of the most prominent labor leaders in the United States, died at Pittsburgh, after a lingering illness. He was editor of the Labor Tribune of that city, a prominent member of the Grand Army, and was identified with nearly all of the secret labor organizations of the country. Six years ago he was the candidate of the Greenback-Labor party for Governor of the State, and received a very large vote. Last year he was

urged by his party to again head their State ticket, but he declined on account of ill-health. He was about 48 years of age. His death was indirectly caused by a wound received during the war.

—August Stoeper, a well-known musician in New York and London, died in the former city, recently, in the arms of his daughter, Mrs. Henry Miller, known in the theatrical profession as Miss Bijou Heron.

### POLITICAL POINTS.

—Memphis (Tenn.) dispatch: "An election was held in this State on the question of the adoption of an amendment to the Constitution prohibiting the manufacture or sale of intoxicating liquors. Returns so far received indicate that the amendment was defeated by a very small majority. The anti-prohibitionists carried this city by a majority of 4,232 out of a total vote of 9,010. Country districts' returns are coming in slowly, but Shelby County will give about 6,000 majority against the amendment. Women worked for the amendment at all the voting precincts in the city. Dispatches from sections of the State representing 100,000 votes out of a total of 250,000 give a majority of about 5,000 against the amendment. The returns are a complete surprise and upset all conjectures, making the result doubtful, with the chances in favor of the defeat of the amendment. Both parties claim a victory."

—The anti-prohibitionists of Florida have just discovered that the "pros" are too sharp for them, and that the State will soon be irrevocably a dry State without a State vote having been taken on the issue. The last Legislature allowed the "pros" to frame a local option law. By its construction, if certain districts in a county go "dry," but the county as a whole goes wet, these dry districts remain so. On the contrary, if a majority of the districts of a county go "dry" the wet districts cannot remain so, but the whole county is declared dry, and the law is so enforced that the "pros" always win and never lose. They have carried half the State already.

—Latest returns indicate that the majority against prohibition in Tennessee will be between 12,000 and 20,000. The vote exceeds that cast at the last gubernatorial election.

### FINANCIAL AND INDUSTRIAL.

—Chipman & Holt, extensive coal dealers of Philadelphia, Pa., have failed, the disaster being due to the assignments of Charles E. Pennock & Co. and Robert Hare Powell & Co. The assets are \$288,000, and the liabilities \$217,000.

—A receiver has taken charge of the business of Colby, Duncan & Co., piano manufacturers at New York, whose liabilities are said to be about \$175,000.

—Assignments have been made by Thomas Flourney, Jr., tobaccoist, at Richmond, Va., and by Bessette, Lefort & Co., of Montreal. The latter owe \$60,000, while Flourney's liabilities are placed at \$50,000.

—F. C. Davenport, dealer in metals at Boston, Mass., has made an assignment, his embarrassment being caused by the failure of E. S. Wheeler & Co., of New Haven. Davenport's liabilities are figured at \$100,000.

—Small change is only coined at the Philadelphia mint. Last year the coinage of cents amounted to \$391,147; that of "nickels" to \$552,573, and of dimes to \$1,095,273.50. Now it is reported that the mint cannot turn out the coins fast enough, the orders being over \$70,000 ahead.

—A treaty of peace has been made between the employing and employed glassmakers at Pittsburgh. The workmen have agreed to accept a 5 per cent. advance in wages instead of the 10 per cent. demanded. About seven thousand men have been idle since the summer vacation in June, awaiting the adjustment of this matter. The idle factories throughout the West will now, it is expected, resume work.

### FIRES AND ACCIDENTS.

—A panic occurred in Harris' Theater, Cincinnati, at the performance of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" which came near causing a serious loss of life. The house was crowded, and just as little Eva was dying in the last act a steam roller at work in the neighborhood blew its whistle, producing a startlingly loud noise. Some one in the gallery shouted "Fire," and at once the crowd started down stairs. It happened that two policemen were in the house. They threw themselves between the panic-stricken crowd and the door and succeeded in pacifying them. During the excitement fifteen women fainted and were carried into the street.

—Three men and two boys were suffocated and thirteen others were overcome with gas in the Boat colliery, at Ashland, Pa. A pillar gave way, bringing with it a large amount of gas, which suffocated the workmen and rendered escape impossible to those in that gangway. The men in the neighboring breast heard the tremendous rush of air and escaped

by fleeing to the bottom of the slope. Those killed were: Frederick Outrich, fire-boss; John Cochran, John McDonald, John Guillian, and Park Tully. It is feared some of the others overcome by gas will die.

—Destructive bush fires are again reported throughout Canada.

### THE CRIMINAL RECORD.

—A special from London, Ky., gives the particulars of a swindle worked by an Albany, N. Y., party upon Basil Cornett and J. U. Baker of that locality. Recently they received a circular in which it was stated that for \$700 of any good circulating medium they would be furnished with \$10,000 in bills which would pass anywhere. If they should have any doubt it was suggested that they come to Albany in person and judge for themselves. Mr. Baker accepted the latter proposition and proceeded thither. He said the party showed him a trunk full of money, and explained that the bills were duplicates of regular United States Treasury notes. A trade for \$10,000 was made and the amount packed into a box and handed to Baker, who paid \$300 in cash, with the understanding that \$400 more was to be paid when the box was received through the express office. When he and his companion opened the box which he had seen packed and had in person expressed it contained good, hard brick. The greenies consulted a lawyer and a suit was filed and the \$400 attached in the hands of the express company.

—Isaac Mullen, of Jackson County, Indiana, poisoned himself with carbolic acid because his son was arrested and put on trial for making a disturbance in church.

—The Rev. Henry Clemens, a Free Methodist preacher, committed suicide in a horrible manner near Millersburg, Ohio. He placed the muzzle of a shotgun in his mouth and discharged it with his foot, blowing off the entire top of his head. Temporary insanity was the cause.

### MISCELLANEOUS NOTES.

—Further experiments with Zelenki's dynamite gun have been in a measure successful.

—The American sloop Volunteer defeated the Scotch cutter Thistle in the first 1887 contest for the America's cup by 19 minutes 29 seconds, says a New York dispatch of Wednesday. Fully fifty thousand people crowded the 300 steamboats, tugs, steam and sailing yachts, and other craft improvised for the occasion. The heterogeneous mass of craft covered fifty or more acres of water. The crowds kept up an incessant hullabaloo of gun-firing, steam-whistling, and cheering that inspired the wildest kind of enthusiasm, but sadly interfered with the duties of the officials who had business to attend to. The result was a most decisive victory for the American Sloop. Beating, stretching, and running with frolics the Volunteer out-sailed the Thistle. The total distance was thirty-eight statute miles. Everywhere, except on the run with spinnakers, where the excursion boats did so much to keep the wind from her, the Volunteer out-sailed her antagonist. The following are the figures:

	Start.	Buoy 10.	Light-ship.
	H. M. S.	H. M. S.	H. M. S.
Volunteer	12 34 58	2 21 3	3 42 12
Thistle	12 33 0	2 36 45	4 1 15
	Finish.	Elapsed.	Correct time.
Volunteer	5 38 16	4 53 18	4 53 18
Thistle	5 45 53	5 12 47	5 12 42

The Volunteer beat the Thistle 19 minutes 29 seconds. After the race Mr. James Bell, principal owner of the Thistle, said he was not at all satisfied with the result. The Thistle, he declared, had never moved so slowly through the water. He was of the opinion that there was "something wrong with the cutter's bottom." Appended is a description of the two yachts:

	Volunteer.	Feet.
Length over all	108.5	
Length on water line	84.43	
Breadth of beam	23.3	
Depth of hold	14.10	
Draft	11	
Length for time allowance	88.20	

	Thistle.	Feet.
Length over all	108.5	
Length on water line	84.43	
Breadth of beam	23.3	
Depth of hold	14.10	
Draft	11	
Length for time allowance	88.20	

—The Illinois Supreme Court has decided that one railroad company can not condemn any part of the right of way of another for the purpose of constructing a railroad longitudinally along the possessing company's tracks, and that "property already applied to a public use" can not be taken by condemnation for railroad purposes.

—The Sovereign Grand Lodge of Odd-Fellows will meet next year in Los Angeles, Cal.

—It is expected that, as a result of Governor Gordon's investigation of the treatment of convicts by the lessees of convict labor, the Governor will declare the lease forfeited. The evidence shows that the convicts were most inhumanly treated and half starved, and that gross immoralities prevailed. The Legislature will authorize the employment of the convicts upon a large farm.

M. T. BISHOP,

—DEALER IN—

LUMBER, LIME,

—ALTH—

SHINGLES,

MOULDING &c.

Large Stock and Low Prices. Yard Near Depot, St. Joe, Ind.

J. F. WALKER,

MAKER AND DEALER IN

Harness, Collars,

WHIPS, HARNESS OIL &c.

ST. JOE, IND.

Repairing done promptly. Prices as low as the lowest. Call and see.



WILLIAM CURIE,

PROPRIETOR OF

MEAT MARKET

ST. JOE, IND.

Highest market price paid for Hides, Tallow &c. Give me a call.

F. A. ZEIGLER,

MAKER AND DEALER IN

HARNESS

COLLARS, WHIPS,

Fly Nets and Dusters,

HARNESS OIL &c.

Prices the Lowest. All work guaranteed. Call and see me.

Blacksmith

AND

Repair Shop.

Having secured the services of an experienced workman, I am now prepared to do all kinds of Blacksmithing and Repairing in a first-class manner. Special attention given to repairing machinery. Give me a call. Prices reasonable.

A. W. Hall, St. Joe.



We just want to call your attention to three things this week that we want you to know.

1st. The finest line of Clocks, Watches and Jewelry in St. Joe can be found at the Drugstore.

2nd. Nobody carries as fine a line of Ladies Hand Bags as the St. Joe Drugstore.

3rd. The only place in St. Joe to find a line of Fine Perfumeries is at the Drugstore.

#### LOCALS

Wills Sanders talks of moving to Garrett.

A shower of hail fell on Thursday morning.

Now that the fairs are over, what comes next?

Fresh Baltimore Oysters at Curie's meat market.

Read the new advertisements in this issue.

Pumpkin Pie social in the Volmer building tonight.

Get your Clocks and Watches repaired at the Drugstore.

Potatoes are very scarce and are selling for \$1.00 a bushel.

Josh Lounsberry attended the reunion at Hicksville, yesterday.

Big line of Robes and Horse Blankets at Zeigler's Harness Shop.

Mrs. E. W. Erick visited in town last week with Mrs. John Leighty.

The local now stops at Concord when there is any freight to put off.

The Fort Wayne Yarn takes the lead. For sale only by Case & Olds.

The St. Joe Band must have put up for the winter; we haven't heard it for some time.

Orange Fades is now at the home of his parents in Spencerville and is in very poor health.

This is the week of the Kendallville fair, and it hasn't been a very pleasant week, either.

A number of Mrs. Widney's friends and Sunday school scholars gave her a farewell surprise party at her residence, on Tuesday evening, and kindly remembered her with several fine presents.

The wedding of Miss Mino Andrews and Mr. Frank Seiler, occurred yesterday. The News extends congratulations, and although we didn't get to sample the wedding cake, we know it was good.

Orville Wilkinson and Dr. Bowman had a few words this week. Dr. claimed it was a girl, while Orville thought it ought to be a boy. Its a baby any-how, and weighs about the same as all babies do.

The Y. P. T. L. A. will meet at the residence of Clarence Hull, on Wednesday evening, Oct. 12th. Every member is expected to take part in the exercises. There will be a way provided to take all who want to go; so let us have a full attendance.

On account of ill health, Cal Maxwell has been compelled to resign the position of principal of the St. Joe schools, and Frank Coughanour of Hicksville, has been secured to take his place. Mr. Coughanour is one of the county examiners of Defiance county, and comes well recommended, both as a teacher and disciplinarian.

Wm. Saylor received the red ribbon on his horse at the Waterloo fair.

Jerry Andrews sold his trotting horse last week to Mr. Mason of Butler.

A seven hundred pound bell has been ordered for the Methodist church in this place.

Ruff McDonald was in town this week. He is now in the grocery business at Elkhart.

Case & Olds are showing the best line of Men's and Ladies' Underwear ever opened up in St. Joe.

Ben Leighty is at work for the B. & O. again as car repairer. The B. & O. can't get along without Ben.

The G. A. R. boys had a wet week at their encampment at St. Louis last week. It rained nearly all the time.

Wash Woodcox has put down a well on the property he recently bought of Wm. Vanzile. It isn't a drive well.

C. F. Mosier and son Horace of the Bristol Banner, were in town a part of this week, the guests of J. M. Lounsberry.

Byron Woodcox went around the fore part of the week with his off eye done up in a rag. Its the same old story; a barn flew up and hit him.

Miss Topping's school at Garrett received the first prize for primary work at the Waterloo Fair. Miss Topping was formerly a teacher in the St. Joe school.

The difficulty between Chris Curie and Ralph Cole in regard to the payment of rent due Mr. Curie was not settled last Saturday; the case being postponed for two weeks on account of the illness of Esquire Ables.

Esquire Ables was too sick to hold court on Saturday, but on Sunday morning, when Will Keefer and Miss Beam, of Spencerville, called there to get married, he was up in a hurry, and spliced them too quick. "Jeems" is a hustler when it comes to marrying folks.

Mr. and Mrs. Will Bishop of Van Wert, Ohio, were in town one day this week visiting his brother M. T. Mr. Bishop has just passed through a very long and severe attack of typhoid fever, and while he has sufficiently recovered to be out, yet he looks bad.

The heavy wind on Monday cut up a good many queer antics, in blowing off hats and causing people to run after them. Henry Jenkins was out in the field husking corn, when a gust of wind came along and blew off his hat. He finished that shock before looking for it, and then it wasn't to be found, nor has he been able to find it since. Any one finding a stray hat will know where it belongs.

Last week a large lumber firm at Auburn wrote to us, asking for a column in the News in which to advertise their business. A clothing house at Hicksville also wanted the same amount of space. We refused both, from the fact that we haven't got the space to spare, and even if we had, we do not care to advertise for other towns as long as our own business men stand by us. We don't intend to advise our readers to go Auburn to buy lumber when we know they can buy it a little cheaper here at home. And the same with other lines of goods. We are working for the interest of St. Joe, and while oftentimes we could rake in a few extra dollars by taking in outside advertisements, we don't propose to do so as long as we receive a liberal amount of advertising patronage from our own business men.

## THEY HAVE ARRIVED.

We mean our Fall and Winter Stock of Goods. A way, we've just got this much to say, and we don't care if you tell it or not, but we little rather you would, for we do so want everybody to know that we have just opened up as big a line of seasonable goods as one usually finds in a town of this size. We've got some bargains, too. In Dress Flannels we can show you something that will surprise you. Some of the newest things in dress trimmings. An entirely new line of Ladies Cloaks and Jackets at bed-rock prices. New 5 and 10 cent counters loaded down with red hot bargains. Haven't space to tell you all, but come and see. Case & Olds, St. Joe, Ind.



TOOTH IS RIGHT AND WILL PREVAIL.

#### LOOK THIS WAY!

I keep on hand a fine line of Furniture which I will sell for the next 30 days at prices that defy competition. Glass Cupboards \$8.50. Double Cane Seat and Back Rockers \$2. Dressing Case, with French Plate Glass \$12.00. Carpet Lounges \$6.50. Solid Comfort Beds for \$2.25. Undertaking a specialty. August Kinsey, St. Joe, Ind.

### M. TUSTISON,

—DEALER IN—

## Groceries, Flour,

PROVISIONS,

GANDIES, CIGARS, TOBACCO.

Canned Fruits, Beans, Dried Beef, Cheese, Bologna &c. Produce taken in exchange for goods.

ST. JOE, IND.



#### G. A. PATTERSON.

at the St. Joe Drugstore, repairs Clocks, Watches and Jewelry. All work warranted and prices reasonable. Give me your work.

#### Buclen's Arnica Salve.

THE BEST SALVE in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Fester, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Put in 25 cents per box. For sale by W. C. Patterson.

Elegant line of New Goods received at Case & Olds this week.

Miss Jennie Bicknel of Bristol, has been visiting in this place the past week the guest of Miss Prudie Lounsberry.

George Hamm, George Ridgway, Byron Hadsell and his sons Marshall and Irvin, went to Chicago on Tuesday night to take in the sights of that great city and see President Cleveland.

### For Sale.

A good one and a half story dwelling and lot, situated in St. Joe, for sale at a bargain. For particulars call on or address

A. M. Richards, Hicksville, O.

### For Sale or Rent.

House and lot on Main street, St. Joe, Ind. For further particulars call on J. M. Lounsberry. Will sell cheap and on easy terms.

Rebecca McDonald.

#### A SOUND LEGAL OPINION.

E. B. Burdette, Murray Esq., County Atty., Clay Co., Tex., says: "Have used Electric Bitters with most happy results. My brother also was very low with Malarial Fever and Jaundice, but was cured by timely use of this medicine. Am satisfied Electric Bitters saved his life."

Mr. D. I. Wilcoxson of Horse Cave, Ky., adds a like testimony, saying: "He positively believes he would have died, had it not been for Electric Bitters. This great remedy will ward off, as well as cure all Malaria Diseases and for all Kidney, Liver and Stomach Disorders stands unequalled. Price 50c. and \$1. at W. C. Patterson's Drug Store."



Last week was fair weak but it wasn't very fair weather. The ranes descended an the floods came and a grate mana peple who had intended going to the fair had to give it up an stay at home. The wheathes was veri salubrious, an folkes diddnt like tu ventur out tu fur from hoam. Not so with two young men we herd ov who liv ovar north ov hear. Tha was bound tu go anaway, rane or no rane. Thor was a cupple ov gurls in the case and tha had promised to bea ther, an go tha wood. So tha put on ther Sunday best an sailed forth tu conker or tu dy. Tha sa ov course tha had a gude tyme, but when tha cum hoam tha wer a sorry looking site. Poor felloes, tha will kno better when tha git oldar.

Barcus Q. Hippenhammer.



# The St. Joe News.

ST. JOE, INDIANA.

MORT & W. L. OLDS, PUBLISHERS.

## HOW THE BROOK WENT TO MILL.

BY BENJAMIN F. TAYLOR.

I. A rift d rock in a wooded hill,  
A spring within like a lookin'-glass,  
A nameless rill like a skein of rain  
That showed as faint as a feeble vein,  
And crept away in the thicket grass  
With a voiceless flow and a wandering will.  
The wish-ton-wish of a maiden's dress,  
The murmured tone of a maiden's "yes!"  
A thirsty ox could have quaffed it up,  
A boy dipped dry with a drinking cup!  
Broke in a brook the rill complete—  
Broke in a song the brook so fleet—  
Broke in a laugh the song so sweet!

II. 'Twas pebble, rubble, and fallen tree,  
'Twas bubble, double, through every mile;  
It battled on with a shout and shriek,  
And white with foam was the rugged rock,  
And dark were the hemlocks all the while,  
Till the road grew broad and the creek ran free.  
It glided along the slippery slide,  
And shot away with an arrowy glide—  
It slipped its shoes and in stocking feet  
Under the bank and in from the street  
Whirled in a waltz about and out—  
Sprinkled with gold and put to rout—  
And bright with the flash of the spotted trout!

III. It floats a name and it bears a boat;  
'Tis Leonard's Creek and is bound for mill,  
And makes you think, with its ripple and flow,  
So light it trips to the stones below.  
The rhythmic touch of the gay quadrille—  
How her fingers when they moved by note  
Through measures fine, as she marched them  
Over  
The yielding plank of the ivory floor,  
Beneath the bridge with a rasping rush,  
A bird takes toll—'tis a thirsty thrush—  
It hears the Gulf of the hemlock night  
Where stars shine down in the mid-day light,  
It verges the brink of the shadow's lair,  
Stumbles and falls on the limestone stair!  
Clings to the mute and motionless edge—  
Tumbles and booms from ledge to ledge—  
Thunders and blunders down to the sedge!

## COQUETTISH SUSIE.

BY A. S. O.

"For heaven's sake, Susie, do be serious if you can for five minutes. Pray cease this trifling, which is but cruel playing with my feelings, and let us treat this subject as it deserves, soberly and seriously."

"Well, there, then!" said the laughing black-eyed girl, to whom Charles Westerly spoke. "There, then, is this grave enough? See, the corners of my mouth are duly turned down, and my eyes rolled up, and I am as sober as a patient who has caught sight of the dentist's pullikins. Do I suit you so?"

"You suit me anyhow, and you know it well, you witch," said Charles, gazing with a smile at the pretty face puckered up in its effectation of demureness. But he was not to be driven from his point; and he resumed, gravely after a pause: "The time has come, Susie, when I feel that I have a right to demand an explicit answer to my suit. You have trifled with my earnest feelings long enough. I have grown restless under my fetters."

"Shake them off, Charlie!" exclaimed the saucy girl, with a pretty defiant toss of her head, which plainly said: "I defy you to do it."

"I cannot, Susie, I cannot, and you know it," replied the hapless lover, impatiently.

"That being the case, take my advice, wear them gracefully, and don't pull and jerk so, it only makes them hurt you."

The young man turned away angrily, and walked silently up and down the room, evidently fretting and fuming internally. Susie, meanwhile, looked out of the window and yawned.

"Oh! what a beautiful blue-bird out on the maple tree," exclaimed Susie, suddenly; "do come and see it."

Charles approached the window and looked out.

"Don't you think, Charlie," said Susie, laying her hand on his arm, and looking up eagerly into his face, "don't you think you could manage to—"

"What? Susie, dear," asked Charles, all his tenderness awakened by her manner.

"Drop a pinch of salt on his tail," replied the provoking girl, with an affection of simplicity, "for then you know you could catch it."

He flung her arm off, with a suppressed exclamation, and turned angrily away.

His walk this time was longer than before, and his cogitations more earnest; for he didn't heed any of Susie's artfully artless devices to allure his attention. At last he stopped abruptly

before her, and said: "Susie, for three long years I have been your suitor, without either a confession of love or promise of marriage on your part. Often as I have demanded to know your sentiments toward me, you have always coquettishly refused me an answer. I love you, as you know, better than my life, but I will no longer be your plaything. To-morrow you are going away to a distance, to be absent for months; and if you cannot, this very day, throw aside your coquetry and give me an honest 'yes' for my answer I shall consider that I have received a 'no,' and act accordingly."

"And how would that be? What would you do?" asked Miss Susie, curiously.

"Begin by tearing your false and worthless image from my breast," exclaimed Charles, furiously.

"It would be a bloody business, Charlie; and you would not succeed either."

"I should and would succeed, as you shall see, if you wish, cruel, heartless girl."

"But I don't wish it, Charlie, dear. I love dearly to have you love me."

"Why, then," said the foolish youth, quite won over again, "why, then, dearest Susie, will you not consent?"

"Remember, I said that I liked to be loved. I did not say anything about loving. But, pray, how long did you say you had been courting me, in that pretty little speech of yours?"

"Three long years."

"Neatly and accurately quoted, Charlie. But you know Rachel, in the Bible, was only won after seven years' courtship. You don't suppose I am going to rate myself any cheaper than she did, do you? Suppose we drop this tiresome subject for four years; perhaps by that time I may be able to work myself up to the falling-in-love point; there is no knowing what wonders time may effect."

"If you are not in love now, you never will be," returned Charles, sturdily, "and I will have my answer now or never."

"Never, then," laughed Susie. But she had gone a step too far. Her often-severely-trying lover was now too much in earnest to bear her trifling longer.

"Never be it, then," he exclaimed, and seizing his hat, he stroled angrily from the room.

Susie listened to his receding footsteps with dismay. Had she, indeed, by her incorrigible love of coquetry, alienated that noble, manly heart? It smote her to the soul to think so. As she heard him open the front door, impelled by a feeling of despair, she raised the window, and leaning out, said:

"Charlie, Charlie, you will be at the boat to-morrow to bid me good-bye, won't you? Surely we are still friends."

As she spoke she tore a rose from her bosom and threw it at him. It lodged on his arm, but he brushed it away as though it had been poison, and passed on without looking up.

Susie spent the rest of that day in tears.

The next morning, early, began the bustle of departure. Susie was going to accompany her widowed and invalid mother on a trip to Havana for her health.

As they reached the wharf and descended from the carriage, Susie's eyes were busy looking for one wisher-for face, but it was nowhere to be seen.

The steamboat lay panting and puffing, impatient to be let loose. Susie's mother, aided by the man-servant who accompanied them, had already crossed the plank which lay between the wharf and the boat, and Susie was reluctantly following, when the sound of a voice behind her—the very voice she was longing to hear—startled her. She turned to look around, and missing her footing, fell into the water.

In an instant Charles had thrown off his coat, and calling loudly, "Tell the Captain not to allow the wheel to stir, and to lower me a rope," he sprang into the river. But of her for whom he was risking his life to save he could perceive no trace.

Judging that the current of the river might have carried her a little forward he swam around the wheel, but still he could see nothing of her, and despair seized his heart as he thought that perhaps she might be under the boat. He strained his eyes to see through the water, and at last discerned what seemed to be the end of a floating garment, lodged between the wheel and the rounded bottom of the boat.

If this were indeed the unfortunate

girl, the least movement of the wheel would inevitably crush her; and Charles in his terror fancied that it was already beginning to turn. He dived and clutched at the garment, but missed it. He rose panting, and almost exhausted; but scarcely waiting to get a breath, again he plunged below. This time his efforts were rewarded with success, at least, so far as he was able to bring Susie's form to the surface of the water, but she seemed totally lifeless. Charles was now so nearly exhausted, that he had only sufficient presence of mind left to clasp Susie convulsively to him, while he kept himself afloat by holding on to the wheel. But this his last hope of support, seemed also about to fail him, as he saw the wheel was really beginning to turn slowly around. By a desperate effort he struck his foot against one of the paddles, so as to push himself as far from danger as possible. As he did so something touched his head, and his hand grasped a rope. New life seemed now to be infused into him.

He gathered all his energies and fastened the rope around Susie's waist; consciousness then entirely forsook him.

In the meantime the witnesses of the accident, after giving Charles's instructions to the Captain, had watched the noble rescuer's struggles and exertions with breathless interest. The friendly rope had been flung to him again and again, but in his excitement and his semi-insensibility, he had been incapable of availing himself of the offered aid.

At last, seeing that he was quite exhausted, and must soon let go his hold on the wheel, and then probably sink to rise no more, the Captain judged it best to run the risk of moving off, so that a small boat could be sent to the rescue.

The result of this hazardous experiment, as we have seen, was successful. Susie was raised on board by means of the rope; and a boat reached Charles in time to save him also.

Both sufferers were taken on board the boat, which now rapidly moved off to make up for lost time.

And thus, when Charles regained his consciousness he found himself on the Mississippi River, many miles from home, bound for New Orleans. Of course his first anxious inquiry was for Susie, and when informed that she was rapidly recovering, his happiness seemed complete. He showed his contentment by turning over and falling into a deep, quiet sleep. About sundown a message came to him, saying that Miss B—— desired to see him.

He found her lying on a sofa in the captain's state-room, which had been given up to her, with her mother sitting near her.

"Charlie," she said, without offering a word of thanks, "I want to see a clergyman; is there one on board?"

"I will go and see," said Charles, moving toward the door, but a dreadful thought striking him, he turned around and exclaimed: "Good God, Susie, you don't think—"

"That I am going to die? No, Charlie, but I want to see a clergyman."

Charles went away and soon returned, accompanied by a minister of the Gospel.

"I thank you, sir, for coming to me," said Susie to the clergyman. "I have a strange request to make of you. Would you object, sir, in the presence of and with the consent of my mother, to unite me to that gentleman?"

If the minister was astonished at this request, Charles was greatly more so. "What did you say, Susie? Did I hear aright?"

"I guess you did," said Susie, smiling at his eager amazement. "Does the scheme meet with your approval?"

"It was heaven-inspired!" exclaimed Charles, with ill-concealed joy. But a shade coming over his radiant face, he said, gravely: "But, Susie, have you considered? Remember I want your love, not your gratitude, and will not be satisfied with anything less."

"Do not be concerned about that, dear Charlie," replied Susie, looking at him very tenderly through her tears. "Be assured you have them both, and had the first long, long before you had the last."

"But, Susie, you said only yesterday—"

"Never mind what I said yesterday," interrupted Susie, with some show of her old spirit. "Just mind what I say to-day. If I was a fool once, is that any reason why I must be one always? But, indeed, Charlie," she said, more

softly, "I have always intended to be your wife; the only scruple I have is that I am not half good enough for you."

It is needless to say how this discussion ended. The reader has already divined that Charles continued his journey to Havana. And thus, in the course of one eventful day, he risked his life and saved a life, made an impromptu marriage, and set out on a most unexpected wedding tour.

## A Pair of Funny Toads.

"No one knows the funny things toads will do," said the Hon. James A. Sweeney, a Luzerne County naturalist and ex-member of the Pennsylvania Legislature, to a correspondent of the New York Times. "On a recent cloudy day, after a hard rain, there was a cool breeze blowing. I was walking in a friend's garden, near Hazelton, when I heard a peculiar sound. Looking in the direction from which it came, I saw two toads in an open space in the garden. One was quite large and the other was at least a third smaller. They were both standing on their hind feet, facing each other. The large toad had its fore feet over on each side of the smaller toad's shoulders; the small toad had his left fore foot on the large one's right leg. As they stood in that way they uttered strange guttural sounds, as if they were discussing some subject between themselves. Suddenly the small toad thrust its right foot or hand, you might call it, against the large one's stomach, and the next instant the latter threw the former to the ground and a lively wrestle between them began."

"During the struggle on the ground the skins of both toads burst open on the back, and I supposed I was about to see the interesting process of toads taking off their old coats, rolling them up in little balls, and swallowing them, as naturalists say they do. I did witness the process of shedding the skins, but something much more singular than the swallowing incident occurred. The day was raw and windy, as I said, and after the toads had rubbed their skins in a comical way toward their heads until they had both pulled themselves clear of them each one began to shiver perceptibly with the cold. Suddenly the small toad hopped quickly to where the skin of the big one lay and picking it up in his mouth, hopped away several feet. The big toad followed the purloiner of his cast-off clothing with his eyes, and gave two or three appealing croaks, but made no further effort to recapture the stolen goods. When the small toad saw that he was not followed, he deliberately set to work to don the skin he had taken. It took him some time to do it, but he finally accomplished his purpose and went masquerading around in the mist garment exactly like a clown in a circus wearing the big baggy costume some of them appear in."

"The little fellow seemed to enjoy the novelty of the situation, and hopped around the large toad in what must have been a most tantalizing manner. The big toad was shivering like a person chilled through, and by and by picked up the skin of the small one and began to force it on his body. The process was a difficult one, but after several minutes of unceasing effort, he stood habilitated in the cast-off garments of his diminutive companion. If the effect of the big skin on the little toad had been comical, that of the little skin on the big toad was more so. The sleeves of the coat, so to speak, only came half-way down the arm, and the legs of the trousers covered the toad's legs as though they had been knickerbockers. The body of the garment was so tight that the toad could not work either his legs or his arms, and he stood there the picture of comical despair. By and by he began to swell himself up, and that apparently stretched the skin, for he was able afterward to move away slowly."

## Unruly Japanese Haranguers.

Young men clad in the garments formerly worn by students have been numerous in the streets of Osaka, Japan, lately. They lecture in out-of-the-way corners, and even in crowded streets when no constable is at hand, upon political subjects, and frequently urge the doctrine that "official salaries are the life blood of the people."—Chicago News.

LET us have faith that right makes might, and in that faith let us to the end dare to do our duty as we understand it.—Abraham Lincoln.



# THE ST. JOE NEWS.

VOL. I.

ST. JOE, IND., FRIDAY, OCTOBER 14, 1887.

NO. 38.

## Churches.

### DISCIPLE.

SERVICES every alternate Sunday evening, in the Lutheran church. Cottage prayer meeting every Friday evening.

J. A. THOMAS, PASTOR.

### METHODIST PROTESTANT.

SERVICES every alternate Sunday at 10:30 A. M. Prayer meeting every Tuesday evening. Sunday School at 9:30 A. M.

J. M. LANGLEY, PASTOR.

### EVANGELICAL LUTHERAN.

SERVICES every Sunday, one Sunday in the morning at 10:30, and the following Sunday in the evening. Prayer meeting every Thursday evening. Sunday School at 9:30 A. M.

S. P. FRYBERGER, PASTOR.

## Societies.

### G. A. R.

REGULAR meetings on Saturday evening on or before the full moon of each month, at their hall over Leighty's store.

O. H. WIDNEY, COMMANDER.  
J. M. MILLIMAN, ADJUTANT.

## Business Notices.

H. W. BOWMAN, M. D., Physician and Surgeon, St. Joe, Ind. Office opposite the Drugstore.

ST. JOE HOTEL, Wm. Leighty, proprietor. Special attention given to furnishing teams for commercial men.

B. S. SHEFFER, M. D., Physician and Surgeon, St. Joe, Ind. Prompt and careful attention to all business entrusted to his care.

ST. JOE BARBER SHOP, one door west of hotel, Will Gee, proprietor. Satisfaction guaranteed. Your patronage is solicited.

FILLEY, LOUNSBERRY AND SHULER, proprietors of the St. Joe Saw and Planing Mill. All work promptly done. Cash paid for Oak Logs.

CITY BARBER SHOP, St. Joe, Ind., John Hull, proprietor. Shaving, Hair Cutting &c. done in the best of style. Come and see me. Two doors west of Kinsey's Furniture Store.

SIMON WINELAND, proprietor St. Joe Handle and Feed Mills. Feed grinding a specialty. Highest prices paid for second growth White Ash. Enquire at the mill for full particulars.

## INDIANA STATE NEWS.

—The following patents have been issued to Indiana inventors: William P. Bollenbacher, Bloomington, cigar box; Thomas B. Carroll, Indianapolis, apparatus for regulating pressure; John P. Dodds and E. Dawson, assignors to L. Shultz, Terre Haute, piston or valve rod packing; John A. Evans and L. A. Teagle, Richmond, cash operator for green-houses; Rufus R. Gillespie, Fort Wayne, garment adjuster; George W. Hays, Goshen, back rest; Andrew E. Hoffman, Fort Wayne, feed mechanism for saw-mill carriage; Lewis McNutt, Brazil, shade exhibitor; Ora M. Miller, Greensburg, extensible seat; Lucian R. Oakes, Valparaiso, milk cooler; George W. Smith, assignor of one-half to C. H. Cadwallader, Union City, box; Levi Sutherland, Indianapolis, thill coupling; John A. Witmer, Wakarusa, road cart; Theophilus A. and S. B. Wylie, Bloomington, instrument for describing circles; Harvey B. Yaryan, assignor of two-thirds, to J. H. Watson and C. N. Vancleave, Crawfordsville, reach coupling.

—One evening recently, as Wilbur Hadley, the son of a prominent farmer living seven miles north of Plainfield, returned home from school, he found all the members of the family away from home. Entering the house quietly, he was startled by a burglar rushing past him. He had barely recovered from his astonishment when a second thief appeared at the head of the stairs. Wilbur produced a revolver and commanded the burglar to surrender, when the thief bounded down the stairway and attempted to escape. At this moment Wilbur fired, the ball taking effect in the burglar's thigh, but only disabled him for a second, when he continued his way. Several minor articles were found missing by the young man, who then proceeded to track the thieves. Following the blood drops a short distance, the burglar was found lying in some high weeds. He was taken in charge, and is unknown.

—The dreaded hog cholera appears to be spreading in the north part of Wabash County. A gentleman from a point five miles northwest of Wabash states that during the past three weeks fully 400 hogs have died in his neighborhood alone, the value of the animals being from \$7 to \$8 each. The finest and healthiest hogs seem to be attacked first, those from seven to eight months old and weighing about 150 pounds being most susceptible to the malady. The symptoms are drowsiness, bleeding at the nose and a deaf and dumb condition. If the scourge continues, very little pork will be marketed from the north part of the county. Nothing has been found to check the cholera.

—The Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of the Kokomo District, North Indiana Conference M. E. Church, have elected the following officers: President, Mrs. J. E. Ervin, of Kokomo; Recording Secretary, Mrs. W. H. D. Daniels, of Logansport; Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. C. G. Miller, of Peru; Treasurer, Mrs. W. E. Mowbray, of Peru. Mrs. J. E. Ervin, of this city, was chosen a delegate to the annual convention of the northwest branch of the W. F. M. S., which convenes in Milwaukee Oct. 12. The next district annual meeting will be held at Peru in September, 1888.

—The telephone crisis at Logansport has at last come. All contracts which the telephone company made with its subscribers when it introduced its extortionate toll-system some three months ago has expired, and with their expiration a large number abandoned its service. At one time there was about 200 instruments in use in the city, while at present there are only about one-fourth that number. The indictment and arrest of Manager Dunseath will unquestionably be the means of a similar move being inaugurated throughout the State.

—A fine-blooded bull, belonging to Mr. Conden, a farmer of Cass County, was bitten by a dog. A few days ago it became suddenly mad, and tearing across the field, gored about a dozen fine heifers, valued at over \$2,500. It then jumped a high fence and started for Logansport. Two of Conden's hired hands, who witnessed the unusual actions of the animal, mounted horses and pursued him to within a mile of the city, when they shot him, just as he was making for a party of children who were out nutting.

—Shortly after the war a wagon loaded with barreled cement was upset on the levee, at Jeffersonville, and a greater portion of the load rolled into the river. Recently, while a number of men were at work repairing the wharf-logs, the contents of one barrel was found lying in the water. The cooperage had long since rotted away, but the cement had remained together and had become as hard as stone.

—The lifeless body of Michael Ryan was found by the side of the Panhandle track, a mile and a half east of Upland. Ryan was a farm hand employed by James Palmer. The day previous he had gone on a big spree, and when he started home was scarcely able to walk. It is presumed he lay down on the track and was killed by the cars. He was 45 years old, and so far as known has no living relatives.

—The Randolph County Board of Education has resolved upon measures to have representative work of the schools of the county exhibited at the next county institute, and also at the county fair. At least 150 of the teachers of the county will take up the reading-circle work. The average length of school terms in the county will be six months.

—A hired man, working for Joseph Dant, a farmer near Vincennes, after cleaning a revolver, laid it down on a table. Mr. Dant's 8-year-old daughter picked it up and it went off, wounding the child—probably fatally.

—The Randolph County Agricultural Society has elected the following officers: Directors, John Frazer, Albert Canfield, A. J. Cranor, James Adkins, Frank Judge, Lewis N. Cook, and George Hiatt; President, N. T. Butts; Vice President, Abraham Sheeley; Secretary, Hon. J. W. Macey; Treasurer, Frank Moorman.

—Gas has been struck at Atlanta at a depth of 976 feet, and eighteen inches in the Trenton rock. It carries a flame from a six-inch pipe to a height of eight or ten feet, and when fully developed is expected to become a gusher.

—Wilson Hunt, a stock-raiser of Madison Township, Montgomery County, was set upon by a drove of hogs, which he was feeding, recently, and sustained severe injuries, his hip-bone being broken. It was only by the arrival of help that his life was saved.

—Grant Houston, brakeman on a fast mail train, while waving his handkerchief at his sweetheart at Straughn's Station, was struck on the head by an iron crane alongside the track and fatally hurt.

—Thomas B. Powell has filed his bond, and his commission as postmaster at Wilmington has been issued.

—A barn of William Cobb, of Marion Township, Boone County, was destroyed by fire. This is the third barn burned in that neighborhood within the past month.

—Isaac Taylor was killed in a mine at Glendale by the iron cage, which fell a distance of forty feet, crushing him to death.

—John Jones shot and killed himself at Fort Wayne, after an unsuccessful attempt to murder his wife.

—The mills of the Bloomington Roller Mill Company were destroyed by fire. Loss, \$80,000.

—The ministers of Indianapolis will probably organize a Law and Order League.

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# The St. Joe News.

ST. JOE, INDIANA.

MORT & WILL OLDS, - - PUBLISHERS

## A CHARACTER.

BY JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

### I.

Swallowed up in gulfs of tho't—  
Eye-glass fixed on—who knows what?  
We but know he sees us not.

Change upon him, here and there—  
Base-ball park, -Indian rial Fair—  
Broadway—Long Branch—anywhere!

Even at the races—yet  
With his eye-glass tranced and set  
On some dreamland minaret.

At the beach, the where, perhaps,  
Tenderest of eyes may glance  
On the fitness of his pants.

Vain! all admiration—vain!  
His mouth, 'er and 'er again,  
Absentmindedly absorbs his cane.

Vain, as well, all tribute paid  
To his morning coat, indeed  
With cross-bars of every shade.

He is so oblivious, tho'  
We played checkers to art! fro  
On his back—he would not know.

### II.

So removed—illustrated—  
Pencil kiss him is, and leave him thus.  
He hath never need of us.

Come away! Enough! Let be!  
Purest praise, to such as he,  
Were as basest obloquy.

Vex no more that mind of his—  
We, to him, are but as phizz  
Unto pop that knows it is.

Haply, even as we prate  
Of him here—in astral state—  
Or juck-a-tral—he, elate.

Browses round, with sportive hops,  
In fur fields of sperry crops,  
Nibbling stars like clover tops.

He, occult and psychic, may  
Now be, oliving why to lay  
Is not midnight. But away!

Cease vain queries! Let us go!  
Leave him all unfathomed, Lo,  
He can hear his whi-kers grow.

## HIS ONLY LOVE.

BY EUGENE DANKLEY.

That Pat was either actually suffering from mental aberration or endeavoring his utmost to inspire one with that suspicion, I could not well doubt. For several days he had been acting in a strange, I might say remarkably absurd manner, and appeared entirely to have lost his gay, almost French, spirits.

Pat Oakley was a genuine Dublin Irishman, generous to a fault, reckless, brimful of fun and animal spirits, and bound to have a little taste of foreign life, as he expressed it; and I was a blase Englishman, traveling to kill time. We became acquainted with each other at Geneva, in Switzerland, and a warm friendship soon sprang up between us; thenceforth we were inseparable companions, traveling everywhere together.

Before we departed each for his own country, Pat and I concluded to spend a few weeks in Paris. It is needless to state that time never hung heavy on our hands during our sojourn there. No one in that gayest of cities, with plenty of money, ever experiences any difficulty in finding plenty of amusement. But suddenly Pat grew sulky and silent, spending his afternoons I knew not where, and his evenings in pacing up and down the floor of our spacious chamber.

One evening about twilight, just as I had thrown myself upon the sofa, I heard Pat's heavy tread in the hall. He threw open the door with a great deal of unnecessary violence, and glared about the room with an exceedingly savage scowl at nothing in particular, or rather at everything in general—the glare was not at all specific. Having uttered in a sepulchral tone some choice expressions rarely heard off the tragic stage, he entered the chamber and began pacing the floor. Pausing for a moment to kick over the spittoon and to utter a most pathetic groan, he went to his writing-desk and took therefrom a small package of dainty notes; these he proceeded to ignite, and watched them burn with the air of one offering up a sacrifice; next, he took from his pocket a miniature, seemed about to break it in twain, but, changing his mind, flung it impatiently from him, and seating himself on his trunk, sighed heavily.

I had discovered the secret of Pat's absurd conduct: he was deeply, des-

perately in love, or at least imagined himself to be. I buried my face in the velvet cushion to smother my laughter, but he must have heard it, for he sprang up with a very impolite ejaculation, and began pacing the floor again; finally he threw himself on the couch and—and the fellow actually burst into tears.

"Pat," I exclaimed, "you're a fool!" "I know I am, Bob!" he said, rising; "but light a cigar and come and sit down by the window, and I'll tell you all about it."

I could not do less than comply with this rational request of my irrational friend.

"Well, Bob," he began, "you remember that night about two weeks ago you declined to go out with me on the score of indisposition, or something of the sort, and I left you lying on the sofa humming one of those confounded tuneless English songs of yours, and started for the Theater Francaise. Well, I did not go; changing my mind, I drifted about from street to street until I completely lost my bearings. Just as I was passing a dark, dismal looking lane I heard a smothered shriek, and regardless of the consequences I rushed down the lane whence it proceeded, and beheld a woman struggling in the grasp of two ruffians. I knocked one of them down, and the other took to his heels. The woman was nearly frightened out of her senses, and gladly accepted my offer to escort her to her home. She said the men who had assaulted her were thieves, and that they had nearly succeeded in robbing her when I came to her assistance. When we had issued from the lane into a decently-lighted street, I scrutinized her features. I was thunderstruck. The woman was a delicate girl of nineteen summers. Her figure was petite and graceful, almost fragile. She had hazel hair and dark-brown, saucy, laughing eyes that would set your brain in a whirl, and the softest, silvery voice I ever listened to. She was my ideal exactly. You should have seen her, old fellow!" And he gave me such a hearty slap on the back that I moved out of reach lest another outburst of enthusiasm should be followed by a similar demonstration.

"Now, candidly, Bob Gordon, don't you think she was beautiful?" "I could tell better if I had seen her, Pat," I replied, gazing up at the ceiling and wondering if he had forgotten the miniature on the floor. "After going some distance," he continued, "we entered a neat, unpretending little street, in which it seems she lived. I asked her if I might call. After some hesitation she said yes, any afternoon; she never received any one in the evening; and taking a card from her pocket she hastily wrote her name and address on it, and handing it to me, again thanking me for my kindness and—ahem!—bravery, and bade me good night. On the card was written, 'Aimee Lorette, 18 Rue St. Severin.' With a great deal of difficulty I managed to find my way home, arriving rather late in the morning, as no doubt you remember. I waited impatiently two long days and then called. Aimee received me very cordially in a cozy little sitting-room, and we had a pleasant chat together. Her parents were both dead, and she lived—would you believe it?—entirely alone, with the exception of a faithful old Algerian, a servant who had been long in the service of her family. After my first call I went to see Aimee very frequently, nearly every afternoon; we became first rate friends, and, to be candid, Bob, I fell deeply in love with her. Yesterday I asked her to become my wife and go to Ireland with me, anywhere to the four corners of the globe, for that matter. She flatly refused me, saying she liked me as a friend, but had never yet seen a man she could love, and never expected to; and further forbade me to ever mention the subject again; and I left in a huff."

"That is quite a romance, Pat," I laughingly exclaimed.

"But what, under heaven, am I to do?" "Forget all about her." "But I can't do that," he groaned. I simply smiled.

"If you had ever been in love, Bob, you wouldn't sit there and grin."

"You are right, Pat; I have never been in love, and never expect to be. It is a foolish scrape to get into, and if you propose to fall in love with girls of uncertain character, why—"

But Pat was at my throat in a flash, his eyes blazing with anger, his face pale with passion.

"By the holy powers!" he said hoarsely,

"Well, well! She may be a countess in disguise for aught I know," I said, pacifically; "but since she does not love you, I cannot perceive that there is anything to be done."

"But something must be done," persisted Pat.

"Pack up and leave Paris," I suggested.

"I can't leave Aimee," he groaned.

I pointed out to him the absurdity of forming such an attachment for a girl of whose character, family, and position he knew absolutely nothing. I expostulated, pleaded, entreated, beseeched, but words were useless.

Finally, we came to an agreement to the effect that I should go with him to see Aimee, and when I had fully made her acquaintance, I was to intercede for him; should this fail he promised to bear the disappointment with fortitude and leave Paris.

I saw Aimee. Making some allowance for Pat's exuberant fancy, his description had been tolerably correct. Aimee Lorette was certainly an attractive looking girl, and there was a something in her dark brown, laughing eyes that interested even so phlegmatic an Englishman as myself. The fluency with which she spoke English led me to suspect that her home had not always been in la belle France; but I said nothing.

In time, Aimee and I became quite confidential friends, though toward Pat, ever since his declaration, she always appeared a little reserved. I found her well educated, intelligent, and refined, and above all, decidedly original. Finally I interceded for Pat; but she would not listen to me, and I saw at once that his case was hopeless.

Pat endeavored to bear his disappointment like a man, and shortly afterwards receiving intelligence of the serious illness of his only sister, he left for Dublin.

With a hearty grasp of the hand and "Good-bye, Heaven bless you, old fellow; do not forget the little girl of the Rue St. Severin," he was gone.

Dear Pat! I can see him now, his tall form bent over the window of the train, looking as blue as though he were going to his own funeral.

After Pat's departure I went to see Aimee very frequently, for I missed his society; and hers was quite acceptable. I was convinced of the purity of her character, and that she had one day been in better circumstances. But very gradually she grew reserved and shy, and concluding that she had tired of my society I discontinued my visit, and in the course of time left Paris.

It was evident that Pat, like myself, was no letter writer. Nearly a twelvemonth elapsed before I heard from him. He had quietly settled down, and—bless my soul!—the rascal was actually married.

"How is Aimee?" he inquired in his letter; and I know he blushed when he wrote that name, for there was a big, awkward blot directly above it.

"Men's hearts are curious things," thought I, my mind reverting to Paris, and the Rue St. Severin; and growing restless, I packed my box forthwith and wandered off on one of my rambling tours.

Being at Rome one day in the studio of a young artist, an acquaintance of mine, a half-finished portrait of Aimee Lorette arrested my attention.

"Ah!" said the artist, "that is a pretty French girl with whom I have been trying to pick up an acquaintance for the last month; but she is modest, and will not flirt. She lives next door. I have been painting her portrait from memory. She used to pass by my window every day, but I hear she is very ill now, poor girl!"

Aimee ill! I bade the young artist good afternoon with more haste, I fear, than is consistent with good manner, and I hurried next door. I was admitted by the old Algerian servant. Mademoiselle Aimee would see me, and I was ushered into a neat, tastefully furnished chamber, where she was sitting in an easy chair, looking very pale and ill. She sprang up with an ejaculation of surprise as she saw me, a faint blush mantling cheek and brow as she extended me her hand, saying, "I never thought to see you again, Monsieur Gordon."

"I am very sorry to see you so ill, Aimee," I said sadly.

"I do not believe I shall live long," she said with a faint smile, "and the few who would be sorry to see me die would soon forget me, and—there is only one whom I would care to live for."

"A lover, perhaps, Aimee?" I said, lightly.

"No," she cried, passionately, "for he loves me not."

Our eyes met, and I read her secret as she divined mine, and clasped her to my bosom. I had loved her, very long, but my pride had never suffered it to appear either in look, word, or deed, for I had thought my love was not returned.

How poor a reader of woman's heart is man.

"Why did you leave Paris without coming to say good-bye?" Aimee asked, reproachfully.

"Because, Aimee, I thought you were tired of my society," I replied.

"Why did you grow so cold and shy?"

"Because—because I—I loved you," she falteringly whispered, as the rosy blushes crimsoned her pale features.

She promised to become my wife as soon as she recovered her health. I experienced the sensations of a second boyhood; everything that before had seemed dull and insipid now appeared novel and interesting. I was very happy, but my joy was of brief duration. Aimee grew rapidly worse. Physicians were of no avail. Nothing was withheld that would rescue her from the hand of death; but she died—died as the last mellow ray of the departing sun illuminated the chamber and fell aslant her pale wan features—died with my name upon her lips—died happy.

To me the love of a lifetime had come and gone. It came to me as a delightful dream of fountains of crystal water comes to the feverish slumbers of the thirsty, dying traveler amid the sands of the desert; and, like him, I awoke to realize the bitterness of a joy departed.

Many years have elapsed since then. I am now an old bachelor, and my head is as gray as my heart; yet every twilight, as I sit by the fire in "Merrie England" and muse on bygone days, my eyes instinctively turn toward my flower-gemmed bay window, and I think of sunny Italy, where sighing breezes kiss the silver lilacs above the grave of the only woman I ever loved—the brown-eyed, hazel-haired little French girl of the Rue St. Severin.

## Good Penmanship.

For business or counting-room writing there can no more be a standard than for the stature and physiognomy of those who write it. Even those who have learned to write by practicing from the same copies, and under the same teacher, and who, as schoolboys, have written essentially the same hands, will ultimately write styles differing as widely as will their environments and varied standing in business and life, although in each there may remain the same relative degree of excellence. Nevertheless, there are certain qualities which must be present in all good writing. It must be legible, written with facility, and graceful and harmonious in appearance. The less shade used in business writing the better. Shaded lines can be produced only by a special contraction of the muscles. Motion is thus retarded, and the muscular force exhausted; while in unshaded writing there is a uniform, easy-flowing motion of the pen. In order that there should be the requisite strength of line for clear, strong, legible writing, a pen of more than medium coarseness should be used. A person thus writing need have no fear of the writer's cramp. In several instances where parties were afflicted with the cramp, an entire change to the forearm movement, and unshaded small writing, has wrought a speedy cure. To present a pleasing appearance to the eye, writing must have uniformity in form, size, shape, slant, line, and flow of motion. One of the most fruitful sources of bad writing is carelessness. For persons who lack the power or skill to write legibly there might be some reasonable excuse, but for those possessing all the requisite skill and power to destroy legibility through sheer carelessness there can be no excuse; good and characteristic forms cost no more to make than do illegible or doubtful ones. Figures should be small, unshaded, distinctive in their character. A large proportion of errors in accounts results from failure to place figures accurately in their respective places.—Prof. D. T. Ames.

"Don't you suppose," said a member of the police force, "that a policeman knows a rogue when he sees him?" "No doubt," was the reply, "but the trouble is that he does not seize a rogue when he knows him."



## SHOOTING ON STILTS.

How the Hunters of La Rochelle, France, Penetrate the Vast Marshes.

As might be expected, these marshes form a great breeding ground for duck, plover, rails, water hens, and aquatic fowl of every kind, says a writer in the *Youth's Companion* describing the great fens of La Rochelle, France. Many very rare migratory birds are found here during the spring and autumn flights, and as soon as the breeding season is over and the market demand for fowl commences the professional fowlers of La Rochelle are on the ground, and reap the harvest that has to find them in food almost the year round.

As one would find but few fowl by traversing the "hill-paths," and if one beat the edges with a dog, he would only drive the fowl farther into the marsh, human ingenuity was not long before it found a way to compass the difficulty.

Boats or flats could not make their way through the tangles the shooting stands erected proved of little use after a week or so, and, be the summer never so dry, the water and mud in the marsh never seemed to decrease in volume. Beyond turning a little brown at the edges where the sun baked and cracked the mud, and a little stronger smell than usual, there was no change winter or summer, and the interior of the marsh remained forbidden ground. Then, many years ago, some bright intellect suggested stilts, and, from then until now, the fowler of La Rochelle has used them in his profession.

The very idea of shooting from a pair of stilts is ludicrous, but still more so is the spectacle of the amateur who first tries it.

The stilts are about eight feet in length, and are made in the usual way, having the stirrup placed about sixteen inches from the top of the pole; just above this is a strap to put round the ankle, and at the top, to fit round the upper part of the calf, is another strap. The lower part of the pole, about six inches from the bottom, is surrounded with wood arranged in bell shape, extending about three inches on either side, which serves to prevent the pole from sinking too deeply into the softer places.

When the hunter has strapped on his stilts both his hands are free to handle his gun, and he is also at a sufficient height to see the fowl as they fly over the tall reeds and along the intersecting lanes. Besides the gun and his stilts, his outfit consists of a capacious game bag, slung at his back, and a light pole about five feet, fitted with a net, something like a lacrosse bat.

Some fowlers provide themselves with an iron hook, but the net is more common than the hook and by far the most satisfactory. Either implement is also carried slant across the back by a strap fitting round the right shoulder. A rough, hardy, long-legged dog completes the category. Breed is of no account; if he retrieves well, is fond of water and not so heavy as to sink in the mud, that is all that is required of him.

These fowlers present a curious figure in a country landscape, and may be seen at any time striding along the hill-paths to that part of the marsh each one favors in the early morning light or in the waning twilight of evening, looking most uncanny and spectral, looming up, clearly defined against the horizon, like so many giants.

In one of the public insane asylums of New York the curious experiment has been tried of pitting two cases of insanity against each other. Each patient had a particular delusion and a tendency to self-destruction; so each patient was told that the other was a lunatic and that he was set to watch over him and protect him. Thus each

had a charge in the other. Their vigilance was unceasing. Each supposed himself perfectly sane, and this belief was accompanied by considerable scorn for the other's weakness of intellect. This centering their attention on a definite duty and objects outside of themselves gradually completed the cure of both of them. This, at first sight, seems like an improbable story, but it is not at all impossible, and is going the rounds of the scientific press. *Dr. Foote's Health Monthly.*

### COL. BOB AS A SAMARITAN.

An interesting story is told of Bob Ingersoll which, if it reaches the ears of St. Peter, may improve the Colonel's standing with that gentleman. Some time ago an old Illinois soldier made application for a pension on account of lung trouble which he had contracted during his service in the army. During the examination into his case the examiner was struck with the peculiar exactness with which the applicant recalled the very day upon which he caught the cold from the effects of which his trouble was claimed to have originated.

"How is it," asked he, "that you are so sure that you caught a cold on February 21, 1862? You must have an excellent memory to recollect such an insignificant event for so long a time."

"I remember it from the fact that Col. Bob Ingersoll was married on the following day."

"Why, what has that to do with it?" asked the pension examiner, astonished.

"Well, I was in the Colonel's regiment, and on the night of that day I was on guard duty. It was a bitterly cold night. Col. Ingersoll happened to stroll along by me, and I said to him that if he did not either send me a warm overcoat, a bottle of whisky, or relieve me from guard duty, I'd freeze to death."

"I'll do all three," said the Colonel, and, suiting the action to the word, he took off a fine fur overcoat he was wearing and handed it to me. Then he took from one of his pockets a flask of splendid old rye, which he also gave me. Not content with this, he actually went up to headquarters and wrote out an order calling in the guards, as it was entirely too cold for guard duty. This is why I happen to have such a vivid recollection of the Colonel's marriage and the contraction of my cold."—*Washington Capital.*

### BEARDED INDIANS.

While at the Indian agency I made sure to visit the camp, in order to inspect the Yankton brave when at home. Aside from all their meritorious progressions, bucks, squaws, papooses, boys and maidens, still cling to their ancient savage antipathy to hair growing on the face. It was not an infrequent sight to see the old men, the youths approaching manhood, and the middle-aged fellows, too, squatted on the grass, with bits of mirrors before them, busily at work pulling from their faces with fine nippers, the sprouts of growing beard. Even the squaws were engaged in a like occupation, pulling unmercifully at their eye-brows until every barb was removed, and then covering over the face with red, green, or some other colored paint. In all that camp there was not an aborigine with the slightest suspicion of hair on his or her face, the efforts of the missionaries having been successful in every other particular excepting this one barbarous custom, and the highly civilized occupation of horse stealing. The writer never has in all his plains experience seen but one bearded Indian. He was a Northern Cheyenne, and seemed very proud of a fiery red mustache, which gained him more than usual attention from the squaws. He was, however, not on speaking terms with his male neighbors, who regarded him somewhat as we do our modern nineteenth century dudes.—*Philadelphia Record.*

### Terrible Are the Ravages

Upon the system inflicted by diseases of the kidneys and bladder. They wreck the constitution more speedily in some cases than consumption and other maladies of a fatal pulmonary type. As you value your life, arrest a tendency to debility, and consequent inactivity of the renal organs, should you experience any such. Infuse vigor and activity into the vitally important secretory action of the kidneys with that salutary diuretic, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. The proper degree of stimulation is imparted by it to the bladder also, when that organ is sluggish. With this timely check, Bright's disease, diabetes, catarrh of the bladder, and other kindred disorders, may be prevented. Liver complaint, constipation, nervous ailments, and rheumatism are likewise conquerable with this sovereign household remedy. Against the effects of exposure in damp or otherwise inclement weather, it is a benign safeguard, and revives strength after undue fatigue.

PROF. A. G. BOURNE has made a number of experiments of three species of scorpions found at Madras, with the object of determining whether the popular notion that scorpions can commit suicide is true. He finds that it is undoubtedly physically impossible for a scorpion to sting itself in a vulnerable place, and when one is placed in very unpleasant circumstances it not unfrequently lashes its tail about, which causes actual penetration of the sting. But the poison of a scorpion is quite powerless to kill the same individual or another of the same or even of another species. Two scorpions, when fighting, repeatedly sting one another with little if any effect, the stronger killing the weaker by tearing it to pieces. The poison may be pressed out of the sting with the fingers of a pair of forceps, when it is found to be a milky white fluid, with very pungent smell, resembling that of formic acid.

Food makes Blood and Blood makes Beauty. Improper digestion of food necessarily produces bad blood, resulting in a feeling of fullness in the stomach, acidity, heartburn, sick-headache, and other dyspeptic symptoms. A closely confined life causes indigestion, constipation, biliousness, and loss of appetite. To remove these troubles there is no remedy equal to Prickly Ash Bitters. It has been tried and proven to be a specific.

An Irishman claims that the O'Rientals came from the old sod originally.—*Siftings.*

Lyon's Patent Metallic Buffers prevent boots and shoes from running over, ripping in the seams or wearing unevenly on the heels.

## Make No Mistake

If you have made up your mind to buy Hood's Sarsaparilla do not be induced to take any other. Hood's Sarsaparilla is a peculiar medicine, possessing, by virtue of its peculiar combination, proportion and preparation, curative power superior to any other article of the kind before the people.

"In one store the clerk tried to induce me to buy their own instead of Hood's Sarsaparilla. But he could not prevail on me to change. I told him I knew what Hood's Sarsaparilla was, I had taken it, was perfectly satisfied with it, and did not want any other." Mrs. ELLA A. GORF, 61 Terrace Street, Boston, Mass.

### Hood's Sarsaparilla

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Take DIGESTYLIN for all pains and disorders of the stomach; they all come from indigestion. Ask your druggist for DIGESTYLIN (price \$1 per large bottle). If he does not have it, send one dollar to us and we will send a bottle to you, express prepaid. Do not hesitate to send your money. Our house is reliable. Established twenty-five years.

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Zeit der Zeit seines Bestehens ist der Prickly Ash Bitters als ein Universalmittel zum Beseitigen des Uebels, zur Stärkung der Leber, Galle, Nieren und des Magens bekannt.

Thayephta, Vertigo, Schwindel, Uebelkeit, Kopfweh, Nerven, leicht und schnell beseitigt durch den heilbringenden Einfluss des Prickly Ash Bitters.

Der Prickly Ash Bitters ist ein paradiesisches Magenmittel, und kann folglich nicht als ein Getränk gebraucht werden, obwohl es durch seinen angenehmen Geschmack dazu berechtigt wäre.

Prickly Ash Bitters Co. Allein. Eigentümers, St. Louis & Kansas City.



The treatment of many thousands of cases of those chronic weaknesses and distressing ailments peculiar to females, at the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, Buffalo, N. Y., has afforded a vast experience in nicely adapting and thoroughly testing remedies for the cure of woman's peculiar maladies.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the outgrowth, or result, of this great and valuable experience. Thousands of testimonials, received from patients and from physicians who have tested it in the more aggravated and obstinate cases which had baffled their skill, prove it to be the most wonderful remedy ever devised for the relief and cure of suffering women. It is not recommended as a "cure-all," but as a most perfect specific for woman's peculiar ailments.

As a powerful, invigorating tonic, it imparts strength to the whole system, and to the womb and its appendages in particular. For overworked, "worn-out," "run-down," debilitated teachers, milliners, dressmakers, seamstresses, "shop-girls," housekeepers, nursing mothers, and feeble women generally, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the greatest earthly boon, being unequaled as an appetizing cordial and restorative tonic.

As a soothing and strengthening nerve, "Favorite Prescription" is unequalled and is invaluable in allaying and subduing nervous excitability, irritability, exhaustion, prostration, hysteria, spasms and other distressing, nervous symptoms commonly attendant upon functional and organic disease of the womb. It induces refreshing sleep and relieves mental anxiety and despondency.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is a legitimate medicine, carefully compounded by an experienced and skillful physician, and adapted to woman's delicate organization. It is purely vegetable in its composition and perfectly harmless in its effects in any condition of the system. For morning sickness, or nausea, from whatever cause arising, weak stomach, indigestion, dyspepsia and kindred symptoms, its use, in small doses, will prove very beneficial.

"Favorite Prescription" is a positive cure for the most complicated and obstinate cases of leucorrhoea, excessive flowing, painful menstruation, unnatural suppressions, prolapsus, or falling of the womb, weak back, female weakness, anteversion, retroversion, bearing-down sensations, chronic congestion, inflammation and ulceration of the womb, inflammation, pain and tenderness in ovaries, accompanied with "internal heat."

As a regulator and promoter of functional action, at that critical period of change from girlhood to womanhood, "Favorite Prescription" is a perfectly safe remedial agent, and can produce only good results. It is equally efficacious and valuable in its effects when taken for those disorders and derangements incident to that later and most critical period, known as "The Change of Life."

"Favorite Prescription," when taken in connection with the use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, and small laxative doses of Dr. Pierce's Purgative Pellets (Little Liver Pills), cures Liver, Kidney and Bladder diseases. Their combined use also removes blood taints, and abolishes cancerous and scrofulous humors from the system.

"Favorite Prescription" is the only medicine for women, sold by druggists, under a positive guarantee, that the manufacturers, that it will give satisfaction in every case, or money will be refunded. This guarantee has been printed on the bottle-wrapper, and faithfully carried out for many years.

Large bottles (100 doses) \$1.00, or six bottles for \$5.00.

For large, illustrated Treatise on Diseases of Women (100 pages, paper-covered), send ten cents in stamps. Address,

World's Dispensary Medical Association, 603 Main St., BUFFALO, N. Y.

OLD is worth \$500 per pound, Pettit's Eye Salve \$1.00, but is sold at 25 cents a box by dealers.



MORT & WILL OLDS PUBLISHERS.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

One Year, in advance ..... \$0.75  
Six Months ..... 50  
Three Months ..... 25

Entered at the Post Office at St. Joe as second-class matter

FRIDAY OCTOBER 11, 1887

Edward Scoville, an old settler of Newville township, died Wednesday.

Communion services at the Lutheran church Sunday morning at half past ten o'clock. All are invited.

George Hamm went to Chicago last week and had such a good time that he went again this week, and took his wife with him.

Wills Sanders has secured the job of running the B. & O. pump at this place, and will not move to Garrett, as we stated last week.

The highest denomination of U. S. legal tender notes is ten thousand dollars. They are scarce, though, and are mostly in the hands of the government.

Dan Baker found part of a pack of cards in a load of wheat that was unloaded at the elevator the other day. Dan don't know whether he holds a full hand or not.

A Deliaed editor offers to send his paper a year free, to every new born baby in the county. We would not dare make such an offer as that, or it would bankrupt us.

Miss Jessie Wentz, who has been visiting in this place for some time, returned to her home in Tiffin, Ohio, last Tuesday. The drug clerk and the mail carrier are both feeling bad over her departure.

Wonder what kind of a grudge the Waterloo Press has got against us? Several times recently they have sent us a paper that had the appearance of being struck by lightning just about the time it was printed.

James Draggoo brought in a stalk of corn last week that measured just thirteen feet long. That lays Ad and Fred Johnson in the shade, and unless somebody can beat that, James will be entitled to the cigars.

St. Joe has a Chautauqua circle. That town is coming right out of the woods.—Auburn Dispatch. Oh pshaw! now, Mr. Dispatch man, St. Joe has had a Chautauqua circle for over two years. Its Auburn that's just getting out of the brush.

A pension examiner from Washington, was in town last Tuesday, to enquire into the granting of a pension to Wm. Young, an old man who is at present staying with Jake Schler. There is no doubt but what Mr. Young is entitled to a pension, and we understand that a favorable report was obtained and it will probably be granted.

WONDERFUL CURES.—W. D. Hoyt & Co., Wholesale and Retail Druggists of Rome Ga., say: We have been selling Dr. King's New Discovery, Electric Bitters and Bucklen's Arnica Salve for four years. Have never handled remedies that sell as well, or give such universal satisfaction. There have been some wonderful cures effected by these medicines in this city. Several cases of pronounced Consumption have been entirely cured by use of a few bottles of Dr. King's New Discovery, taken in connection with Electric Bitters. We guarantee them always. Sold by C. Patterson.

OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

SPENCERVILLE.

Jacob Baltz Jr. returned from Tiffin Saturday.

J. A. Provines has give his awning a fresh coat of paint.

Miss Bell Scott went to Angola Wednesday to attend the fair.

Miss Minnie Provines has been spending a few days at Auburn

Miss Rallie Murphy, of Leo, visited friends in town over Sunday.

The home of Job C. Smith has been made happy by the arrival of a boy baby.

Call on P. Bishop for your fall and winter goods. Largest stock at lowest prices.

Miss Rena Fryberger has returned from Hudson where she has been visiting friends.

Grace Zimmerman entertained a number of her little friends last Saturday afternoon, it being her ninth birthday.

Owing to the inclemency of the weather Sunday, the communion services at the Lutheran church were postponed for two weeks.

Another wedding.—Kell Hart and Miss Mattie Smith were married Sunday evening, at five o'clock, at the residence of C. A. Rhodes, Rev. Curry officiating. The happy couple left the first of the week for Angola where they will spend a few days.

CONCORD.

Dan Herriek will move to St. Joe about the first of November.

John Guysinger visited his brother in Mooresville on Sunday of last week.

Jake White and family are very comfortably settled in their new house.

Mrs. Dan Herriek has been entertaining a cousin from Lansing, for a few days.

The debating society was organized last Friday evening at the Jenkins school house.

Ed. White and wife, and Mrs. Engle of St. Joe, attended the birthday party last Monday.

Mrs. Wm. Pervines started to Ohio last Thursday, and expects to remain about three weeks.

Dan Morr, wife and daughter were at Goshen last Sunday attending the funeral of Mrs. Morr's father.

Grandma Buchanan and daughter visited Saturday and Sunday of last week in the family of S. Plattner.

Wm. Johnson, Jake White and others started for the big woods last Tuesday, to enjoy a week or two in hunting.

Mann Film thinks that Indiana will compare favorably with any of the states farther west, and is content to settle down among us for life.

James Draggoo, wife and two daughters, started for Kansas last Monday to visit Mrs. Draggoo's brother, and possibly, to look up a new home.

Mrs. Jones and daughters, of near Bryan, came up last Friday to celebrate Mrs. Fetter's birthday. She brought some beautiful presents in honor of the occasion.

Abe Culberson has sold the old homestead to his brother Aleck, and in the spring Abe will build on what is known as the Rhodes farm which he purchased of his brother Richard.

Friends and neighbors to the number of about sixty, gathered at the residence of Mart White to celebrate his birthday last Monday. The presents were useful as well as ornamental. If any are desirous of knowing whether it was good to be there or not, just ask Blanche Jenkins if all had a good time. Her mother won't let her go to any more birthday parties.

EXAMINE THE LARGEST, FINEST,

AND MOST COMPLETE LINE OF

Men's, Ladies', Misses' & Children's FINE SHOES.

Ever exhibited in St. Joe. They comprise the most popular brands, such as Reed, Weaver, Gokey & Son, &c. The buttons will be reset on shoes purchased of us with Wilkin's patent fasteners. Call on

J. D. LEIGHTY, ST. JOE.

J. H. CONRAD.

Wash morning is sure to come and of course now and then your boiler will give out and you will be compelled to get a new one. In that case call on J. H. Conrad, St. Joe, and get one of those splendid one-dollar boilers.

Mrs. Ella Lucas, of West Virginia, is here for a few weeks taking care of her sister, Mrs. P. A. Shurts, who has been dangerously ill for the past six weeks, and at present is but very little better.

Mr. Fernald formerly of this neighborhood, but for a few years a resident of Goshen, died very suddenly of apoplexy in Nebraska while on a visit to his son. His remains were brought home, and interred in the Goshen cemetery last Sunday.

Lyman Knight has been employed to teach the Hay school, the winter term, and Fred Jenkins, the Carr school, and Ida Scholes the Jenkins school. They are all efficient teachers and we have no doubts in our mind but that the schools will be a success.

Dan Shilling had a run-away last Thursday. As he started down the hill east of grandpa Baker's, the wagon struck against the horses heels and frightened them. Dan and one of the boys were thrown out, the wagon running over Dan, hurting him slightly. By the time the team got in front of John Fetter's barn, the wagon was pretty badly broken to pieces. The next day the same team attempted to run again, but he was on the look-out and managed them better.

A barrel of fresh cranberries just received at Tustison's grocery.

The contract for digging the Hart ditch will be sold at this place next Wednesday at one o'clock.

The Y. P. T. L. A. will meet at the residence of Rev. Langley, on Wednesday evening, Oct. 19th.

The little folks enjoyed a pleasant party at Miss Rusha Warner's, on Wednesday afternoon, in honor of the birthday of Miss Myra Hart.

Estrayed, from the farm of Samuel Widney, a black, spotted sow, with rings in her nose, and weighs about 275 pounds. A liberal reward will be paid for her return or any information in regard to the same.

Baltimore & Ohio R. R.

Trains leave St. Joe as follows WEST BOUND.

No. 9 Mail and Express 11:05 A.  
17 Accommodation 4:18 P. M.  
3 Chicago Express 10:42 P. M.  
35 Local Freight 3:42 P. M.

EAST BOUND.

No. 10 Express and Mail 2:08 P. M.  
16 Accommodation 10:28 A. M.  
4 Morning Express 4:15 A. M.  
34 Local Freight 7:50 A. M.

W. J. McKee, Agent

ST. JOE MARKETS.

CORRECTED EVERY FRIDAY.

Wheat ..... 71  
Oats ..... 27 cts.  
Corn ..... 35 cts.  
Butter ..... 15 cts.  
Eggs ..... 15 cts.  
Tallow ..... 3 1/2 cts.  
Lard ..... 10 cts.  
Potatoes ..... 80 cts.

New Goods Arriving Daily!

CALL ON US FOR

BIG BARGAINS.

FULL LINE OF

LADIES CLOAKS AND WRAPS.

FINE STOCK OF CLOTHING ON HAND.

HEATING & COOK STOVES A SPECIALTY.

S. & F. BARNEY, ST. JOE, IND.

We just want to call your attention to three things this week that we want you to know.

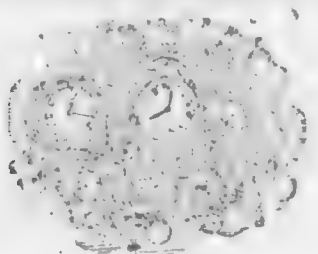
1st. The finest line of Clocks, Watches and Jewelry in St. Joe can be found at the Drugstore.

2nd. Nobody carries a finer line of Ladies Hand Bags as the St. Joe Drugstore.

3rd. The only place in St. Joe to find a line of Fine Perfumeries is at the Drugstore.

### Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

THE BEST SALVE in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by W. C. Patterson.



W. C. PATTERSON.

at the St. Joe Drugstore, repairs Clocks, Watches and Jewelry. All work warranted and prices reasonable. Give me your work.

### LOCALS.

Will Gee thinks of leaving St. Joe.

The sour-knot crop will be short this year.

The grand jury is grinding out a grist this week.

A wreck near Chicago, Tuesday, killed twenty people.

The new church at Spencerville will not be finished this fall.

The addition to the school house cost fourteen hundred dollars.

J. W. Pills caught a pickerel Monday that weighed 11½ pounds.

Mr. and Mrs. John Leighty have been visiting friends at Muncie for the past week.

The Lutheran church at this place has been undergoing some needed improvements.

Raven's Food prevents cholera and will make chickens lay. Try it. Sold by W. C. Patterson.

A reunion of the Jones and Chaney families, was held at Dr. Bowman's residence in this place yesterday.

The Hicksville soldier's reunion was a grand success. In fact, every thing that town has is a success, unless it is a saloon.

Those 50 cent 52 inch all wool Dress Flannels at Case & Olds are selling off rapidly. They are bargains that are not picked up every day.

Miss Narcissa E. White will deliver a lecture on temperance in the M. P. church in St. Joe, on Sunday evening, Oct. 23, 1887. She has a world-wide reputation. All are cordially invited.

The machinery for the roller process in the mill at Spencerville was shipped here this week, and taken to that place. We don't begrudge Spencerville her roller mill, but we would be mighty glad if we had one here. That's what.

Blessed are those who advertise in the papers, for they shall be full of business.

Wm. Lehigh bought in and shipped a car load of cider apples from this place this week. Fifteen cents per bushel was the price paid.

If the friends will bring in a few more sample ears of extra large corn and a few more potatoes, we think we'll be able to get through the winter.

Some one has figured out that it costs over four thousand dollars to raise a boy until he is twenty years old. The best way to raise some boys is to take a leather strap.

Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Patterson of Hicksville, visited friends in town last week. A democratic administration must agree with Andrew, for he is enjoying better health than in former years.

The Ninth Annual Reunion of the surviving members of the 44th Regiment, Indiana Volunteers, will be held at Waterloo, Thursday, October 20th. A number from this neighborhood will attend.

Stephen Baker has bought the building on Wm. Stamen's farm, formerly occupied by them as a residence, and is moving it on to his farm this week, to be used by them as a dwelling. It will make a pleasant home. Hart Bros., of this place, done the moving.

Notwithstanding the exceeding dampness of the weather last Sunday there was a fair attendance at Sunday school and church. We heard a lady remark that people seem to turn out here, even if it does rain. St. Joe people are not afraid of water, let it sprinkle, pour or come down in bucket-fuls.

A brakeman who's name we were unable to learn, came near being seriously injured, at the depot in this place last Monday. In coupling two cars, as they came together, in some way the pin flew out, striking the brakeman in the head and knocked him down. He fell between the moving cars and but for the timely assistance of the conductor, who was standing near, and who grabbed him, and drew him out from beneath the cars, he would certainly have been run over and probably killed.

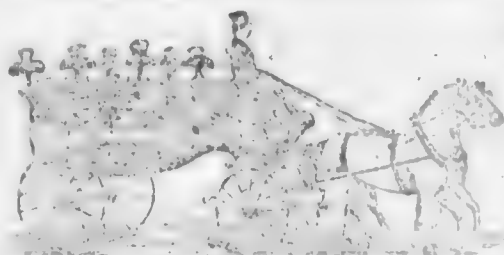
Vester Wilney returned last Friday, from a three week's visit in Ohio. He spent most of the time with his sister, Mrs. Etta Bowen, and together with them visited Sandusky, Titlin, Norwalk, and other places. They also attended several of the fairs in that vicinity. This was Vester's first experience in railroad traveling, and to one in his condition, who is deprived of many of the pleasures of life, it was one of great enjoyment, and no doubt the recollections of it will long linger in his memory.

Although many years have passed since it's first introduction, yet a majority of people at the present time seem to be as partial to a piece of good pumpkin pie as they was in our grandfather's days. This fact was fully verified at the social given by members of the Christian church, in the Volmar building, last Friday evening. The ladies had prepared a hundred pies, but it wasn't any too many to satisfy the demands of a hungry crowd, who probably hadn't engaged in the luxury of a pumpkin pie since last pumpkin time. The social was largely attended; quite a number being present from Newville and Coburntown. Some excellent music was rendered by the Newville choir, under the direction of Mr. Cornie Wartenbee, and also the choir here sang some good selections. The occasion was a very pleasant one, and all enjoyed it. The proceeds were about \$24.

## CRACK THESE NUTS!

All Wool Dress Flannels, 52 inches wide, only 50 cts.  
Fancy Striped Worsted Dress goods reduced to 45 cts.  
Big line of Canton Flannels at 8, 10 and 12 cts.  
Best and Cheapest line of Men's and Ladies' Underwear in town.  
Elegant line of Toboggan Caps at 25 cents.  
Ladies' Cloaks and Jackets at prices that defy all competition.  
Goods usually sold at 20 and 25 cts we sell at 5 and 10 cts.

## CASE & OLDS, ST. JOE.



TRUTH IS MOST AND WILL PREVAIL.

LOOK THIS WAY!

I keep on hand a fine line of Furniture, which I will sell for the next 30 days at prices that defy competition. Glass Cupboards \$8.50. Double Cane Seat and Back Rockers \$2. Dressing Case, with French Plate Glass \$12.00. Carpet Lounges \$6.50. Solid Comfort Beds for \$2.25. Undertaking a speciality.

August Kinsey, St. Joe, Ind.

M. TUSTISON,

—DEALER IN—

Groceries, Flour,

PROVISIONS,

CANDIES, GIGARS, TOBACCO

Canned Fruits, Beans, Dried Beans, Cheese, Bologna &c. Produce taken in exchange for goods.

ST. JOE, IND.

ANOTHER PIONEER GONE.

Mrs. Nelson Ulm died very suddenly of heart disease, at her home near Concord, Tuesday evening, at 8 o'clock. Of late she has been more or less subject to attacks of heart disease, but was feeling about as well as usual, and on that evening prepared supper, done up her work and retired at her usual hour. Mr. Ulm read awhile and then went to bed a little before eight o'clock. He perhaps had not been in bed ten minutes when he noticed that something was wrong with his wife. He immediately got up, and at a glance saw that she was very sick. Being alone, he hurried to the nearest neighbor for assistance, and but a few minutes after their arrival, she was dead. Mr. and Mrs. Ulm were among the very earliest settlers along the St. Joe river. They were married in 1837, and were the first couple ever married in the county. The funeral occurred Thursday at Spencerville, after which the body was laid to rest in the cemetery at that place. Thus one by one are the old landmarks passing away, and soon none will be left to tell the story of early pioneer days in De Kalb county.

### For Sale.

A good one and a half story dwelling and lot, situated in St. Joe, for sale at a bargain. For particulars call on or address A. M. Richards, Hicksville, O.

### For Sale.

House and lot on Main street, St. Joe, Ind. For further particulars call on J. M. Lounsbury. Will sell cheap and on easy terms.

Rebecca McDonald

### Farm for Sale.

I offer at private sale, a good well improved farm, 1 mile north of Concord, and 2½ miles north-west of St. Joe, 7 miles east of Auburn. It has 120 acres, 85 in good cultivation, good substantial buildings, good well, good orchard and everything in good farming order. Terms reasonable and payments easy. For particulars inquire of J. C. St. Clair, 1½ miles south of Waterloo.

J. C. St. Clair, Waterloo, Ind.

### Farm for Sale or Trade.

Said farm consists of 160 acres 120 well improved. Good building, nearly new bank barn, 40 x 70, painted in good style, good timber, running water &c. Will sell cheap, or take a small farm in exchange and will give long time to pay the difference. Farm lays 3 miles north of St. Joe, and 7½ miles east of Auburn. Reason for selling, have no help.

A. E. Swineford, St. Joe, Ind.

The Angola fair is being held this week.

The Gaudes Rubber Boots and Shoes are the best in the market. Sold only by Case & Olds.

The W. O. T. U. will meet at the home of Rev. J. M. Langley, on Thursday, Oct. 20th, at 2:30 o'clock. An invitation is extended to all.

Burglars broke into Ainsworth, Boon & Bevington's store, at Hicksville, one night last week and carried off goods to the amount of \$50.00.

PERSONAL.—Mr. N. H. Frohlichstein, of Mobile, Ala., writes: I take great pleasure in recommending Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, having used it for a severe attack of Bronchitis and Catarrh. It gave me instant relief and entirely cured me and I have not been afflicted since. I also beg to state that I had tried other remedies with no good result. Have also used Electric Bitters and Dr. King's New Life Pills, both of which I can recommend.

Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds, is sold on a positive guarantee. Trial bottles free at W. C. Patterson's Drug Store.



# The St. Joe News.

ST. JOE, INDIANA.

MORT & WILL OLDS, PUBLISHERS.

## EVENTS OF A WEEK.

### THE OLD WORLD.

—The Vatican is greatly disturbed by a visitation of cholera, of which an officer of the Pontifical guard is the victim. Every precaution will be taken to prevent the spread of the disease.

—Russia has accepted the Porte's proposal to send an Ottoman Commissioner to Bulgaria to act in conjunction with a Russian Lieutenant Governor of princely rank, but Russia wants her representative to be the superior in rank.

—Berlin dispatches announce that the triple alliance, so long desired by Italy, has been consummated, by which Russia's ambitious schemes have been frustrated, and Italy has gained a prestige she has always lacked. The London dispatches represent that constellations was caused at St. Petersburg when the alliance became known. The alliance is regarded as a menace to Russia, and the peace of Europe is assured for the present.

### PERSONAL NOTES.

—President Cleveland made a flying visit to the International Military Encampment in the western end of Chicago, on Thursday morning, after which he hurried to the Northwestern Depot, and was whirled away in the direction of Milwaukee. The scenes along the way from Chicago were of the usual character. At Evanston there was a brass band, a parade and a triumphal arch of evergreens. At Racine flags could be seen flying over the town a mile away. At smaller stations all the country population roundabout was in waiting, and even the plowmen in the fields had their horses bedecked with flags and ribbons. At Milwaukee an elaborate reception programme had been arranged, and was duly carried out. An immense crowd was waiting at the depot, and the streets along the line of procession were packed closely with people. Mayor Waller delivered an address of welcome and the President replied as follows:

I am very glad to have an opportunity, though the time allowed is very brief, to meet the people of Wisconsin's chief city. Since we left home, and in passing through different States on our way, there has been presented to us a variety of physical features characteristic of their diversity in soil and conformation. But the people we have met at all points have been the same in their energy and activity, in their local pride, and in that peculiar trait of American character which produces the belief, firmly adhered to by every individual, that his particular place of residence is the chosen and most favored spot which the world contains. This condition creates an aggregate of sentiment invincible in operation, furnishing the motive power which has brought about the stupendous growth and development of our country. But there has been another element of character displayed among the people everywhere on our travels which has been universal, and not disturbed or changed by any difference in place or circumstance. No State lines have circumscribed, no local pride has distinguished, and no business activity has in the least stifled the kindness and cordiality of the people's welcome. There is bitterness enough in the partisan feeling which seems inseparable from our political methods; but the good people of the United States have, I believe, decreed that there are occasions when this shall have no place. This is well manifested today in our hearty greeting by the people of Wisconsin and this active, stirring city. Municipal enterprise has added much to the natural beauty of your metropolis, as is attested by your pleasant streets and handsome homes, with their surroundings. But its great increase in population, its manufactures, and its trade demonstrate that its citizens have not been content with beauty alone. I cannot forget my interest in municipal affairs, arising from an active experience at one time in city government; and I find myself very much inclined to scrutinize such statements as fall under my eye demonstrating their financial condition. With all its extensive public improvements, unless I am much at fault, the city of Milwaukee has less of public debt than any city of its population in the United States, excepting one. In these days, when the temptation to local public extravagance is not often enough withstood, you may well be proud of this exhibit; and besides the satisfaction which this financial condition produces, it has a practical side to it. Large enterprises are often much influenced in their location by such considerations, and they are apt to be established where the burden of taxation is the least, and where the share of public indebtedness to be borne by them is the smallest.

—President Cleveland and party drove to the Soldiers' Home, near Milwaukee, on Friday morning, and at 10:30 left for Madison. A rapid run was made, and at 1 o'clock the capital of Wisconsin was reached. An enthusiastic crowd of people met them at the depot, and in their eagerness quite overwhelmed the police force stationed to preserve order. The inevitable procession followed soon after the arrival of the distinguished guests. Chief Justice Cole delivered an address of welcome, and the President responded briefly. Saturday the President went on a fishing excursion with Mr. Vilas. Sunday was spent quietly at the home of the Postmaster General in Madison.

—President Cleveland, Postmaster General Vilas, Colonel Dan Lamont, Dr. J. D. Bryant,

and M. A. Bissell went fishing in Mendota Lake, near Madison, Wis. But a few moments passed till beautiful yellow bass were one after another brought out wriggling and twisting in a vain endeavor to free themselves from the hook. The President was not without his share of luck. With a light trout rod in hand he deftly guided the line as the fish began to bite, and his patience was soon rewarded by the safe landing of a magnificent specimen of yellow bass. This was quickly followed by others, until seven or eight fine fish as ever bit had succumbed to his skill. Two of these were large, weighing fully five pounds each. The President was delighted. He said the fishing far exceeded anything he ever had in the St. Lawrence country. One particularly fine specimen required fully twenty minutes to land, so large was he and savage in his plunges after he took the hook. The President and Mrs. Cleveland spent Sunday quietly at the home of Postmaster General Vilas. They had expected to attend church, but were deterred by the inclemency of the weather. They left Madison on Monday morning at 4 o'clock for St. Paul.

### POLITICAL POINTS.

—The National Greenback party of New York State assembled in convention at Albany and nominated a full State ticket, headed by the Rev. Thomas K. Beecher for Secretary of State. This makes seven tickets in the field—those of the Republican, Democratic, Prohibition, George of United Labor, Socialist, and Union Labor parties. The National Reformers propose also to run a ticket. The platform calls for the issue of paper currency to the amount of \$50 per capita on the whole population of the country, and warns owners of Government bonds that unless this is done "the American people's banks will be broken, as there are more chips on the table than there is money in the box to redeem them with." It denounces the Republican, Democratic, and George parties, although it sympathizes with ex-Father McGlynn in his struggle against the Pope. Boards of trade are denounced as gambling-hells that subvert the morals of society and business.

—The Nebraska Republicans had a lively two days' session at Lincoln. The issue was between the railroads of the State and the people. The railroads attempted to defeat the renomination of Judge Maxwell for the Supreme bench, and to squelch all attempts to adopt resolutions favoring an extra session of the Legislature for the enactment of additional railway legislation. Five hundred and fifty delegates were present. George D. Micklejohn, of Nance County, presided. Judge Maxwell was renominated for Supreme Judge with a hurrah, only one ballot being required to settle the matter. The platform condemns a system of revenue that compels the farmers of the West to pay tribute to the manufacturers of the East, favors pensioning Union soldiers, sympathizes with Ireland, commends the efforts of Parnell and Gladstone, pledges the party to submit a prohibitory amendment, condemns the President for his attempt to return the flag, favors the admission of Dakota, views with alarm the abuse of the veto power of the President, and sustains the Board of Transportation in its efforts to secure reasonable freight and passenger rates.

### FINANCIAL AND INDUSTRIAL.

—The long and bitter telegraph war, the severest the Western Union Telegraph Company ever engaged in, is ended at last. The Western Union Company has purchased, through the bankers who saved the Baltimore and Ohio Company from the hands of a receiver, the Baltimore and Ohio Telegraph property for just one-half what the Baltimore and Ohio people say it cost them. The only opposition now left to the Western Union is the United Lines, an aggregation of smaller bankrupt concerns which poverty brought together, and which exist through the generosity of John W. Mackay. The price paid is \$5,000,000, par value of Western Union Telegraph stock, which, at \$80 a share, would be equivalent to about \$4,000,000 in cash.

—The Knights of Labor are waging a vigorous war against Sunday work at Erie, Pennsylvania. They have compelled the Anchor Line Transportation Company to stop business Sundays by prosecuting their employees, and they propose to serve the street-railway companies in the same way. These prosecutions are being carried on under an act that was passed in 1794.

### THE CRIMINAL RECORD.

—At Cincinnati, Charles Doll, ex-member of the Board of Public Works, was sentenced to two years in the Penitentiary for having misappropriated city funds.

—In the United States Circuit Court at Richmond, Va., Judge Bond fined Attorney Gen-

eral Ayers \$500 for bringing suits under the law known as the "coupon-cruiser," in disobedience of his injunction order, and committed him to the custody of the Marshal until the fines were paid. He also fined the State Attorneys of Fauquier and Loudoun counties for disobeying the same order, and committed them until the fines are paid and the suits brought are dismissed.

—If the report from Tucson, Arizona, is true a little light is shed upon the recent Indian troubles in the far Southwest. It is stated that the United States Grand Jury has discovered that an organized band of cattle thieves, with which prominent citizens are connected, have been stealing cattle from the Indians on the San Carlos Reservation during the last year.

### RAILROAD ITEMS.

—Eastern railroad managers have decided that traveling theatrical companies are not "families," and are not therefore entitled to travel upon family mileage tickets.

### FIRES AND ACCIDENTS.

—The propeller California, laden with corn and pork, was wrecked off St. Helena Island, near Mackinaw City, Mich., Tuesday morning. Of the twenty-seven persons on board, thirteen perished. A St. Ignace dispatch gives the following particulars of the disaster:

The California left Chicago, bound for Montreal, Saturday night, with a crew of twenty-two and five passengers. Monday morning at 5 o'clock, when off Beaver Island, she was struck by a gale from the northwest. Toward midnight the sea was running so high that it was impossible to steer her. Three hundred barrels of pork were thrown overboard, but it did not relieve the steamer. It was then determined to beach her above St. Helena Island, and the passengers and crew were provided with life-preservers and told to make ready for the final struggle when the steamer should strike. At 1 o'clock the wind having increased to a hurricane and the waves running high, the gangways were stove in, and the water swept into the hold, extinguishing the fires. It was thought that she would drift ashore on St. Helena Island. Suddenly the steamer lurched to starboard and the Captain ordered the boat launched. As soon as it was lowered the Captain went into the cabin to get the passengers, and when he returned to the deck he found that the first mate and several of the crew had taken the boat and left. It was the most cold-blooded outrage ever perpetrated on the lakes. Helpless women and all of the passengers were abandoned and left to drown by the cowardly mate and deck hands. The steamer now began to settle rapidly, and in a few minutes she rolled over on her starboard side and went down. Those that remained on the wreck found themselves struggling in the water. Luckily for them when the steamer sank she went down so suddenly that the top of the cabin was torn off, and toward this they fought their way among flying timbers. The Captain and engineer succeeded in reaching the cabin and getting a boat that was hanging to the davits. They immediately began rendering aid to those struggling in the water. One lady passenger and the second engineer and stewardess were all that could be found. Their boat drifted alongside the Folsom, and they were taken on board and kindly cared for until landed here.

—The tug Orient was lost during the recent heavy storm on Lake Erie. She went down a short distance above Point Pelee, and her loss was witnessed by the crews of several vessels, which could render no help, because of the heavy sea. The tug drifted for a time before sinking, the seas having extinguished her fires. When she went down the crew were bailing the water out of her with buckets. She had six men on board, all of whom found watery graves.

### MISCELLANEOUS NOTES.

—The Mormon Constitutional Convention at Salt Lake City has prepared a memorial to Congress praying for the admission of Utah into the union.

—The General Land Office at Washington is in receipt of information that a British syndicate, which is said to have purchased a large tract of land in Iowa from the McGregor Western Railroad Company, is mercilessly evicting settlers, the title to the land being in dispute in the State courts. A settler writes:

Women over 60 years of age, sick in bed, have been taken by six men and carried out into the driving storm. Delicate women have had their hands tied with cords till their flesh was bruised, and then dragged shrieking from their homes. Children have been born prematurely at sight of the band of evictors. Strong men have been run down by ruffians on horseback, and then handcuffed and dragged from their life possessions. I might go on and multiply instances where the Sheriff, with a writ of ejectment in one hand and a British contract in the other, gave these poor people their choice between these two evils, which they would take.

Attidavits of the cruelties practiced are being collected, says this writer, for use at Washington this winter, and will be read in both houses of Congress. They are expected to create a sensation when the people of the East are brought fully to realize what the native American pioneers are suffering at the hands of the new invaders. It is said that no official information has been received on the subject at the Interior Department.

—Ammi Baldwin, who was cashier of the Fidelity National Bank of Cincinnati, the disastrous collapse of which institution was one of the most dramatic incidents in the great Chicago wheat deal, has made a startling confession, making damaging charges against Harber and others in connection with the failure.

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Having secured the services of an experienced workman, I am now prepared to do all kinds of Blacksmithing and Repairing in a first-class manner. Special attention given to repairing machinery. Give me a call. Prices reasonable.

A. W. Hall, St. Joe.



Trying Hour for Mark.  
As every one knows, Mr. Clemens first met his beautiful wife while on the famous voyage of the Quaker City, and he pursued his acquaintance after their return so closely that at last the young lady's papa one day called the ardent and devoted Mark into his private study and said, after some preamble:

"Mr. Clemens, I have something to say to you which bears upon a subject of grave importance, at least to me and mine. You have been coming here for some time, and your manner leaves no doubt in my mind as to your object. Now, my daughter's welfare is very dear to me, and before I can admit you to her society on the footing of a suitor to her hand I would like to know something more than I do about you and your antecedents, etc. Stop a minute. You must remember that a man may be a 'good fellow' and a pleasant companion on a voyage, and all that, but when it is a question as grave as this a wise father tries to take every precaution before allowing his daughter's affections to become engaged, and I ask of you, as a gentleman, that you shall give me the names of some of your friends in California, to whom I may write and make such inquiries as I deem necessary; that is if you still desire our friendship."

It was now Mark Twain's turn. "Sir," said he, bowing profoundly, as became a young man who respects his hoped-for father-in-law, "your sentiments are in every way correct. I approve of them myself, and hasten to add that you have not been mistaken in my sentiments toward your daughter, whom, I may tell you candidly, seems to me to be the most perfect of her sex, and I honor your solicitation for her welfare. I am not only perfectly willing to give you references, but I am only too glad to have an opportunity to do so, which my natural modesty would have prevented me from offering. Therefore permit me to give you the names of a few of my friends. I will write them down. First is Lieutenant General John McComb, Alexander Badlam, General Lander, and Colonel W. H. L. Barnes. They would all lie for me just as I would for them under like circumstances."

This conclusion broke the old man all up, and he never asked more references nor wrote to those gentlemen.—*Indianapolis Journal.*

He Was Basely Deceived.  
"I say, stranger," whispered a Western man who had strayed in a theater where "Romeo and Juliet" was going on, "I can't make head nor tail of this thing. What's the name of this play, anyhow?"

"Romeo and Juliet."

"Well, if I'd known that," said the disgusted Westerner, "I wouldn't have come in. I understood the feller at the door to say it was something about Omaha and Juliet." — *Philadelphia Telegraph.*

She scolds and frets,  
She's full of petts,  
She's fairly kind and tender;  
The thorn of life  
Is a fretful wife—  
I wonder what will mend her?

Try Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. Ten to one, your wife is cross and fretful because she is sick and suffering, and cannot control her nervousness when things go wrong. Make a healthy woman of her and the chances are you will make a cheerful and pleasant one. "Favorite Prescription" is the only remedy for woman's peculiar ailments, sold by druggists, under a positive guarantee from the manufacturer, that it will give satisfaction in every case or money will be refunded. See guarantee on bottle wrapper. Large bottles, \$1. Six for \$5.

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No doubt can be entertained about the value and genuineness of Prof. Loissette's Memory System, as it is so strongly recommended by Mark Twain, Mr. Proctor, Hons. W. W. Astor, Judah P. Benjamin, Dr. Buckley, and others. For full details send for Prof. L.'s prospectus, at 237 Fifth Ave., New York. From it the System is taught by correspondence quite as well as by personal instruction. Colleges near New York have secured his lectures. He has had 100 Columbia Law students, two classes of 200 each at Yale, 300 at Meriden, 250 at Norwich, 400 at Wellesley College, and 400 at University of Penn. We cannot conceive how a system could receive any higher indorsement.

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The Great Rock Island (C., R. I. & P. Ry.) offers a choice of routes beyond Missouri River, on both single and round-trip tickets. First-class excursions every week. Rates as low as the lowest. Trains composed of elegant day coaches, superb dining cars, magnificent chair cars, and Pullman Palace sleeping cars. For full information, address E. A. Holbrook, G. T. & P. A., Chicago, Ill.

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**Humbog.**  
Barnum said "the American people like to be humbugged." This may be true in the line of entertainment, but not where life is at stake. A man with consumption, or any lingering disease, looking death in the face and seeking to evade his awful grasp, does not like to be trifled with. So with confidence we place before our readers Nature's great remedy, Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, a sure relief for that long train of diseases resulting from impure blood, such as Consumption, Chronic Nasal Catarrh, Liver Complaint, Kidney Disorder, Dyspepsia, Sick Headache, Scrofula and General Debility. Time-tried and thoroughly tested, it stands without an equal! Any druggist.

He that is familiar with certain lectures may not advocate stage effects, but he is certainly in favor of the drop curtain.—*Yonkers Gazette.*

If Sufferers from Consumption, Scrofula, Bronchitis, and General Debility will try Scott's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil with Hypophosphites, they will find immediate relief and permanent benefit. The Medical Profession universally declare it a remedy of the greatest value and very palatable. Read: "I have used Scott's Emulsion in several cases of Scrofula and Debility in Children. Results most gratifying. My little patients take it with pleasure."—W. A. HULBERT, M.D., Salisbury, Ill.

WHEN a woman wishes to make soft soap she never gets mad because her neighbor gives her the lye.—*Texas Siftings.*

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— CURES —  
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Apply Balm into each nostril.  
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WHEN a servant is blown up by kerosene isn't she sort of an X-I-C.

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To Ellis Junction, Wausauke, Pike and Pomona Rivers, in Wisconsin, at \$12.50, and to Iron Mountain, Mich., at \$13.10, good to return until Dec. 31, can be obtained of W. W. Taberner, General Agent, Milwaukee and Northern Railway, 55 Clark St., Chicago, Ill.

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## UNOCCUPIED FIELDS.

Discourse by Rev. Dr. Talmage at the Tabernacle.

The Churches Must Stop Bombarding the Old Ironclad Sinners—Why People Go Into Skepticism—Northern Nations Devastated by Alcoholism.

BROOKLYN, Oct. 21.—The audiences at the Brooklyn Tabernacle this autumn are larger than at any time during the history of this church, and greater numbers go away not able to get in. Led by cornet and organ the congregation sang with great power the hymn:

The morning light is breaking,  
The darkness disappears,  
The song of men are waking  
To penitential tears.

The Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D. D., read and explained passages of Scripture concerning the dawn of universal righteousness. The subject of his sermon was "Unoccupied Fields," and the text from Romans ix. 20: "Lest I should build upon another man's foundation." Dr. Talmage said:

Stirring reports come from all parts of America showing what a great work the churches of God are doing, and I congratulate them and their pastors. Misapprehensions have been going the rounds, saying that the outside benevolence of this particular church are neglected, when the fact is that large sums of money are being raised in various ways by this church for all styles of good objects, not always through the boards of our own denomination. This church was built by all denominations of Christians, and by many sections of this land and other lands, and that obligation has led us to raise money for many objects not connected with our denomination, and this accounts for the fact that we have not regularly contributed to all the boards commended. But I rejoice in that you have done, as a church, a magnificent work, and am grateful that we have received during the year, by the confession of faith in Christ, 725 souls, which fact I mention, not in boasting, but in defense of this church, showing that it has been neither idle nor inefficient. The most of our accessions have been from the outside world, so that, taking the idea of my text, we have not been building on other people's foundations.

In laying out the plan of his missionary tour Paul sought out towns and cities which had not yet been preached to. He goes to Corinth, a city mentioned for splendor and vice, and Jerusalem, where the priesthood and the Sapherim were ready to leap with both feet upon the Christian religion. He feels he has special work to do, and he means to do it. What was the result? The grandest life of usefulness that a man ever lived. We modern Christian workers are not apt to imitate Paul. We build on another people's foundations. If we erect a church we prefer to have it filled with families all of whom have been pious. Do we gather a Sabbath-school class, we want good boys and girls, hair combed, faces washed, manners attractive. So a church in this day is apt to be built out of other churches. Some ministers spend all their time in fishing in other people's ponds, and they throw the line into that church pond and jerk out a Methodist, and throw the line into another church pond and bring out a Presbyterian, or there is a religious row in some neighboring church and a whole school of fish swim off from that pond, and we take them all in with one sweep of the net. What is gained? Absolutely nothing for the general cause of Christ. It is only as in an army, when a regiment is transferred from one division to another, from the Tennessee to the Potomac.

What strengthens the army is new recruits. What I have always desired is that while we are courteous to those coming from other flocks, we build our church not out of other churches, but out of the world, lest we build on another man's foundation. The fact is, this is a big world. When in our schoolboy days we learned the diameter and circumference of this planet, we did not learn half. It is the latitude and longitude and diameter and circumference of want and woe and sin that no figures can calculate. This one spiritual continent of wretchedness reaches, across all zones, and if I were called to give its geographical boundary, I would say it is bounded on the north and south and east and west by the great heart of God's sympathy and love. Oh, it is a great world. Since 6 o'clock this morning 60,000 persons have been born, and all these multiplied populations are to be reached of the Gospel. In England, or in our Eastern American cities, we are being much crowded, and an acre of ground is of great value, but out West 500 acres is a small farm and 20,000 acres is no unusual possession. There is a vast field here and everywhere unoccupied, plenty of room more, not building on another man's foundation.

We need as churches to stop bombarding the old ironclad sinners that have been proof against thirty years of Christian assault. Alas for that church which lacks the spirit of evangelism, spending on one chandelier enough to light 500 souls to glory, and in one carved pillar enough to have made a thousand men "pillars in the

house of our God forever," and doing less good than many a log cabin meeting house with tallow candles stuck in wooden sockets, and a minister who has never seen college or known the difference between Greek and Choctaw. We need as churches to get into sympathy with the great outside world, and let them know that none are so broken-hearted or hardly bested that will not be welcomed. "No," says some fastidious Christian, "I don't like to be crowded in church. Don't put any one in my pew." My brother, what will you do in Heaven? When a great multitude that no man can number assemble they will put fifty in your pew. What are the select few to-day assembled in the Christian churches compared with the mightier millions outside of them—800,000 in Brooklyn, but less than 100,000 in the churches? Many of the churches are like a hospital that should advertise that its patients must have nothing worse than toothache "run-rounds," but no broken heads, no crushed ankles, no fractured thighs. Give us for treatment moderate sinners, velvet-coated sinners, and sinners with a gloss on. It is as though a man had a farm of 3,000 acres and put all his work on one acre. He may raise never so large ears of corn, never so big heads of wheat, he would remain poor. The church of God has bestowed its chief care on one acre and has raised splendid men and women in that small inclosure, but the field is the world. That means North and South America, Europe, Asia, and Africa, and all the islands of the sea. It is as though after a great battle there were left 50,000 wounded and dying on the field, and three surgeons gave all their time to three patients under their charge. The major general comes in and says to the doctors: "Come out here and look at the nearly 50,000 dying for lack of surgical attendance." "No," say the three doctors, standing there, fanning their patients, "we have three important cases here and we are attending to them; and when we are not positively busy with their wounds, it takes all our time to keep the flies off." In this awful battle of sin and sorrow, where millions have fallen on millions, do not let us spend all our time in taking care of a few people, and when the command comes: "Go into the world," say practically: "No, I cannot go; I have here a few choice cases, and I am busy keeping off the flies." There are multitudes to-day who have never had any Christian worker look them in the eye and with earnestness in the accentuation say, "Come!" or they would long ago have been in the kingdom. My friends, religion is either a sham or a tremendous reality. If it be a sham, let us disband our churches and Christian association. If it be a reality, then great populations are on the way to the bar of God unfitted for the ordeal, and what are we doing?

In order to reach the multitude of outsiders we must drop all technicalities out of our religion. When we talk to people about the hypostatic union and French Encyclopedianism, and Erastinianism and Complutensianism, we are as impolitic and little understood as if a physician should talk to an ordinary patient about the pericardium and intercostal muscle and scorbutic symptoms. Many of us come out of the theological seminaries so loaded up that we take the first ten years to show our people how much we know, and the next ten years get our people to know as much as we know, and at the end find that neither of us know anything as we ought to know. Here are hundreds and thousands of sinning, struggling and dying people, who need to realize just one thing—that Jesus Christ came to save them, and will save them now. But we go into a profound and elaborate definition of what justification is, and after all the work there are not, outside of the learned profession, 5,000 people in the United States who can tell what justification is. I will read you the definition: "Justification is purely a forensic act, the act of a judge sitting in the forum, in which the Supreme Ruler and Judge, who is accountable to none, and who alone knows the manner in which the ends of His universal government can best be obtained, reckons that which was done by the substitute in the same manner as if it had been done by those who believe in the substitute, and not on account of anything done by them, but purely on account of this gracious method of reckoning, grants them the full remission of their sins."

Now, what is justification? I will tell you what justification is—when a sinner believes God lets him off. One summer in Connecticut I went to a large factory, and I saw over the door written the words: "No Admittance." I entered and saw over the next door: "No Admittance." Of course I entered. I got inside and found it a pin factory, and they were making pins, very serviceable, fine, and useful pins. So the spirit of exclusiveness has practically written over the outside door of many a church: "No Admittance." And if the stranger enters he finds practically written over the second door: "No Admittance." And if he goes in, over all the pew doors seems written: "No Admittance;" while the minister stands in the pulpit, hammering out his little niceties of belief, pounding out the technicalities of religion, making pins. In the most practical, common sense way, and laying aside the non-essentials and the hard definitions of religion, go out on the God-given mission, telling the people what they need, and when and how they can get it.

Comparatively little effort as yet has been made to save that large class of persons in our midst called skeptics, and he who goes to work here will not be building upon another man's foundation. There is a great multitude of them. They are afraid of us and our churches, for the reason we don't know how to treat them. One of this class met Christ, and hear with what tenderness and pathos and beauty and success Christ dealt with him: Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart and with all thy soul and with all thy mind and with all thy strength. This is the first commandment; and the second is like to this, namely, thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself. There is no other commandment greater than this. And the scribe said to Him: Well, Master, Thou has said the truth, for there is one God, and to love Him with all the heart and all the understanding and all the soul and all the strength is more than whole burnt offerings and sacrifices. And when Jesus saw that he answered discreetly He said unto him: "Thou art not far from the kingdom of God." So a skeptic was saved in one interview. But few Christian people treat the skeptic in that way. Instead of taking hold of him with the gentle hand of love we are apt to take him with the iron pincers of ecclesiasticism.

Remember skepticism always has some reason, good or bad, for existing. Goethe's irreligion started when the news came to Germany of the earthquake at Lisbon, Nov. 1, 1775. That 60,000 people should have perished in that earthquake and in the after rising of the Tagus River so stirred his sympathies that he threw up his belief in the goodness of God.

Others have gone into skepticism from a natural persistence in asking the reason why. They have been fearfully stabbed of the interrogation point. There are so many things they cannot get explained. They cannot understand the Trinity or how God can be sovereign and yet man a free agent. Neither can I. They say: "I don't understand why a good God should have let sin come into the world." Neither do I. You say: "Why was that child started in life with such disadvantages, while others have all physical and mental equipment?" I cannot tell. They go out of church on Easter morning and say: "That doctrine of the resurrection confounded me." So it is to me a mystery beyond unravelment. I understand all the processes by which men get into the dark. I know them all. I have traveled with burning feet that blistered way. The first word that children learn to utter is generally papa or mamma. I think the first word I ever uttered was "Why." I know what it is to have a hundred midnights pour their darkness into one hour. Such men are not to be scoffed at but helped. Turn your back upon a drowning man when you have a rope with which to pull him ashore, and let that woman in the third story of a house perish in the flames when you have a ladder with which to help her out and help her down; rather than turn your back scoffingly on a skeptic whose soul is in more peril than the bodies of those other endangered ones possibly can be. Oh, skepticism is a dark land. There are men in this house who would give a thousand worlds if they possessed them, to get back to the placid faith of their fathers and mothers, and it is our place to help them, and we may help them, never through their heads, but always through their hearts. These skeptics, when brought to Jesus, will be mightily affected, far more so than those who never examined the evidences of Christianity. Thomas a-halmers was once a skeptic, Robert Hall a skeptic, Robert Newton a skeptic, Christmas Evans a skeptic. But when once with strong hands they took hold of the chariot of the Gospel they rolled it on with what momentum! If I address such men and women to-day, I throw out no scoff. I implore them by the memory of the good old days when at their mother's knee they said: "Now I lay me down to sleep," and by those days and nights of scarlet fever in which she watched you, giving you the medicine at just the right time, and turning your pillow when it was hot, and with hands that many years ago turned to dust, soothed away your pain and with voice that you will never hear again, unless you join her in the better country, told you to never mind, for you would feel better by and by, and by that dying couch, where she looked so pale and talked so slowly, catching her breath between the words, and you felt an awful loneliness coming over your soul; by all that, I beg you to come back and take the same religion. It was good enough for her. It is good enough for you. Nay, I have a better plea than that. I plead by all the wounds and tears and blood and groans and agonies and death throes of the Son of God, who approaches you this moment with torn brow and lacerated hand, and whipped back, and saying: "Come unto me, all ye who are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

Again, there is a field of usefulness but little touched, occupied by those who are astray in their habits. All northern nations like those of North America and England and Scotland—that is, in the colder climates—are devastated by alcoholism. They take the fire to keep up the warmth. In southern countries, like Arabia and Spain, the blood is so they are not tempted to fiery liquids. The great Roman armies never drank anything stronger than water tinged with vinegar, but under our northern

climate the temptation to heating stimulants is most mighty and millions succumb. When a man's habits go wrong the church drops him, the social circle drops him, good influences drop him, we all drop him. Of all the men who get off track but few ever get on again. Near my summer residence there is a life-saving station on the beach. There are all the ropes and rockets, the boats, the machinery for getting people off shipwrecks. Summer before last I saw there fifteen or twenty men who were breakfasting after having just escaped with their lives and nothing more. Up and down our coasts are built these useful structures, and the mariners know it, and they feel that if they are driven into the breakers there will be apt from shore to come a rescue. The churches of God ought to be so many life-saving stations, not so much to help those who are in smooth waters, but those who have been shipwrecked. Come, let us run out the life-boats? And who will man them? We do not preach enough to such men; we have not enough faith in their release? Alas! if when they come to hear us we are laboriously trying to show the difference between sublapsarianism and supralapsarianism, while they have a thousand vipers of remorse and despair coiling around and biting their immortal spirits. The church is not chiefly for goodish sort of men whose proclivities are all right and who could get to heaven praying and singing in their own homes. It is on the beach to help the drownings. Those bad cases are the cases that God likes to take hold of. He can save a big sinner as well as a small sinner, and when a man calls earnestly to God for help He will go out to deliver such a one. If it were necessary God would come down from the sky, followed by all the artillery of heaven and a million angels with drawn swords. Get 100 such redeemed men in each of your churches, and nothing could stand before them, for such men are generally warm-hearted and enthusiastic. No formal prayers then. No heartless singing then. No cold conventionalisms then.

Furthermore, the destitute children of the street offer a field of work comparatively unoccupied. The uncared-for children are in the majority in Brooklyn and in most of our cities. When they grow up, if unreformed, they will outvote your children, and they will govern your children. The whisky ring will hatch out other whisky rings, and grog shops will kill with their horrible stench public sobriety, unless the church of God rises up with outstretched arms and enfolds his dying population in her bosom. Public schools cannot do it. Blackwell's Island cannot do it. Almshouses cannot do it. New York Tombs and Raymond Street Jail cannot do it. Sing Sing cannot do it. Church of God, wake up to your magnificent mission! You can do it. Get somewhere, somehow, to work.

The Prussian cavalry mount by putting their right foot into the stirrup, while the American cavalry mount by putting their left foot into the stirrup. I don't care how you mount your war charger, if you only get into this battle for God and get there soon, right stirrup, or left stirrup, or no stirrup at all. The unoccupied fields are all around us, and why should we build on another man's foundation? That God has called this church to especial work no one can doubt. Its history has been miraculous. God has helped us at every step, and though the wheels of its history have made many revolutions, they have all been forward, and never backward, and now with our borders enlarged and with important re-enforcements, we start on a new campaign. At Sharon Springs, nineteen years ago, while in the park, I asked God if He had any particular work for me to do to make it plain and I would do it. He revealed to me the style of church we were to have, and He revealed to me the architecture, and He revealed to me the modes of worship, and He revealed to me my work, and as far as in my ignorance and weakness I have seen the right way I have tried to walk in it. We decided that we wanted it a soul-saving church, and it has been almost a constant outpouring of the Holy Ghost. Ye powers of darkness, ye devils in hell, we mean to snatch from your dominion other multitudes, if God will help us. I have heard of what was called the "thundering legion." It was in 179 a part of the Roman army to which some Christians belonged, and their prayers, it was said, were answered by thunder and lightning and hail and tempest, which overthrew an invading army and saved the empire. And I would to God that this church may be so mighty in prayer and work that it would become a thundering legion before which the forces of sin might be restored, and the gates of hell might tremble. Now that the autumn has come, and the Gospel ship has been repaired and enlarged, it is time to launch her for another voyage. Heave away now, lads! Shake out the reefs in the foretopsail! Come, O heavenly wind, and fill the canvas! Jesus aboard will assure our safety. Jesus on the sea will beckon us forward. Jesus on the shining shore will welcome us into harbor. And so it came to pass that they all escaped safe to land.

If there had been another woman and a lawyer in the garden of Eden Eve would have probably got a divorce and married the devil.



# THE ST. JOE NEWS.

VOL. I.

ST. JOE, IND., FRIDAY, OCTOBER 21, 1887.

NO. 39.

## Churches.

### DISCIPLE.

SERVICES every alternate Sunday evening, in the Lutheran church. Cottage prayer meeting every Friday evening.

J. A. THOMAS, PASTOR.

### METHODIST PROTESTANT.

SERVICES every alternate Sunday at 10:30 A. M. Prayer meeting every Tuesday evening. Sunday School at 9:30 A. M.

J. M. LANGLEY, PASTOR.

### EVANGELICAL LUTHERAN.

SERVICES every Sunday, one Sunday in the morning at 10:30, and the following Sunday in the evening. Prayer meeting every Thursday evening. Sunday School at 9:30 A. M.

S. P. FRYBERGER, PASTOR.

## Societies.

### G. A. R.

REGULAR meetings on Saturday evening on or before the full moon of each month, at their hall over Leighty's store.

O. H. WIDNEY, COMMANDER.  
J. M. MILLIMAN, ADJUTANT.

## Business Notices.

H. W. BOWMAN, M. D., Physician and Surgeon, St. Joe, Ind., Office opposite the Drugstore.

ST. JOE HOTEL, Wm. Leighty, Proprietor. Special attention given to furnishing teams for commercial men.

B. S. SHEFFER, M. D., Physician and Surgeon, St. Joe, Ind. Prompt and careful attention to all business entrusted to his care.

ST. JOE BARBER SHOP, one door west of hotel, Will Gee, proprietor. Satisfaction guaranteed. Your patronage is solicited.

FILLEY, LOUNSBERRY AND SHULER, proprietors of the St. Joe Saw and Planing Mill. All work promptly done. Cash paid for Oak Logs.

CITY BARBER SHOP, St. Joe, Ind., John Hull, proprietor. Shaving, Hair Cutting &c. done in the best of style. Come and see me. Two doors west of Kinsey's Furniture Store.

SIMON WINELAND, proprietor St. Joe Handle and Feed Mills. Feed grinding a specialty. Highest prices paid for second growth White Ash. Enquire at the mill for full particulars.

## INDIANA STATE NEWS.

—The Louisville Times and other sensational papers compare Harrison County to the Kentucky counties of Bell and Rowan, and says that a reign of terror exists here on account of the depredations of the "White Caps." All such stuff is the sheerest nonsense, and is very ridiculous to those who are acquainted with the facts. It is true that there are "White Caps," and that they have done many things which were calculated to bring reproach upon the county; but it is not true that a reign of terror exists, and that men, women, and children are flogged until they fall from exhaustion and that men are frequently shot down in their door-yards. Harrison is one of the best counties in the State, and her people are industrious and happy. It has about 150 public schools, nearly that number of churches, and stands at the head in the Sunday-school cause. The people protest against being compared to the bloody counties of Kentucky, and know that they do not deserve any such censure.

Complications have arisen in the arrangement for the transfer of the gift of Elijah Hayes and wife, of Warsaw, who last month gave an estate valued at \$130,000 to the Mission Board of the M. E. Church. The property consists of Hotel Hayes, a three-story brick structure, several business blocks and about forty town lots, and two or three farms. The gift was hedged in with several conditions, which proved objectionable to the Mission Board. Among the stipulations made by Mr. Hayes was that the income only on the property be used for fifty years, the estate remaining intact, after which time it is to be at the disposal of the Board. An annuity is to be paid Mr. and Mrs. Hayes during life. The income from the property amounts to \$5,000 per year.

Peter Joyce, sentenced in 1884 to the Southern Prison from Switzerland County, for a nine years' term, on a charge of manslaughter, has been pardoned by the Governor. While returning from a hunting expedition with Squire Sanders, a friend, his gun was accidentally discharged, and he was killed. Joyce gave himself up, was tried and convicted. The judge who tried him, the county officers, and the G. A. R. post at Vevay, with all his neighbors, petitioned for his release. Joyce was in the army three years, and his reputation was that of a good citizen. He has served nearly four years, and is released on condition that he abstain from the use of intoxicants and lead a quiet and industrious life.

A carriage load of Reform School officers of Plainfield, started out recently to attempt the capture of an escaped inmate. Going east on the National road about two miles, all alighted except two officers. These two started to return to the institution with the carriage. When near town the horses became frightened and ran away. The officers remained in the carriage and kept the horses in the road until the bridge crossing White Lick, just west of town, was reached, when Joseph Fagin, one of the officers, thinking the carriage was going to upset, jumped, striking his head upon the ground, fracturing his skull and sustaining other injuries, from which he died.

Patents have been issued to the following named Indiana inventors: Macajah C. Henley, Richmond, machine for boring, drilling, driving, and withdrawing screws, etc.; James A. McCormick, Indianapolis, game; Henry D. Merrill, Columbus, flood-fence; Orlando Patricks, assignor of one-half to C. Ross, Shelbyville, washing machine; Benjamin Roberts, Indianapolis, smoke consumer; William E. Shaffer, Carlisle, machine for building fences; Anna M. Shirk, Anderson, garment-fastener.

—The agents of the drive-well monopoly are accused of resorting to many questionable plans for locating driven wells. It is said men are hired to go from house to house in Wabash County disguised as peddlers. While disposing of their wares they make an inspection of the premises, and if a driven well is found a report is made and the owner is soon notified to pay the royalty.

—Mrs. Harrison Posey came to Vincennes in September from Sweetwater, Texas. Her husband followed shortly after, but has not been heard from since. He had money and was 65 years old, and foul play is suspected. The old couple had been married but two years, and their union was the result of an early love romance, forty-six years before. The aged wife is grief-stricken.

—The most powerful gas well in the State is believed to be that at Greentown, Howard County. Owing to the noise made by the escaping gas it was found necessary to close the public schools, and no services could be held in the churches. The big well is generally voted a nuisance in its present condition. The roar of the well can be heard eight miles away.

—In August, Frank Fagan, Marshal of Marion, was attacked by a savage bull-dog belonging to Samuel Clannin, and seriously bitten. He sued Clannin for \$1,000. The case was tried and the jury brought in a verdict for the plaintiff for \$500.

—Thomas Sicklen, aged 19 years, was kicked near the temple by a mule at the residence of George Stearley, in Jackson Township, Clay County. His skull was crushed, and the brain is oozing from the fracture. He will die.

—Benjamin Washam, a bridge carpenter, residing at Connersville, while at work on the Hanna Creek railroad bridge, fell a distance of thirty feet, receiving internal injuries that it is feared will prove fatal.

—Thomas Wilkerson, the richest man in Jennings County, died of apoplexy, aged 88. He was worth about \$1,000,000.

—A wreck near Koutz caused by the collision of a freight and passenger train, caused a terrible loss of life, about thirty persons being crushed or burned to death.

—The large barn of John K. Smith, one-half mile north of Brookfield, was set on fire and totally destroyed with contents. Loss, \$2,000; insurance unknown.

All members of the Thirteenth Indiana Cavalry are requested to send their post-office address to O. D. Reeves, Secretary of the Association at Richmond.

—Lewis H. Farret was killed at Columbus City, by an old building falling on him.

—Mrs. Fromer has been convicted at Greengburg of murder in the first degree and sentenced to life imprisonment. She killed her husband.

—Charles Rutherford, a brakeman on the L. N. A. & C. Railway was so injured on his first trip that he died. His home is at Lafayette.

—The thirteenth natural-gas well sunk in Grant County was drilled in the Trenton rock at Marion, producing an immense flow of gas.

—Five thousand persons are wearing the blue ribbon at Greensburg, the result of Mr. Murphy's temperance work.

—At Marion while accompanying her husband to the house of a neighbor to visit a sick woman, Mrs. Evan Massey fell down in the road and instantly expired of heart disease.

"What have you to remark about my singing?" asked an irate vocalist. "Nothing," replied a spectator; "it is not remarkable."

"SARAH," said a wag "it's all over town." "What's all over town?" was the anxious inquiry. "Mud," Sarah's eyes dropped.

The man who has no rights is the man who lost his right arm and limb in the late war.

Don't undertake to kiss a furious woman; risk not a smuck in a storm.

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HOUSE PAINTING, Graining, Glaizing Paper Hanging and Ceiling Decorating a specialty. All work guaranteed. B. A. Woodcox. Call and see me, or leave orders at the St. Joe Drugstore.



# The St. Joe News.

ST. JOE, INDIANA.

MORT & WILL OLDS, PUBLISHERS.

## "TIRED OUT."

"Just tired out," the neighbor said, turning from the squalid bed, where the weary woman lay, panting life's last hours away. Save that sound of sobbing breath, all was still as coming death; for the frightened children cowered where, with heavy brows that lowered, 'neath the long enduring strain, the mute husband bore his pain.

Just tired out—far down below waves were fretting on the flow; and the full recurrent roar echoed upward from the shore; fainter grew the pulses' beat as the worn hands plucked the sheet, and the death-damps gathered, where ruffled all the tangled hair, said the watcher at her side, "She is waiting for the tide."

When the waves had ebbed anew the tired life was over too; gone from want and care and ill, very peacefully and still. After all she bore and wept, hard-worked wife and mother slept; very fair she looked, and meek, long dark lashes swept her cheek, worn hands crossed upon her breast, for the weary was at rest, all the year round.

## THE SMITHS.

They were exclusive in Opal. Opal was a little village, I won't say where, but it stood at the foot of a hill, and it doubtless stands there still. A pretty river meanders in and out amongst the highways and by-ways, so that you never know when you have to cross a bridge; and what with big trees, handsome houses, and a Gothic church, it is as pretty a place as can well be imagined. Perhaps that is the reason why its inhabitants—those whose fathers and grandfathers before them have been Opalites—are so exclusive, and turn the cold shoulder to all the strangers not properly introduced—not vouched for by somebody who is somebody.

However, at the date of our story, there dwelt amongst these exclusive people two high and mighty personages to whom all bowed down. There were the Smiths. The Smiths, Smith, we all know, is the name by which, when Adam got tired of naming the heads of ancient families, he christened all the rest in a lump.

These particular Smiths were also named John and Mary, which proves that *Romeo's* inquiry, "What's in a name?" was an apt question, for it made no difference; they were still *The* Smiths.

The first Smith bought land. There was not only a grandfather, but a great grandfather's father to be talked of as having built just there; and the present Mrs. Smith's relatives were great people; and they were rich—no one knew how rich.

It was the custom in Opal to wait until Mrs. Smith took notice of strangers before taking them up. That set the seal on their position.

When little Mrs. Miller came to Opal, because she thought it a pretty place, and built a house there, and brought her two little boys and her old servant with her, she did not know the ways of the place. She was social, and used to being liked for herself. She had been even sought after.

But Opal did not know her "family;" thought her "too dressy for a widow;" too pretty, too. It was fashionable to be plain of face and costume in Opal. The best families were all like that.

Close watch was kept over the Smiths. They did not call. Therefore no one else called. But little Mrs. Miller, who was not apt to fancy herself likely to be slighted, laid all the primness of the manners of the Opalites to the fact that she had not been pleasant enough to them, and having arranged her tiny home to her satisfaction, sent out cards of invitation to a tea to all those to whom she had spoken at the church or who were very near her home, so that "pleasant mornings" or "good evenings" had been exchanged.

"Everybody is respectable in these small places," she thought, "and all acquainted, of course."

Mrs. Bright, the minister's wife, was the first to get her cards. Unfortunately, as she expressed it to Mrs. Miller, her husband was going to marry a couple that afternoon, and as they were friends, she was going to the wedding.

The rest simply looked at their cards contemptuously, and, without hesita-

tion, penned "regrets" without apology.

"Does she expect to step into our society that way without our knowing who she is?" said Mrs. Doubledée Brick, with a sniff. "I shan't send any answer what-ever."

"When the Smiths have not called," added her mother-in-law.

And so the postman had a large parcel of small envelopes for Mrs. Miller one morning, and she, for the first time in her life, felt angry. She had not made a party of it, only an informal affair, with one day's notice, and everything was prepared. Her new dress, black lace, with a pale-pink bow in her black hair, and pale-pink roses for her belt, hung on a chair, and, for a while, the little woman was very angry; indeed—mortified, too.

The first dawn of such a feeling was very painful.

Was she cut by these unimportant people of Opal—she, who in London had been a beauty, and in Dublin had had so many invitations that to know which to accept for a certain night was rather difficult?

However, there was no antecedents of an unpleasant nature in her life—nothing to make her think "they have heard;" and after awhile she laughed over it.

She had never heard of *The* Smiths. They lived a distance away, and attended another church outside the village, where their nephew preached.

She had not to her knowledge, met either of them, for she did not know that the old gentleman who had helped her into her carriage one day at the station, when her horse would not stand still, was *The* Smith, and she had sent this good couple no cards.

She did not know that not to know them was to be yourself unknown in Opal best society.

Nor did she guess that Fate had her tea in hand.

It was 4 o'clock in the afternoon.

One or two of the Opalites had not condescended to reply at all, so though she guessed they were not coming, she had dressed and ordered the tea to be prepared.

"I have a fine appetite, and Charlie and Will can get through with a great deal of cake," she said to the old servant, who understood the situation as well as she did.

And then she wandered out into the garden, and walked amongst her flowers.

Just as she had reached the western fence, already gilded by the setting sun, she became aware of a cloud of dust along the road, and saw in a moment that two horses were running away with a little vehicle, in which sat an old lady and gentleman, and in a moment more, as they crossed a little bridge, the carriage overset, a wheel came off, and the old lady was thrown over the rail into the water.

The old gentleman fell into the mud, but regained his feet, and rescued the old lady.

Meanwhile, Mrs. Miller had called the man at work amongst her vegetables, and the horses, released from the conveyance, were standing quite still.

Mrs. Miller herself now ran down the road, and ushered the two old people into her house, congratulating them upon being alive, and minus broken bones. She led the old lady to her room, provided her with fresh garments and a warm, silk shawl, sent her other garments to the kitchen to dry, and, finally, amidst a multitude of thanks, invited them to take tea with her.

"After such a shock you ought to rest awhile," she said; "and if you will allow me to keep you all night, I shall be so glad. I have plenty of rooms."

The answer was peculiar.

"It is evident," said the old lady, "that you are of good family. Only such people are capable of offering hospitality in this way. The common run know nothing about it. We can return home quite well, I think; but we appreciate your kindness, and we will drink tea with you with pleasure."

It was a very solemn address.

"Has the Queen of England by any chance, come to this country place? Am I entertaining her unawares?" Mrs. Miller asked herself as she repressed her inclination to laugh.

But she felt that, at least, these people were polite, and she took the two cards bearing the inscriptions, "Mr. John Smith," "Mrs. John Smith," which the old people offered her, and returned her own, never guessing that these were *The* Smiths of Opal, and that her tea would be the talk of the place.

At the appointed time they were summoned.

Old Margaret waited; the two little boys put on their company manners. Mrs. Miller was a good hostess. The sturdy old couple had excellent appetites, and paid compliments at intervals, and it came to pass that in the course of the feast Mrs. Miller became confidential—told of her invitations, and of the general refusal of them, and said to Mrs. Smith, "Do you think they have some terrible idea about me, or have I outraged the customs of Opal by being uncereceremonious?"

Mrs. Smith looked at Mr. Smith. They understood the position. Mrs. Smith knew she had not called, but she only answered, "Country people are often odd, you know."

After this she took pains to discover Mrs. Miller's antecedents, and grew radiant when she learnt that she was a Miss Smith before her marriage—a Miss Smith whose grandfather was a second cousin of Mr. Smith's own father; and still Mrs. Miller did not guess at the great social importance of this afternoon tea-drinking.

But the Smiths did. As they drove home together, the old lady remarked, "That is a charming little lady. I will arrange things for her."

And passing Mrs. Doubledée Brick on the road, she called to her, "Such a charming afternoon at Mrs. Miller's! Sorry you were not there. A distant relation of our own."

The news soon spread over the place. The Smiths had been to Mrs. Miller's tea. She was related to them.

Mrs. Doubledée Brick rejoiced that she had sent no reply, and wrote at once to say that "the note had missed her."

Oh, Mrs. Opie! Did she ever read your "White Lies," I wonder?

Mrs. Miller was good-humored, but she was also bright. She soon understood the situation; and it took a great deal of courting to win her into Opal society. When once there, she became authority on all fashionable questions, and after the Smiths, her notice is the notice requisite to introduce new people. Remembering her own experiences, she is always very kind.

## The Improvement of City Government.

If popular government and universal suffrage are to have any real meaning, the people must be placed in a position to know what is going on; whereas all our present arrangements, whether by the agency of committee-rooms, or by that of executive officials, who never appear before the public at all, are such that the people never know anything of that with respect to which they are yet to judge and to decide. In the New England town-meeting, the selectmen appear one or twice a year before the whole assembly of the inhabitants, and are cross-questioned by individuals. The test is so severe, and the judgment follows so swiftly at the elections, that corruption and even political intrigue are almost unknown. When a city becomes too large for such a meeting, the change is made to a city government, with one or two representative councils. In theory these councils should do the work of the town meeting—that is, watch the course of administration, enforce responsibility, and keep the people informed. In practice, they get possession of a large part of the administration, break up and destroy responsibility, and effectually conceal both their own doings and those of the executive. The offset and safeguard in entrusting extensive powers to a mayor is in providing a tribunal before which he and his agents may promptly, easily, and continuously be held to public account. If a body of one or two hundred men from all parts of New York were to assemble, say once a month, being debarred by law from any interference with administration, having no power to dictate any action or to vote any appropriation except upon proposal of the executive, but with full power of suggestion, of criticism, and of veto; if the mayor and his chief officials were to appear publicly before this body at each session to submit their plans, answer questions, and ask for votes of money, the people would be perfectly able to judge of the character and actions of their servants, and to express their opinions at the polls. Then, and not till then, can we hold universal suffrage responsible for failures of government.—*Gamaliel Bradford, in Scribner's Magazine.*

Do not wait for extraordinary opportunities for good actions, but make use of common situations.—*Goethe.*

## PITH AND POINT.

THE sculler should be like the oyster, quite at home in his shell.

THE more reckless a ship captain is the more wrecks he is apt to have.

WHICH is the best of the four seasons for arithmetic? The summer.

IT'S a happy woman who can select her new bonnet on first sight.—*Cincinnati Telegram.*

WHEN trousers show signs of bagging at the knees it begins to be hard to pay for them.—*Puck.*

"BLESSED be the tie that binds," was never sung by the man who was going to be hung.—*Carl Pretzel.*

MARYLAND produces a man so old that he can remember when the earth was flat.—*Little Californian.*

THE June bug disappears in June. The lightning-bug in May. The best-bug takes his bonnet off, and says, "I've come to stay."

A SUBSCRIBER asks: "What causes ring-worms?" We do not know positively, but suspect that ring-worms are caused by the worms going into politics.—*Newman Independent.*

UNTIL once with a picnic party we stumbled over a wasps' nest we had never fully grasped all the outlying and circumjacent wisdom of the old saying that nothing runs like a woman stung.

THE man who raised a cabbage head has done more good than all the metaphysicians in the world," observed Professor Blomson. "Then," observed Professor Jones, "your mother ought to have the premium."

HUSBAND—Wife, hand me out my Sunday coat.—Wife But, my dear, this is not Sunday; it is only Saturday. "I know it's only Saturday, but I'm going to attend a fashionable dinner, and it will be Sunday before I get back."—*Texas Siftings.*

STRANGER (in law office): I want to see Mr. — the gentleman with the red beard who usually sits at that desk by the window. Intelligent Lawyer's Clerk: Well, that gentleman's gone for the day, sir; but there's a gentleman with a long white beard who'll be back directly.

A VERMONT, attending a prayer-meeting in Massachusetts, heard an elderly gentleman express his feelings in the following manner: "And we should all, my very dear friends, bless the Lord that we were not born in Africa or Vermont, nor any other dark corner of the earth."

OMAHA Girl—What! Art at funerals? Boston Girl—Yes, indeed. Hand-painted coffins are all the style in Boston now. Some of the latest designs are most gloriously beautiful. "Beautiful!" "Distractingly. It is all we can do to keep people from committing suicide."—*Omaha World.*

"TERRIBLE storm that, last evening, George." "Didn't hear it, old man." "Didn't hear it? Man alive, it thundered fit to wake the dead?" "Ha, I thought I saw lightning, but I didn't hear any thunder. An old schoolmate of my wife's is visiting her and they haven't seen each other for ten years."—*Burdette.*

A SON of the Emerald Isle meeting a countryman whose face was not perfectly remembered, after saluting him most cordially, inquired his name. "Walsh," was the answer. "Walsh, Walsh," responded the Paddy, "are ye not from Cork? I knew two old maids there of that name. Was anyther of them yer mother?"

"By the way," inquired the scholarly visitor, "I suppose you are well supplied with light literature, Mrs. Beau-blower; have you on your shelves Arnold's 'Light of Asia'?" "Wall, no, Miss Vassarine, I don't b'lieve I have. Since Matilda Jerusha came so near being blown up with camphene ten years ago, Mr. Beau-blower has sot his foot down flat again any of them fool-killers. I know well enough there ain't a drop of 'Light of Asia' in the house. You see we confine ourselves entirely to taller candles and kerosene, and Dan'l says them ain't no more dangerous than sperm ile, and they come a tarnation sight cheaper."—*Carl Pretzel's National.*

CONSUME little time in regret. The best repentance is reformation. What tears of contrition are powerless to effect, an altered life easily accomplishes.

A CHAIR of sanitary engineering, believed to be the only one in existence, has been established in the Imperial University of Japan.



## IN FEAR OF IMMINENT DEATH.

A Great Russian Novelist's Description of a Dying Man's Thoughts.

(Exchange.)

Count Leo Tolstol in "Sebastopol" thus describes the fall of a shell: "To earth!" shouted a voice. Mikhailoff and Praskoukine obeyed. The latter, with shut eyes, heard the shell fall somewhere on the hard earth very near him. A second, which appears to him an hour, passed, and the shell did not burst. Praskoukine was frightened, then he asked himself what cause he had for fear. Perhaps it had fallen farther away and he wrongly imagined that he heard the fuse hissing near him. Opening his eyes he was satisfied to see Mikhailoff stretched motionless at his feet, but at the same time he perceived, a yard off, the lighted fuse of the shell spinning around like a top. A glacial terror, which stifled every thought, every sentiment, took possession of his soul. He hid his face in his hands. Another second passed, during which a whole world of thoughts, of hopes, of sensations and of souvenirs passed through his mind. "Whom will it kill? Me or Mikhailoff, or indeed both of us together? If it is I, where will it hit me? If in the head it will be all over; if on the foot they will cut it off. Then I shall insist that they give me chloroform and I may get well. Perhaps Mikhailoff alone will be killed and later I will tell how we were close together and how I was covered with his blood. No, no; it is nearer me; it will be I!" Then he remembered the twelve rubles he owed Mikhailoff and another debt left at Petersburg, which ought to have been paid long ago. "A Bohemian air that he sang the evening before came to his mind. He also saw in his imagination the lady he was in love with in her lilac trimmed bonnet; the man who had insulted him five years before, and whom he had never taken vengeance on. But in the midst of these and many other souvenirs the present feeling—the expectation of death—did not leave him. "Perhaps it isn't going to explode!" he thought, and was on the point of opening his eyes with desperate boldness. But at this instant a red fire struck his eyeballs through the closed lids, something hit him in the middle of the chest with a terrible crash. He ran forward at random, entangled his feet in his sword, stumbled, and fell on his side. "God be praised, I am only bruised." This was his first thought, and he wanted to feel of his breast, but his hands seemed as if they were tied. A vise gripped his head, soldiers ran before his eyes, and he mechanically counted them: "One, two, three soldiers, and, besides, an officer who is losing his cloak!" A new light flashed; he wondered what had fired. Was it a mortar or a cannon? Doubtless a cannon. Another shot, more soldiers—five, six, seven. They passed in front of him, and suddenly he became terribly afraid of being crushed by them. He wanted to cry out, to say that he was bruised, but his lips were dry, his tongue was glued to the roof of his mouth. He had a burning thirst. He felt that his breast was damp, and the sensation of this moisture made him think of water. He would have liked to drink that which drenched him. "I must have knocked the skin off in falling," he said to himself, more and more frightened at the idea of being crushed by the soldiers who were running in crowds before him. He tried again to cry out "Take me!" but instead of that he uttered a groan so terrible that he was frightened at it himself. Then red sparks danced before his eyes—it seemed as if the soldiers were piling stones on him. The sparks danced more rapidly, the stones piled on him stifled him more and more. He stretched himself out; he ceased to see, to hear, to think, to feel. He had been killed instantly by a piece of shell striking him full in the breast.

### Cow-Boy Dialect.

It becomes, indeed, a familiar and useful addition to your conversational stock of the vernacular. Nay, you even find the field of its usefulness enlarging, for the terms of the "round-up" and the "branding" and sheep-shearing are more or less piquant, and lend themselves easily to applications remote from their primitive usage. Transposed to the ordinary business or social concerns of modern life; they reveal new sources of humor; they place old saws and old customs in a sharp light, a fresh illumination; but always by that undercurrent of suggestion, contrast, or association with original

pursuits, which the words described. So I heard, last year, a politician speak of a bolter of the Republican ticket as a "bucker." A "bucking horse" is one that "jumps sidewise or forward, up and down, with his legs stiffened into an unrelaxed perpendicular," and the image certainly has a kind of affinity with the moral action of a refractory voter.—*Scribner's Magazine.*

### Medieval Method of Banishing Vermin.

In 1749 appeared in the Canton of Berne, Switzerland, an enormous number of grubs, and it was feared that the whole crop would be destroyed, therefore the council of the commonwealth sent a deputation to the Archbishop of Lausanne, with the petition to banish the obnoxious creatures from the canton. Of course it is not stated that the neighboring cantons had agreed to receive the grubs, but the Archbishop seems not to have considered the incongruity of said petition. He gave an affirmative answer and authorized the priest at Berne to impose the banishment of the grubs, providing for strict observance of customs and laws. After a prayer an advocate for the people was chosen. He notified the court of his appointment, and proposed the citation of the grubs. On a certain day some of the grubs were brought before the court and their advocates chosen. The priest, followed by a large crowd of pious people in a solemn procession, went to the cemetery, to the fields, to the vineyards, and to the banks of the river to serve the summons on the defendant. He delivered the following—at that time probably courteous—address as a warning and as a citation to the felons:

"Ye hideous and degraded creatures, ye grubs! There was nothing like ye in the ark of Noah. By order of my august superior, the Archbishop of Lausanne, and in obedience to the holy church, I command ye all and every one to disappear, during the next six days, from every place where food grows for man or beast. If not obedient, I enjoin ye to appear on the sixth day, at 1 o'clock, afternoon, at Willisburg, before the Archbishop of Lausanne."

As some righteous people objected because citation was not exactly made in the manner provided by law, the case was postponed, and after a lawful citation, another day was named. Then the process began. The advocate chosen for the defendant was Joad Perrodet, a well-known dogmatical and obstinate disputant. Perhaps it will appear somewhat doubtful if the nomination of the advocate fulfilled exactly the demands of the law and custom of time, as it is stated that Mr. Perrodet died a short time before his nomination. Nevertheless, the case and the complaint were read, and, as no defender appeared, the judgment was given for the plaintiff.

"We, Benedictus, of Monferrand, Archbishop of Lausanne, condemn and excommunicate ye obnoxious worms and grubs, that nothing shall be left of ye, except such parts as can be useful to man."—*The Swiss Cross.*

### The Noble Boston Man.

A Boston broker lost a wallet containing \$15,000 on the street and a newsboy found it and brought it to the owner. The man struggled with a terrible temptation to be mean and sordid for a moment, and then, forgetting self and casting to the winds his greed of gain as he trampled the temptation under his feet, gave the honest boy permission to go on the Common and play every day. "We can trust you," sobbed the grateful man; "we know that you will keep off the grass." O how often this opportunity to make others happy by a kind word, a gentle smile, or some little act of kindness knocks at our door and we heed it not, until it is too late. O that more people were like the Boston man. (P. S.—They are.)—*Burdette, in Brooklyn Eagle.*

### Aluminium Alloys.

Of the alloys of aluminium, the series formed with copper, and known as aluminium bronze, are the most important. The alloy containing 90 per cent of copper and 10 of aluminium is the most prominent of these, and was discovered as long ago as 1856 by Dr. John Percy. It has a deep golden color, a specific gravity of 7.7, and can be shaped at a red heat and hammered until cold without cracking. The alloys change to white in color when the proportion of aluminium reaches about 20 per cent.—*Arkansas Traveler.*

### A Ghost in Tennessee.

From the time of the first settlement of the country there were ghost stories connected with the old stone fort on the Duck River, which about 1834 culminated in a remarkable episode, says the Nashville American. In 1833 six gentlemen, men of high standing, who lived in Murfreesborough, went out in the neighborhood of the old fort to have a fox hunt. The country was thinly settled, and there were many deer. After having camped out for several days one night they saw strange sights, which caused them to leave next day. They were not communicative, but the story got out and was much talked of. The next fall these same six gentlemen, with nine others, went back and camped upon the same spot. It was said they were quite anxious to see the same sights that had been seen before. But a week passed and they saw nothing, though they were quite successful in killing deer.

At the end of about a week a man named Latimer got two small boys in the neighborhood, and fixing up a dumb bull, went out to see how they would stand a strange noise. It was in the fall, a frosty night, the hunters had a big fire and were in great glee. For three hours the dumb bull was made to do work from different points of the woods at a safe distance. At first the hunters were disposed to laugh, then they got quiet, finally they commenced shooting. Many guns were fired. This was kept up until the man and two boys left, which was about midnight. Between midnight and day the whole fifteen men left the camp, leaving their meat and other things, and went to a farmhouse, the house where the two boys who had been in the mischief were sleeping. Next morning the hunters told wonderful stories about what they saw, how it came close up to the fire, and how impervious it was to their bullets, how it changed about from an animal to a woman, and what it would say. The two boys were as still as mice, for they had stolen off from their father by the persuasion of Latimer, who was himself a hunter and wanted to drive these hunters away.

The fifteen men left that morning and went back to Murfreesborough to verify and make good the ghost story of the year before. The story got into the newspapers, and was the biggest sensation that had turned up for many years. But it got out that two boys and a hunter had scared them away. This was denied, and the ghost theory was maintained with heroic verity. One of the gentlemen, Jack Fletcher, was often a member of the Legislature afterward, but this ghost story always stuck to him. Another one of them, Len Sims, was a member of Congress from Missouri and was a war Democrat in 1847. After making a war speech, a Whig, who was not for the war, told the Tennessee ghost story, with much coloring, on Sims. It was said to modify his war spirit very much.

This knighthood service in the land of ghosts took place fifty-three years ago. All the participants are dead but one of the boys who lives to write this story and verify its truth.

### The Highest Church in Europe.

The very highest church in Europe is the pilgrimage chapel of the St. Maria de Ziteit, above Salux, in the canton of Graubunden. It lies 2,431 meters above the sea level—nearly 8,000 feet high above the forest, near the limits of perpetual snow. It is only open during the summer time of that region—or, as the folk thereabouts reckon, from St. John the Baptist's day to St. Michael's day—and is used only by the Alp herders, who remain there through the summer with their cows and goats, and occasionally by hunters in search of the chamois and marmot. All the inhabitants of Salux, climb up thither on midsummer days to assist at the first mass and to hear the first sermon of the year, and there is also a crowded congregation on Michael-mass day, at the last service of the year. From time to time a few stray pilgrims from the Graubunden Oberland and the Tyrol find their way there. The second highest church probably in Europe, that of Monstein, also open in the summer, belongs to Graubunden. At our visit the hale old preacher had five foreign tourists for his congregation.—*Bundner Tagblatt.*

Though color be the lowest of all the constituent parts of beauty, yet it is vulgarly the most striking.—*Joseph Spence.*

This is the time of Year

When it behooves one to look to it that the family repository contains its regular supply of

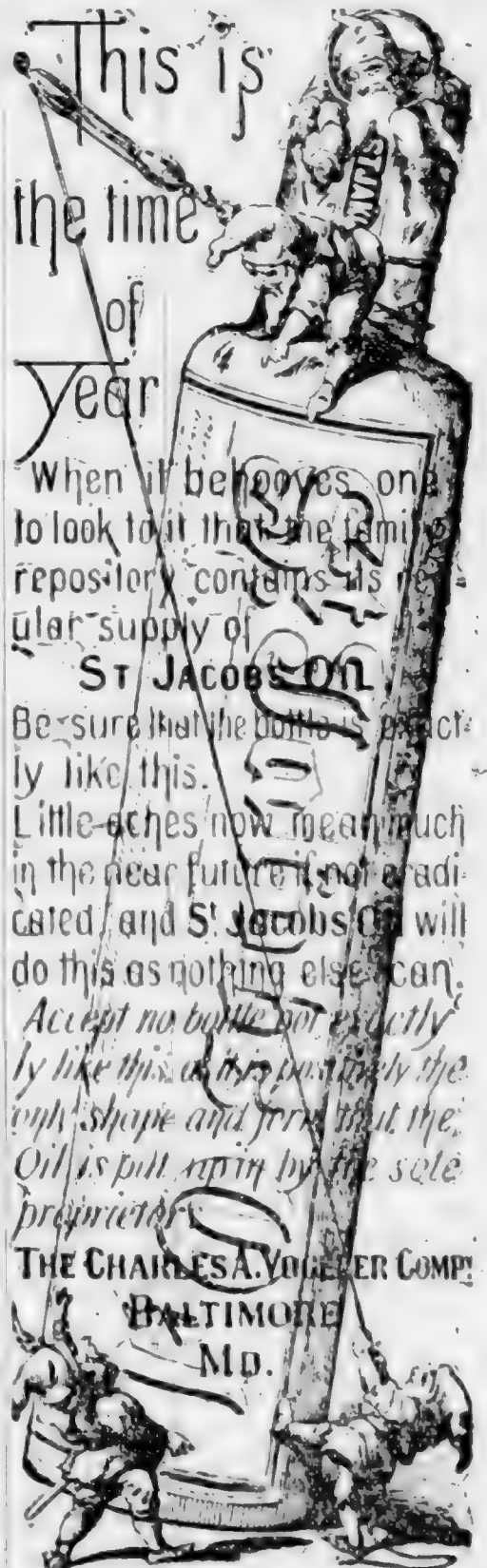
**ST JACOB'S OIL**

Be sure that the bottle is exactly like this.

Little aches now mean much in the near future if not eradicated, and St. Jacobs Oil will do this as nothing else can.

Accept no bottle not exactly like this, as it is positively the only shape and form that the Oil is put up in by the sole proprietor.

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**PRICKLY ASH BITTERS**

IT IS A PURELY VEGETABLE PREPARATION CONTAINING PRICKLY ASH BARK AND PRICKLY ASH BERRIES Senna-Mandrake-Buchu AND OTHER EQUALLY EFFICIENT REMEDIES

SEIT DER ZEIT SEINES BEKANNEN IST DER PRICKLY ASH BITTERS ALS EIN UNIVERSALMITTEL ZUM VIELNIGEN DES KRAUKES, ZUR STÄRKUNG DER LEBER, GALLE, NIEREN UND DES MAGENS BEKANNT.

Thäpsephie, Verstopfung, Gelbsucht, Nerven-schwäche u. s. w. werden leicht und schnell beseitigt durch den heilbringenden Einfluss des Prickly Ash Bitters.

Der Prickly Ash Bitters ist ein ausgezeichnetes Hygienemittel, und kann folglich nicht als ein Getränk gebraucht werden, obwohl es durch seinen angenehmen Geschmack dazu berechtigt wäre.

**PRICKLY ASH BITTERS**  
CURES ALL DISEASES OF THE LIVER, KIDNEYS, STOMACH AND BOWELS.  
FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.  
PRICE 1 DOLLAR

**Prickly Ash Bitters Co.**  
Eigenthümer,  
St. Louis & Kansas City.

FOR ALL DISORDERS OF THE

**Stomach, Liver and Bowels**

TAKE

**PACIFIC LIVER PILLS**

STRICTLY VEGETABLE.

Cure Constipation, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Piles, Sick Headache, Liver Complaints, Loss of Appetite, Biliousness, Nervousness, Jaundice, etc. For Sale by all Druggists. Price, 25 Cents.

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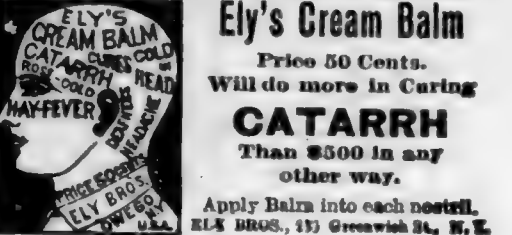
Will do more in Curing

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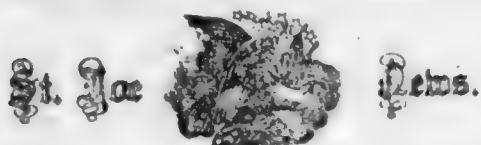
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Apply Balm into each nostril.

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Six Months ..... 50  
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FRIDAY OCTOBER 21, 1887.

There was a good deal of "mist" in some of our exchanges last week.

Dr. Matheny of Auburn was called here Wednesday as council in the case of Curt Washler's sick child.

Mrs. Jones of Garrett is president of the county W. C. T. U., which meets here to-morrow. She will be present and have charge of the meeting.

It is said that Edgerton has really struck a paying vein of gas, and it was also reported on our streets yesterday that Auburn had run into a good flow of that valuable article. We hope both reports may prove true.

Miss White will arrive here from Pennsylvania to-morrow, and will attend the convention at the Methodist church in the evening, and on Sunday evening will deliver her lecture. She is a speaker of acknowledged ability, and none should fail to hear her.

The schools at this place will open one week from Monday, with Prof. Frank Coughanour as principal. Miss Emma Curie in charge of the intermediate department, and Miss Murray as primary teacher. The indications are that St. Joe will have the best school this winter that has ever been held here.

The county convention of the W. C. T. U. will be held in the Methodist church in this place to-morrow. Delegates from all parts of the county will be present. A good program has been prepared and an interesting time is expected. The morning session will begin at 10 o'clock, the afternoon session at 1:30, and the evening session at 7:30 o'clock. All are invited to attend.

The much-talked-of wooden wedding occurred in this place last Saturday. Justice Hines of Jackson township, occupied one end of the judicial bench, while our own good natured Justice Ables held down the other end. After a couple of hours spent in arguing the pro's and con's, and the whyfore's and wherefore's in the case, a judgment of \$9.50 was rendered in favor of Chris Curie. Lawing don't pay, for no doubt each of the parties concerned, have spent more than that amount in time and money, besides the vexation and bad feeling that is always engendered on such occasions.

**THE VERDICT UNANIMOUS.**—W. D. Sult, Druggist, Bippus, Ind., testifies: "I can recommend Electric Bitters as the very best remedy. Every bottle sold has given relief in every case. One man took six bottles, and was cured of Rheumatism of 10 years' standing." Abraham Hare, Druggist Bellville, O., allrms: "The best selling medicine I have ever handled in my 20 years' experience, is Electric Bitters." Thousands of others have added their testimony, so that the verdict is unanimous that Electric Bitters do cure all diseases of the liver, Kidneys or Blood. Only a dollar a bottle at W. C. Patterson Drug Store.

#### OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

##### SPENCERVILLE.

G. A. Bishop was at Kendallville Friday.

Henry Carnes has moved into Mrs. Wilson's house.

Ethel Provines has been quite sick for the past few days.

Teacher's meeting at the residence of Mr. Smith next Saturday evening.

T. S. Murray and wife visited last week with their daughter Mrs. John Bantz at Hometown.

Z. T. Kagey and family, and G. B. Wilson and wife, of Hicksville, spent Sunday in this place.

Dr. T. J. Dills and Ronnie Dawson, of Fort Wayne, were the guests of J. W. Dills and family last Sunday.

Mrs. J. Chaney and Mrs. Brown and son, of Ashland, Ohio, have been visiting with relatives at this place during the past week.

The Wilcox family are billed to show in town next Monday. We suppose they only show in large towns, as they did not bill St. Joe.

##### PIGION'S RETREAT.

John Gill Jr. is plastering his new house.

Philip Kennedy is chopping cord wood for S. S. Shutt.

Mr. Kitzmiller and wife, of Ohio, are visiting friends in this neighborhood.

Bert Timmerman has had a severe attack of malarial fever and is now convalescent.

Wilson Koch and Jimmie Ryan are doing a job of ditching in Jackson township.

Jim Armstrong will work at "Buckeye" Shilling's this winter in the capacity of chore boy.

Miss Amanda Bear, of Massillon, O., is the guest of her sister Mrs. Minnie Shilling of this place.

A meek book agent from Hicksville, is canvassing this part of the country for subscribers for a book entitled "Sea and Land." Perhaps it is unnecessary to state that he is blessed with an extraordinary amount of the gift of gab.

Josephus Shilling was seriously hurt one day recently. He was climbing upon a load of corn-fodder, when the upright of the wagon-rack, to which he was holding, broke, letting him fall. The horses started, drawing the wagon over his body and nearly cut him in two.

##### CONCORD.

Charley Rickett is slowly recovering.

Lyman Knight has gone to Valparaiso.

Sake Hilderbrandt, of Coburntown was at home over Sunday.

We understand that Belle H. has become a lover of a Bone.

Mrs. Dessa Milliman visited at the home of her parents last Sunday.

Blessed is the itemizer of the News for he getteth a big salary.

Retta Bishop, of St. Joe, was the guest of Belle Milton last Sunday.

Jim McKinney disappeared from home very suddenly one day last week.

The Sabbath school voted to observe college day in three weeks from next Sunday.

Mrs. Becca Hilderbrandt, of La-Grange, is visiting in the neighborhood this week.

George Wade Jr. is adding another story to his house, and making other needed improvements.

Vill is there any one sick at your house? We heard that Lou Howey sat up there all night last Saturday night.

## EXAMINE THE LARGEST, FINEST,

AND MOST COMPLETE LINE OF

## Men's, Ladies', Misses' & Children's FINE SHOES.

Ever exhibited in St. Joe. They comprise the most popular as Reed, Weaver, Gokey & Son, &c. The buttons will be rose shoes purchased of us, with Wilkin's patent fasteners. Call at once.

J. D. LEIGHTY, ST. JOE.

Dan Welsh has purchased a new Elkhart buggy, and the way he puts on the style is wonderful.

Harlo Elm, of Auburn, came down to attend his mother's funeral, and returned again the next day.

Mrs. J. A. Miller, of Lansing, is visiting her many friends and relatives of this place for a few weeks.

Mrs. Sturgis, of Sturgis and Mrs. Castleo, of Leo, were in attendance at their mother's (Mrs. Ulm) funeral last week.

Mr. Kitzmiller and wife, of Stark Co., Ohio, are visitors in the Shilling family for a few days. She is a sister of Sol Shilling.

Henry Baker is doing a thriving business this fall. He makes a specialty of boots and shoes. He sold twenty-four pairs in one day. Pretty good for a country store.

Some said they believed the writer of the Concord item was dead because none appeared in the paper of week before last. Not dead, but called away from home for several days.

A couple of light fingered chap-tried to gain an entrance into Joe Koch's house through the cellar-way, one evening last week, but Charley rushed out of the back door with the shot gun, and Amanda with the revolver and effectually frightened them away. Their parents were away from home and the children were determined not to be scared out.

#### CARD OF THANKS.

I desire to return my thanks, through the columns of the News, to the friends and neighbors who so kindly aided me during my sad affliction.  
Nelson Ulm.

#### Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

THE BEST SALVE in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. PRICE 25 cents per box. For sale by W. C. Patterson.



TRUTH IS RIGHT AND WILL PREVAIL.

#### LOOK THIS WAY!

I keep on hand a fine line of Furniture, which I will sell for the next 60 days at prices that defy competition. Glass Cupboards \$8.50. Double Canoe Seat and Back Rockers \$2. Dressing Case, with French Plate Glass \$12.00. Carpet Lounges \$6.50. Solid Comfort Beds for \$2.25. Undertaking a speciality.

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M. TUSTISON.

—DEALER IN—

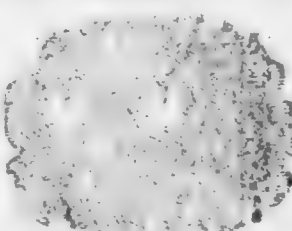
## Groceries, Flour,

PROVISIONS,

CANDLES, CIGARS, TOBACCO.

Canned Fruit, Beans, Dried Beef, Cheese, Bologna, etc. Produce taken in exchange for goods.

ST. JOE, IND.



W. C. PATTERSON.

at the St. Joe Drugstore, repairs Clocks, Watches and Jewelry. All work warranted and prices reasonable. Give me your work.

## New Goods Arriving Daily!

CALL ON US FOR

## BIG BARGAINS.

FULL LINE OF

## LADIES CLOAKS AND WRAPS.

FINE STOCK OF CLOTHING ON HAND.

HEATING & COOK STOVES A SPECIALTY.

S. & F. BARNEY, ST. JOE, IND.



## At the Drugstore.

School Books.  
Slates.  
Writing Paper.  
Ink and Pens.  
Pencils of all kinds.  
Scratch Books.

## At the Drugstore.

### For Sale.

A good one and a-half story dwelling and lot, situated in St. Joe, for sale at a bargain. For particulars call on our address.

M. Richards, Hicksville, O.

### LOCALS.

Shilling shipped a car load of hogs Tuesday.

O. H. Widney was in Fort Wayne Tuesday.

Byron Hadsett will teach the normal Coburntown school this winter.

Mrs. Grosh of Leo, visited with Jake Sechler's over last Sunday.

Another cheap excursion to Chicago next Tuesday. Only \$3.15 for the round trip.

Our railroad time card and market report are crowded out this week, to make room for local matter.

"Buckskin Joe" will lecture at Spencerville. We understand that he gave general satisfaction here.

The members of the Rehebeth congregation surprised Rev. Langley with a donation party on Thursday.

Samuel Widney and wife left this week for a visit among friends in the west. They will be absent two or three weeks.

Frank Coughanour was in town Wednesday, looking up a house to move into. He found vacant houses very scarce in this place.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Ooder and little daughter, Ida, of Norvell, Michigan, are visiting friends here and at Spencerville, this week.

C. C. Walter was in town Wednesday, looking after the sale of the Hart and Reed ditches. The contract for digging same was sold mostly to the parties interested.

There was a chicken-pie social at Newville last evening. It strikes us, that that is a pretty good kind of a social, especially if there was plenty of chicken in the pie.

Burglaries are being committed all around us but as yet St. Joe has not been molested. Since the shooting of Thompson last year, they seem to be afraid to tackle this place.

J. D. Leighty has been at Cleveland this week, buying new goods. St. Joe merchants are constantly buying new goods in order to supply the demands of the trade in our thriving little town.

Isaac Meek of Lima, visited in this place this week, with his son Harry.

Misses Mattie White and Leona Tustison visited in Garrett over last Sunday.

C. P. Houser is putting blackboards in the addition to the school house this week.

Emmett Bratton the newly elected prosecutor will take his office on the 23rd of this month.

Mervin Widney killed two blue racers this week, one of them being nearly five feet long.

Miss Prudie Lounsberry has been visiting friends at Bristol for the past two weeks. She also in company with friends visited Chicago during her absence.

Owing to the temperance lecture in the evening at the Methodist church, Rev. Fryberger will preach Sunday afternoon at half past two o'clock. You are invited.

Two persons in Ohio received a prize of \$100.00 last week for collecting the largest number of Arbuckle coffee wrappers in 3 months. They had collected 3,552 wrappers.

Monday was Nena Leighty's 10th birthday and quite a number of her young friends were invited in to celebrate the occasion. Mrs. Leighty had prepared an excellent dinner for them, and they enjoyed it as children only can. Nena was the recipient of a number of little presents.

Squire Ables ought to pay us a royalty on weddings. We've been advertising him a good deal lately as being a tip-top hand to marry folks, and his business in that direction seems to be on the increase. Last Sunday he married Henry Bice and Julia Brown, both of Hall's Corners.

We heard a man remark the other day that he was ready to put up a grist mill at this place, as soon as he can find a partner who will take an equal share with him. He is one of our best citizens, has the cash and means what he says. Now trot out a partner for him, and St. Joe will have a good roller flouring mill.

"Buckskin Joe," from the wild woolly west, entertaining the people of this place the fore part of the week. On Monday night the entertainment was free and of course he had a full house, but on Tuesday evening an admittance of ten cents was charged, and most everybody wasn't feeling well enough to go out.

A. Krabill, who lives north of here about three miles has a sister visiting him from Ohio. Last Sunday evening she in company with Jake Krabill, came to this place to visit Mrs. Frank Hart. They started home at about nine o'clock and on the way, the horses ran off, throwing her out and breaking her limb just below the knee in a very bad manner. Dr. Bowman was called, and dressed the fractured limb. He reports it as being quite a serious case.

A WOMAN'S DISCOVERY. "Another wonderful discovery has been made and that to by a lady in this county. Disease fastened its clutches upon her and for seven years she withstood its severest tests, but her vital organs were undermined and death seemed imminent. For three months she coughed incessantly and could not sleep. She bought of us a bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption and was so much relieved on taking first dose that she slept all night and with one bottle has been miraculously cured. Her name is Mrs. Luther Lutz." Thus writes W. C. Hamrick & Co., of Shelby, N. C.—Get a trial bottle at W. C. Patterson's Drug Store.

## DON'T

DON'T buy a pair of rubber boots unless you get the Candee.

DON'T buy a pair of Overshoes unless you get the Candee.

DON'T buy a pair of Buckle Artics unless you get the Candee.

DON'T buy any kind of rubber boots or shoes unless you get the Candee.

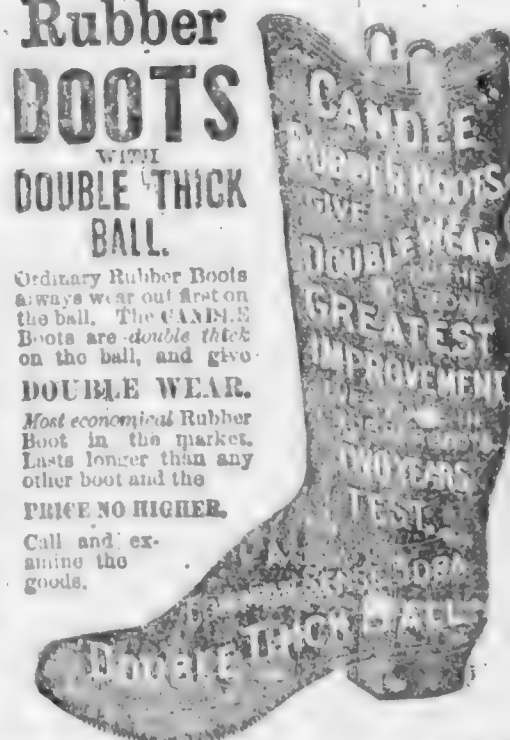
DON'T buy any Dress Flannels or Trimmings until you see our all wool 50 cent bargain.

DON'T buy any kind of goods until you call on Case & Olds and look over their bargains.

## "CANDEE"

Rubber  
BOOTS  
WITH  
DOUBLE THICK  
BALL.

Ordinary Rubber Boots always wear out first on the ball. The CANDEE Boots are double thick on the ball, and give DOUBLE WEAR. Most economical Rubber Boot in the market. Lasts longer than any other boot and the PRICE NO HIGHER. Call and examine the goods.



### BURGLARS.

Last Sunday morning thieves entered the clothing store of Straus & Hecht at Hicksville, by way of the rear door from which they removed a pane of glass. They took nearly one thousand dollars worth of goods, among which was 20 pairs of pants, 10 overcoats, fine underwear, shoes, neckwear, 15 dozen gloves, 3 dozen silk handkerchiefs and many other articles. No clue has yet been obtained to the rascals. A reward of \$100 is offered for their arrest.

### OBITUARY.

Mrs. Alvira Ulm was born in Burlington, Vt., June 20th, 1818, and died at her residence near St. Joe, Ind., Oct. 11th, 1897, age 69 years, 3 months and 21 days. She was the daughter of Levi and Elizabeth Lockwood, who moved to the state of N. J., thence to Ohio and finally to Ind. in 1834, where she was married to Nelson Ulm in June 1836. This being the first marriage in DeKalb Co. Father Ulm with three daughters and five sons are left to mourn their loss, two children having previously past away. Mother Ulm joined the M. E. church in 1850, and has remained a christian since that time, being loved and respected by neighbors and friends alike. Thus another pioneer mother has past away.

### REUNION.

It is the custom of the Jones and Chanoy families to have a reunion once a year. This year it fell to the lot of Mr. and Mrs. Dr. Bowman of this place to entertain the company. There were upwards of fifty persons present; several of them coming from different parts of Ohio, but most of them were residents of the county. The time was pleasantly spent in greeting and meeting each other, talking over the events and changes of the past year and exchanging good wishes for the year to come. At dinner time the company were invited to partake of a fine repast, to which all done ample justice. Mrs. Bowman knows just how to get up a good meal, and on this occasion she fully established her reputation to that effect. Besides the doctor claims that he assisted in preparing the dinner, and everybody who is acquainted with him, knows that he is the greatest hand in the world to help around the house. The reunion was said to have been a very enjoyable one, and all departed to their homes, feeling that another pleasant mile-stone in life's journey had been passed. The News was kindly remembered with a liberal supply of cake and chicken, and oh! how it does gladden the heart of the poor printer to get a clean bite once in a while.

### For Sale.

House and lot on Maple street, St. Joe, Ind. For further particulars call on J. M. Lounsberry. Will sell cheap and on easy terms.

### Farm for Sale.

I offer at private sale, a good well improved farm, 1 mile north of Concord, and 3 1/2 miles north-west of St. Joe, 7 miles east of Auburn; contains 120 acres, 85 in good cultivation, good substantial buildings, good well, good orchard and everything in good farming order. Terms reasonable and payments easy. For particulars inquire of J. C. St. Clair 1 1/2 miles south of Waterloo.

J. C. St. Clair, Waterloo, Ind.

### Farm for Sale or Trade.

Said farm consists of 160 acres (20 well improved. Good buildings, nearly new bank barn, 40 x 70, painted in good style, good timber, running water &c. Will sell cheap, or take a small farm in exchange and will give long time to pay the difference. Farm lays 3 miles north of St. Joe, and 7 1/2 miles east of Auburn. Reason for selling, have no help.

A. E. Swineford, St. Joe, Ind.



Sant Jo has her share of grates in our doctors, politicians, barbers, shoemakers, seckshun bosses, and men of all kinds of prominence are represented in this town. We even have men hear who can swap horses to a party gude advantage. Wil Curre cant bea beet wen it cums to a hors trade. Sum tyme ago he traded for a hors known as "Flying Cloud." He is a seckond cousin to "Goldsmith's Made," and it is said that wen he was in his prime he could go a mile in 38 minets. Last week Billy traded the hors for a waggon, an this week he traded the waggon for the lurg busnes block in this place, formerly occupied bi John Meens as an aggregaturl warehouse. Billy is an considerable on the trade an wen yu need ana thing in his line yu wil do well to giv him a caul.

Barcus Q. Hippenhammer.



# The St. Joe News.

ST. JOE, INDIANA.

MORT & WILL. OLDS, PUBLISHERS.

## EVENTS OF A WEEK.

### THE OLD WORLD.

—The meeting at Woodford, which was proclaimed by the Government, was held on Sunday, says a Dublin dispatch, the proceedings being conducted by Messrs. O'Brien, Gill, and others. The telegraph wires were cut, thus preventing communication with Dublin. Mr. O'Brien was received at Woodford by a great crowd, which greeted him with rousing cheers, while hundreds of torches were waved in the air. In the course of his speech he burned a copy of the proclamation forbidding the holding of the meetings. This act aroused the wildest enthusiasm. Five other members of Parliament made addresses. It was 3 o'clock in the morning when the gathering broke up. At that hour the police, who had been completely baffled, made their appearance only to find that the meeting was at an end. The officers were greeted with good-humored laughter by the crowd.

—The relations between Germany and Russia are becoming more embittered. No mask is now worn on either side. The press of St. Petersburg and Moscow is now permitted to indulge in its natural disposition to abuse the Germans. The inspired press is not backward in responding in kind. Diplomatic intercourse between the two governments is limited to unavoidable communications, which are exchanged with frigid civilities.

—Sir Charles Tupper has just been appointed one of the British Fishery Commissioners. It is believed the Commission is now completed, consisting of Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, Sir Lionel Sackville-West, and Sir Charles Tupper.

### PERSONAL NOTES.

—The President and party reached Memphis, Tenn., Friday evening. The reception they received in the South was very hearty. At the stations on the way from Kansas City to the objective point, crowds gathered to cheer the visitors, and, if possible, to grasp the Presidential hand. Memphis was thronged, as it never was before. Over 30,000 people gathered to greet the President. When the President and Mrs. Cleveland had been seated in their carriage, the throngs in their enthusiasm broke over all bounds, carrying away the colored militia guards stationed to keep the way open. Indeed, some of the guards seemed to have joined the moving irregular masses themselves, and followed on behind the President's carriage. In the evening there was a reception and a grand display of fireworks.

—Memphis was beautifully decorated in honor of the President's visit, and there were more people in the streets of the town than were ever seen there before. After a formal speech of welcome delivered by Judge H. T. Ellett and responded to by the President, a public reception was held at the Cotton Exchange. A distressing event happened just after the President left the stand where the speeches were made. Judge Ellett, who had stood for some time with his hat off and with his head exposed to the sun, was overcome by the heat, and expired within five minutes. The people began to move away, and the Presidential party left the square for the Exchange Building. There Mr. and Mrs. Cleveland received the greetings of thousands, and when the reception was over left for Nashville. The President and Mrs. Cleveland, with their traveling companions, spent Sunday at Belle Meade farm, six miles from Nashville. This is one of the most magnificent estates in the South, and is the home of General W. F. Jackson, a brother of Judge Jackson, who was formerly United States Senator.

### FINANCIAL AND INDUSTRIAL.

—The Niobrara Land and Cattle Company, of East St. Louis, has made an assignment, their liabilities amounting to \$350,000. Their nominal assets are \$250,000, but they will not realize more than from 25 to 50 per cent. of that sum.

—The banking house of Morton E. Post & Co., of Cheyenne, Wyoming, has suspended.

—There was a large number of stockholders present at the Western Union meeting in New York, and much interest was shown in the reading of the annual report. The main facts concerned in it are as follows:

The gross earnings for the year ending June 30 were \$17,101,900; operating expenses, \$13,154,628; net earnings, \$4,037,271; interest and sinking fund, \$533,065; balance, \$3,504,206; dividends, \$11,864; surplus from the year's business, \$2,692,352. The last feature is the vital one, as it compares with a deficit in meeting charges last year of \$11,109. The number of

messages handled reached the enormous total of 47,304,530. The average receipts per message were reduced to 3.04 cents, against 3.09 in the previous year, with a reduction in the cost of handling to 2.31 cents, against 2.4 cents the previous year.

—The report of the Legislative Committee to the Knights of Labor Assembly, as adopted at Minneapolis, approves the Blair educational bill, the eight hours a day bill, and the bill in relation to homesteads, and demands that the Government building contracts provide for weekly payment of workmen, and approves the recommendations of the General Master Workman's address in favor of Government control of the telegraph and telephone systems of the country.

—Some of the proceedings of the "Knights" convention at Minneapolis have been stormy and exciting. Friday last the Assembly was the scene of a fierce discussion in secret session over the Chicago Stock Yards strike. At times it was believed that a hand-to-hand fight would occur between the Powderly and anti-Powderly delegates, the point being whether Powderly be censured or not for ordering the strike off. The speeches were very bitter, and finally Powderly spoke with tremendous force in his own behalf, and carried the day by a majority of 116 to 49.

### POLITICAL POINTS.

—The Democratic State Convention at Omaha endorsed Cleveland's administration and nominated Thomas O'Day for Justice of the Supreme Court. The National Democratic Committee was requested to designate Omaha as the place for holding the next National Democratic Convention.

### RAILROAD ITEMS.

—Eastern railroad managers have decided that traveling theatrical companies are not "families," and are not therefore entitled to travel upon family mileage tickets.

—At the meeting of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad directors, at Baltimore, Mr. Robert Garrett tendered, by letter, his resignation of the Presidency, and it was accepted. William F. Burns will act as President of the company until the annual meeting.

### FIRES AND ACCIDENTS.

—From the testimony taken before the Coroner at Huntington, Ind., with regard to the Kouts disaster, it appears that the list of fatalities will not exceed nine. The railroad men claim that the night was so foggy that danger signals could not be seen in time to prevent the accident.

—A portable sawmill exploded eight miles from Jackson, Ohio. Kent Evans and James Ewin were blown to pieces, and the engine and mill were utterly ruined.

—Contrary to the general impression, the Coroner's jury in the Kouts disaster has found a verdict which severely censures the train-dispatcher of the Chicago and Atlantic Road for negligence, the engineer of the fast freight for carelessness in running his train at a high rate of speed, knowing that the passenger was so near him, and the company for allowing a passenger train to be drawn by a crippled engine. The verdict is in accordance with the facts as they have been stated.

—A monster saw-mill boiler exploded at Centerville, W. Va., tearing everything loose in the neighborhood and killing three men.

—The Baltic cotton mill, at Baltic, Conn., has been destroyed by fire. The loss is placed at \$1,250,000, with insurance of \$257,000. The works were operated by H. & L. Aldrich & Co., and 900 hands are thrown out of employment.

### THE CRIMINAL RECORD.

—John B. Owens, who was arrested for participation in a recent robbery of the Pacific Express on the Iron Mountain Railway, admits that he took the money, but claims that he does not know what has become of it, and that he was drunk when the act was committed.

—A gang of counterfeiters that has been operating extensively for some time past in the vicinity of Mitchell, Ind., was run down the other night by Federal marshals, and taken to Indianapolis.

—Five bandits who recently abducted Senor Berrera in Starr County, Texas, and held him until ransomed by the payment of \$15,000, are reported to have been caught and lynched.

—R. S. Hicks, cashier of the Stafford (Ok.) National Bank, is a defaulter to a large amount, and the bank has closed its doors pending an investigation. The total loss to the institution will be over \$100,000, and of this amount the cashier confesses to having taken \$73,000.

—Train robbers attacked the mail car attached to the Galveston, Harrisburg and San Antonio express, near El Paso, Texas, with dynamite bombs. The car was broken to pieces, and the agent was for a moment stunned. His senses returned, however, and he filled one of the robbers with bullets, killing him instantly. The others of the gang fled.

—Stephen W. Rawson, a well-known Chi-

cago banker, was shot on Sunday last by his step-son, William Maymister, as he was leaving the Third Presbyterian Church, where he had been attending divine services. His assailant, a boy 17 years old, was taken to jail, and the wounded man was carried to his home on Monroe street in a critical condition. The shooting grew out of the troubles between Mr. Rawson and his wife that have been so thoroughly ventilated in the courts for some time past.

—Charles Edwards, a negro, was hanged at Clarkesville, Ga., for the murder of William Echols.

### MISCELLANEOUS NOTES.

—The report that Robert Garrett is insane is not credited in Wall street. It is styled a "Jay Gould chestnut" by a New York paper.

—A St. Louis dispatch says: "The Missouri Grand Lodge of Masons has taken action on the question of the eligibility of saloonkeepers and liquor dealers to become members of the order." Several months ago the State Grand Master issued an order calling upon the lodges under his jurisdiction to expel all members who were in any way connected with the liquor traffic. The Naphthali Lodge of this city, of which a dozen prominent liquor men were members, many of them being charter members, refused to obey the order and the charter of the lodge was arrested. The Grand Lodge has sustained the order of the Grand Master. This order was based on a law passed by the lodge a number of years ago, which set forth that thereafter no saloonkeepers should become members of the order. This order is now affirmed and it is further decided that saloonkeepers who were members of the order before the adoption of the law will have to give up their business or their good standing. The action will create a great breach in the order in Missouri.

—Chicago special: "George Francis Train did not speak last night, as he had intended to, because the police prevented the meeting. Mayor Roche instructed Chief Ebersold and Inspector Bonfield to suppress the erratic orator, and not to permit him to make any more harangues in this city."

—An English land syndicate that purchased a tract in the Texas Panhandle consisting of 237 sections, is now engaged in an attempt to drive a colony of settlers from it. The latter propose to remain where they are, and they have sent an appeal to Governor Ross, in which they set forth their claims.

—In the third game for the world's championship, played at Detroit, the latter club beat St. Louis in thirteen innings, 2 to 1.

—Serious trouble is threatened in the Cherokee Nation, and bloodshed is feared. Says a dispatch from Tahlequah:

When the late election was over, on the face of the returns, as certified by the nine national clerks, Joel Mayer was declared elected as Chief by 143 majority. Since then the returns have been so changed as to count in Robert Bunch, the opposition candidate. Both parties are gathering in force, and declare their respective candidates will be seated. The only way to settle this question is by force, there being no court to appeal to. It will be a fight between corrupt men and peace-loving citizens. In case of trouble it is stated it will result in opening up the country and destroying tribal relations. Both sides are armed for a pitched battle.

—While an experimental well was being sunk in South Hutchinson, Kansas, at a depth of 470 feet, says a dispatch from that place, a deposit of rock salt was struck which for thickness of the principal vein and purity of the product may be classed among the richest mines in the world. A number of veins were drilled through, varying in thickness from seven to forty feet, and separated by thin strata of shale. At a depth of 665 feet a vein was struck which has been penetrated to a depth of 100 feet. An official analysis of the product shows it to be over 96 per cent. pure, and absolutely free from the principal impurities which make rock salt unfit for domestic purposes.

—A special correspondent at Austin, Texas, telegraphs this gratifying bit of news:

A foreign corporation, the Matador Land, and Cattle Company, incorporated in Scotland, with a capital of £100,000, having applied for the filing of its charter to do business in the State, the Secretary of State refers it to the opinion of Attorney General Hogg, who holds, in an elaborate ruling, that the State cannot do so far that a State will allow a foreign corporation to exercise any extraordinary franchise or to do an act contrary to the laws or the public policy of the State as indicated by its legislation. He thinks this company proposes to exercise extraordinary franchises not compatible with the public policy of the State.

—A Washington dispatch says that Secretary Lamar is certain to take the place left vacant on the Supreme bench by the death of Justice Woods, and that he will be appointed immediately after handing in his report as Secretary of the Interior.

—The cotton crop of the United States this year is estimated at 6,550,000 bales, against 6,505,000 bales last season.

—In his annual report to the Secretary of the Interior, Land Commissioner Sparks speaks of the "present wasteful and fraud-inspiring system of disposal" of the public lands, and intimates that there is much room for improvement in the laws upon the subject.

M. T. BISHOP,

—DEALER IN—

LUMBER, LIME,

—LATH—

SHINGLES,

MOULDING &c.

Large Stock and Low Prices. Yard Near Depot, St. Joe, Ind.

J. F. WALKER,

MAKER AND DEALER IN

Harness, Collars,

WHIPS, HARNESS OIL &c.

ST. JOE, IND.

Repairing done promptly. Prices as low as the lowest. Call and see.



WILLIAM CURIE,

PROPRIETOR OF

MEAT MARKET

ST. JOE, IND.

Highest market price paid for Hides, Tallow &c. Give me a call.

F. A. ZEIGLER,

MAKER AND DEALER IN

HARNESS

COLLARS, WHIPS,

Fly Nets and Dusters,

HARNESS OIL &c.

Prices the Lowest. All work guaranteed. Call and see me.

Blacksmith

AND

Repair Shop.

Having secured the services of an experienced workman, I am now prepared to do all kinds of Blacksmithing and Repairing in a first-class manner. Special attention given to repairing machinery. Give me a call. Prices reasonable.

A. W. Hall, St. Joe.







## FORBIDDEN HONEY.

Sermon by Rev. Dr. Talmage in the  
Tabernacle.

Depleting and Injurious Books of the  
Period—The Popular Taste for Pure  
Literature is Poisoned by the Scum of  
the Publishing House.

BROOKLYN, Oct. 16.—"Seven hundred and eighty-one thousand three hundred and sixteen dollars and twenty-four cents have been paid cash down in this church for religious uses and Christian work during the nineteen years of my ministry," said the Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D. D., in answer to the misrepresentations that have been going through some of the religious papers depreciating the work of the Brooklyn Tabernacle. After giving out the hymn:

Our God, our help in ages past,  
Our hope for years to come.

Dr. Talmage preached a sermon, the subject of which was "Forbidden Honey," the text being I. Samuel xiv, 43: "I did but taste a little honey with the end of the rod that was in my hand, and, lo, I must die."

Dr. Talmage said:

The honey bee is a most ingenious architect, a Christopher Wren among insects, a geometer drawing hexagons and pentagons, a freebooter robbing the fields of pollen and aroma, a wondrous creature of God whose biography, written by Huber and Swammerdam, is an enchantment for any lover of nature. Virgil celebrated the bee in his fable of Aristaeus, and Moses, and Samuel, and David, and Solomon, and Jeremiah, and Ezekiel, and St. John used the delicacies of bee manufacture as a Bible symbol. A miracle of formation is the bee; five eyes, two tongues, the outer having a sheath of protection, hairs on all sides of its tiny body to brush up the particles of flowers, its flight so straight that all the world knows of the bee line. The honey-comb is a palace such as no one but God could plan, and the honey bee constructs; its cells sometimes a dormitory and sometimes a storehouse and sometimes a cemetery. These winged toilers first make eight strips of wax, and by their antennae, which are to them hammer and chisel, and square, and plumb line, fashion them for use. Two and two, these workers shape the wall. If an accident happens they put up buttresses or extra beams to remedy the damage. When about the year 1776 an insect, before unknown, in the night time attacked the bee hives all over Europe, and the men who owned them were in vain trying to plan something to keep out the invader that was the terror of the bee hives of the continent, it was found that everywhere the bees had arranged for their own protection, and built before their honey-combs an especial wall of wax with port hole through which the bees might go to and fro, but not large enough to admit the winged combatant, called the Sphinx Atropos.

Plenty of this luscious product was hanging in the woods of Beth-aven during the time of Saul and Jonathan. Their army was in pursuit of an enemy that by God's command must be exterminated. The soldiery were positively forbidden to stop to eat anything until the work was done. If they disobeyed they were accursed. Coming through the woods they found a place where the bees had been busy, a great honey manufactory. Honey gathered in the hollow of the trees until it had overflowed upon the ground in great profusion of sweetness. All the army obeyed orders and touched it not save Jonathan, and he not knowing the military order about abstinence dipped the end of a stick he had in his hand into the candied liquid, and as, yellow, and brown, and tempting, it glowed on the end of the stick he put it to his mouth and ate the honey. Judgment fell upon him, and but for special intervention he would have been slain. In my text Jonathan announces his awful mistake: "I did but taste a little honey with the end of the rod that was in my hand, and, lo, I must die." Alas, what multitudes of people in all ages have been damaged by forbidden honey, by which I mean temptation, delicious and attractive, but damaging and destructive.

Literature fascinating but healthful comes in this category. Where one good, honest, healthful book is read now there are 100 made up of rhetorical trash consumed with avidity. When the boy on the cars comes through with a pile of publications look over the titles and notice that nine out of ten of the books are depleting and injurious. All the way from New York to Chicago or New Orleans notice that objectionable books dominate. Taste for pure literature is poisoned by this scum of the publishing house. Every book in which sin triumphs over virtue, or in which a glamour is thrown over dissipation, or which leaves you at its last line with less respect for the marriage institution and less abhorrence for the parricide, is a depression of your own moral character. That book-binding may be attractive, and the plot dramatic and startling, and the style of writing sweet as the honey that Jonathan dipped up with his rod, but your best interests forbid it, your moral safety forbids it, your God forbids it, and one taste of it may lead to such bad results that you may have to say at the

close of the experiment or at the close of a misimproved lifetime: "I did but taste a little honey with the rod that was in my hand, and, lo, I must die."

Corrupt literature is doing more to-day for the disruption of domestic life than any other cause. Elopements, marital intrigues, sly correspondence, fictitious names given at postoffice windows, clandestine meetings in parks, and at ferry gates, and in hotel parlors, and conjugal perjuries are among the damnable results. When a woman, young or old, gets her head thoroughly stuffed with the modern novel, she is in appalling peril. But some one will say: "The heroes are so adroitly knavish, and the persons so bewitchingly untrue, and the turn of the story so exquisite, and all the characters so enrapturing, I cannot quit them." My brother, my sister, you can find styles of literature just as charming that will elevate and purify, and ennoble, and Christianize while they please. The devil does not own all the honey. There is a wealth of good books coming forth from our publishing houses that leaves no excuse for the choice of that which is debauching to body, mind, and soul. Go to some intelligent men or women, and ask for a list of books that will be strengthening to your mental and moral condition. Life is so short, and your time for improvement so abbreviated that you cannot afford to fill up with husks, and cinders, and debris. In the interstices of business that young man is reading that which will prepare him to be a merchant prince, and that young woman is filling her mind with an intelligence that will yet either make her the chief attraction of a good man's home or give her an independence of character that will qualify her to build her own home and maintain in it a happiness that requires no augmentation from any of our rougher sex. That young man or young woman can by the right literary and moral improvement of the spare ten minutes here or there in every day raise head and shoulders in prosperity, and character, and influence above the loungers who read nothing or read that which beclouds. See all the forests of good American literature dripping with honey. Why pick up the honeycombs that have in them the fiery bees which will sting you with an eternal poison while you taste it? One book may for you or me decide everything for this world or the next. It was a turning point with me when in Wynkoop's bookstore, Syracuse, one day I picked up a book called "The Beauties of Ruskin." It was only a book of extracts, but it was all pure honey, and I was not satisfied until I had purchased all his works, at that time expensive beyond an easy capacity to own them, and what a heaven I went through in reading his "Seven Lamps of Architecture" and his "Stones of Venice," it is impossible for me to describe except by saying that it gave me a rapture for good books, and an everlasting disgust for decrepit or immoral books that will last me while my immortal soul lasts. All around the church and the world to-day there are busy hives of intelligence occupied by authors and authoresses from whose pens drip a distillation which is the very nectar of heaven, and why will you thrust your rod of inquisitiveness into the deathful saccharine of perdition?

Stimulating liquids also come into the category of temptations delicious but deathful. You say: "I cannot bear the taste of intoxicating liquors, and how any man can like it is to me an amazement." Well, then, it is no credit to you that you do not take it. Do not brag about your total abstinence, because it is not from any principle that you reject alcoholism, but for the same reason that you reject certain kinds of food—you simply don't like the taste of them. But multitudes of people have a natural fondness for all kinds of intoxicants. They like it so much that it makes them smack their lips to look at it. They are dyspeptic and they take it to aid digestion, or they are annoyed by insomnia and they take it to produce sleep, or they are troubled and they take it to make them oblivious, or they feel good and they must celebrate their hilarity. They begin with mint julep sucked through two straws on the Long Branch piazza and end in the ditch, taking from a jug a liquid half kerosene and half whisky. They not only like it, but it is an all-consuming passion of body, mind, and soul, and after a while have it they will, though one wine glass of it should cost the temporal and eternal destruction of themselves and all their families, and the whole human race. They would say: "I am sorry it is going to cost me and my family and all the world's population so very much, but here it goes to my lips, and now let it roll over my parched tongue and down my heated throat, the sweetest, the most inspiring, the most rapturous thing that ever thrilled mortal or immortal." To cure the habit before it comes to its last stages, various plans were tried in olden times. This plan was recommended in the books: When a man wanted to reform he put shot or bullets into the cup or glass of strong drink—one additional shot each day—that displaced so much liquor. Bullet after bullet added day by day, of course, the liquor became less and less until the bullets would entirely fill up the glass and there was no room for the liquid, and by that time it was said the inebriate would be cured. Whether any one ever was cured in that way I know not, but by long experiment it is found that the only way is to

stop short off, and when a man does that he needs God to help him. And there have been more cases than you can count when God has so helped the man that he quit forever, and I could count a score of them here to-day, some of them pillars in the house of God.

One would suppose that men would take warning from some of the ominous names given to the intoxicants and stand off from the devastating influence. You have noticed, for instance, that some of the restaurants are called "The Shades," typical of the fact that it puts a man's reputation in the shade and his morals in the shade and his prosperity in the shade and his wife and children in the shade and his immortal destiny in the shade.

Now, I find on some of the liquor signs in all our cities the words "Old Crow," mightily suggestive of a carcass and the filthy raven that swoops down upon it. "Old Crow!" Men and women without numbers slain of rum but unburied, and this evil in pecking at their glazed eyes and pecking at their bloated cheek, and pecking at their destroyed manhood and womanhood, thrusting beak and claw into the mortal remains of what was once gloriously alive but now morally dead. "Old Crow!" But alas, how many take no warning! They make me think of Caesar on his way to assassination fearing nothing; though his statue in the hall crashed into fragments at his feet, and a scroll containing the names of the conspirators was thrust into his hands, yet walking right on to meet the dagger that was to take his life. This infatuation of strong drink is so mighty in many a man that though his fortunes are crashing, and his health is crashing, and his domestic interests are crashing, and we hand him a long scroll containing the names of perils that await him, he goes straight on to physical, and mental, and moral assassination. In proportion as any style of alcoholism is pleasant to your taste, and stimulating to your nerves, and for a time delightful to all your physical and mental constitution, is the peril awful. Remember Jonathan and the forbidden honey in the woods of Beth-aven.

Furthermore, the gamester's indulgence must be put in the list of temptations delicious but destructive. I have crossed the ocean eight times, and always one of the best rooms has, from morning till late at night, been given up to gambling practices. I heard of many men who went on board with enough money for European excursion who landed without enough money to get their baggage up to the hotel or railroad station. To many there is a complete fascination in games of hazard or the risking of money on possibilities. It seems as natural for them to bet as to eat. Indeed, the hunger for food is often overpowered with the hunger for wagers, as in the case of Lord Sandwich, a persistent gambler, who not being willing to leave the dice table long enough for the taking of food, invented a preparation of food that he could take without stopping the game; namely, a slice of beef between two slices of bread, which was named after Lord Sandwich. It is absurd for those of us who have never felt the fascination of the wager to speak slightly of the temptation. It has slain a multitude of intellectual and moral giants, men and women stronger than you or I. Down under its power went glorious Oliver Goldsmith, and Gibbon, the historian, and Charles Fox, the statesman, and in olden times famous Senators of the United States, who used to be as regularly at the gambling house all night as they were in the halls of legislation by day. Oh, the tragedies of the faro table! I know persons who began with a slight stake in a lady's parlor and ended with the suicide's pistol at Monte Carlo. They played with the square pieces of bone with black marks on them, not knowing that Satan was playing for their bones at the same time and was sure to sweep all the stakes off on his side of the table. The last New York Legislature sanctioned the mighty evil last spring by passing a law for its defense at the race tracks, and many young men in these cities lost all their wages at Coney Island this summer, and this fall are borrowing from the money tills of their employers or arranging by means of false entry to adjust their demoralized finances. Every man who voted for the Ives pool bill has on his hands and forehead the blood of these souls.

But in this connection some young converts say to me: "Is it right to play cards? Is there any harm in a game of whist or euchre?" Well, I know good men who play whist and euchre and other styles of games without any wagers. I had a friend who played cards with his wife and children, and then at the close said: "Come, now, let us have prayers." I will not judge other men's consciences, but I tell you that cards are, in my mind, so associated with the temporal and eternal damnation of splendid young men that I should no sooner say to my family: "Come, let us have a game of cards," than I would go into a menagerie and say: "Come, let us have a game of rattlesnakes," or into a cemetery, and sitting down by a marble slab, say to the gravediggers: "Come, let us have a game of skulls." Conscientious young ladies are silently saying to me while I speak: "Do you think card playing will do us any harm?" Perhaps not, but how will you feel if in the great day of

eternity, when we are asked to give an account of our influence, some man shall say to you: "I was introduced to games of chance in the year 1887, in Brooklyn, at your house, and I went on from that sport to something more exciting, and went on down until I lost my business and lost my morals and lost my soul, and these chains that you see on my wrists and feet are the chains of a gambler's doom, and I am on my way to the gambler's hell." Honey at the start, eternal catastrophe at the last.

Stock gambling comes into the same catalogue. It must be very exhilarating to go into Wall street, New York, or State street, Boston, or Third street, Philadelphia, and depositing a small sum of money run the risk of taking out a fortune. Many men are doing an honest and safe business in the stock market, and you are in ignorance if you do not know that it is just as legitimate to deal in stocks as to deal in coffee, or sugar, or flour. But nearly all the outsiders who go there on a little financial excursion lose all. The old spiders eat up the unsuspecting flies. I had a friend who put his hand on his hip pocket and said to me in substance, "I have there the value of \$150,000." His home is to-day penniless. What was the matter? Wall street. Of the vast majority who are victimized you hear not one word. One great stock firm goes down, and whole columns of newspapers discuss their fraud, or their disaster, and we are presented with their features and their biography. But where one such famous firm sinks 500 unknown men sink with them. The great steamer goes down and all the little boats are swallowed in the same engulfment. Gambling is gambling whether in stocks or breadstuffs, or dice, or race-track betting. Exhilaration at the start and a raving brain, and a shattered nervous system, and a sacrificed property, and a destroyed soul at last. Young man, buy no lottery tickets, purchase no prize packages, bet on no baseball games or yacht racing, have no faith in luck, answer no mysterious circulars proposing great income for small investment, shoo away the buzzards that hover around our hotels trying to entrap strangers. Go out and make an honest living. Have God on your side and be a candidate for Heaven. Remember all the paths of sin are banked with flowers at the start, and there are plenty of helpful hands to fetch the gay charger to your door and hold the stirrup while you mount. But further on the horse plunges to the bit in a slough inextricable. The best honey is not like that which Jonathan took on the end of the rod and brought to his lips, but that which God puts on the banquet table of Mercy, at which we are all invited to sit. I was reading of a boy among the mountains of Switzerland ascending a dangerous place with his father and the guide. The boy stopped on the edge of the cliff and said: "There is a flower I mean to get." "Come away from there," said the father; "you will fall off." "No," said he, "I must get that beautiful flower," and the guides rushed toward him to pull him back, when they heard him say, "I almost have it," as he fell 2,000 feet. Birds of prey were seen a few days after circling through the air and lowering gradually to the place where the corpse lay. Why seek flowers off the edge of a precipice when you may walk knee deep amid the blooms of the very paradise of God? When a man may sit at a king's banquet why will he go down the steps and contend for the gristle and bones of a hound's kennel? "Sweet-er than honey and the honey-comb," says David, "is the truth of God." "With honey out of the rock would I have satisfied thee," says God to the recreant. Here is honey gathered from the blossoms of trees of life, and with a rod made out of the wood of the cross I dip it up for all your souls.

The poet Hesiod tells of an ambrosia and nectar, the drinking of which would make men live forever, and one sip of this honey from the Eternal Rock will give you immortal life with God. Come off of the malarial levels of a sinful life. Come and live on the uplands of grace where the vineyards sun themselves. Oh, taste and see that the Lord is gracious. Be happy now and happy forever. For those who take a different course the honey will turn to gall. For many things I have admired Percy Shelley, the great English poet, but I deplore the fact that it was a great sweetness to him to dishonor God. The poem, "Queen Mab," has in it the maligning of the Deity. The infidel poet was impious enough to ask for Rowland Hill's Surrey Chapel, that he might denounce the Christian religion. He was in great glee against God and the truth. But he visited Italy, and one day on the Mediterranean with two friends, in a boat which was twenty-four feet long, he was coming toward shore, when an hour's squall struck the water. A gentleman standing on shore, through a glass, saw many boats tossed in this squall, but all outrode the terror except this one, that in which Shelley, the infidel poet, and his two friends were sailing. That never came ashore, but the bodies of two of the occupants were washed upon the beach, one of them the poet. A funeral pyre was built on the sea shore by some classic friends, and the two bodies were consumed. Poor Shelley! He would have no God while he lived, and he probably had no God when he died. "The Lord knoweth the way of the righteous, but the way of the ungodly shall perish."



# THE ST. JOE NEWS.

VOL. I.

ST. JOE, IND., FRIDAY, OCTOBER 28, 1887.

NO. 40.

## Churches.

### DISCIPLE.

SERVICES every alternate Sunday evening, in the Lutheran church. Cottage prayer meeting every Friday evening.

J. A. THOMAS, PASTOR.

### METHODIST PROTESTANT.

SERVICES every alternate Sunday at 10:30 A. M. Prayer meeting every Tuesday evening. Sunday School at 9:30 A. M.

J. M. LANGLEY, PASTOR.

### EVANGELICAL LUTHERAN.

SERVICES every Sunday, one Sunday in the morning at 10:30, and the following Sunday in the evening. Prayer meeting every Thursday evening. Sunday School at 9:30 A. M.

S. P. FRYBERGER, PASTOR.

## Societies.

### G. A. R.

REGULAR meetings on Saturday evening on or before the full moon of each month, at their hall over Leighty's store.

O. H. WIDNEY, COMMANDER.

J. M. MILLIMAN, ADJUTANT.

## Business Notices.

H. W. BOWMAN, M. D., Physician and Surgeon, St. Joe, Ind. Office opposite the Drugstore.

ST. JOE HOTEL, Wm. Leighty, proprietor. Special attention given to furnishing teams for commercial men.

B. S. SHEFFER, M. D., Physician and Surgeon, St. Joe, Ind. Prompt and careful attention to all business entrusted to his care.

ST. JOE BARBER SHOP, one door west of hotel, Will Gee, proprietor. Satisfaction guaranteed. Your patronage is solicited.

FILLEY, LOUNSBERRY AND SHULER, proprietors of the St. Joe Saw and Planing Mill. All work promptly done. Cash paid for Oak Logs.

CITY BARBER SHOP, St. Joe, Ind, John Hull, proprietor. Shaving, Hair Cutting &c. done in the best of style. Come and see me. Two doors west of Kinsey's Furniture Store.

SIMON WINELAND, proprietor St. Joe Handle and Feed Mills. Feed grinding a specialty. Highest prices paid for second growth White Ash. Enquire at the mill for full particulars.

## INDIANA STATE NEWS.

Macey Warner is a convict in the Michigan City penitentiary from Vincennes for murder. Warner is a tough citizen. Not long ago he took offense at a man named Harris in the penitentiary and cut his throat. Warner had a hearing in Clark County Court, and made the following speech: "Your Honor and gentlemen of the jury, when I was 15 years of age I was sent to the House of Refuge. From there I escaped and returned to Indianapolis. When a policeman attempted to arrest me I shot him. For this I served five years at Michigan City. When I was released I was employed by a commission house in Indianapolis and was sent to Vincennes to assist in shipping poultry. While there a saloon-keeper put me out of his house, followed me to the street and struck me. I shot him dead, and was sent to the prison in this city for twenty-one years. Frank Harris insulted me and I cut his throat with a shoe knife. I do not want to go to the prison for life, and desire you to either acquit me or bring in a verdict of death."

The warden of the Northern Prison has filed his report for July, August, and September with the Auditor of State. The receipts and earnings are as follows: For July, \$8,597.03; August, \$9,421.77; September, \$8,233.32; total, \$26,252.12. The expenditures are: For July, \$9,849.11; August, \$7,646.51; September, \$6,466.08; total, \$23,961. There was on hand at the beginning of the quarter \$15,728.51, of which \$8,000 was remitted to the Treasurer of State. The balance on hand October 1, 1887, was \$10,018.93. The excess of receipts and earnings over expenditures for the quarter is \$2,290.

At Muncie, while George Ludlow, an employe of the Indiana Bridge Company's works, was oiling the machinery his clothes caught in the line-shaft, which was making several hundred revolutions per minute, and before he could extricate himself his body was torn to pieces. One arm was torn from its socket, and both feet were entirely broken off by being whipped against a beam. He never knew what hurt him, as no sound was heard by any of his fellow-workmen. He married the daughter of Dr. F. M. Ricks about one month ago.

The proprietors of the immense brick-yards at Chestertown and Porter Station, in Porter County, are highly elated by the finding at the former place of a large bed of a peculiar sand used in the making of brick. This sand has heretofore been shipped clear from Portsmouth, Ohio, and Elizabeth, N. Y., at a cost of \$185 per car. It can now be had at 50 cents a load, and will greatly lessen the cost to manufacturers and consumers, the latter being principally Chicago parties.

Charles Shirley, of Crawfordsville, was found in a corn-field at St. Joseph, unable to help himself, with blood oozing from a large gash in his head and face; he also had bruises on his body. His story is that he was riding on top of a freight train on the Indiana, Bloomington and Western road, and went to sleep. When he became conscious he was lying in a ditch near the track, unable to move, but after several hours he crawled into the field.

What is pronounced by physicians as the most remarkable case of tuberculosis of the system to be found in medical records is reported from Montpelier. A post-mortem held on the body of a man named Jackson revealed the fact that all the organs of the deceased were full of tubercles, and that the heart had almost entirely wasted away. He had been sick less than a year.

Caleb Poynter, a prominent and well-known farmer of Washington County, died recently from blood-poisoning. A few weeks ago a carbuncle made its appearance on his hand, and at one time healed,

but an apple dropped from a tree, struck him on the hand, and from the soreness came poison that in a few days went all through his system and resulted in death.

Workmen engaged in sinking an artesian well on the farm of James De Wolf, near La Porte, struck a strong flow of gas at a depth of 250 feet. When ignited the flames shot up several feet, and severely burned some of the men who were induced to apply a match by the discovery of a peculiar hissing sound emanating from the well's casing.

The wife of Fred Govenette stole jewelry from the house of Mrs. Alice Lewis, at Evansville, where she had been employed to do washing. The articles were recovered from the Govenette residence on search warrant. Govenette then got drunk, went to Mrs. Lewis' house and shot her three times. She died, and Govenette is under arrest.

The State Bureau of Statistics has received and tabulated returns from all the counties in the State, regarding the indebtedness and expenses for the year ending June 30, 1887. The bonded debt for the year was \$4,228,825; floating debt, \$701,121; gross debt, \$4,929,946; sinking fund, \$382,123. Leaving a net debt of \$4,547,823.

Burglars entered the residence of Geo. Ream, at Larwill, and robbed him of \$300. He awoke just as they were leaving, and gave chase, when they turned and fired at him. He had drawn \$800 from the Farmers' Bank at Columbia City to buy hogs and gave his partner \$500 to keep over night, and thereby saved it.

Chas. Blue committed suicide at Mentone, Wabash County, by shooting himself through the head. He was 28 years of age. Cause unknown. He was comfortably well off and had no good reason, although he has for some time been in ill health.

Moses Carter, of Jeffersonville, was shot in the face by an unknown man who called him to the door of his residence.

While hauling coal a horse of William Powers, a farmer of Parke County, balked, and he commenced whipping the animal, and fell dead in the road. He was 43 years old, married, and leaves six children. Death resulted from heart disease.

Michael Fenton, jr., son of Michael Fenton, of Logansport, was fatally injured in the Wabash yards at Detroit. It is supposed that he attempted to alight from a passenger train while going to his work.

The physicians of Indianapolis and the Health Board are considerably disturbed over the rapid spread of typhoid fever.

The safe of J. J. Puttman in the post-office at Newport was blown open and about \$18 taken. Several citizens heard the explosion, but there is no trace of the culprit.

Parties are about to lease the Wyandotte cave, in Crawford County, for fifty years, and then build a railroad to the mouth of the cave.

Marion, by popular vote, defeats an assessment to aid in the construction of the Marion and Indianapolis Railroad.

Joseph Plew goes to penitentiary for life for the murder at Warsaw in February last of Henry Dunham and child.

John Turner was accidentally killed while working at a saw-mill at Marengo, Crawford County. He had a wife and four children, and was a sober and industrious man.

A large section of the stalls at the grounds of the Seymour District Fair Association, known as Cyclone Park, were destroyed by fire.

Fair directors at Vincennes were fined for permitting gambling on the fair-grounds.

"HAVEN'T you finished scaling the fish yet, Sam?" "No, master; 'tis a very large one." "Why, you have had time to scale a mountain."

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GO to the News Office, St. Joe for all kinds of Printing. All work done promptly, and at the lowest prices. Give us a call.

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# The St. Joe News.

ST. JOE, INDIANA.

MORT & WILL OLDS, PUBLISHERS.

## THE SAWMILL'S SONG.

BY L. EDGAR JONES.

With tireless voice and fiery breath  
Intoning labor's song,  
I bare the hearts of forest pines;  
My steel arms, swift and strong,  
More tireless blades, which, to and fro,  
Through fragrant timber come and go.

In constant streams the giant pines  
Are clutched within my grasp;  
My metal servants, swift and true,  
Their mighty bodies clasp.  
Then, held in iron paws, they feel  
The thrusts of my swift, flashing steel.

Fast whirling, like revolving light,  
The saws go round and round,  
And buzz like swarms of giant bees,  
Where wheels and shafts resound  
In chorus with the clash and clang  
Of modern toil's obedient "gangs."

All day, all night, the giants come  
From forests far and near,  
And march in files, brown, dark, and dun,  
Emerging clean and clear,  
In ranks of purest white and gold,  
Increased in worth a hundredfold.

High up aloft, in carven wreaths,  
My smoky banners fly;  
While tongues of flame from lofty towers  
Glow redly in the sky,  
Or paint the clouds with crimson light,  
Reflected by the waves at night.

The fragrant product of my toil,  
My busy whels and bands,  
Is borne by white-winged ships and stream  
To distant, treeless lands,  
To rise again in cottage homes,  
Or lofty piles with stately domes.

And so, untiring, still I toil,  
Converting into gold  
The trees ordained to be my spoil;  
Through days and years untold;  
Obeying still, as best I can,  
The mandate of my master, man.

So shall resound through passing years  
The tune of busy mills,  
Their labor chorus echoed from  
Pine-plumed eagle's wing bills;  
Industrial anthems, grand and strong,  
Led by the deep-lunged saw-mill's song.  
—Inter-Ocean.

## AN OLD-TIME LOVE STORY.

BY JAMES GRANT.

One morning, more than two hundred years ago, a painter stood before his easel, in a garret in Naples, absorbed in earnest contemplation of a work he had just completed.

"I know well enough," said he, with his hand to his brow, "that there is no lack of genius here. I might even lay me down at once and die, and my name would be rescued forever from oblivion."

Ribera had tasted the full bitterness of genius unrewarded, and stern poverty had been his lot. Had he chosen to lower his ideal and paint for the taste of those whose only idea of a picture consisted in that it should be of great size and contain plenty of bright paint, he might have coined money. But scorning this Ribera remained poor and proud.

He was still in the full glow of enthusiasm, when the door of his studio opened, and a little, shriveled old dame shuffled in, bearing a wooden trencher with a very spare meal upon it, and laid it down upon one side. But finding that the painter took no sort of notice of her, she at last tried to make him conscious of her presence.

"When I heard you talking so loudly as I came upstairs," she said, "I thought I should find a real customer here. But I don't wonder no one will buy such a picture as that," she continued, pointing disdainfully at the canvas on the easel; for it must be remarked that old Beatrix shared the prejudices of many of her master's critics.

"It is truly lamentable, good Beatrix, that it does not please thee," said Ribera, patting her gently on the shoulder.

"It is much more lamentable to think that you are minded to die of hunger," replied the old dame. "Scanty as your dinner is to-day, I only hope you may have as good to-morrow; but before that can happen you must give me the means, for mine are all gone. And yet you will always be saying that you could be rich if you liked!—Why have you not finished that portrait for the Countess of Verona? a lady who would fairly have covered the canvas with gold for you, and secured for you the patronage of the viceroy himself. It might have been the making of you!"

"Don't talk to me of that woman, Beatrix, said Ribera, with a gesture of contempt, "with her modish face and her lack-luster eye. Ah, if I had the

young girl to copy whom I met awhile ago, I would have painted her with ecstasy!"

"You are a fool," said the serving-woman; "happily for you, your friends have not lost their wits, but have been thinking far more of your welfare than you yourself have. Come, dress yourself now, and go and find out Christopher Panolfo; he is waiting for you."

"Who is this man?"  
"One of the richest merchants in Naples."

"I know him not."

"But he knows you well. They have been talking to him about you; he has an excellent opinion of your talents, and wants to order a picture of you. This is as good as ready money; will you reject this too, as well as the rest?"

"No, certainly not," said Ribera. "If this Panolfo is a judge, and will take the trouble to come to me, he will, beyond all doubt, set a respectable price on this masterpiece before us."

"What! you will not even call upon him?"

Ribera coolly turned to the window and shrugged his shoulders.

"No? This is past all bearing," cried Beatrix, with the greatest indignation, as she planted herself before him with an almost threatening air. "I tell you plainly, you must go to Panolfo."

Ribera shook his head.

"Ah, I see," continued she, "I must coax you to obedience. This shows a bad heart, Ribera. Though I made you angry at first by speaking ill of your painting, you must forgive me, and go to Panolfo. Here is your sword, and here your hat, which becomes you immensely when you just perch it a little on one side, so. You may hide your jerkin beneath your mantle; for it is a little too shabby to be seen in open daylight."

Still chattering on, as if she would never cease, Beatrix waited only till the artist had finished attiring himself, and then, thrusting him out of the room, she gave him one more volley of encouragement as he descended the stairs.

"When you arrive at the other end of the town ask for the merchant Panolfo. Mind you do not forget his name; he lives in the grand square nearly opposite the palace of the viceroy. Fare ye well, fare ye well, and bring me back all the good news you can."

Arrived at Panolfo's house, two of the servants conducted Ribera into a richly furnished apartment, which afforded a superb view of the spacious garden adjoining it, and of the blue Mediterranean in the distance. A middle-aged grudge; corpulent, with a dull vulgar cast of countenance, paced, yawning, up and down the room. At an open window sat a young girl, her head resting on her hand, eagerly drinking in the delicious perfume of the orange grove and the breezy aroma of the sea. Ribera made his salutation on entering, but the moment his eyes rested on the maiden's face he became agitated and lost his usual calm self-possession; for at once he recognized the beautiful being of whom not long since he had been speaking to Beatrix. So confused was he at this sudden encounter, that he had hardly voice left to utter his name in response to the inquiring look of the pompous merchant Panolfo. The latter, at Ribera's entrance, had checked his perambulation of the room, attributing the artist's confusion to awe of his own presence and ignorance of the world, and brusquely enough endeavored to reassure the diffident painter. So clumsily was it managed, and with such an air of condescension, moreover, that Ribera was immediately roused from his abstraction; rising to his full height he replied, all his old pride visible in flashing eye and curled lip:

"Neither wealth nor power, nor aught that is wont to inspire others with awe, could humble me or cause me to lower my gaze; and if you beheld me in embarrassment, it was from no other cause than my intense admiration of one of the Creator's most beautiful masterpieces."

His eye met that of the lovely Laura, and in her blushing cheeks and drooping lashes it could not escape him that Panolfo's daughter participated in his feelings. The spell of enchantment was upon them, and before either had exchanged speech the mute language of the eye assured each that they were loved. Unconsciously Panolfo fed the flame; for the more condescendingly he played the patron to the artist, the more sympathetic grew Laura's glances, and the more anxious she appeared to atone for the pain of

humiliation occasioned by her father's manner.

"They tell me, sir," began the merchant, "that you are not wanting in talent, but that you are poor and in need of work. I have always taken pleasure in fostering the arts, so we will see whether you deserve one's patronage."

Ribera bit his lip and bowed—it was all he could trust himself to do. Laura noticed the scarcely hidden play of his features, and to soothe the rising storm, said sweetly:

"You are a stranger here, sir?"

Her voice seemed to touch every chord in the painter's heart. His brow grew smooth again as he replied:

"I was born in Spain, signora, near Valencia. I have been in Rome, Venice, Florence, and Parma; in every place I have visited I have left traces of my work behind me; wherever the divine art of painting flourishes there I have gathered honey as a bee from summer flowers. I am now settled at Naples, and never intend to leave it," with a meaning glance at Laura.

"What induces you, sir painter, to give this city your gracious preference?" asked Panolfo, with a sneering smile.

Although Ribera felt the blood slowly rising to his face, he managed to answer calmly, "That is a secret, signor."

"You are too curious, father," said Laura, throwing a little oil on this incipient conflagration. "Signor Ribera doubtless wishes you to infer that he loves."

"Yes, signor," said Ribera, "I love, and with an ardor that will last for my life!"

"A truce to this fencing," impatiently said Panolfo. "Let us come to business. Come, my good sir, are you minded to earn five-and-twenty ducats? But you have not yet informed me what branch of your art you pursue?"

"Tell me only," said Ribera, "what you think of ordering."

"I sign for my wareroom."

This was too much. Ribera moved as if to rise, but an imploring gesture from Laura restrained him; his anger, however, was so great that he could not find words to say whether or not he accepted this proposal.

"Are you not inclined for it?" said Panolfo. "Why, it would be the finest possible opportunity of making yourself known, and if you have any talent you could have no better way of showing it to the public. Do something decent for me, and all my fellow merchants will give you commissions forthwith."

"Will you trust the choice of a subject to me?" said Ribera, with sudden animation. "On no other condition will I undertake your commission."

"Well," replied the merchant, "I have confidence in your taste; do what you like for me."

"And what price do you stipulate for?" asked Ribera, with a smile of bitterness.

"As I told you before, five and twenty ducats; and that, according to my notion, is paying the thing well. You need only make a beginning, and, if I am satisfied, I will let you paint my portrait too, and double the amount. You see, I know how to do things."

"My thanks to you," cried Ribera, rising to his majestic height. "Had you left it to me, I should have said five hundred ducats as the price; but I only ask to fix the picture I shall paint for you for one single day over the door of your house and it shall not cost you so much as a breath. You are in the right. I must make myself known, and I seize the opportunity that presents itself. You may give it out publicly, signor, that you have concluded a good bargain with the first painter in Naples. In a short time we shall meet again. Adieu, signor. Farewell, signora."

Ribera slowly withdrew. As he lingered a moment beneath the window of the room he had just quitted, a purse fell at his feet. It contained 500 ducats, and a slip of paper on which was written in delicate characters: "My hand and fortune for the first painter in Naples."

A few days after the occurrences narrated above, a large crowd was assembled in front of Panolfo's house. Every one was pointing toward it or clapping his hands, and asking the name of the artist who, during the preceding night, had erected as a sign the magnificent picture of the Martyrdom of St. Bartholomew. The enthusiasm of the throng soon manifested itself in vehement clamor. Never till then had such a subject found such an inter-

preter; never till then had the pencil of mortal man soared to so high a degree of expression and power.

The news soon spread over the town, and the crowd in the grand square grew so large at last that the viceroy himself became anxious to know the reason. Accompanied, therefore, by his favorites, he repaired to the spot opposite the house of Panolfo, and, seized with astonishment and admiration at the sight, cried aloud:

"Who painted this masterpiece?"

There was no reply.

"Why does the artist conceal himself?" continued he. "Let him come forward and rely on my protection. All the painters of Naples shall be schooled by him. Once more, whose masterpiece is this?"

"It is mine, signor," cried Ribera, stepping forth from the crowd.

"Who art thou?"

"My name is Ribera. I am here unknown, and only wait to become that which your highness shall make me!"

"What reward dost thou ask?"

"The title of First Painter to the Viceroy of Naples."

"Thy wish is granted. How much hast thou received for this picture?"

"Sire, the merchant Panolfo offered me twenty-five ducats for it, but I spurned his offer. However, he can content me another way. His daughter Laura and I love one another fondly, devotedly."

"To-morrow ye shall be united."

Sure to his promise the viceroy caused the union of Ribera and Laura to be solemnized the following week. In a short time Ribera la Espagnioletta became the most renowned painter in Naples. But Panolfo, who had most cordially assented to his daughter's union with Ribera, never let a day pass without boasting that he had been the first to recognize the genius of the illustrious sign painter.

## An Eccentric Drug.

Among the standard medicines quoted in the medical books of Nuremberg of 200 years ago are "portions of the embalmed bodies of man's flesh, brought from the neighborhood of Memphis, where there are many bodies that have been buried for more than one thousand years, called mummies, which have been embalmed with costly salves and balsams, and smell strongly of myrrh, aloes, and other fragrant things."

The learned doctors of France, Germany, and Italy all made great use of this eccentric drug, and in the seventeenth century grievous complaints arose of its adulteration. M. Poinet, chief apothecary to the French King, records that the King's physician went to Alexandria to judge for himself in this matter, and, having made friends with a Jewish dealer in mummies, was admitted to his storehouse, where he saw piles of bodies. He asked what kind of bodies were used and how they were prepared. The Jew informed him that he took such bodies as he could get, whether they died of some disease or of some contagion. He embalmed them with the sweepings of various old drugs, myrrh, aloes, pitch, and gums; wound them about with a cere cloth, and then dried them in an oven, after which he sent them to Europe, and marveled to see the Christians were lovers of such filthiness. But even this revelation did not suffice to put mummy physic out of fashion, and we know that Francis I. of France always carried with him a well-filled medicine chest, of which this was the principal ingredient.

A traveler also records how one of his friends found in the tomb at Ghizeh a jar carefully sealed, which he opened and found to contain such excellent honey that he could not resist eating a good deal of it, and was only checked in his feast by drawing out a hair, whereupon he investigated further and found the body of an ancient Egyptian baby in good condition and adorned with jewels. He does not record how he enjoyed that meal in retrospect. Imagine dining off the honeyed essence of a baby Pharaoh!—Nineteenth Century.

Though electrical storage batteries have attracted attention only within the past seven years, the discovery of the principle is as old as the century, Gaitherot having first noticed in 1801 that platinum or silver wires gave off a current after being disconnected from a voltaic battery with which they had been used for decomposing saline water. The first secondary cell of Plante was made in 1860.



## TURKISH POWER IN CRETE.

The Christians Are Waiting for a Chance to Throw Off the Modern Yoke.

Our return journey to Candia was across a wild and bleak spur of Mount Jukta, says a writer in the *Cornhill Magazine*. For some time we picked our way through an upland valley in which there was not a particle of shade from the sun. The side of the mountain stood up scarlet and precipitous to our left and our tired mules had to traverse broad surfaces of bare rock spurred from the crag itself. But Cretan scenery is full of surprises, and soon, by an awkward and abrupt descent apparently in the heart of the wilderness, we came to as sweet an oasis of water and vegetation as a wanderer could wish to see. In the midst of a profusion of fig, almond, plantain, and cypress trees was a white house surrounded by a walled and battlemented inclosure, and by its side perled a brook of clear, cool water. The house was that of a young Turk, very rich, but with neither father nor mother. "It has been war already many times," remarked the Arnaut, pointing to the loop-holes of the towers which rose above its walls. "And it will see more war!" he added. While we sat by the side of a fountain in this little paradise, under a natural arbor of yellow pea blossoms, vines, and clematis the man told me a long story about the fortunes of this house in 1866, when the Christians besieged it. This was in the time of the father of the present occupier. Since then the native Turks have lost weight in the land in an extraordinary manner. Two-thirds of the population in Crete is now reckoned to be Christian, and many of the others, from fear or policy, are professing Christians to the Mohammedans. "You have had your day!" says the Christians to the Turks, and the latter acknowledged the truth of their words, and their implication, by a dry hitch of the shoulders and an outspreading of the palms of their hands. There is no denying it. And nowadays, when the Christians go with their guns into the olive woods and shoot small birds for hours at a time it is not the mere pleasure of such paltry sport that satisfies them. Reasoning from analogy shows them that if they can hit a sparrow at twenty paces it is probable that a Turk at fifty paces will be in jeopardy of his life when the time comes. And that the time will come ere long, no patriot who inscribes "Cretois" on his visiting card, and can afford an occasional trip to Athens, "for political purposes," doubts for one moment. If England or some other great power would but help them, they say. Since, however, they are gradually grasping the maxim that self-help is the herald of true and laudable success one may hope after all the Cretans will postpone their next insurrection indefinitely—or, at least, until a long course of unbroken industry has enabled them to put by a good store of drama. Turkish rule in Crete is not now a tyranny, but the Cretans look back and ask of the past: "Was not that a tyranny?" And only too many of them have the most natural reasons for being unforgiving. "He will see some trouble, that young man!" said the Arnaut, alluding once more to the Turk in his farm citadel, and the Arnaut no doubt spoke the truth.

### The Fierce Soldier of Chili.

As a soldier the Chillano is brave to recklessness, and a sense of fear is unknown to him. He will not endure a siege, says W. E. Curtis, in Harper's Magazine, nor can he be made to fight at long range; but as soon as he sees the enemy he fires one volley, drops his gun, and rushes in with his "carvo." His endurance is as great as his courage and no North American Indian can travel so far without rest or go so long without food or water as the Chillano peon, or "Roto," as the mixed race is called. As the "Cholo" in Peru is the descendant of the Spaniards and the Incas, so is the "Roto" in Chili the child of the Spaniard and the Araucanian Indians, the race of giants with which the early explorers reported that Patagonia was peopled—"menne of that big-giness," as Sir Francis Drake reported, "that it seemed the trees of the forest were uprooted and were moving away." They have the Spanish tenacity of purpose, the Indian endurance, and the cruelty of both. Each soldier, in the mountains or the desert, carries on his breast two buckskin bags. In one are the leaves of the coca plant, in the other powdered lime made of the ashes

of potato-skins. The coca is the strongest sort of a tonic, and by chewing it the Chillano soldier can abstain from food or drink for a week or ten days at a stretch. The Chillano soldier is not easily subjected to discipline, and out-vandals the vandals in the destruction of property, as the present condition of Peru will prove. He burns and destroys everything within his reach that has sheltered an enemy. No authority can restrain his hand. The awful scenes of devastation that took place in Peru have nothing to parallel them in the annals of modern warfare. On the battle-fields nine-tenths of the dead were found with their throats cut, and the Chillano took no prisoners, except when a whole army capitulated. They ask no quarter and give none. The knowledge of this characteristic and the fear of the Chillano knife were a powerful factor in the subjugation of the more humane Peruvians.

### The Medieval Materia Medica.

A ring made of the hinge of a coffin was credited with the power of relieving cramps, which also received solace when a rusty old sword was hung up by the patient's bed-side. Nails driven into an oak tree were not a cure, but a preventive against toothache. A halter which had served to hang a criminal withal when found round the temples was found an infallible remedy for headache. A dead man's hand could dispel tumors of the glands by stroking the parts nine times, but the hand of a man who had been cut down from a gallows-tree was, we need not say, a remedy infinitely more efficacious. Some of these remedies still exist among the superstitious poor of the provinces, although the formula, of course, is not now strictly adhered to, the game being emphatically hardly worth the candle. To cure warts, for instance, the best thing was to steal a piece of beef from the butcher, with which the warts were to be rubbed, after which it was to be interred, and as the process of decomposition went on the warts would wither and disappear.

The chips of a gallows on which several persons had been hanged, when worn in a bag round the neck, were pronounced an infallible cure for the ague. The nightmare, supposed, of course, to be caused by supernatural agency, was banished by means of a stone with a hole in it being suspended at the head of the sufferer's bed. This last remedy went by the name of a hag-stone, because it prevented the witches, who, of course, wrought the mischief, from sitting on the patient's stomach. Its effects upon these mischievous old crones was singularly deterrent. The poor old creatures, who could not have sat a horse the moment he began to walk, were credited with riding these animals over the moorland at headlong speed in the dead of the night, when better disposed and less frisky people were wrapped in slumber. A hag-stone tied to the key of a stable door at once put a stop to these heathenish vagaries.—*London Times*.

### Lifelong Disappointment.

Even if one acquiesces in the loss of liberty the deprivation is always a sad one. A visitor at the Convent of Turgina, in Italy, describes the disappointed longing of one of its inmates, an aged woman, who had been brought up in a convent, and when her education was complete, at the request of her friends—no dowry, and therefore no husband, having been found—had taken the veil.

She could not remember having walked in a street in all her life, and with this fact was connected her greatest earthly disappointment.

Some three years before I met her she had been sent from Dijon to this convent at Turgina. The journey occupied about forty hours, and she was joyfully animated by the hope of just once traversing the streets on foot.

But, alas for the frailty of human hopes! The lady superior, knowing nothing of this secret longing, and deciding that a woman of more than 80 years of age would be glad to drive, sent a close carriage to meet her at the railway station.

There were tears in the poor old woman's eyes as she said to me: "And now I shall never walk in a street!"—*Youth's Companion*.

ECONOMY is the parent of integrity, of liberty, and of ease, and the beautiful sister of temperance, of cheerfulness, and health.—*Dr. Johnson*.

## FITH AND POINT.

SHOCKING Affair—a galvanic battery. THE way to get fat is to go all around. The last demand for light—the gas bills.

SUITABLE dower for a widow—a widower.

ONE spooney girl in a deserted conservatory is worth two in a crowded ball-room.—*Carl Pretzel*.

"SWIDE'S iron" appears in an advertisement. If Swedes iron they might go into copartnership with the Chinese who wash.—*Texas Siftings*.

THE Empress of China has composed 60 verses of Chinese poetry. No wonder the Chinese are skipping out to other lands like country editors dodging a board bill!—*Newman Independent*.

"SPEAKING of shad, would you say the price has gone up, or has risen?" inquired a school-boy of a fishmonger. "Well," replied the scale-scraper, "speaking of shad, I should say it had risen."

"WHAT are the wild waves saying?" is the question. Just now they are saying not to come near them unless you engaged your rooms a month ago, or are willing to sleep in the bowling alley.

PROF. PROCTOR figures that the earth is shrinking about two inches a year. That accounts for the nervous anxiety manifested by some people to possess it while it is of some size.—*Buffalo Express*.

LIGHTNING knocked over three men who were sitting on a box in front of a grocery store in Patterson, N. J. One of them was knocked senseless. The other two exclaimed: "Leggo! I'm coming right home!"

"Do you think the man legally guilty according to the evidences?" was the question; and immediately every lawyer present inquired with extreme anxiety: "What is the amount of his assets and liabilities?"—*The Judge*.

"WEIR," said St. Peter, opening the gate, "who are you?" "I'm a base-ball umpire." "Come in, what is left of you, my poor man. It is those who suffer most below who find easiest entrance here."—*Boston Courier*.

OLD GOLDBUST (on his knees to the Widow Bullion)—Ah, madam! I adore you. Widow B.—There, there! Do not get excited, Mr. Goldbust. You have let your teeth fall in my lap. Shall I give them a caramel?—*Life*.

"ETHEL, dear, you are looking pale and ill this morning?" "Yes, mamma; I went in bathing yesterday and got my feet wet." "O, careless girl, and spoiled your bathing suit, no doubt. Never let that happen again."—*Burdette*.

YOUNG Man (to sexton at church door)—Isn't the sermon nearly done? Sexton—About an hour yet. He is only on his 'lastly.' Young Man—Will it take him an hour to get through his 'lastly?' Sexton—No. But there's the 'one word and I am done,' and the 'finally,' and the 'in conclusion' to come yet.

MEN will hurry, and rush, and risk their lives to get across the street in front of a passing horse-car and then stand five minutes idly on the curbstone vainly trying to impress a pretty girl, who was married five years ago, and who wouldn't look at them even if they were gold-plated and set with diamonds.—*Somerville Journal*.

"PAPA," said a precocious Chicago youth, "does the store man milk goats when he gets buttermilk?" "No, my son; what put that into your head?" "Well, anyhow, folks milk goats, don't they?" "Certainly, my son." "Ain't a goat a butter?" "Yes." "Then why ain't a goat's milk buttermilk?" "Here is ten cents, my son; just go over to the corner grocery and tell the man you want to exchange it for a nice, large, ripe watermelon."—*Carl Pretzel's National*.

### Snap Judgment.

"What is your business?" asked the census marshal.

"Bartender," replied the citizen.

"And where do you tend bar?"

"Down at the United States Court building," replied the Judge.

And the census marshal slapped his book shut, and as he went away said he would come down that way some morning and wet himself with a cocktail. He heard the Judge say he would be more likely to get a lentail; but thought it was just one of the bartender's jokes.

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Buy in your vicinity, or send to the publisher for the November number, and you will be surprised at its contents. Besides its many other attractions, it contains a finely executed portrait of the late Hon. John B. Finch.

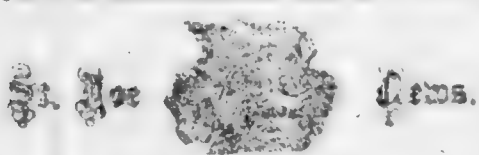
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FRIDAY OCTOBER 28, 1887.

Next Monday the school children will have a scramble to see who will get the best seat.

The Dispatch says: "In gas we trust" and the Avilla News says: "Yes and in gas you'll bust."

The near approach of Thanksgiving has a tendency to make the turkeys roost on the top-most branches.

Sam Baker, wife and daughter, Esau, were at Hicksville, Wednesday getting their pictures "took."

Jonathan Burr has put a canvass cover on his back. Uncle Jonathan is bound to keep up with the times.

Sam J. M. Langley, and daughter, Mary, have been visiting friends and acquaintances at Muncie, this week.

Mart Tustison and his sister Emma, went to Chicago Monday night, and are taking in the sights of that great city this week.

A. M. Richards of Hicksville was in town this week. A. M. had better move over here, and that will save coming so often.

The Pigeon Observer says the paper will be full twice this month. Person would almost conclude from reading that paper last week, that the editor was full all the time. Full of gas, we mean.

The Waterloo Press got it onto us last week, and it didn't take us three seconds to see the joke, either. Alright, Bro. Willis, if you can't send us any humming birds, we'll try and be satisfied with moths.

and lost a good thing by not being at Chesky, a couple of weeks ago. The bigometer band took the prize, a \$2,500 set of instruments which our band might just as well have had if they had been there. Nothing small about St. Joe.

Probably no one thing has caused such a general revival of trade at W. O. Patterson's Drug Store as their giving away to their customers of so many free trial bottles of Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption. Their trade is simply enormous in this very valuable article from the fact that it always cures and never fails. Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Bronchitis, Croup, and all throat and lung diseases quickly cured. You can test it before buying by getting a trial bottle free, large size \$1. Every bottle warranted.

Considering the very inclement weather, a good sized audience gathered at the Methodist church, last Sunday evening, to listen to the lecture by Miss White, entitled "Save the Boys." She began her lecture by saying that temperance was on the side of right, of the bible and of God, and that it must and would prevail. She gave an analysis of the various kinds of drinks, and showed that they were not only harmful, but that they contained the rankest kind of poisons. She spoke for an hour and a half, and closed with an earnest and pathetic appeal to the audience to help save the boys of this nation, by prohibiting the manufacture and sale of strong drinks.

OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

SPENCERVILLE.

P. Bishop was in Chicago this week.

The schools at this place will open on next Monday.

Jake Baltz Jr. was at Maysville last Wednesday.

Eli Fales is moving into his new house this week.

Several of our ladies were at Auburn Friday visiting with Mrs. Geo. Baltz.

Mr. and Mrs. Eli Bishop, of Van Wert, Ohio are visiting relatives at and near this place this week.

Prof. Wedan's singing class are making preparations to give the cantata, "Queen Esther," at the close of his singing school.

Ben Zimmerman took a fine picture of the new Lutheran church at this place recently. Ben is a good artist and is putting out some fine work.

The Woman's Foreign Missionary Society, will be entertained by Mrs. Dr. Hull, Saturday afternoon, Nov. 5th 1887. All are cordially invited to attend.

The entertainment given at the school, last Monday evening, by the Wilcox family, was well attended and gave good satisfaction. They went to Maysville from here.

PIGEON'S RETREAT.

Martin Kline is able to be around again.

Ben Wasson took a load of cider to Fort Wayne on Friday.

Mr. Meek, the Hicksville book-agent, is boarding at L. A. Lake's this week.

Miss Ida Koch is staying with Mrs. W. Koch during the absence of her husband.

James Draggoo and wife are, in Kansas visiting with a brother of Mrs. Draggoo.

Ugh Winland was in this part of the country on a collecting tour one day last week.

Jack Morcy has his new cellar completed, and for convenience, it is hard to beat.

"Buckeye" and Johnnie Shilling, Tom Kirstand Sam Shutt, went to a sale at Moersville on Friday. B. Shilling and S. Shutt invested in some stock.

Low Lake started for Michigan last Thursday, in a wagon. He was accompanied by his brother-in-law, who will remain there this winter. His family will remain in Ind., until he selects their future home.

Wouldn't it be a good idea to have gas piped from Auburn to this Retreat to illuminate the school house, and then get a good literary society started? It would 'waken Pigeon's Retreat up immensely, and for one we vote for the literary, if we have't any thing but kerosine for illumination.

George Dilley has promised some of his neighbor's daughters a sleigh-ride, behind his yoke of white oxen this winter, providing, of course, there is sleighing. George is for reviving the olden times that our grandfathers tell about. The question that puzzles George is: "Which did our grandfathers have cow-bells or sleigh-bells, on their oxen when they took their girls sleigh-riding."

CONCORD.

Mrs. Hannah Draggoo, of Mich., is visiting relatives at this place.

Yet desires us to say that it was Dell instead of Belle that was the attraction a few Sundays ago.

Dr. Pagan, of Valparaiso, was the guest of Miss Alice Draggoo, for a short time last week. No chance for you Mr. Devil, at present.

The largest and best assorted stock of

# ARRIVED AT LEIGHTY'S

## Dry Goods, Notions, Boots, Shoes, Hats, Caps &c.,

ever offered to the public. Examine them and get prices before purchasing

Mrs. Robert Culbertson met with quite an accident one day last week. While on her way to Auburn, some one ran into her buggy, upsetting it and throwing her out. When taken up it was thought she was dead, but in a short time she revived and is now slowly improving.

"Come Charley it is about time we were going home." "Oh! rats, pa, I am not going home." And Charley did not go home, but went across the river to see Anna, and she was not at home, and he had to go home after all.

Charley Koch gave himself away beautifully one evening last week, while taking Vill a buggy ride in the big wagon. He said, "I think those pictures of Orange's and Ida's are splendid. I saw them up at George Morris last Saturday evening." How innocent. We would not have known that he was up there, if he had not told us, for Emma would never have said a word about it. Oh! no.

It seems that horse-back riding is the style this fall. At least a couple of young men took their girls home on horse-back, from the party at Mr. White's in the evening. Now this is a secret we want the News readers to help us to keep, for we do not dare tell it. If you should say any thing about it, do not tell it so that Vill and Belle will get to hear it, and I would not for any thing, tell who rode Alice's horse.

Charley, son of James Rickett, died last Friday at eleven P. M. age, nine years and two months. He has been afflicted all summer, but was not dangerously ill until about three weeks ago, and has been a great sufferer during that time. He was a bright little boy and loved by all who knew him. He was a regular attendant in the Sabbath school, until his health began to fail, and he was unable to get there. The family have the sympathies of a host of friends, who have "passed under the red," in similar afflictions. Funeral services were conducted by Rev. Langley.

TRUTH IS MIGHTY AND  
WILL PREVAIL.

### LOOK THIS WAY!

I keep on hand a fine line of furniture, which I will sell for the next 60 days at prices that defy competition. Glass Cupboards \$8.50. Double Case and Back Rockers \$2. Dressing Case, with French Plate Glass \$12.00. Carpet Lounges \$6.50. Solid Comfort Beds for \$2.25. Undertaking a speciality.

August Kinsey, St. Joe, Ind.

M. PUSTISON.

DEALER IN

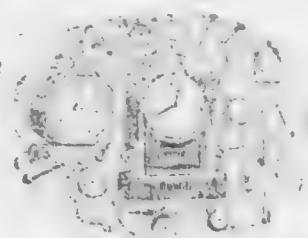
## Groceries, Flour,

PROVISIONS.

GANDIES, CIGARS, TOBACCO.

Canned Fruits, Beans, Dried Beans, Cheese, Bologna &c. Produce taken in exchange for goods.

ST. JOE, IND.



W. O. A. PATTERSON.

at the St. Joe Drugstore, repair Clocks, Watches and Jewelry. All work warranted and prices reasonable. Give me your work.

## New Goods Arriving Daily!

CALL ON US FOR

### BIG BARGAINS.

FULL LINE OF

## LADIES CLOAKS AND WRAPS.

FINE STOCK OF CLOTHING ON HAND.

HEATING & COOK STOVES A SPECIALTY.

S. & F. BARNEY, ST. JOE, IND.

## At the Drugstore.

School Books.  
Slates.  
Writing Paper.  
Ink and Pens.  
Pencils of all kinds.  
Scratch Books.

## At the Drugstore.

### LOCALS.

Farmers are nearly all done husking corn.

Buy your school books at the St. Joe Drugstore.

Marsh Andrews is teaching school at Hesperia, Mich.

Charley Widney has been on the sick list this week.

Hogs are selling for \$5.00 and \$4.00 per hundred.

Good school Toboggans only 25 cents at Case & Olds.

One of the B. & O. trains happened to be on time yesterday.

Ellis Sanders has a position in a railroad office at Deshler, Ohio.

"Buckskin Joe" has been talking to the people of Newville this week.

A. Kinsey, undertaker at this place, has had charge of six funerals within the past week.

Mrs. James Ables has so far recovered her health, as to be able to visit friends at Hicksville this week.

The W. C. T. U. will meet at the residence of A. B. Filley, on Thursday afternoon, Nov. 3rd. All are cordially invited to attend.

St. Joe will experience a young moon next spring, if the improvements which are now being talked of are made, and they probably will be. There is no gas about this.

The pairing rain last Sunday didn't keep Bert Patterson from going to see his best girl at Hicksville. Oh! no. They say love is blind, and Bert probably could not see the rain.

We issue a two page supplement this week, which contains a full report of the W. C. T. U. convention held at this place last Saturday, besides other interesting local matter. Read it.

The News acknowledges the receipt of an invitation to the sixth annual reception and ball, given by the B. & O. apprentice boys, at Garrett. Thank you, boys, but we never hop.

M. T. Bishop now has the largest stock of shingles on hand that he has ever had since he has been in business. Mell has a big trade, though, and will soon dispose of them. Persons who are in need of shingles will do well to give him a call.

Farmers are having splendid weather in which to do fall work.

Million Baker will have a cozy little home when he gets his new house completed.

J. D. Leighty and Frank Barney, drove to Fort Wayne on Wednesday, to attend a meeting of the Knight Templars.

J. H. Conrad done a job of sporting for S. S. Shutt this week. He has not done any thing but sport for the last few weeks.

Lyman Knight is in very poor health, and unless he should get better, will hardly be able to teach the coming winter.

All who are interested in procuring a deed for the cemetery at Jenkins' school house, are requested to meet at that place on Saturday, Oct. 29, 1887.

Those who attended the reunion at Waterloo last week, report having a very pleasant time. There were about 165 of the boys in blue present.

Al Coburn thought the News was hungry for a mess of turnips, and so he brought us in a couple of whopping big ones, this week. Thanks, we're quite fond of turnips.

Vester Widney is breaking in a new dog. "Fau" is getting old, and with the exception of one or two runaway shermishes, has been a good faithful servant, and well deserves a rest.

We received some correspondence this week from Sedan, with the request that it be published. We should like to comply with the request, but we have more matter here at home each week, than we have space for.

Little Lillie, a five year old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Curt Washler, died at their home in this place on Monday. The funeral services took place on Wednesday, and were conducted by Rev. Albright, pastor of the M. P. church at Maysville. The body was interred in the Spencerville cemetery.

Squire Ables has entered suit against the News for libel. We understand that he has employed O. H. Widney as counsel in the case, and we feel confident that we can induce Oliver to "holdover" until we can file a schedule, or put our property in our wife's name, and then James can sue, if wants to; but he'll get right badly left.

Miss White had expected to leave St. Joe on Monday, but owing to some misunderstanding as to her future engagements, she did not get away, and so consented to lecture again in the evening. Only a few hours notice of the lecture was given and yet the Lutheran church, in which it was held, was well filled, and all were well repaid for coming out. Her lectures were all good, but we are of the opinion that we had the best of the wine at the last of the feast.

We understand that Demorest's Monthly has been making extensive changes in its editorial staff. If parallel results could always be obtained, we would advise every publisher to go and do likewise; for the November number, which has just arrived, is certainly a grand success. Demorest's Monthly has always been in the front rank of family magazines, but the new blood that has now been infused into it puts it ahead of all rivals. Before subscribing for your family magazine for the coming year, you should see Demorest's, for they say with truth that it contains a dozen magazines in one, and furnishes information and amusement for the whole family. Published by W. Jennings Demorest, 15 East 14th Street, N. Y.

## TWO SPECIAL BARGAINS.

No. 1.  
A piece of plaid dress goods only 1 cent. Former price 12 1/2 cts.

No. 2.  
Is a piece of goods worth 10c which we offer now at 5c per yard.

## CASE & OLDS, ST JOE, IND.

### PRESBYTERIANS

Who do not take the Herald and Presbyterian, should

### SEND

Five One-Cent Stamps

### FOR A

Sample copy of this paper and a beautiful steel-engraved

### Calendar for 1888

Size 4x6 1/2 inches.

Send names and addresses of ten or more Presbyterians of different families who do not now take the paper, and receive the calendar and sample copy free. Send at once. Mention name of church and pastor, and say where you saw this. Address: HERALD AND PRESBYTER, 175 ELM STREET, CINCINNATI, O.

### ST. JOE MARKETS.

CORRECTED EVERY FRIDAY.

Wheat	71 cts.
Oats	27 cts.
Corn	55 cts.
Barter	45 cts.
Eggs	15 cts.
Tallow	3 1/2 cts.
Lard	10 cts.
Potatoes	80 cts.

### Eucklen's Arnica Salvo.

THE BEST SALVE in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by W. C. Patterson.

New Pickles already prepared in vinegar at Tustison's grocery.

Josephus Shilling's injuries were found to be much more serious than at first were supposed, but we learn from Dr. Sheffer, that he is a little better now.

W. E. Chapman will deliver a lecture on temperance, in the Lutheran church in this place, on Monday evening, Oct. 31st. He is said to be a good speaker, and all are invited to come out and hear him.

Miss White in her talk on Saturday evening, spoke of a Sunday school teacher out west, who in trying to impress upon the minds of his scholars, the fact that the prophecies of the bible were true, said: "for you know the scriptures say: 'the mills of the gods grind slowly, but they get there all the same.'"

A new system of sending money has been inaugurated by the United States Express Co. They issue money orders to any amount, from one cent to twenty dollars. The rate is lower than any other way of sending money, and it is said to be absolutely safe. Orders can now be purchased of the agent, at this place.

### For Sale.

A good one and a half story dwelling and lot, situated in St. Joe, for sale at a bargain. For particulars call on or address

M. Richards (Hicksville, O.)

### For Sale.

House and lot on Main street, St. Joe, Ind. For further particulars call on J. M. Lounsberry. Will sell cheap and on easy terms.

Rebecca McDonald.

### Farm for Sale.

I offer at private sale, a good well improved farm, 1 mile north of Concord, and 3 1/2 miles northwest of St. Joe, 7 miles east of Auburn, contains 120 acres, 85 in good cultivation, with substantial buildings, good well, good orchard and everything in good farming order. Terms reasonable and payments easy. For particulars inquire of J. C. St. Clair, 1 1/2 miles south of Waterloo.

J. C. St. Clair, Waterloo, Ind.

### Farm for Sale or Trade.

Said farm consists of 160 acres, 120 well improved. Good buildings, nearly new bank barn, 40x70, painted in good style, good timber, running water, etc. Will sell cheap, or take a small farm in exchange and will give long time to pay the difference. Farm lays 3 miles north of St. Joe, and 7 1/2 miles east of Auburn. Reason for selling, have no help.

A. E. Swineford, St. Joe, Ind.

The next W. C. T. U. county convention will be held at Butler.

Look out for traveling grocery swindlers. Buy of the home merchants.

The Texas Siftings says there is a man in Indiana who takes 32 newspapers and you might as well try to ride a whirlwind on a side-saddle as to impose upon that man.

BRACE UP.—You are feeling depressed, your appetite is poor, you are bothered with Headache, you are fidgety, nervous, and generally out of sorts, and want to brace up. Brace up, but not with stimulants, spring medicines, or bitters, which have for their basis very cheap, bad whisky, and which stimulate you for an hour and then leave you in worse condition than before. What you want is an alterative that will purify your blood, start healthy action of Liver and Kidneys, restore your vitality, and give renewed health and strength. Such a medicine you will find in Electric Bitters, and only 50 cents a bottle at W. C. Patterson's Drug Store.



# The St. Joe News.

ST. JOE, INDIANA.

MORT & WILL OLDS, PUBLISHERS.

## EVENTS OF A WEEK.

### THE OLD WORLD.

—The French Government has determined to put General Boulanger under arrest for thirty days, says a Paris dispatch. During that time his conduct will be further inquired into, and it will be decided whether he shall be deprived of his command or not.

—The relations between Germany and Russia are becoming more embittered. No mask is now worn on either side. The press of St. Petersburg and Moscow is now permitted to indulge in its natural disposition to abuse the Germans. The inspired press is not backward in responding in kind. Diplomatic intercourse between the two governments is limited to unavoidable communications, which are exchanged with frigid civilities.

—The conflicts between the police and the Trafalgar Square mob still continue, says a London dispatch, several fights having occurred yesterday and many arrests having been made. The rioters intended to make a demonstration at Hyde Park, but the police locked the park gates. This action infuriated the crowd, and a sharp conflict occurred. In their efforts to get out of the park many of the crowd were thrown down and trampled upon.

—A Paris correspondent of a London paper claims to know that General Boulanger was in close communication with the late M. Katkoff, and that the latter advised him to proclaim himself Dictator. One of Katkoff's letters was intercepted and sent to the Emperor William, who notified the Czar of its contents, and the imperial favorite was disgraced in consequence.

### PERSONAL NOTES.

—The President met with the same enthusiastic reception at Nashville and Chattanooga that has been accorded him all along the route. During the reception at Nashville, while many poorly dressed people, evidently farmers and working men and women, were passing before him, Mr. Cleveland administered a stinging rebuke to a number of well-dressed people, who, having been presented, had stepped back of him and were making unkind remarks touching the personal appearance of those passing along in front. Hearing the remarks and the laughter, the President said: "These good people are here out of respect to me. I am not willing for you to make sport of them. It is not right." The laughter and comment ceased. At Chattanooga the train was greeted by a mass of humanity that filled the large depot to overflowing. Cannons boomed, bands played, and the vast multitude shouted. The city was thronged with people from East Tennessee, North Georgia, North Alabama, and fully 30,000 visitors were in the city in spite of the drizzling rain. The Presidential party reached Atlanta at midnight Monday. There were at a close estimate 100,000 strangers in the city, and such a jam was never known.

—The President and his party were received by Governor Gordon at the Capitol in Atlanta, Ga., on Tuesday, and were then driven to the Exposition grounds at Piedmont Park, where an address of welcome was delivered by H. W. Grady, to which the President responded. He sketched the rapid growth and prosperity of Atlanta, and in conclusion said:

Every man at all concerned in what is here exhibited will return to his home with new plans and purposes, which will result in his increased prosperity; and the aggregate of this will make a rich and prosperous neighborhood; its contagion makes a rich and prosperous State. We often hear of a State noted for its excellent products. This is not always the result of fertility of the soil, or of its adaptability, but of the enterprise of its people inaugurating such expositions as this, where they may meet and take counsel and learn of each other. All of Georgia's neighboring States still feel the impulse of the cotton exposition of 1881, and the commercial convention of 1883, and I trust that the Piedmont exhibition may prove of as great benefit as these to the material welfare of the large section of country which has contributed to its success.

At the conclusion of the Presidential speech repeated calls were made for Governor Gordon. In response, the Governor arose and proposed "three cheers for Mrs. Cleveland," which were given with wild enthusiasm.

### FINANCIAL AND INDUSTRIAL.

—John F. Henry and Henry E. Brown, wholesale druggists of New York, have made an assignment. They also failed in 1878, owing about \$60,000. H. Webster & Co., the insolvent wholesale liquor dealers of New York, have actual assets of \$381,000, with liabilities of \$785,000. Charles S. Bryce, wholesale liquor dealer at No. 31 Front street, New

York, is a small Ohio stock, valued at \$118,000, he obtained loans aggregating \$118,000.

—The Eleventh General Assembly of the Knights of Labor, after a continuous session at Minneapolis of over two weeks, adjourned on Wednesday, the 19th inst. The session was a busy one, and has the record of accomplishing more than any of its predecessors. An enormous amount of work was disposed of in the last two days, the most important of which is thus summarized:

The Anarchistic element received another back-set when the assembly resolved by a vote of 112 to 29 that Knights of Labor in parades shall carry nothing but the State or National colors. There can be no more red flags in Knights of Labor parades. An attempt to prevent Mr. Powderly's further activity in the order in the event of his resignation was frustrated when the assembly refused to accept a proposition to strike out the section of the rules which provides, "A Past General Master Workman shall have all the rights and privileges of a representative." The rule prohibiting the sale of liquors at picnics was sustained against a motion to change by a vote of 104 to 39. Hereafter organizers must pay dues in advance for the time of their commissions, and locals must not propose and initiate candidates for membership the same night. A week must intervene. The Committee on Appeals and Grievances reported the charges against General Secretary Litchman as groundless. It was moved to provide for granting charters to Chinese assemblies, but the measure was lost, it being regarded as detrimental to the order in the West. A report from the Committee on Finance recommended economy for the coming year.

—The invitation from Indianapolis was accepted, and the convention will be held in that city next year.

—The arrangements for the formation of a sugar trust are said to be practically completed, says a New York dispatch. Bonds will be issued to the amount of \$15,000,000, and \$50,000,000 in stock will be distributed. Mr. Henry Havemeyer will be President, and John E. Seales, now Treasurer of the Havemeyer & Elder Sugar-refining Company, will be the General Manager of the concern.

—A Philadelphia dispatch says that by order of Shoe-Makers' District Assembly No. 70, Knights of Labor, 5,000 hands engaged in the manufacture of shoes in that city quit work Wednesday, and twenty-four factories paid off their hands and closed their doors.

### FIRES AND ACCIDENTS.

—The walls of the four-story brick parochial school-house in course of erection for the Church of Our Lady of Mount Carmel, at 443 East One Hundred and Fifteenth street, New York, fell in, burying twenty-one men who were in the building. Four men are known to have been killed, and many were injured, among the latter being Father Krueger, who was superintending the work on the building. A number of workmen were seriously injured, and other deaths may follow.

—A skiff containing six men was capsized in the Allegheny River, at Foxburg, Pa., and two brothers, J. and H. Neville, were drowned.

—Rear Admiral Braine, commanding the South Atlantic Squadron, reports to the Navy Department that on Sept. 8 the Brazilian cruiser Imperial Marinho was lost by running upon a bar at Rio de Janeiro. One officer and fourteen seamen were lost and 126 persons saved.

—By the fall of a derrick at Louisville, Ky., one man was killed and another fatally injured.

—Three explosions of natural gas at Pittsburgh, occurring almost simultaneously, partly wrecked the Hotel Albemarle and Bijou Theater Block, and shattered every window in the vicinity. Fire also broke out, but was soon extinguished. A score of persons were wounded, two of whom cannot recover, while a half dozen others are in a precarious condition.

—The fishing-schooner Rebecca Nickerson, which sailed from Provincetown, Mass., last May, has been given up for lost. She is supposed to have been wrecked during the hurricane of Sept. 3. Her crew consisted of nineteen men.

### THE CRIMINAL RECORD.

—Attorney General Ayers and the other imprisoned State officers of Virginia were committed to the custody of a United States Marshal on Monday by order of Chief Justice Waite. Their counsel renewed the motion that they be admitted to bail pending the argument of the question at issue.

—Wheeling (W. Va.) dispatch: "In Roane County, West Virginia, Jake Coon and Robert Duff were identified as having participated in the murder of the Rev. Thomas F. Ryan, and were lynched. Vigilantes also captured and killed George Duff, Jr., brother of Robert. William Drake was taken by a mob to Spencer, but it is not known whether he was lynched. Drake confessed that Dan Cunningham, a detective, planned the robbery and that his gang carried out the scheme." —A Charleston (W. Va.) dispatch states that Cunningham has been caught and lynched, and that the vigilantes will not let up until half a dozen or so more outlaws have been strung up.

—Mrs. Annie Lacey, the St. Louis woman who threw a pancake into Mrs. Cleveland's lap, has been fined \$50 and costs. She admitted to the officer who arrested her that she threw the pancake, as she wanted Mrs. Cleveland to see what St. Louis pancakes were like.

—In the United States Supreme Court, at Washington, Chief Justice Waite announced that argument upon the questions raised by the habeas corpus cases of Attorney General Ayers and other imprisoned State officers of Virginia will be set down for the second Monday in November, and that meanwhile the prisoners will be set at liberty in their own recognizances in the sum of \$1,000 each to answer the summons of this court when their presence shall be required.

### MISCELLANEOUS NOTES.

—A Washington dispatch says that Secretary Lamar is certain to take the place left vacant on the Supreme bench by the death of Justice Woods, and that he will be appointed immediately after handing in his report as Secretary of the Interior.

—The cotton crop of the United States this year is estimated at 6,550,000 bales, against 6,505,000 bales last season.

—In his annual report to the Secretary of the Interior, Land Commissioner Sparks speaks of the "present wasteful and fraudulent system of disposal" of the public lands, and intimates that there is much room for improvement in the laws upon the subject.

—The Roman Catholic Sisters of Charity, who were applicants for positions as public school teachers, says a Pittsburgh dispatch, have withdrawn their applications, because, it is claimed, the examination they were subjected to was too vigorous. Superintendent Lackey, of the Central Board of Education, has received scores of letters and papers, all of them denouncing the action of the Thirty-third Ward School in electing a priest to the position of Principal. These papers come from all parts of the country.

—About seven thousand people saw the Detroit Base-Ball Club administer another drubbing to the St. Louis Browns at Boston on Tuesday. The Wolverines took the lead in the second inning and held it to the end. Caruthers was hit safely seventeen times, and when the Detroit didn't hit safe the Browns banded and the man was safe. Getzen, on the other hand, held the St. Louis batsmen at his mercy. Score—Detroit, 9; St. Louis, 2. Eight games have thus far been played, of which Detroit has won six.

—Civil Service Commissioner Edgerton says a Washington telegram—

Is not slow in arraying himself against the sentiments expressed by Commissioner Edgerton in his recent letter about the legality of Government clerks organizing State associations and taking part in political affairs. Judge Edgerton doesn't believe in extreme or strained constructions of the law, which would accomplish its full purpose without irritating the public mind by extreme constructions. "These State organizations," said Judge Edgerton, "have as much right to exist as they ever had. There is nothing in the law to prohibit it. A man is not deprived of the privileges of citizenship because he assumes public office, and I think the idea that a man should abandon his residence in a State—his citizenship when he takes office in Washington is preposterous. If the law is to be construed in this extreme manner, it will array the public against it."

—The St. Louis Base-Ball Club was defeated by the Detroit at Philadelphia, Wednesday, by a score of 4 to 2, making seven out of nine games the Wolverines have captured.

### GENERAL MEADE IN BRONZE.

—A Philadelphia dispatch of Wednesday says that—

In the presence of a large concourse of people, among whom were numbered many of Philadelphia's most prominent citizens and distinguished public men of the State and nation, the bronze equestrian statue of General George Gordon Meade, erected in Girard Park, was unveiled with appropriate pomp and ceremony. A grand military parade which proved one of the most imposing demonstrations of the kind ever given in this city, formed at



STATUE OF GEN. MEADE.

Broad and Spring Garden streets and marched to the monument in the park where the unveiling ceremonies took place. The memorial, which takes the shape of a bronze equestrian statue, is the work of the sculptor Calder. It is of heroic size, and is mounted on a pedestal of rough granite, about twenty feet in height. The statue represents General Meade reining in his horse sharply on the slope of a hill, while, hat in hand, he is returning a salute. The design is a spirited one, and the likeness is king.

M. T. BISHOP,

—DEALER IN—

LUMBER, LIME,

—LATH—

SHINGLES,

MOULDING &c.

Large Stock and Low Prices. Yard Near Depot, St. Joe, Ind.

J. F. WALKER,

MAKER AND DEALER IN

Harness, Collars,

WHIPS, HARNESS OIL &c.

ST. JOE, IND.

Repairing done promptly. Prices as low as the lowest. Call and see.



WILLIAM CURIE,

PROPRIETOR OF

MEAT MARKET

ST. JOE, IND.

Highest market price paid for Hides, Tallow &c. Give me a call.

F. A. ZEIGLER,

MAKER AND DEALER IN

HARNESS

COLLARS, WHIPS,

Fly Nets and Dusters,

HARNESS OIL &c.

Prices the Lowest. All work guaranteed. Call and see me.

Blacksmith

AND

Repair Shop.

Having secured the services of an experienced workman, I am now prepared to do all kinds of Blacksmithing and Repairing in a first-class manner. Special attention given to repairing machinery. Give me a call. Prices reasonable.

A. W. Hall, St. Joe.



### The Best Ideal of a Family Medicine.

A remedy which promptly and completely relieves ailments of such common occurrence as indigestion, constipation, biliousness, and disorders of a malarial type, is assuredly the best ideal of a family medicine. Such is Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which is not only capable of eradicating these complaints, but also counteracting a tendency to kidney troubles, rheumatism, and premature decadence of stamina. Taking it "all round," as the phrase is, there is probably not in existence so useful, effective, and agreeable a household panacea as the Bitters. Nor is it less highly esteemed by the medical profession than by the families of America. Numberless testimonials from professional sources of irrefragable authenticity avow its merit. The demand for it abroad, no less than in the land of its discovery, is certainly increasing, time and experience of its beneficial effects confirming the high opinion originally formed of it.

### "Half Our Knowledge We Must Snatch, Not Take."

"Yes, sir," remarked Mr. Roundtrip, "I am a poor man, and the only fortune I can give my children is an education, and that they have. Edward is entitled to write D. D. after his name, Alfred and Clara each write M. A. after theirs, and little Timothy is an A. B., all my children are university bred."

"Is it possible?" exclaimed the new minister, looking at the children in amazement.

"Yes, indeed," replied the father proudly.

"Harvard, Mr. Roundtrip?" suggested the new minister.

"No," said the father, "they took the four weeks' course at Chautauqua."—*Burdette.*

### \$500 Reward.

If you suffer from dull, heavy headache, obstruction of the nasal passages, discharges falling from the head into the throat, sometimes profuse, watery, and acid, at others thick, tenacious, mucous, purulent, bloody, and putrid; if the eyes are weak, watery, and inflamed, and there is ringing in the ears, deafness, hacking or coughing to clear the throat, expectoration of offensive matter, together with scabs from ulcers; the voice being changed and having a nasal twang; the breath offensive; smell and taste impaired; experience a sensation of dizziness, with mental depression, a hacking cough, and general debility, then you are suffering from chronic nasal catarrh. Only a few of the above-named symptoms are likely to be present in any one case at one time, or in one stage of the disease. Thousands of cases annually, without manifesting half of the above symptoms, result in consumption and end in the grave. No disease is so common, more deceptive, and dangerous, less understood, or more successfully treated by physicians. The manufacturers of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy offer, in good faith, \$500 reward for a case of catarrh which they cannot cure. The remedy is sold by druggists at only 50 cents.

An Italian physician who has given close attention to causes and remedies of malaria recommends a decoction of lemon as especially useful. The rind and pulp of a fresh lemon cut in thin slices is boiled in three cupfuls of water in an earthen vessel and boiled down to one cupful, then strained with pressure through linen and set aside over night. The whole is to be drank in the morning before breakfast.—*Dr. Foote's Health Monthly.*

The jackass would not hide his ears if he could. He thinks they look well enough.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

BEAUTIFUL woman, from whence came thy bloom, Thy beaming eye, thy features fair? What kindly hand on thee was laid— Endowing thee with beauty rare? "Twas not ever thus," the dame replied, "Once pale this face, those features bold; The 'Favorite Prescription' of Dr. Pierce, Wrought the wonderful change which you behold."

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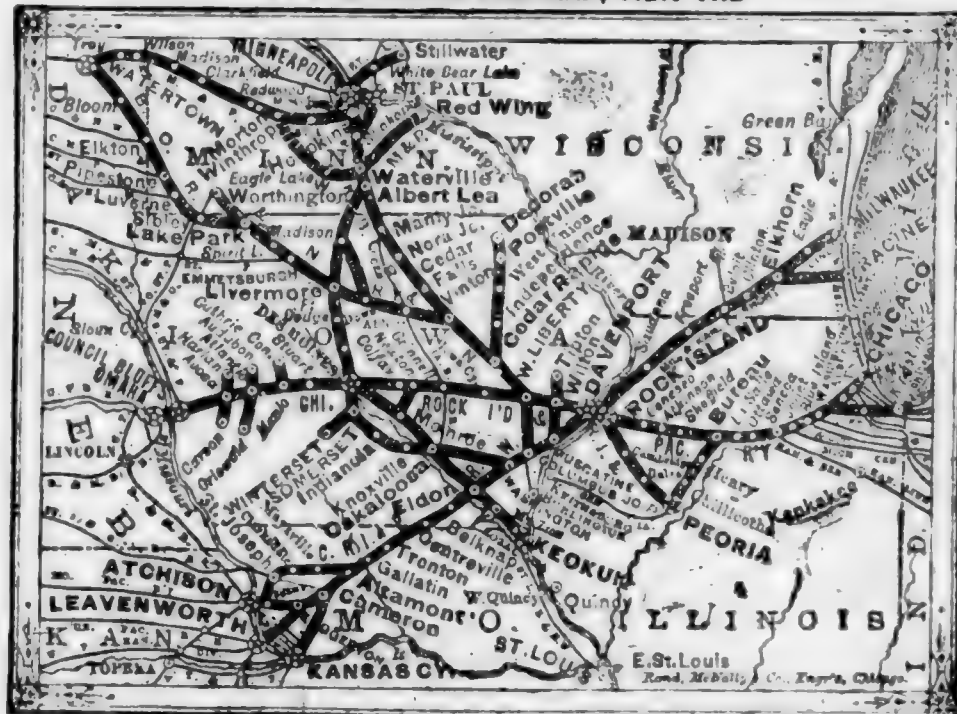
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# AT PEACE WITH ENEMIES.

Dr. Talmage's Sermon at the Brooklyn Tabernacle.

Why We Should Forgive—Ill-Humor Exhausting to Physical and Mental Health—Those Who Preserve Their Temper in Debate Generally Come Out Ahead.

BROOKLYN, Oct. 23.—The Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D. D., preached in the Brooklyn Tabernacle this morning on the subject: "Forgiveness before sundown." After explaining some passages concerning Hezekiah, Dr. Talmage gave out the following hymn, which was sung by the congregation:

This glorious hope revives  
Our courage by the way,  
While each in expectation lives  
And longs to see the day.

Prof. Henry Eyre Browne rendered on the organ an aria with variations, by Cramer. The text of the sermon was from Ephesians iv, 26: "Let not the sun go down upon your wrath." Dr. Talmage said:

What a pillow embroidered of all colors hath the dying day. The cradle of clouds from which the sun rises is beautiful enough, but it is surpassed by the many colored mausoleum in which at evening it is buried. Sunset among the mountains! It almost takes one's breath away to recall the scene. The long shadows stretching over the plain make the glory of the departing light on the tiptop crags and struck aslant through the foliage the more transpicuous. Saffron and gold, purple and crimson commingled. All the castles of cloud in conflagration. Burning Moscovs on the sky. Hanging gardens of roses at their deepest blush. Banners of vapors, red as if from carnage, in the battle of the elements. The hunter among the Adirondacks and the Swiss villager among the Alps know what is a sunset among the mountains. After a storm at sea the rolling grandeur into which the sun goes down to bathe the nightfall is something to make weird and splendid dreams out of for a lifetime. Alexander Smith in his poem compares the sunset to "the barren beach of hell," but this wonderful spectacle of nature makes me think of the burnished wall of Heaven. Paul in prison writing my text remembers some of the gorgeous sunsets among the mountains of Asia Minor, and how he had often seen the towers of Damascus blaze in the close of the Oriental days, and he flashed out that memory in the text when he says: "Let not the sun go down upon your wrath."

Sublime and all suggestive duty for people then and people now. Forgiveness before sundown. He who never feels the throb of indignation is imbecile. He who can walk among the injustices of the world, inflicted upon himself and others, without flush of cheek or flash of eyes or agitation of nature, is either in sympathy with wrong or semi-idiotic. When Ananias, the high priest ordered the constables of the courtroom to smite Paul in the mouth, Paul fired up, and said: "God will smite thee, thou whited wall." In the sentence immediately before my text Paul commands the Ephesians: "Be ye angry and sin not." It all depends on what you are mad at and how long the feeling lasts whether anger is right or wrong. Life is full of exasperations. Saul after David, Succoth after Gideon, Korah after Moses, the Parquins after Augustus, the Pharisees after Christ, and every one has had his pursuers, and we are swindled or belied or misrepresented or persecuted or in some way wronged; and the danger is that healthful indignation shall become baleful spite, and that our feelings settle down into a prolonged outpouring of temper displeasing to God and ruinous to ourselves, and hence the important injunction of the text: "Let not the sun go down upon your wrath."

Why that limitation to one's anger? Why that period of flaming vapor set to punctuate a flaming disposition? What has the sunset got to do with one's resentful emotions? Was it a haphazard sentiment written by Paul without special significance? No, no; I think of five reasons why we should not let the sun set before our temper sets.

First, because twelve hours is long enough to be cross about any wrong inflicted upon us. Nothing is so exhausting to physical health or mental faculty as a protracted indulgence of ill humor. It racks the nervous system. It hurts the digestion, it heats the blood in brain and heart until the whole body is first overheated and then depressed. Besides that, it sours the disposition, turns one aside from his legitimate work, expends energies that ought to be better employed, and does us more harm than it does our antagonist. Paul gives us a good, wide allowance of time for legitimate denunciation, from 6 o'clock to 8 o'clock, but says: "Stop there!" Watch the descending orb of day, and when it reaches the horizon take a reef in your disposition. Unloose your collar and cool off. Change the subject to something delightfully pleasant. Unroll your tight fist and shake hands with some one. Bank up the fires at the curfew bell. Drive the growling dog of enmity back to its kennel. The hours of this morning will pass by, and the afternoon will arrive, and the sun will begin to set, and I beg you on its blazing hearth throw all your feuds, invectives, and satires.

Other things being equal, the man who preserves good temper will come out ahead. An old essayist says that the celebrated John Henderson, of Bristol, England, was at a dining party where political excitement ran high and the debate got angry, and while Henderson was speaking his opponent, unable to answer his argument, dashed a glass of wine in his face, when the speaker deliberately wiped the liquid from his face and said:

"This, sir, is a digression; now, if you please, for the main argument." While worldly philosophy could help but very few to such equipoise of spirit the grace of God could help any man to such a triumph. "Impossible," you say. "I would have either left the table in anger or have knocked the man down." But I have come to believe that nothing is impossible, if God help, since what I saw at Beth-Shan faith cure in London, England, two summers ago. While the religious service was going on Rev. Dr. Boardman, glorious man, since gone to his heavenly rest, was telling the scores of sick people present that Christ was there as of old to heal all diseases, and that, if they would only believe, their sickness would depart. I saw a woman near me, with hand and arm twisted of rheumatism, and her wrist was fiery with inflammation, and it looked like those cases of chronic rheumatism which we have all seen and sympathized with, cases beyond all human healing. At the preacher's reiteration of the words: "Will you believe? Do you believe? Do you believe now?" I heard this poor sick woman say, with an emphasis which sounded through the building: "I do believe." And then she laid her twisted arm and hand out as straight as your arm and hand, or mine. If I had seen one rise from the dead I would not have been much more thrilled. Since then I believe that God will do anything in answer to our prayer and in answer to our faith, and He can heal our bodies, and if our soul is all twisted and misshapen of revenge and hate and inflamed with sinful proclivity, he can straighten that also and make it well and clean. Aye, you will not postpone till sundown forgiveness of enemies if you can realize that their behavior toward you may be put into the catalogue of the "all things" that "work together for good to those that love God." I have had multitudes of friends, but I have found in my own experience that God so arranged it that the greatest opportunities of usefulness that have been opened before me were opened by enemies. And when, years ago, they conspired against me, that opened all Christendom to me as a field in which to preach the Gospel. So you may harness your antagonists to your best interests and compel them to draw you on to better work and higher character. Suppose, instead of waiting until six minutes past 5 o'clock this evening, when the sun will set, you transact this glorious work of forgiveness before meridian.

Again, we ought not to let the sun go down on our wrath, because we will sleep better if we are at peace with everybody. Insomnia is getting to be one of the most prevalent of disorders. How few people retire at 10 o'clock at night and sleep clear through to 6 in the morning! To relieve this disorder all narcotics, and sedatives, and chloral, and bromide of potassium, and cocaine, and intoxicants are used, but nothing is more important than a quiet spirit if we would win somnolence. How is a man going to sleep when he is in mind pursuing an enemy? With what nervous twitch he will start out of a dream! That new plan for cornering his foe will keep him wide awake while the clock strikes 11, 12, 1, 2, 3, 4. I give you an an ailing prescription for wakefulness: spend the evening hours rehearsing your wrongs and the best way of avenging them. Hold a convention of friends on this subject in your parlor or office at 8 or 9 o'clock. Close the evening by writing a bitter letter, expressing your sentiments. Take from the desk or pigeon-hole the papers in the case to refresh your mind with your evening's meanness. Then lie down and wait for the coming of day, and it will come before sleep comes, or your sleep will be a worried quiescence, and, if you take the precaution to lie flat on your back a frightful nightmare. Why not put a bound to your animosity? Why let your foes come into the sanctities of your dormitory? Why let those slanderers who have already torn your reputation to pieces or injured your business, bend over your midnight pillow and drive from you one of the greatest blessings that God can offer—sweet, refreshing, all invigorating sleep? Why not fence out your enemies by the golden bars of the sunset? Why not stand behind the barricade of evening cloud and say to them: "Thus far and no farther?" Many a man and many a woman is having the health of body as well as the health of soul eaten away by a malevolent spirit. I have in time of religious awakening had persons night after night come into the inquiry room and get no peace of soul. After a while I have bluntly asked her: "Is there not some one against whom you have a hatred that you are not willing to give up?" After a little confusion she has slightly whispered, "Yes." Then I said to her: "You will never find peace with God as long as you retain that virulence."

A boy in Sparta, having stolen a fox, kept him under his coat, and, though the fox was gnawing his vitals, he submitted to it rather than expose his misdeed. Many a man with a smiling face has under his jacket an animal that is gnawing away the strength of his body and the integrity of his soul. Better get rid of that hidden fox as soon as possible. There are hundreds of domestic circles where that which most is needed is the spirit of forgiveness. Brothers apart, and sisters apart, and parents and children apart. Solomon says a brother offended is harder to be won than a strong city. Are there not enough sacred memories of your childhood to bring you together? The rabbins recount how that Nebuchadnezzar's son had such spite against his father that a ter he was dead he had his father burned to ashes, and then put the ashes into four sacks, and tied them to four eagles' necks which flew away in opposite directions. And there are now domestic antipathies which seem forever to have scattered all parental memories to the four winds of Heaven. How far the eagles fly with sacred ashes! The hour of sundown makes to that family no practical suggestion. Thomas Carlyle, in his biography of Frederick the Great, says the old King was told by his confessor he must be at peace with his enemies if he wanted to enter Heaven. Then he said to his wife, the Queen: "Write to your brother after I am dead that I forgive him." Roloff, the confessor, said: "Her majesty had better write him immediately." "No," said the King, "after I am dead; that will be safer." So he let the sun of his earthly existence go down upon his wrath.

Again: We ought not to allow the sun set before forgiveness takes place, because we might not live to see another day. And what if we should be ushered into the presence of our Maker with a grudge upon our soul? The majority of people depart this life in the night. Between 11 o'clock p. m. and 3 o'clock a. m. there is something in the atmosphere which relaxes the grip which the body has on the soul, and most of the people enter the next world through the shadows of this world. Perhaps God may have arranged it in that way so as to make the contrast the more glorious. I have seen sunshiny days in this world that must have been almost like the radiance of Heaven. But as most people leave the earth between sundown and sunrise, they quit this world at its darkest, and Heaven, always bright, will be the brighter for that contrast. Out of blackness into irradiation. Shall we then leap over the roseate bank of sunset into the favorite hunting ground of disease and death, carrying our animosities with us? Who would want to confront his God, against whom we have all done meaner things than anybody has ever done against us, carrying old grudges? How can we expect his forgiveness for the greater when we are not willing to forgive others the less? Napoleon was encouraged to undertake the crossing of the Alps because Charlemagne had previously crossed them. And all this rugged path of forgiveness bears the bleeding footsteps of Him who conquered through suffering, and we ought to be willing to follow. On the night of our departure from this life into the next, our one plea will have to be offered in the presence of Him who has said: "If you forgive not men their trespasses neither will your Heavenly Father forgive your trespasses." What a sorry plight if we stand there hating this one, and hating that one, and wishing this one a damage, and wishing some one else a calamity, and we ourselves needing forgiveness for 10,000 times 10,000 obliquities of heart and life. When our last hour comes, we want it to find us all right. Hardly anything affects me so much in the uncovering of ancient Pompeii as the account of the soldier who, after the city had for many centuries been covered with the ashes and scoria of Vesuvius, was found standing in his place on guard, hand on spear and helmet on head. Others fled at the awful submergence, but the explorer, 1700 years after, found the body of that brave fellow in right position. And it will be a grand thing if, when our last moment comes, we are found in right position toward God, on guard and unafraid by the ashes from the mountain of death. I do not suppose that I am any more of a coward than most people, but I declare to you that I would not dare to sleep to-night if there were any being in all the earth with whom I would not gladly shake hands, lest, during the night hours, my spirit dismissed to other realms, I should, because of my unforgiving spirit, be denied divine forgiveness.

"But," says some woman, "there is a horrid creature that has so injured me that rather than make up with her I would die first." Well, sister, you may take your choice—for one or the other it will be—your complete pardon of her or God's eternal banishment of you. "But," says some man, "that fellow who cheated me out of those goods, or damaged my business credit, or started that lie about me in the newspapers, or by his perfidy broke up my domestic happiness, forgive him I cannot—forgive him I will not." Well, brother, take your choice. You will never be at peace with God till you are at peace with man. Feeling as you now do, you would not get so near the harbor of Heaven as to see the light-ship. Better leave that man with the God who said: "Vengeance is mine, I will repay." You may say: "I will make him sweat for that yet, I will make him squirm, I mean to pursue him to the death," but you are damaging your-

self more than you damage him and you are making Heaven for your own soul an impossibility. If he will not be reconciled to you, be reconciled to him. In five or six hours it will be sundown. The dahlias will bloom against the western sky. Somewhere between this and that take a shovel and bury the old quarrel at least six feet deep. "Let not the sun go down on your wrath."

"But," you say, "I have more than I can bear; too much is put upon me, and I am not to blame if I am somewhat revengeful and unrelenting." Then I think of the little child at the moving of some goods from a store. The father was putting some rolls of goods on the child's arm, package after package, and some one said: "That child is being over-loaded and as much ought not to be put upon her." When the child responded, "Father knows how much I can carry," and God, our Father, will not allow to much imposition on his children. In the day of eternity it will be found you had not one annoyance too many, not one aspiration too many, not one outrage too many. Your Heavenly Father knows how much you can carry.

Again: We should not let the sun go down on our wrath because it is of little importance what the world says of you or does to you when you have the almighty God of the sunset as your provider and defender. People talk as though it were a fixed spectacle of nature and always the same. But no one ever saw two sunsets alike, and if the world has existed 6,000 years there have been about 2,100,000 sunsets, each of them as distinct from all the other pictures in the gallery of the sky as Titian's "Last Supper," Rubens' "Descent from the Cross," Raphael's "Transfiguration" and Michael Angelo's "Last Judgment" are distinct from each other. If that God of such infinite resources that He can put on the wall of the sky each night more than the Louvre, and the Luxembourg, and the Vatican, and Dresden and Venetian galleries all in one is my God and your God, our provider and protector, what is the use of our worrying about any human antagonism? If we are misinterpreted, the God of the many-colored sunset can put the right color on our action. If he can afford to hang such masterpieces over the outside wall of Heaven and have them obliterated in an hour, he must be very rich in resources and can put us through in safety. If all the garniture of the western heavens at eventide is but the upholstery of one of the windows of our future home, what small business for us to be chasing enemies! Let not this Sabbath's sun go down upon your wrath.

Mahomet said: "The sword is the key of Heaven and hell, a drop of blood shed is better than fasting, and wounds in the day of judgment resplendent as vermillion, and odoriferous as musk." But, my hearers, in the last day we will find just the opposite of that to be true, and that the sword never unlocks Heaven; and that He who heals wounds is greater than he who makes them, and that on the same ring are two keys: God's forgiveness of us and our forgiveness of enemies; and these two keys unlock Paradise.

And now I wish for all of you a beautiful sunset in your earthly existence. With some of you it has been a long day of trouble, and with others of you it will be far from calm. When the sun rose at 6 o'clock it was the morning of youth, and a fair day was prophesied, but by the time the noonday of middle age had come and the clock of your earthly existence had struck 12, cloud racks gathered and tempests belled in the track of tempest. But as the evening of old age approaches I pray God the skies may brighten and the clouds be piled up into pillars as of celestial temples to which you go, or move as with mounted cohorts come to take you home. And as you sink out of sight below the horizon may there be a radiance of Christian example lingering long after you are gone, and on the heavens be written in letters of sapphire, and on the waters in letters of opal, and on the hills in letters of emerald: "Thy sun shall no more go down, neither shall thy moon withdraw itself, for the Lord shall be thine everlasting light and the days of thy mourning shall be ended." So shall the sunset of earth become the sunrise of Heaven.

## THE WAY OF THE WORLD

Laugh, and the world laughs with you;  
Weep, and you weep alone;  
For this brave old earth must borrow its mirth,  
It has troubles enough of its own.  
Sing, and the hills will answer,  
Sigh, and 'tis lost on the air;  
The echoes rebound to a joyful sound,  
But shrink from moaning care.  
Rejoice, and men will seek you,  
Grieve, and they will turn and go;  
They want full measure of all your pleasure,  
But they do not want your woe.  
Be glad, and your friends are many,  
Be sad, and you lose them all;  
There are none to decline your proffered wine,  
But alone you must drink life's gall.  
Feast, and your hall is crowded,  
Fast, and the world goes by;  
Succeed and give, and it helps you live,  
But no one can help you die.  
There is room in the halls of pleasure  
For a long and lordly train,  
But one by one we must all file on  
Through the narrow aisles of pain.

THE highest denomination of United States legal-tender notes is \$10,000. No bills of the value of \$100,000 have ever been issued in this country.

**NOVEMBER**



# THE ST. JOE NEWS.

VOL. I.

ST. JOE, IND., FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 4, 1887.

NO. 41.

## Churches.

### DISCIPLE.

SERVICES every alternate Sunday evening, in the Lutheran church. Cottage prayer meeting every Friday evening.

J. A. THOMAS, PASTOR.

### METHODIST PROTESTANT.

SERVICES every alternate Sunday at 10:30 A. M. Prayer meeting every Tuesday evening. Sunday School at 9:30 A. M.

J. M. LANGLEY, PASTOR.

### EVANGELICAL LUTHERAN.

SERVICES every Sunday, one Sunday in the morning at 10:30, and the following Sunday in the evening. Prayer meeting every Thursday evening. Sunday School at 9:30 A. M.

S. P. FRYBERGER, PASTOR.

## Societies.

### G. A. R.

REGULAR meetings on Saturday evening on or before the full moon of each month, at their hall over Leighty's store.

O. H. WIDNEY, COMMANDER.  
J. M. MILLIMAN, ADJUTANT.

## Business Notices.

H. W. BOWMAN, M. D., Physician and Surgeon, St. Joe, Ind. Office opposite the Drugstore.

ST. JOE HOTEL, Wm. Leighty, proprietor. Special attention given to furnishing teams for commercial men.

B. S. SHEFFER, M. D., Physician and Surgeon, St. Joe, Ind. Prompt and careful attention to all business entrusted to his care.

ST. JOE BARBER SHOP, one door west of hotel, Will Gee, proprietor. Satisfaction guaranteed. Your patronage is solicited.

FILLEY, LOUNSBERRY AND SHULER, proprietors of the St. Joe Saw and Planing Mill. All work promptly done. Cash paid for Oak Logs.

CITY BARBER SHOP, St. Joe, Ind., John Hull, proprietor. Shaving, Hair Cutting &c. done in the best of style. Come and see me. Two doors west of Kinsey's Furniture Store.

SIMON WINELAND, proprietor St. Joe Handle and Feed Mills. Feed grinding a speciality. Highest prices paid for second growth White Ash. Enquire at the mill for full particulars.

## INDIANA STATE NEWS.

—Patents have been issued to Indiana inventors as follows: Nevada F. Ardery, New Cumberland, bustle; Stephen J. Austin, Terre Haute, platform scale; Sylvanus F. and A. Bowser, said Sylvanus F. Bowser assignor by mesne assignment to S. F. Bowser, Fort Wayne, storage and measuring tank for volatile liquids; John P. Carr, Sr., Brookston, threshing machine; Geo. W. Coons, Indianapolis, adjustable boring machine; Joseph F. Gent, Columbus, preserving cereals; Robert Hartman and J. P. Frowe, Connersville, foot warmer; Alva T. Hoadley, Tilden, fence-weaving machine; Hugh T. Hogan, Albion, assignor of one-half to W. D. Gleason, Park Manor, Ill., locomotive headlight; John T. Stansbury, Elkhart, hair-curler.

—Six boys of Crawfordsville went hunting recently, and three of them were brought back with shot in their faces and heads. The boys thought they had something in a log, and John Harris went to one end to shoot the animal as it would run out. The other boys went to the other end of the log to frighten it out. In some manner the gun of John Harris was discharged, and Frank Birchfield lost one eye and is not expected to recover from the wounds. Also, a brother of Harris, and Pat O'Neal, an Irish lad, were shot in the neck. The Harris boy having the gun does not seem to know just how the gun happened to go off, but thinks he must have discharged it with his foot after he laid the gun on the ground.

—The Board of Missions of the M. E. Church has just formally accepted the gift of the estate of Elijah Hayes, of Warsaw. The donation of the property, valued at \$100,000, to Chaplain McCabe, Secretary of the Board, occurred in September, but a clause in the bequest provided that the property should remain intact for fifty years, and to this the Board declined to accede, fearing depreciation in value after Mr. Hayes' death. The conditions were accordingly altered so that the real estate becomes the Board's at the death of the donor, and the terms are accepted.

—The fires that have prevailed in the Kankakee marsh recently, extended over a larger territory and have been much more destructive than was first supposed. In a number of places the farmers were compelled to haul water to quench the fire when it had communicated to the turf. The burnt district comprises an area of about nine miles square, reaching from Grovertown to nearly the Kankakee river, and extending north from the Pittsburgh Railroad to the Baltimore and Ohio road. Over 5,000 tons of hay have been destroyed, valued at about \$16,000.

—Prof. Collett, late State Geologist, is authority for the statement that eagles yet roost along the Wabash in Indiana. Parke County farmers a year ago were annoyed by depredations of the king of the air, being losers of lambs, chickens, etc. One or more of their number was killed, and a hunt was talked of. A few days ago a Sullivan County farmer named Eaton killed a fine specimen of the bald or gray species near Walker's Chapel, which measured seven feet between wing tips.

—Thomas Fox, a farmer, who lived seven miles east of Columbia City, was found lying near the track of the Pittsburgh, Fort Wayne & Chicago Railroad, dead. His shoes and stockings were off, lying near him. He was probably asleep on the track and struck by a train. He was 41 years of age, and leaves a large family destitute.

—Suits have been brought in the Montgomery County Court to enjoin the Commissioners and County Treasurer from placing upon the tax-duplicate, and collecting it, a donation voted fifteen years ago toward the present Midland Railroad.

The suits are brought by the citizens of Clark and Scott Townships.

—Henry Brookman's daughter, 11 years of age, was burned to death at Kiana, on the Air-line Railroad. During the temporary absence of the family, the little girl's clothing was ignited from an open fire. She was burned so badly that death resulted in a few hours.

—Wesley Addison, a prominent farmer and stock-trader, living one mile southeast of Greenfield, was found on the railroad track, near his farm, with his head, legs, and one arm cut off, and his whole frame horribly mangled, three or four trains having run over him.

—At Carthage, five miles south of Knightstown, gas was struck at a depth of 820 feet and six feet in Trenton rock. The gas increases as the drill goes down. When lighted, the flame was about fifteen feet high from a two-inch pipe.

—While responding to a fire-alarm, at Madison, James King, aged 31, was thrown from a hose-cart and instantly killed, his neck and skull being broken. He leaves a widow and three children.

—The Farmers' Association, of Charleston, will bring suit against the Adams Express Company for transporting a small box of quail that were shot out of the season fixed by the game law.

—The barn of Mr. Israel Taylor, a wealthy farmer living about two miles south of Argos, was consumed by fire, burning four valuable horses. Loss, \$3,500; no insurance.

—Judge W. P. Britton, of Crawfordsville, had an arm broken in two places by a mare, which he was trying to break, jumping upon him. He also received other injuries.

—Wm. Emmons, an 8-year-old boy, living four miles from Vincennes, was struck on the head by a limb blown from a tree in a high wind and killed.

—The miners' strike, at Washington, grows more serious each day, and fully one-half of the miners have left the place.

—William Hall, a farmer, drove off a fifteen foot embankment, near Jackville, and was crushed to death beneath his buggy. He leaves a widow and three children.

—Michael Sullivan, a freight brakeman on the Fort Wayne road, was run over at Piercetown and so badly injured that he died four hours after.

—The 18-year-old son of Isiah Moore, a farmer living near Madison, was fatally wounded by accidental discharge of a gun while hunting.

—Fort Wayne is overrun with burglars. Macy Warner was sentenced at Jeffersonville to be hanged April 15, for the murder of Jacob Mandry in 1883.

—While playing around a burning stump, the little son of G. W. Moore, living near Brazil, was burned to death.

—A movement has been inaugurated at Evansville for the suppression of violations of the liquor laws.

—Charles Baldwin, living near Kokomo, was accidentally shot and killed by his son Frank while out hunting.

THERE is said to be a great similarity between a vain young lady and a confirmed drunkard, in that neither of them can ever get enough of the glass.

A MAN in St. Louis died of heart disease while sawing wood. In Chicago this never happens. The man's wife always saws the wood there.

THE striped stick candy must go. There is enough poison in one hundred and sixty-five pounds of it to kill a boy. Just think of it.

I HAVE always noticed that drug store patrons who take whisky as a "medicine only," always have the reddest noses.

WHEN an owner of a sailing vessel grows wealthy, would it be proper to say that he has amass a fortune?

WHY is a dishonest bankrupt like an honest man? Because both call to get rich.

How to make a horse fast: Don't feed him.

MONEY

TO

LOAN

## On Farm Property

IN SUMS OVER \$200.

Interest only once a year. We charge no commission. You can pay any part or all of the loan at any time. You can keep the money as long as you please if the interest is promptly paid. For further particulars call on or address

W. C. Patterson,  
ST. JOE, IND.

## Ho for Arkansas!

### Cheap Homes for Everybody!

In a high, healthy, rich land country. On the 15th of September and the 1st of October there will be excursions from this place to that point at a very low rate of fare. For full information in regard to these excursions call on A. B. Coburn, Real Estate Agent, St. Joe, Ind. Office with Dr. Sheffer, one door east of Drugstore.

GO to the News Office, St. Joe for all kinds of Printing. All work done promptly, and at the lowest prices. Give us a call.

G. E. EMANUEL, M. D., Physician and Surgeon, Spencerville, Ind. Office in J. Emanuel & Son's Drug Store. All calls promptly answered.

HOUSE PAINTING, Graining, Glazing Paper Hanging and Ceiling Decorating a speciality. All work guaranteed. B. A. Woodcox. Call and see me, or leave orders at the St. Joe Drugstore.



# The St. Joe News.

ST. JOE, INDIANA.

MORT & WILL OLDS, PUBLISHERS.

## EVENTS OF A WEEK.

### PERSONAL NOTES.

The funeral of ex-Minister Washburne, at Galena, Ill., called to the city many prominent people from a distance and a large number of the early settlers of Jo Daviess County, former friends and associates of the deceased.

J. E. Smith, the express-messenger who recently killed two train-robbers near E. Paso, has been paid \$2,000 as a reward by the Governor of Texas.

A dispatch from Mill Grove, Ind., says that John Snyder, the man who walks because he can't stop, after an incessant tramp night and day for three years, is dying. He has aged wonderfully in the last six months, and, although he still goes on walking in the well-beaten path about his house, it is with tottering step and face which gives evidence of great suffering.

Secretary Whitney has gone to New York for an indefinite period, says a Washington special. He has been suffering from severe headaches and his physicians have ordered him to stop all work. During his absence Commodore Harmony will act as Secretary, his duties and responsibilities being shared, however, by the board of bureau officers recently organized to meet this emergency.

A New York dispatch announces that Jay Gould and family have sailed for Europe, with elaborate arrangements for comfort. It is reported that his departure was hastened by threats made by anarchists because he would not lend his influence to the movement for the pardon of the seven condemned men.

### FINANCIAL AND INDUSTRIAL.

State Senator Arkell, of New York, is said to be organizing eight of the leading paper-stock manufacturers of the country into a "paper-bag trust," which will be known as the American Paper Bag Company, and have a capital of \$2,000,000.

The leaders of the rebellion in the Knights of Labor organization, says a Chicago dispatch, think that their expulsion is only a matter of time, and in case it should come about they will band together in new districts and start an independent order.

The celebrated Storey will case, and the fate of the Chicago Times, are about to be decided, says a Chicago dispatch. Ever since the death of the journalist, in October, 1884, his vast estate has been in litigation, although the decedent had taken particular pains in the making of the two wills he left behind him. Now a settlement satisfactory to the parties most directly concerned is about to be effected without the aid of the courts. The entire estate, including its debts, is purchased by a syndicate, the representatives of which are Mr. Clinton A. Snowden and Mr. J. J. West, both well-known journalists. The price paid is said to be \$1,200,000. The real estate is valued at \$600,000, and the newspaper plant at the same figure. In the reorganization of the paper Mr. West will be the business manager, Mr. Snowden editor in chief, and Mr. Joseph R. Dunlop managing editor. The price of the paper will be lowered, and some radical changes made.

### POLITICAL POINTS.

A Baltimore special says: "There were polled in the municipal election on Wednesday 65,075 votes, of which Latrobe (Dem.) for Mayor got 34,640 and Bartlett (Rep.) 30,435, giving Latrobe a majority of 4,205, a Democratic gain of nearly 2,000 since the election for Mayor two years ago. The newly elected city council will consist of twelve Democrats and eight Republicans in the first branch and seven Democrats and three Republicans in the second branch. The result of the election was a great surprise to the Republicans, who counted largely on the reformers' aid and were confident of victory."

### FIRES AND ACCIDENTS.

The steamship Gaelic, from Hong Kong and Yokohama, brings advices to San Francisco that Sept. 15 the Chinese transport Way Lee was lost and 280 Chinese and five Europeans were drowned. The steamer Anton encountered a typhoon, during which the second officer and twenty-four Chinese were washed overboard and drowned.

Two men were instantly killed and three others were seriously injured by an explosion in the jannanning-room of L. N. Tophill's carriage factory at Cleveland, Ohio, Friday afternoon.

The propeller Vernon foundered off Manitowish during the terrible gale Saturday. The

crew of twenty-two men with several passengers took to rafts, but it is feared they were drowned. A Chicago telegram says:

Probably not less than thirty and perhaps fifty persons perished with the steamer. The exact number may never be known. Only one list of the passengers and crew was kept, and that was aboard of the Vernon. There is no survivor to tell the story. The managers of the line say the crew numbered between twenty-three and twenty-six, and they know the names of only eight. On her previous trip to Chicago the Vernon had about fifty passengers, most of whom were laborers who were returning from St. Ignace. She may have had as many this time, although the local agents are inclined to think otherwise. Following is a revised list of the lost: Charles H. Baumann, of Chicago, passenger; Miss Sarah Parker, of Chicago, passenger; Miss Kate Gallagher, of Mackinac Island, passenger; Miss Dunlevy, of St. James, Bayview Island, passenger; Capt. Geo. Thorpe, of Ogdenburg, N. Y.; Master Capt. John Sullivan, of Chicago; Capt. W. B. Rice, clerk, eldest son of the owners of the line; Charles Murray, first officer; Frank M. Hall, of Chicago, second officer; Martin Bean, steward; Henry De la, porter, a brother of Martin. The captain of the life-boat crew of two Rivers describes the steamer as the worst ever seen by him on the lake, the waves rising to the height of thirty or forty feet.

### MISCELLANEOUS NOTES.

Cholera was discovered on the steamship Britannia, now lying at quarantine in New York Bay. One of the passengers died and another is in a precarious condition.

A special from Blunt, Okla., says that "George Barney, Edward Loomis, William Delarug, W. Darggins, and F. E. Lamp, farmers living near Blunt, having first obtained permission of a Deputy United States Marshal, went on the Winnebago Indian Reservation to catch driftwood from the Missouri River. A band of Indians came up and captured their five teams, fired upon the farmers, caught and beat them, and then bound them hand and foot and took them to Fort Thompson, where they are still in captivity."

The Indians in the Northwest are inclined to stray from their own territory, and owing to the troubles with the Crows the Secretary of the interior has caused orders to be issued to the agents to keep the various tribes upon their respective reservations.

Owing to ignorance of the date when it was to be held, the Attorney General of Kansas failed to appear and make an oral argument in a prohibition case which has attracted considerable attention, and which was argued on behalf of the liquor-dealers before the United States Supreme Court some time since. On Wednesday the court refused his request that he might be allowed to make an argument because of his failure to appear at a proper time.

The concluding game in the world's championship series between the St. Louis and Detroit Base-Ball Clubs was played in St. Louis on Wednesday, and was won by the home team by a score of 9 to 2. Of the fifteen games played, Detroit won ten and St. Louis five. Detroit scored a total of seventy-one runs, against fifty-three for St. Louis.

The following proclamation has been issued by the President:

The goodness and the mercy of God which have followed the American people during all the days of the last year claim their grateful recognition and humble acknowledgment. By His omnipotent power He has protected us from war and pestilence, and from every national calamity; by His gracious favor the earth has yielded a generous return to the labor of the husbandman, and every path of honest toil has led to comfort and contentment; by His loving kindness the hearts of our people have been replenished with fraternal sentiment and patriotic endeavor; and by His unerring guidance we have been directed in the way of national prosperity. To the end that we may, with one accord, testify our gratitude for all these blessings, I, Grover C. Cleveland, President of the United States, do hereby designate and set apart Thursday, the 4th day of November next, as a day of thanksgiving and prayer, to be observed by all the people of the land. That day let all secular work and employment be suspended, and let our people assemble in their accustomed places of worship and with prayer and songs of praise give thanks to our Heavenly Father for all that He has done for us, while we humbly implore the forgiveness of our sins and a continuance of His mercy. Let families and kindred be united that day, and let their hearts, filled with kind cheer and affectionate reminiscences, be turned in thankfulness to the source of all their pleasures and the Giver of all that makes the day glad and joyous. And in the midst of our prosperity and happiness let us remember the poor, the needy, and the unfortunate, and by our gifts of charity and ready benevolence let us increase the number of those who with grateful hearts shall join in our thanksgiving.

During three days emigration papers were issued by the American Consul at Ottawa to fifty persons who propose to come to this country to settle.

At a conference between Jay Gould and President Chandler, of the Postal Telegraph Company, in New York, peace was declared, and it was determined to advance telegraph rates immediately.

William J. McGarigle, the escaped Chicago "boulder," is believed to be in Winnipeg, Manitoba. According to a telegram from Winnipeg a man answering his description was seen on the streets there.

### THE CRIMINAL RECORD.

When the case of the condemned anarchists came up in the Supreme Court at Washington

on Thursday the court-room was packed by people anxious to hear the arguments. Three hours were evenly divided between J. Randolph Tucker and Attorney General Hunt, of Illinois. Says a Washington dispatch:

Each made a clean and strong argument, and both were very closely listened to and seldom interrupted by any member of the court. Mr. Tucker got along swimmingly while he explained to the court that it was only necessary for his side to show a conflict between the action of the Illinois courts and the Federal Constitution in order to entitle his clients to a writ; whether the conflict amounted to a repugnance was to be settled if the writ were granted at a hearing on the merits of the question, and he did not arouse the court while he was explaining in eloquent fashion the unconstitutionality of trying a man before a jury some of whose members had read about the crime in the papers. But when he began to argue that the first ten amendments, while originally restraints upon federal power, were injected into the substance of the fourteenth amendment so that the provisions of that amendment really covered everything in the first ten amendments, Justice Field smiled incredulously and remarked that he was giving the fourteenth amendment a pretty wide construction; and a few minutes afterward, when Mr. Tucker was explaining that the petitioners had been denied the right to peaceably assemble and discuss public affairs, Justice Miller, in entire unconsciousness of Mr. Tucker's labored argument, that the fourteenth amendment had the effect of investing the first ten amendments with a new and additional power, reminded the speaker that the fourteenth amendment was a restraint upon Federal power alone, whereupon Mr. Tucker started in again to explain that the first ten amendments were by the fourteenth amendment made restraints upon State power as well as Federal power. This exposition of the fourteenth amendment received a severe blow when Attorney General Hunt cited the opinion of the court, made only two and a half years ago in the Presser case, also an anarchist case, and also a case from Chicago. Presser was convicted by the State courts of violating a law which limited to the regularly-mustered State militia the right to parade the streets with arms. He appealed to the Federal Supreme Court on the ground that the right to bear arms was guaranteed to him by the Constitution of the United States, and that this being so, the right to bear arms was one of the rights and immunities of citizenship which the fourteenth amendment guaranteed to him. The court held that the second amendment was a restraint upon federal and not State power, and that the fourteenth amendment had nothing to do with the case. Thus it will be seen that the Presser case was closely analogous to Mr. Tucker's presentation of the present case, and in the Presser case the State law was upheld. The argument for the day concluded with some brief remarks by Mr. Hunt on the impracticability and absurdity of the claim made in Gen. Butler's brief for Spies and Fielden that they were subjects of foreign powers, with which the United States had treaties guaranteeing the subjects of those foreign powers, in our territories, certain rights of trial, and that the treaties antedated the Illinois act of 1874 regarding the admissibility to juries of certain persons, and that Spies and Fielden had a treaty right to be tried by a jury impaneled in accordance with what was the law in force in this country at the time the treaties were ratified.

The hearing of the motion of the anarchists for a writ of error was concluded in the United States Supreme Court on Friday, Oct. 28. The closing arguments were made by State's Attorney Grinnell, of Chicago, and Gen. B. F. Butler.

Mr. Grinnell spoke less than an hour, but he commanded close attention all the way through. He started out by disavowing the intention to make an argument, but what he said was clear, forcible, and convincing. The first utterance attracted attention because it revealed the fact that in all the twenty-eight assignments of error in Judge Gary's court there was no reference to the Federal Constitution and no effort to raise a "Federal question." Then he took up the objections raised to Jurors Denker and Sanford and demonstrated from the record that no rights of the defendants had been abridged by their selection. Denker was among the first four jurors sworn and was readily accepted by the defense after their first objection, but even if he had not been accepted, the defendants at that time had 142 challenges, with one of which they could have dispensed of Denker if he was objectionable. Mr. Grinnell then laid bare the complaint that Juror Santoni had been forced upon the defense after all their challenges had been exhausted. He showed that after eleven jurors had been accepted by both sides the defense had forty-three challenges left, but these were frittered away before a grand was called. During all of this portion of Mr. Grinnell's speech the members of the court were close listeners. They asked many questions about the record and the manner of selecting juries, and showed that they regarded these points of greater importance than all the discussion about the Constitution and equal rights indulged in by Mr. Tucker and General Butler. But what so much interested them most was the State's Attorney's analysis of the jury. His statement about the number of talesmen examined, the division of challenges, and finally the assertion that the jury itself was representative of American citizenship, chosen from no class and having in it no "capitalist," attracted the keenest interest not only from the Judges but the audience which filled the court-room. Mr. Grinnell quoted the cases of Kerr and Guiteau as precedents for selecting evidence. General Butler followed Mr. Grinnell. He complained that matter had been introduced into the case that did not appear in the record, and that the lives of his clients had thus been put in jeopardy. He asked for an extension of time in which to discuss this extraneous matter, but it was not granted. The leading feature of General Butler's argument was the claim that Spies and Fielden were entitled to greater privileges than American citizens because the State had no right to charge their status as from what it was under the treaties, and that therefore the Illinois jury law did not apply to them. One of the most specious pleas presented in the whole case was first alluded to by Mr. Tucker and elaborated by Gen. Butler. This was the assertion that the anarchists were not in the court when sentenced. Gen. Butler wanted a writ of certiorari, so that they could prove this was the case.

Peter Kimp, a saloon-keeper at Russellville, Ind., was not granted a city license recently, but proposed to conduct his business without it. Citizens raised his grocery with dynamite a few nights ago. One man was injured.

M. T. BISHOP,

— DEALER IN —

LUMBER, LIME.

— LATH —

SHINGLES,

MOULDING &c.

Large Stock and Low Prices. Yard Near Depot, St. Joe, Ind.

J. F. WALKER,

MAKER AND DEALER IN

Harness, Collars,

WHIPS, HARNESS OIL &c

ST. JOE, IND.

Repairing done promptly. Prices as low as the lowest. Call and see.



WILLIAM CURIE,

PROPRIETOR OF

MEAT MARKET

ST. JOE, IND.

Highest market price paid for Hides, Tallow &c. Give me a call.

F. A. ZEIGLER,

MAKER AND DEALER IN

HARNESS

COLLARS, WHIPS,

Fly Nets and Dusters,

HARNESS OIL &c.

Prices the Lowest. All work guaranteed. Call and see me.

Blacksmith

AND

Repair Shop.

Having secured the services of an experienced workman, I am now prepared to do all kinds of Blacksmithing and Repairing in a first-class manner. Special attention given to repairing machinery. Give me a call. Prices reasonable.

A. W. Hall, St. Joe.



Never seeing a snake charm a bird or animal, I concluded it was a negro superstition or fancy devoid of fact. So I continued to think till a few days ago when a farmer friend of mine, living four miles south of Abilene, told me what he had witnessed. He said he was riding along a prairie and he saw a prairie dog within a few feet of him, which refused to scamper to his hole, as prairie dogs usually do when approached by man; on the contrary, he sat as if transfixed to the spot, though making a constant nervous, shuddering motion, as if anxious to get away. My friend thought this was strange, and while considering the spectacle he presently saw a large rattlesnake coiled up under some bushes, his head up-lifted, about six or seven feet from the dog, which still hoed him not, but looked steadily upon the snake. He dismounted, took the dog by the head and thrust him off, when the snake, which had up to this moment remained quiet, immediately swelled with rage and began sounding his rattles. The prairie dog for some time seemed benumbed, hardly capable of motion but grew better and finally got into his hole. My friend then killed the rattler. Now, was this a case of charming? If not, what was it? My friend who told me this is named Irving McClure, a farmer well known to me, a good and trustful man. I now give it up that snakes do indeed charm, or so paralyze birds and little animals with terror, when they can catch their eye, they become helpless and motionless, almost as good as dead. What say the scientists?

It is enough to strike not only birds and little animals but men with nightmare. I have on several occasions examined them closely with strong glasses, and feel with all force what I state, and I will tell you that there are few men on the face of the earth who can look upon an angered rattlesnake through a good glass—bringing them apparently within a foot or two of the eye and stand it more than a moment. —*Forest and Stream.*

There is no question about it—blood will tell, especially if it be an impure blood. Blisters, eruptions, pimples and boils, are all symptoms of an impure blood, due to the improper action of the liver. When this important organ fails to properly perform its function of purifying and cleansing the blood, impurities are carried to all parts of the system, and the symptoms above referred to are merely evidences of the struggle of Nature to throw off the poisonous germs. Unless her warning be heeded in time, serious results are certain to follow, culminating in liver or kidney disorders, or even in consumption. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery will prevent and cure these diseases, by restoring the liver to a healthy condition.

There is a little lady on the Back Bay who was a widow only a few years ago, but who now manages with consummate grace one of the finest establishments in the city, and the richest sort of a devoted husband. For some time she bestowed her affections upon her first husband, who died two years after marriage. She purchased a magnificent lot in the most aristocratic cemetery of the neighborhood, and erected a marble monument.

The marriage occurred a little more than a year ago, and a few days since a leading Boston monument maker received an order for a costly tombstone to be sent to a distant city. The wife had remained true to her first love.—*Boston Globe.*

France, too, has gained by freedom. The national character has gained in dignity and self-control. There are symptoms of the old maladies among the excitable populace of Paris and there may be dangers ahead; but it is becoming more and more evident that ever since the great revolution republicanism is the only form of government which is legitimate in France. The restoration of any dynasty, if brought about, will only mean its expulsion ten years afterward. The government of the people is the only government which can possibly be permanent among such people as the French, even if temporary defeats still await it.

One of the most striking things in England is the improvement of the common people in intelligence and education. England has now one of the best systems of popular education in the world, thanks to William Edward Forster and his coadjutors. The large number and the cheapness of the newspapers and the ability with which the provincial press is conducted, shows a striking change. The great growth of London and of the larger towns in general excites one's wonder. England shows no signs of decrepitude. There are gigantic evils still to be eradicated, but they are less than they were in the former generation.—*Exchange*.

Nothing but the right can ever be expedient, since that can never be true expediency which would sacrifice a greater good to a less.

"I have been troubled with catarrh a year, causing great soreness of the bronchial tubes and terrible headache. I read that Hood's Sarsaparilla would cure catarrh, and after taking only one bottle I am much better. My catarrh is cured, my throat is entirely well, and my headache has all disappeared."

R. GIBBONS, Hamilton, Butler Co., O.

**100 Doses One Dollar**

The man who has invested from three to five dollars in a Rubber Coat, and at his first half hour's experience is a storm and to his sorrow that it is hardly a better protection than a mosquito netting, not only feels chagrined at being so badly taken in, but also feels if he does not look exactly like a fish.

Ask for the "FISH BRAND" SLICKER does not have the FISH BRAND, send for de

We offer the man who wants service  
 (not style) a garment that will keep  
 him dry in the hardest storm. It is  
 called TOWER'S FISH BRAND  
 "SLICKER," a name familiar to every  
 Cow-boy all over the land. With them  
 the only perfect Wind and Waterproof  
 Coat is "Tower's Fish Brand Slicker."

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# MEXICAN LINIMENT





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Entered at the Post Office at St. Joe as second-class matter.

FRIDAY NOVEMBER 4, 1897.

Our schools opened Monday, with a large attendance in all the departments.

Waterloo has the gas fever, and wants to bore, or be bored. The Press thinks they are in the gas belt, and all they lack is wherewith to get down to it.

The addition to the school house is now completed, and the entire building was thoroughly cleaned before school commenced. The school ground has been enlarged, the out-houses have been cleaned and repaired, a new walk has been added to the front of the building and a general improvement of things has been made. Now let the trustee, director, teachers and citizens make it their business to see that the house, as well as the surroundings, are properly cared for, and kept in a good condition. Where a misdeed, or of any kind is committed, or any damage done to the building, the parents of the scholar or scholars who commit same, should in all cases be held responsible. In years that have passed, there has been a lack of care, and scholars have been allowed to do almost as they pleased, especially outside of school hours.

We feel confident that there is to be a change for the better this year, and that scholars will be made to deport themselves in a proper manner, both in and outside of the school room. The schools of St. Joe should, and can be made a credit to the place, and the patrons of the school can greatly aid in the work by visiting them occasionally, and by showing interest in their welfare and prosperity.

Just why the last night in October is called Hallow'een, we are not able to say; but one thing sure, the boys never forget when that time comes. Monday night was no exception to the rule, for the boys were out in full force. Early in the evening, the small boys had a big time, throwing cabbage and making a general racket. Later on some of the older "kids" took a hand in the sport, and the result was, some queer sights were to be seen on our streets the next morning. A barber sign had been planted in front of Dr. Bowman's office; August Kinsey's front porch was decorated with a lumber wagon; mowing machines were hauled across the sidewalk in several places; but the strangest thing to be seen, was that upon the roof of the saloon. A temporary scaffold had been erected, from which, hung suspended by the neck, what seemed to be the body of a man. Some persons were really frightened at the sight, for it looked almost natural enough to be real. It was only a dummy, however, and was taken down as soon as discovered by the owner of the saloon. We don't know what the boys intended to represent by such a scene, but it was a wonderful illustration of the fact, that the saloon often leads to the gallows. Boys will be boys, and must have their fun, but perhaps they sometimes go to far with it.

OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

CORINTHTOWN.

John Abels lost his best horse lately.

Rev. Thomas delivered a very interesting sermon last Sunday.

Ella Wilnot's oldest girl has been very sick, but at present is feeling some better.

Over on the east street they say, we never missed the water till the well run dry.

The south school opened up last Monday with George Smith of Spencerville, as teacher.

Mrs. Charley Thayer, of Minneapolis, Minn., is visiting with her parents this week.

Howard Northup received a box of trees this week, which he does not seem to be in the best of humor about.

Henry Millman thinks he may have to go to Tennessee again this winter, as the cold weather does not agree with him.

The neighbors made an attempt to clean up the cemetery this week, but did not have force enough to pull up and grub out all the sunnicks.

Wills Beaber has moved into the house recently vacated by Charley Tustison, and Wilnot Coburn, is left without a house-keeper, and is boarding at Ella Wilnot's.

CONCORD.

Mrs. J. and Miss Amanda Koch are on the sick list.

Ask Jake Baker if he has killed any white cranes lately.

Mrs. Jane Morr was the guest of Mrs. J. Koch last Sabbath.

Dave Miller and family were the guests of H. Miller and family last Sunday.

During the summer season Ired Wyatt bought 25,504 dozen of eggs. Well done.

Henry Baker and family, and J. Baker and family were the guests of John Smith Sunday.

Lyman Knight has been attending school at Valparaiso this fall, but was obliged to give up his studies and return home, on account of poor health. He thinks it doubtful if he will be able to teach all winter, but is going to try it.

Friends gathered at Grandma Buchanan's, on Wednesday of last week, to celebrate her 68th birthday and expected to give her a surprise. But she told them that she heard about it, and that they were one day too late, as her birthday was the day before. About forty were present, and left many tokens of friendship.

SPENCERVILLE.

Why not bore for gas?

Harry Keys left for Attica, Ohio, on last Tuesday.

Miss Minnie Provines spent a few days at Auburn this week.

J. W. Beams and J. L. Steward were in Chicago a few days this week.

Mrs. S. N. Olds and son Arthur are visiting at LaGrange and Sturgis this week.

Prof. Wedan failed to put in an appearance at singing school last Friday night.

Mrs. Dr. Hull has been entertaining friends from Ohio during the past two weeks.

Dr. Andrew Wyatt, wife and little daughter, of Rome City, spent Sunday at this place.

Miss Libbie Erick of White Pigeon, Michigan, was the guest of her brother Becks last Sunday.

School commenced Monday morning with Irvin Hadsell as principal, and Miss Mattie May assistant.

Miss Florence Fryberger will attend school at Van Wert this winter. She will board with Mrs. Will Bishop.

ARRIVED

IT

LEIGHTY'S

A SLY SURPRISE.

A passer-by the residence of Mr. Anthony Swineford, last Monday, would have thought judging from the number of carriages, buggies and wagons standing around and about the barn, that something unusual was taking place. There was, too, it being the 60th anniversary of the birthday of Mr. Swineford, he was being treated to the luxury of a real, genuine surprise party. His friends and relatives to the number of 30 or 40, accepted the invitations given by his daughters, to surprise the old folk, which they did, by going in upon them while they were busily engaged in taking down and setting up stakes. Mr. S. was so completely surprised, that in his hurry to dress for the occasion, he could not find his fine shirt, nor the shoe polish, (which, of course, was essential for him to have.) Finally he found what he wanted, and then went out to catch a turkey for dinner, but after running it all over the corn field, and failing to get it, he gave it up, and concluded that the ladies might look after the dinner, while the men got out by themselves, and tried to see which could catch the biggest yarn. To have heard them you would have thought of the old adage, "each is stranger than fiction." At last dinner was announced—and such a dinner! It makes us hungry to think about it. It was just deliciously splendid. After dinner, all repaired to the parlor, where a fine chair was presented to the father by the children. C. H. Brown made the presentation speech, in a neat and appropriate manner. Mr. and Mrs. Swineford were the recipients of other nice presents, among which were two nice dresses, vases, moustache cup, and a box of choice cigars, given him by his brother, S. C. Swineford. Mr. and Mrs. Swineford returned thanks to their children and friends for their kindness, after which the guests departed, feeling that they had had a pleasant time, and hoping they might all live to enjoy many more such. A GUEST.

The largest and best assorted stock of

Dry Goods,  
Notions,  
Boots, Shoes,  
Hats, Caps &c.,

ever offered to the public. Examine them and get prices before purchasing.



LOOK THIS WAY!

I keep on hand a fine line of furniture, which I will sell for the next 60 days at prices that defy competition. Glass Cupboard, \$8.50; Double Case Sert and Back Rockers, \$2; Dressing Case, with French Plaid Glass, \$12.00; Carpet Looms, \$6.50; Solid Comfort Beds for \$2.25. Undertaking a specialty.

August Kinsey, St. Joe, Ind.

M. TUSTISON,

Groceries, Flour,

Canned Fruit, Beans, Dried Fruit, Cheese, Bologna &c. Produce taken in exchange for goods.

ST. JOE, IND.

New Goods Arriving Daily!

CALL ON US FOR

BIG BARGAINS.

FULL LINE OF

LADIES CLOAKS AND WRAPS.

FINE STOCK OF CLOTHING ON HAND.

HEATING & COOK STOVES A SPECIALTY.

S. & F. BARNEY, ST. JOE, IND.



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Prescriptions of all kinds.

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## At the Drugstore.

### PRESBYTERIANS

Who do not take the Herald and Presbyter, should

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Sample copy of that paper and a beautiful steel-engraved

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Size 4 1/2 x 6 1/2 inches.

Or send names and addresses of ten or more Presbyterians of different families who do not now take the paper, and receive the Calendar and sample copy free. **Send at once.** Mention name of church and pastor, and say where you saw this. Address: **HERALD AND PRESBYTER, 175 ELM STREET, CINCINNATI, O.**

This is the last week for paying the November installment of taxes.

Coop-Ralston of Auburn, was in town Monday. He says their gas well is a hummer and no mistake.

Sam White is painting Mell Bishop's residence in a very tasty manner. Sam can handle a brush with most of them.

Wm. Frislinger and wife, of La Paz, have been visiting in this place the past week, with their daughter, Mrs. Geo. Ridgway.

Mell Bishop has asked the railroad to put in a switch and lay a track over to his lumber sheds. There is nothing to grief for a St. Joeite to ask for.

W. Keller of Whitehouse, Ohio, a young man 18 years of age, died last week from excessive use of tobacco. Moral: don't use tobacco and then you won't die.

Mr. and Mrs. Evans, who have been staying at Garrett for some time, returned to their home in this place, Saturday. Their daughter, Mrs. Gehlman, came with them and remained over Sunday.

According to the Garrett Clipper St. Joe must be a pretty good town. It says last week: "There is more push and enterprise in St. Joe to the square inch than any other town in the county or 40 miles around."

It was a beautiful day in day; the air was cool, but the sun shone bright and the roads were in a delightful condition, and a great many improved the opportunity to go and see their friends. All the rigs in both of the livery barns were out, and there was a demand for more.

St. Joe's population for the year is estimated at 1,600,000 bushels. That looks like an immense quantity, but next year, being a campaign year, it will be none too many to supply the demand. What would a convention, a political speech or a rally amount to without a liberal supply of peanuts?

The old building formerly occupied by John Means, as an agricultural warehouse, was torn down this week. It was a dilapidated old concern, and our citizens are glad that it has been removed. Now let some one erect a good building on that lot. It is well located, and a business room would rent very readily, at a good price.

RENEW'S HER YOUTH.—Mrs. Phoebe Chesley, Peterson, Clay Co., Iowa, tells the following remarkable story, the truth of which is vouched for by the residents of the town: "I am 73 years old, have been troubled with kidney complaint and lameness for many years; could not dress myself without help. Now I am free from all pain and soreness, and am able to do all my own housework. I owe my thanks to Electric Bitters for having renewed my youth and removed completely all disease and pain." Try a bottle, 50c. and \$1. at W. C. Patterson's Drug Store.

The Hicksville News man is trying to slander our hog buyers. Just listen to what he gets off last week: "Indiana hog buyers have struck a new scheme. Buyer No. 1 comes along to-day and tells the farmer the market is dull, but he will buy his hogs and take the chances. He offers him a price way below the market; the farmer hesitates and refuses to sell. Next day or two along comes buyer No. 2 who tells a very doleful story and makes inquiry how much he has been offered; finds it is far above what he can pay, but rather than be beat by the other fellow he will give him a quarter or a half cent more. He takes the hogs and the profits are divided."

CLOAKS  
AND  
JACKETS.

CLOAKS  
AND  
JACKETS.

### Its Funny, Ain't It?

You remember those two special bargains that we offered in this space last week? Well, they were just sold right out like hot cakes. But, by the way, while those goods are gone, we still have other bargains which we shall offer from day to day. Now lot of 50 cent Dress Flannels, in five different colors. Bargains in ladies' wear. Goods at half price. Don't fail to call on Case & Olds.

CLOAKS  
AND  
JACKETS.

CLOAKS  
AND  
JACKETS.

### New Joe.

All persons indebted to me are requested to read and settle within the next 30 days. I need money and must have a settlement.

Wm. Carlin, St. Joe, Ind.

### For Sale.

House and lot on Main Street, St. Joe, Ind. For further particulars call on J. M. Lounsbury. Will sell cheap and on time.

Robert M. D. 111

### For Sale.

A good one and a half story dwelling and lot, situated in St. Joe, for sale at a bargain. For particulars call on J. M. Richards.

A. M. Richards, Hicksville, O.

### Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

THE BEST SALVE in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Child's Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by W. C. Patterson.

### WORTH KNOWING.

Mr. W. H. Morgan, merchant, Lake City, Fla., was taken with a severe Cold, attended with a distressing Cough and running into Consumption in its first stages. He tried many so-called popular cough remedies and steadily grew worse. Was reduced in flesh, had difficulty in breathing, and was unable to sleep. Finally tried Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption and found immediate relief, and after using about a half dozen bottles found himself well and has no return of the disease. No other remedy can show so grand a record of cures as Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption. Guaranteed to do just what is claimed for it. Trial bottles free at W. C. Patterson's Drug Store.

The President has appointed Thursday, November 24th as Thanksgiving Day.

The B. & O. painters have been giving the switches and mile posts a coat of red and white paint this week.

Stretcher's Shawl and Book Strap is one of the most convenient articles ever invented; for sale only at Free Zeigler's Harness Shop.

Wouldn't it be a good idea to repair the sidewalk to the school house before some of the children fall down and break their necks?

Owing to the increased amount of stock that is being shipped from this station, it has been found necessary to enlarge the stock pens. The B. & O. carpenters completed the work this week, and St. Joe now has as good facilities for shipping stock as any station along the line.

We were down at J. W. Dills' the other day, and while out in the barn, we noticed laying in his buggy, one of the post caps, to the picket fence around the Lutheran church at this place. He had been up to church the night before, and it is likely that the wind blew the cap off the fence into his buggy, or it got there in some other mysterious way. Perhaps J. W. can explain.

### Farm for Sale.

Offer at private sale, a good well improved farm, 1 mile north of St. Joe, and 11 miles north of La Paz, Ind. 7 miles east of La Paz, and contains 120 acres, 80 in good cultivation, good substantial buildings, good well, good orchard and everything in good farming order. Terms reasonable and payments easy. For particulars inquire of J. C. St. Joe, 11 miles north of St. Joe, Ind. J. C. St. Joe, Waterbury, Ind.

### Farm for Sale or Trade.

Said farm consists of 180 acres, 120 well improved. Good building, nearly new leak barn, 19 x 78, and in good style, good timber, running water, etc. Will sell cheap, or take a small farm by exchange, and will give long time to pay the difference. Farm has 3 miles of St. Joe, and 7 1/2 miles east of Auburn. Reason for selling, have no help.

A. E. Swineford, St. Joe, Ind.



Last week one day while Jake Baker, who lives near Concord Station, was setting at the table eating is dinner, he looked out over the door, which happened to be standing open, and he saw something way off across the field about a half a mile away; he watched it closely, and noticed that it moved. Jake thought it was a white crane, and he jumped from the table, grabbed his gun, whistled to his dog and away he went. He hurried across the field, and cautiously kept up to where the object was, when he discovered that it was only a large piece of white paper. Jake kicked the dog, and wanted to kick himself but couldn't. Finally he slunk back home feeling as though he had been sold.

Barcus Q. Hippenhammer.



# The St. Joe News.

ST. JOE, INDIANA.

MORT & WILL OLDS, PUBLISHERS.

## AARON BURR'S WOOING.

BY EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN.

From the commandant's quarters on Westchester Height  
The blue hills of Ramapo lie in full sight;  
On their slope gleams the gable that shields his  
heart's quest;  
But the redcoats are weary—the Hudson's be-  
tween.  
Through the camp runs a jest: "There's no moon  
till be dark—"  
'Tis odds little Aaron will go on a spark—  
And the toast of the troopers is "pickets lie low,  
And good luck to the Colonel and Widow Pre-  
vost!"  
Eight miles to the river he gallops his steed,  
Lays him bound in the barge, bids his escort  
make speed.  
Loose their swords, sit athwart, through the  
fleet reach you shore;  
Not a word, not a plash of the thick muffled earl  
once across, once again in the seat, and away—  
Five leagues are soon over when love has the  
say:  
And "Old Put" and his rider a bridle path know  
To the Hermitage manor of Madam Prevost.  
Lightly done! but he halts in the grove's deep-  
est glade,  
Ties his horse to a birch, trims his cues, slings  
his blade,  
Wipes the dust and the dew from his smooth  
handsome face.  
Wit & kerchief, she brodered and bordered in  
lace;  
Then slips through the box rows and taps at the  
hall.  
Sees the glint of a wax light, a hand white and  
small,  
And the door is unbarred by herself all a glow—  
Half in smiles, half in tears—Theodora Pre-  
vost.  
Alack for the soldier that's buried and gone!  
What's a volley above him, a wreath on his  
stone.  
Compared with sweet life and a wife for one's  
view  
Like this dame ripe and warm in her India  
shu?  
She chides her bold lover, yet holds him more  
dear,  
For the daring that brings him a night rider  
here:  
British gallants by day through her doors come  
and go,  
But a Yankee's the winner of Theo. Prevost.  
Where's the widow or maid with a mouth to be  
kissed,  
When Burr comes a wooing, that long would re-  
sist?  
Lights and wine on the banquet, the shutters all  
fast,  
And "Old Put" stamps in vain till an hour has  
flown past—  
But an hour, for eight leagues must be covered  
ere day;  
Laughs Aaron, "Let Washington frown as he  
may,  
When he hears of me next in a raid on the foe.  
Hell forgive this night's tryst with the Widow  
Prevost!"  
—Harper's.

## "CORA DID NOT LIE."

BY A. URBAN EVERETTE.

Next to our old homestead lay Conrad House. No farm land was attached to it. It was simply a park and gardens built for a rich man's pleasure; and in its midst stood a fountain, bending over which a stone mermaid combed her carven hair with a carven comb, using the basin for a mirror.

There had been a time when the water arose and played in showers over the mermaid's head and shoulders, ran down her tresses and dripped over her hands. Those who had seen it said it was a pretty sight; but the machinery was out of order, or perhaps had been turned off, and it played no more.

The house, handsome and picturesque as it was, was all shut up, the windows barred, and the doors fast; moss covered its stone steps and balustrades, and the flowers were all gone, save such hardy bushes as took to a wild life kindly, and bloomed a little every year.

"I wonder they don't live here—the people who own this place," my Uncle Charles used to say when he spent his vacation with us. "It's a jolly old place; it's a shame it should stand like that." And then my mother would say: "Something very dreadful happened there years ago."

I had heard that before. It was a story I was not to hear, and I wondered why.

All my uncle's vacation I strolled about with him, and as he was fond of fishing, I took to fishing too. He gave me a rod and line, and taught me how to put on bait, and we used to go to a fine stream, a long distance off, and fish together.

I never caught anything, but he assured me that I would some day, and I felt very manly as I trotted beside him, with my rod over my shoulder.

The not always welcome care of my mother and aunts relaxed, and I heard it said that Will was sure to follow Charles everywhere, and to come home quite safe.

My uncle's vacation was a very happy time to me. When it was over, a change came. Feminine rule began

once more. I was forbidden to go to the river side, lest I should be drowned; and my rambles were limited to our own property and the deserted park of Conrad House.

After his return to college my uncle wrote to me, and I was careful to reply, hunting up the big words in my little dictionary, but it was humiliating to confess that I was thought too small to go a-fishing in the river.

However, an idea one day came into my head which enabled me to obey my relatives and yet engage in the sport I knew my uncle thought so much of. I determined to fish in the basin of the Mermaid Fountain in Conrad Park, and accordingly I carried my rod and line there. The first day I had better luck than usual, for I caught a small green frog.

I looked at him a moment, reflected that his frog mother might be anxious about him, and put him back into the water; and I mentioned this in my letter to my Uncle Charles, who replied that there was no knowing what I might catch next; but I caught nothing more.

And one autumn morning, when all the red leaves were falling and floating over the basin like fancy boats, I realized the fact that it was growing too chilly to sit with pleasure beside the fountain waiting for a bite.

"Oh," I thought; "if I could catch something this last time! Something to write to uncle about."

And just then the little float bobbed up. I had, perhaps, at least hooked a fish. Delighted, I carefully drew up the line. Something glimmered upon the hook. It was not a fish. However, I hastened to detach it, and found it to be a very handsome cluster diamond ring. Ignorant of its value at that time, I could but admire it, it sparkled so brilliantly. There was no mud at the bottom of the spring, only shining pebbles. It was perfectly clean, therefore, after its bath, whether it had been long or short.

"I'll give this to mamma," I said, speaking aloud in my astonishment, and ashamed of having done so, when I heard the sound of my own words, because it was "like the baby." But the next moment some one answered me. "You have found my ring," a voice said in my ear. "You have found my ring. At last! At last! Thank Heaven!"

I turned. The afternoon was drawing to a close, and was gray with shadow and misty with the autumn air; and the figure of a woman near me seemed misty, too—a figure dressed in white, with pale hair hanging to its waist, and a face that I could barely see was fair and delicate.

"Of such is the kingdom of Heaven," she whispered. "Child, take the ring to Aubrey Conrad. Tell him that Cora did not lie. Tell him you found it in the fountain. Tell him—"

Her voice grew faint. She was gone. Who was she? Where did she go? I was vaguely terrified; and clutching the ring tightly in one hand, I began to run, but looking over my shoulder to see if she was following me, I stumbled and fell.

Some one picked me up. It was old Aubrey Conrad himself. Sometimes I had seen him walking sadly through the park by himself, though he lived a long distance off at a hotel, and was often away on the continent, traveling for his health, people said.

"What's the matter, little one?" he said. "Have you hurt yourself?" "No," I said; "the lady frightened me. She was—she seemed to go out like a candle. She said it was her ring, but she did not take it. She said I was to give it to you, and say, 'Cora did not lie.' Is she Cora? Does she always look like that? What did she mean?"

Mr. Conrad sat down upon the stone seat beside the fountain, and held me by the arms and stared into my face.

"Tell me what you mean, boy!" he said.

"I was fishing in the basin of the fountain there," said I, "and I thought I had caught a trout, but it was no fish at all, but a beautiful, shining ring. See!"

I held it out to him as well as I could with his grasp upon my arms, and he let me go and took it from me.

He peered at it curiously, and said, "Your eyes are young. Read what is engraved on the inside, child."

And with much pains, for it was growing twilight, I spelt out these words:

"To Cora; from Aubrey, 18—"

Then he took it from me again and said "Go on."

"I thought it was a very pretty ring," I said, "and I would give it to mamma. And then there was a lady there by the fountain, fair, with long light curls, but like smoke or mist. I could not help being frightened, and she said, 'It is my ring. It is found at last, thank Heaven!' and words that Jesus said in the Bible, and then 'Give it to Aubrey Conrad and tell him you found it in the fountain, and Cora did not lie. Was she Cora?'"

He answered yes, and stooped down and kissed me, and went his way, taking the ring with him, and I ran home to my mother and told her the story. She was frightened. She held me close.

"What was she, mother?" I asked. "I do not know," she answered. "It is in our family to see strange things. Perhaps you have seen one of them. Do not talk about it."

An hour or two later my father drove home in his light trap from the nearest town.

"Something happened at the hotel this evening," he said. "Aubrey Conrad is dead. He came back very pale after a walk to Conrad Park, they think; and a fall was heard in his room soon after. They found him on the floor beside his desk, already dead; but he had written on a paper in words nearly like these: 'I have doubted the purity of the sweetest woman that ever lived. Let them bury me in Conrad Park, with the ring I wear upon my finger, and write upon my stone these words: 'To the memory of Cora, most faithful and beloved wife of Aubrey Conrad, whose body lies here, but whose soul goes to ask pardon of her he wronged in thought for twenty bitter years.''"

And my mother, with a cry, clung to father's arm and told him my strange story.

"What does it all mean?" I asked. Who is Cora? What did Mr. Conrad do to her? What was it I saw in the park? Was it a ghost?

But my mother put her hand over my mouth, and my father told me there were strange things and wicked stories in this world which children could not understand, but that Cora Conrad was said to have died of a broken heart because her husband was cruel to her and thought she had given away a ring she swore she had lost.

Afterwards I understood what the story might be; but I cannot now explain to myself what it was that happened to me in Conrad Park any more clearly than I understood it in childhood.

### Moral Suasion.

It is a common habit with colored cotton pickers, to strike for higher wages. The cotton has to be picked at a certain time. The colored cotton picker takes advantage of this fact, and gouges his employer. The hands of Col. Williams' plantation near Austin refused to pick another boll of cotton unless 20 cents more per cent was given. The man in charge of the plantation told the hands that he would go to Austin and see Col. Williams, the owner of the plantation, about it. He did so. The negroes aroused him.

"What's he gwinter do about hit?" asked the colored spokesman.

"I told Col. Williams, what you wanted, and he didn't like it."

"What's he gwinter do?"

"From what he told me I think he is liable to use moral suasion on you."

This somewhat disconcerted the strikers. Their faces showed signs of uneasiness.

"The question is," resumed the overseer, "will you compel him to persuade you?"

There was a hurried consultation, after which the colored spokesman approached the overseer and said humbly: "Hits all right, boss; radder den hab anybody persuade us we will goter work at de ole terms."

Five minutes later those darkeys were picking cotton as if their lives depended on it.—Texas Siftings.

SAYS old Allen Thompson: "When I am in the woods I never use a compass; in fact, I don't need any. There are three sure ways that I have for finding the points of the compass. You will notice that three-fourths of the moss on trees grows on the north side; the heaviest bows on spruce trees are always on the south side; and, thirdly, the topmost twig of every uninjured hemlock tips to the east. You just remember those things and you'll never get lost."

### PITH AND POINT.

THERE is very little serf bathing in Russia.

A MAN always feels put out when he is taken in.

How is the sun's light supported? By its beams.

The latest out—the boy who is "kept after school."

NEVER recline in the laps of ages—female personages.—Carl Pretzel.

PROBABLY Lot was the only man who would have been justified in pinching his wife.

THE favorite hymn of the pious electrician—"I'm going home to dynamo!"

WHEN a young man detects the first evidence of hair on his upper lip he feels elevated, when in reality it is a sign of coming down.

THE King of Spain, although but little more than 1 year old, is a general officer in the Spanish army. Of course he is in the infantry service. He has been in arms all his life.

LET no man boast that he is free from color-blindness until after he has been sent to the dry goods store to match his wife's black silk and has come out of the ordeal satisfactorily.

CITY boarder (to farmer): This milk seems pretty poor. Farmer—The pasture here ain't what it ought to be. City boarder—And yet I saw lots of milkweed in the fields this morning.

FARMER HAYSEED—I got a letter from Johnny to-day. He's a-gittin' along fine, and says he's into cube root. Mrs. Hayseed—Thar! I told you that thar boy would make a hog of himself! —Newman Independent.

It is claimed that tea was brought to Europe by the Dutch in 1610. This is unquestionably true, but nevertheless, it stands no show with the Dutch now. One glass of beer with hydrophobia on top, and a salt-covered pretzel, will give more satisfaction than a whole chest of tea.—Peck's Sun.

SOME writer of verses says sincerely that Gen. Lytle was drunk when he wrote: "I am dying, Egypt, dying." Lincoln asked to know what brand of whisky Grant drank. He wanted to send some of it to his other generals. Lytle whisky might benefit some of our poets.—Texas Siftings.

"Oh, yes, my boy's getting' along fust rate," said a father in answer to an inquiry regarding his son. "Yes, sir, fust rate, an' we're all mighty hope up with the idea that he's goin' to be a humorist. We jest know he is, for I tell you what's a fact, he giggles all the time, and he couldn't spell cat to save his life. He's jest natchully cut out fur a humorist."—Arkansas Traveler.

"GEORGE, wasn't that queer about that woman having a man arrested for putting his arm around her?" she remarked, during a lapse in the conversation. "I don't know," replied George. "Seems to me she might have been a little milder." Then there was another pause. At length she interrupted it. "George," she said, softly. "Well?" "Papa says the policemen on this beat are too worthless for anything. If I was to scream ever so hard I don't believe any of them would hear it." George pondered a little, and soon the conversation was nothing but a continuous lapse.—Washington Critic.

"YES," said a portly man, with a patronizing wave of his hand, as he stood on the railroad station platform, "I am now interested in Dakota myself—just bought a farm for my son, you know. I consider that there are phenomenal chances for a young man in this Territory. By the way, what is the most remarkable instance you know of a young man doing well financially in Dakota?" "Bill Hostetter did pretty well," said the small man on a coil of barbed wire. "Ah, tell me about him," said the capitalist, as he rubbed his hands. "I'll warrant my son will do as well—how much did Mr. Hostetter make?" "Sixty thousand dollars." "Ah—um—snug little sum. Farming, I suppose?" "Oh, no, Bill didn't farm it. He got elected Treasurer of the county and took the funds and went to Canada."—Dakota Bell.

FORTUNE has been considered the guardian divinity of fools, and, on this score, she has been accused of blindness; but it should rather be adduced as a proof of her sagacity, when she helps those who certainly cannot help themselves.—Colman.



**Hideous in Every Guise.**  
Whether it be the best known form, chills and fever, or else bilious remittent, double ague or ague cake, is that abominable disorder involving the liver, the bowels and the kidneys, known as malaria. Every complaint classified under this generic, though erroneous appellation, is destructive of the nervous system, but is, unhappily, not to be subdued, or even checked, by the use of ordinary nervines, febrifuges or tonics. There is, however, prompt relief and ultimate cure to be found in Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, foremost among the proprietary remedies of America, and widely known in other lands. Not only diseases of the liver, but rheumatic complaints, superinduced by exposure in bad weather, inherited or the actual debility of the kidneys or bladder, dyspepsia and an irregular condition of bowels, are curable—may, certainly be cured by this nervously sustained and professionally sanctioned corrective.

It has recently been computed by an officer of the Ordnance Department in Washington that the weight carried by a soldier equipped with rod bayonets, rifle and cartridge belts, three days' cooked rations and 100 rounds of ball cartridges and complete "kit" of clothing is fifty-three pounds 2.58 ounces; with Springfield rifle, bayonet, scabbard, cartridge boxes and leather belt clothing and ammunition, etc., is fifty-four pounds 1.95 ounces; with Springfield rifle, bayonet, scabbard, cartridge, belt, clothing, ammunition, etc., is fifty-three pounds 15.96 ounces.

To DREAM of a ponderous whale,  
Erect on the tip of his tail,  
Is the sign of a storm  
(If the weather is warm).  
Unless it should happen to fail,  
Dreams don't amount to much, anyhow.  
Some signs, however, are infallible. If you are constipated, with no appetite, tortured with sick headache and bilious symptoms, these signs indicate that you need Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets. They will cure you. All druggists.

No MAN can be brave who considers pain to be the greatest evil of life, nor temperate, who considers pleasure to be the highest good.—*Cicero*.

A COLD climate is hard to bear, but it makes men robust and active. People in very warm countries lead a rather shiftless life.—*Texas Siftings*.

THERE is said to be a great similarity between a vain young lady and a confirmed drunkard, in that neither of them can ever get enough of the glass.

THE young ladies' best friend—their looking-glass. Because it always gives them "aids to reflection."

**Deserving of Confidence.**—There is no article which so richly deserves the entire confidence of the community as BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES. Those suffering from Asthmatic and Bronchial Diseases, Coughs, and Colds should try them. Price 25 cents.

A CROW bar—Putting a muzzle on a rooster.

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Use after each meal Scott's Emulsion with Hypophosphites. It is as palatable as milk, and easily digested. The rapidity with which delicate people improve with its use is wonderful. Use it and try your weight. As a remedy for Consumption, Throat affections, and Bronchitis, it is unequalled. Please read: "I used Scott's Emulsion in a child eight months old with good results. He gained four pounds in a very short time."—*THE PAIN, M. D., Alabama*.

A REFRACTORY car window and a pretty girl will make a big man feel very small.

Food makes Blood and Blood makes Beauty. Improper digestion of food necessarily produces bad blood, resulting in a feeling of fullness in the stomach, acidity, heartburn, sick-headache, and other dyspeptic symptoms. A closely-confined life causes indigestion, constipation, biliousness, and loss of appetite. To remove these troubles there is no remedy equal to Prickly Ash Bitters. It has been tried and proven to be a specific.

Why ought Lent to pass very rapidly? because there are so many fast days in it.

**The Popular Thoroughfare.**

The Wisconsin Central Line, although a comparatively new factor in the railroad systems of the Northwest, has acquired an enviable popularity. Through careful attention to details, its service is as near perfection as might be looked for. The train attendants seem to regard their trusts as individual property and as a result the public is served par excellence. The road now runs solid through fast trains between Chicago, Milwaukee, St. Paul, and Minneapolis with Pullman's best and unequalled dining-cars; it also runs through, solid sleepers between Chicago, Ashland, Duluth, and the famous mining regions of Northern Wisconsin and Michigan.

**Itching Piles.**  
Symptoms—Moisture; intense itching and stinging; most at night; worse by scratching. If allowed to continue tumors form, which often bleed and ulcerate, becoming very sore. Swayne's Ointment stops the itching and bleeding, heals the ulceration, and in many cases removes the tumors. It is equally efficacious in curing all Skin Diseases. Dr. Swayne & Son, Proprietors, Philadelphia. Swayne's Ointment can be obtained of druggists, or by mail.

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If a man could be divorced from his creditors how busy the courts would be kept.

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A clergyman, after years of suffering from that loathsome disease, Catarrh, and vainly trying every known remedy, at last found a prescription which completely cured and saved him from death. Any sufferer from this dreadful disease sending a self-addressed stamped envelope to Prof. J. A. Lawrence, 212 East 11th street, New York, will receive the recipe free of charge.

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Is the Grand Rapid Business College and Practical Training School. (Established 1865.) Send for College Journal. Address, C. C. SWENBERG, Grand Rapids, Mich.

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## DEFENSE OF YOUNG MEN.

Divine Service in the Brooklyn Tabernacle.

Dr. Talmage's Advice to Those About Starting in Life—No Way to Genuine Success Except Through Toil of Either Head or Hand.

BROOKLYN, Oct. 30.—Six thousand people, sitting and standing in the Brooklyn Tabernacle, and all the adjoining rooms packed and people turned away! Such was the scene to-day. The congregation sang:

Awake, my soul, stretch every nerve,  
And press with vigor on.

The Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D. D., preached on the subject, "Defense of Young Men," and took his text from II. Kings vi. 17: "And the Lord opened the eyes of the young man." He said:

One morning in Dothan a young theological student was scared by finding himself and Elisha, the prophet, upon whom he waited, surrounded by a whole army of enemies. But venerable Elisha was not scared at all, because he saw the mountains full of defense for him, in chariots made out of fire, wheels of fire, dashboard of fire, and cushions of fire, drawn by horses with nostrils of fire, and manes of fire, and haunches of fire, and hoofs of fire—a supernatural appearance that could not be seen with the natural eye. So the old minister prayed that the young minister might see them also, and the prayer was answered, and the Lord opened the eyes of the young man and he also saw the fiery procession, looking somewhat, I suppose, like the Adirondacks or the Alleghenies in this autumnal resplendence.

Many young men, standing among the tremendous realities, have their eyes half shut or entirely closed. May God grant that my sermon may open wide your eyes to your safety, your opportunity, and your destiny.

A mighty defense for a young man is a good home. Some of my hearers look back with tender satisfaction to their early home. It may have been rude and rustic, hidden among the hills, the architect or upholsterer never planned or adorned it. But all the fresco on princely walls never looked so enticing to you as those rough hewn rafters. You can think of no park or arbor of trees planted on fashionable country seat so attractive as the plain brook that ran in front of the old farmhouse and sang under the weeping willows. No barred gateway, adorned with statues or bronze, and swung open by obsequious porter in full dress, has half the glory of the swing gate. Many of you have a second dwelling place, your adopted home, that also is sacred forever. There you built the first family altar. There your children were born. All those trees you planted. That room is solemn, because once in it, over the hot pillow, flapped the wing of death. Under that roof you expect when your work is done to lie down and die. You try with many words to tell the excellency of the place, but you fail. There is only one word in the language that can describe your meaning. It is home.

Now, I declare it that young man is comparatively safe who goes out into the world with a charm like this upon him. The memory of parental solicitude, watching, planning, and praying, will be to him a shield and a shelter. I never knew a man faithful both to his early and adopted home, who at the same time was given over to any gross form of dissipation or wickedness. He who seeks his enjoyment chiefly from outside association, rather than from the more quiet and unpresuming pleasures of which I have spoken, may be suspected to be on the broad road to ruin. Absalom despised his father's house, and you know his history of sin and his death of shame. If you seem unnecessarily isolated from your kindred and former associates, is there not some room you can call your own? Into it gather books and pictures and a harp. Have a portrait over the mantel. Make ungodly mirth stand back from the threshold. Consecrate some spot with the knee of prayer. By the memory of other days, a father's counsel and a mother's love, and a sister's confidence, call it home.

Another defense for a young man is industrious habit. Many young men, in starting upon life in this age, expect to make their way through the world by the use of their wits rather than the toil of their hands. A child now goes to the city and fails twice before he is as old as his father was when he first saw the spires of the great town. Sitting in some office, rented at \$1,000 a year, he is waiting for the bank to declare its dividend, or goes into the market expecting before night to be made rich by the rushing up of the stocks. But luck seemed so dull he resolved on some other tack. Perhaps he borrowed from his employer's money drawer, and forgets to put it back, or for merely the purpose of improving his penmanship makes a copy plate of a merchant's signature. Never mind, all is right in trade. In some dark night there may come in his dream a vision of Blackwell's Island, or of Sing Sing, but it soon vanishes. In a short time he will be ready to retire from the busy world, and amid his flocks and herds culture the domestic virtues. Then those young men who once

were his schoolmates, and knew no better than to engage in honest work, will come with their ox teams to draw him logs and with their hard hands help heave up the castle. This is no fancy picture. It is every-day life. I should not wonder if there were some rotten beams in that beautiful palace. I should not wonder if dire sicknesses should smite through the young man, or if God should pour into his cup of life a draught that would thrill him with unbearable agony. I should not wonder if his children should become to him a living curse, making his home a pest and a disgrace. I should not wonder if he goes to a miserable grave, and beyond it into the gnashing of teeth. The way of the ungodly shall perish.

My young friends, there is no way to genuine success except through toil either of the head or hand. At the battle of Crecy in 1346 the Prince of Wales, finding himself heavily pressed by the enemy, sent word to his father for help. The father, watching the battle from a windmill and seeing that his son was not wounded and could gain the day if he would, sent word: "Noli!" will not come. Let the boy win his spurs, for, if God will, I desire that this day be his with all its honors." Young man, fight your own battle all through and you shall have the victory. Oh, it is a battle worth fighting. Two monarchs of old fought a duel, Charles V. and Francis, and the stakes were kingdoms—Milan and Burgundy. You fight with sin and the stake is heaven or hell.

Do not get the fatal idea that you are a genius, and that therefore there is no need of close application. It is here where multitudes fail. The great curse of this age is the geniuses, men with enormous self-conceit and egotism, and nothing else. I had rather be an ox than an eagle; plain, and plodding, and useful, rather than high flying and good for nothing but to pick out the eyes of carcasses. Extraordinary capacity without use is extraordinary failure. There is no hope for that person who begins life resolved to live by his wits, for the probability is he has not any. It was not safe for Adam, even in his unfallen state, to have nothing to do, and, therefore, God commanded him to be a farmer and horticulturist. He was to dress the garden and keep it, and had he and his wife obeyed the divine injunction and been at work, they would not have been sauntering under the trees and hungering after that fruit which destroyed them and their posterity; proof positive for all ages to come that those who do not attend to their business are sure to get into mischief. I do not know that the prodigal in Scripture would ever have been reclaimed had he not given up his idle habits and gone to feeding swine for a living. "Go to the ant, thou sluggard; consider her ways and be wise, which, having no overseer or guide, provideth her food in the summer and gathereth her meat in the harvest." The devil does not so often attack the man who is busy with the pen, and the book, and the trowel, and the saw, and the hammer. He is afraid of those weapons. But woe to that man whom this roaring lion meets with his hands in his pockets. Do not demand that your toil always be elegant, and cleanly, and refined. There is a certain amount of drudgery through which we must all pass, whatever be our occupation. You know how men are sentenced—a certain number to years of prison, and after they have suffered and worked out the time, then they are allowed to go free. And so it is with all of us. God passed on us the sentence: "By the sweat of thy brow shalt thou eat bread." We must endure our time of drudgery, and then, after a while, we will be allowed to go into comparative liberty. We must be willing to endure the sentence. We all know what drudgery is connected with the beginning of any trade or profession, but this does not continue all our lives, if it be the student's or the merchant's or the mechanic's life. I know you have at the beginning many a hard time; but after a while these things will become easy. You will be your own master. God's sentence will be satisfied. You will be discharged from prison. Bless God that you have a brain to think, and hands to work, and feet to walk with, for in your constant activity, O young man, is one of your strongest defenses. Put your trust in God and do your level best. That child had it right when the horses ran away with the load of wood, and he sat upon it. When asked if he was frightened he said: "No, I prayed to God and hung on like a beaver."

Again, profound respect for the Sabbath will be to the young man a powerful preservative against evil. God has thrust into the toil and fatigue of life a recreative day, when the soul is especially to be fed. It is no new-fangled notion of a wild-brained reformer, but an institution established at the beginning. God has made natural and moral laws so harmonious that the body as well as the soul demands this institution. Our bodies are seven day clocks, they must be wound up so often as that, or they will run down. Failure must come sooner or later to the man who breaks the Sabbath. Inspiration has called it the Lord's day, and he who devotes it to the world is guilty of robbery. God will not let the sin go unpunished, neither in this world or the world to come. This is the statement of a man who had broken this divine enactment:

"I was engaged in manufacturing on the Lehigh River. On the Sabbath I used to rest, but never regarded God in it. One beautiful Sabbath, when the noise was all hushed and the day was all that loveliness could make it; I sat down on my piazza and went to work inventing a new shuttle. I neither stopped to eat nor drink till the sun went down. By that time I had the invention completed. The next morning I exhibited it, boasted of my day's work and was applauded. The shuttle was tried and worked well, but that Sabbath day's work cost me \$30,000. We branched out and enlarged, and the curse of heaven was upon me from that day onward."

While the divine frown must rest upon him who tramples upon this statute, God's special favor will be upon that young man who scrupulously observes it. This day, properly observed, will throw a hallowed influence over all the week. The song and sermon and sanctuary will hold back from presumptuous scenes. That young man who begins the duties of life with either secret or open disrespect of the holy day, I venture to prophesy, will meet with no prominent successes. God's curse will fall upon his ship, his store, his office, his studio, his body, and his soul. The way of the wicked He turneth upside down. In one of the old fables it was said that a wonderful child was born in Bagdad and a magician could hear his footsteps 6,000 miles away. But I can hear in the footsteps of that young man, on his way to the house of worship this morning, step not only of a lifetime of usefulness, but the coming step of eternal joys of heavens yet millions of miles away.

There are magnificent possibilities before each of you young men of the stout heart, and the buoyant step, and the bounding spirit. I would marshal you for grand achievement. God now provides for you the fleet and the armor and the fortifications. Who is on the Lord's side? The captain of the zouaves in ancient times, to encourage them against the immense odds on the side of their enemies, said: "Come, my men, look these fellows in the face. They are 6,000, you are 300. Surely the match is even." That speech gave them the victory. Be not, my hearer, dismayed at any time by what seems an immense odds against you. Is fortune, is want of education, are men, are devils against you? Though the multitudes of earth and hell confront you, stand up to the charge. With 1,000,000 against you the match is just even. Nay, you have a decided advantage. If God be for us, who can be against us? Thus protected, you need not spend much time in answering your assailants.

Many years ago word came to me that two impostors, as temperance lecturers, had been speaking in Ohio in various places and giving their experience, and they told their audience that they had long been intimate with me and had become drunkards by dining at my table, where I always had liquors of all sorts. Indignant to the last degree I went down to Patrick Campbell, chief of Brooklyn police, saying I was going to start that night for Ohio to have these villains arrested, and I wanted him to tell me how to make the arrest. He smiled and said: "Do not waste your time by chasing these men. Go home and do your work, and they can do you no harm." I took his counsel and all was well. Long ago I made up my mind that if one will put his trust in God and be faithful to duty he need not fear any evil. Have God on your side, young man, and all the combined forces of earth and hell can do you no damage.

And this leads me to say that the mightiest of all defense for a young man is the possession of thorough religious principle. Nothing can take the place of it. He may have manners that would put to shame the gracefulness and courtesy of a Lord Chesterfield. Foreign languages may drop from his tongue. He may be able to discuss literatures and laws and foreign customs. He may wield a pen of unequalled polish and power. His quickness and tact may qualify him for the highest salary of the counting house. He may be as sharp as Herod and as strong as Sampson, with as fine locks as those which hung Absalom, still he is not safe from contamination. The more elegant his manner, and the more fascinating his dress, the more peril Satan does not care much for the allegiance of a coward and illiterate being. He can bring him into efficient service. But he loves to storm that castle of character which has in it the most spoils and treasures. It was not some crazy craft creeping along the coast with a valueless cargo that the pirates attacked, but the ship, full winged and flagged, playing between great ports, carrying its million of specie. The more your natural and acquired accomplishments, the more need of the religion of Jesus. That does not cut in upon or hack up any smoothness of disposition or behavior. It gives symmetry. It arrests that in the soul which ought to be arrested, and propels that which ought to be propelled. It fills up the gulleys. It elevates and transforms. To beauty it gives more beauty, to tact more tact, to enthusiasm of nature more enthusiasm. When the Holy Spirit impresses the image of God on the heart He does not spoil the canvas. If in all the multitudes of young men upon whom religion has acted you could find one nature that had been the least damaged, I would yield this proposition. You may now have enough strength of character to repel the various tempta-

tions to gross wickedness which assail you, but I do not know in what strait you may be thrust at some future time. Nothing short of the grace of the cross may then be able to deliver you from the lions. You are not meeker than Moses, nor holier than David, nor more patient than Job, and you ought not to consider yourself invulnerable. You may have some weak point of character that you have never discovered, and in some hour when you are assaulted the Philistines will be upon thee, Samson. Trust not in your good habits, or your early training, or your pride of character; nothing short of the arm of Almighty God will be sufficient to uphold you. You look forward to the world sometimes with a chilling despondency. Cheer up! I will tell you how you all may make a fortune. "Seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all other things will be added unto you." I know you do not want to be mean in this matter. Give God the freshness of your life. You will not have the heart to drink down the brimming cup of life and then pour the dregs on God's altar. To a Saviour so infinitely generous you have not the heart to act like that. That is not brave, that is not honorable, that is not manly. Your greatest want in all the world is a new heart. In God's name I tell you that. And the blessed Spirit presses through the solemnities and privileges of this holy hour. Put the cup of life eternal to your thirsty lips. Thrust it not back. Mercy offers it, bleeding mercy, long-suffering mercy. Reject all other friendships; be ungrateful for all other kindnesses, prove recreant to all other bargains, but despise God's love for your immortal soul—don't you do that.

I would like to see some of you this hour press out of the ranks of the world and lay your conquered spirit at the feet of Jesus. This hour is no wandering vagabond staggering over the earth; it is a winged messenger of the skies whispering mercy to thy soul. Life is smooth now, but after a while it may be rough, wild, and precipitate. There comes a crisis in the history of every man. We seldom understand that turning point until it is far past. The road of life is forked and I read on two signboards: "This is the way to happiness." "This is the way to ruin." How apt we are to pass the forks of the road without thinking whether it comes out at the door of bliss or the gates of darkness.

Many years ago I stood on the anniversary platform with a minister of Christ who made this remarkable statement:

"Thirty years ago two young men started out in the evening to attend the Park Theater, New York, where a play was to be acted in which the cause of religion was to be placed in a ridiculous and hypocritical light. They came to the steps. The consciences of both smote them. One started to go home, but returned again to the door, and yet had not courage to enter, and finally departed. But the other young man entered the pit of the theater. It was the turning point in the history of those two young men. The man who entered was caught in the whirl of temptation. He sank deeper and deeper in infamy. He was lost. The other young man was saved, and he now stands before you to bless God that for twenty years he has been permitted to preach the Gospel.

"Rejoice, O young man, in thy youth, and let thy heart cheer thee in the days of thy youth; but know thou that for all these things God will bring thee into judgment."

Hawthorne and the "Solitary Horseman."

Miss Susan Pratt, the present tenant of Hawthorne's house at Lenox, lately said to a visitor about the author of "Seven Gables": "He was a very quiet man. Mrs. Hawthorne was fonder of company, but he never talked when other people were talking. Rose, his daughter—she's Mrs. Lathrop now—told me the only time he had anything to say was when he played whist, and then he talked all the time. He didn't like to see people, and would allers git out of the way if he could. G. P. R. James come ag'in and ag'in to see him, but Mr. Hawthorne could always see him comin' out of the little winder, and would slip down the cellar stairs an' go out into the woods till he'd gone. One day, however, Mr. James wouldn't be put off, and follered him and got acquainted, and Mr. Hawthorne was glad of it, for allers after that they were the dearest of friends. Y's; Rose was born in this house. He did a good deal of writin'; he was writin' all the time. He didn't walk much. He warn't half as much of a walker as Mr. Thoreau; he's another friend of Mr. Tappan's. Mr. Tappan thought everything of Mr. Hawthorne, an' got him to come here. I don't believe Mr. Hawthorne ever darkened a church door while he was here. Charles Sedgwick got him to go down and vote once, but that was the only time. I forget who he voted for, for it's 'most forty years ago."

A MAN'S own good breeding is the best security against other people's ill manners.—Lord Chesterfield.



# THE ST. JOE NEWS.

VOL. I.

ST. JOE, IND., FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 11, 1887.

NO. 42.

## Churches.

### DISCIPLE.

SERVICES every alternate Sunday evening, in the Lutheran church. Cottage prayer meeting every Friday evening.

J. A. THOMAS, PASTOR.

### METHODIST PROTESTANT.

SERVICES every alternate Sunday at 10:30 A. M. Prayer meeting every Tuesday evening. Sunday School at 9:30 A. M.

J. M. LANGLEY, PASTOR.

### EVANGELICAL LUTHERAN.

SERVICES every Sunday, one Sunday in the morning at 10:30, and the following Sunday in the evening. Prayer meeting every Thursday evening. Sunday School at 9:30 A. M.

S. P. FRYBERGER, PASTOR.

## Societies.

### G. A. R.

REGULAR meetings on Saturday evening on or before the full moon of each month, at their hall over Leighty's store.

O. H. WIDNEY, COMMANDER.  
J. M. MILLIMAN, ADJUTANT.

## Business Notices.

H. W. BOWMAN, M. D., Physician and Surgeon, St. Joe, Ind. Office opposite the Drugstore.

ST. JOE HOTEL, Wm. Leighty, proprietor. Special attention given to furnishing teams for commercial men.

B. S. SHEFFER, M. D., Physician and Surgeon, St. Joe, Ind. Prompt and careful attention to all business entrusted to his care.

ST. JOE BARBER SHOP, one door west of hotel, Will Gee, proprietor. Satisfaction guaranteed. Your patronage is solicited.

FILLEY, LOUNSBERRY AND SHULER, proprietors of the St. Joe Saw and Planing Mill. All work promptly done. Cash paid for Oak Logs.

CITY BARBER SHOP, St. Joe, Ind., John Hull, proprietor. Shaving, Hair Cutting &c. done in the best of style. Come and see me. Two doors west of Kinsey's Furniture Store.

SIMON WINELAND, proprietor St. Joe Handle and Feed Mills. Feed grinding a speciality. Highest prices paid for second growth White Ash. Enquire at the mill for full particulars.

## INDIANA STATE NEWS.

—John Snyder, the man who walks because he can't stop, after an incessant tramp of almost three years, is at last nearing the end. His iron constitution is broken down under the fearful strain, and John Owen Snyder, the tireless pedestrian, will soon be numbered with those that have gone. He has a family consisting of a wife and four or five children, who will be comfortably provided for in case of his death. Paradoxical as it may seem, his strange affliction, which no physician has yet been able to understand, has proved to be both a curse and a blessing to his family. Prior to it there was a constant struggle to keep the wolf from the door, but since, along with the train of his sorrows and woes, it has brought him fame and fortune, and he is now said to be well off in this world's goods.

—A passenger arriving by the Louisville, Evansville and St. Louis train reports that at the Louisville accommodation, en route to Evansville, was crossing a point two miles east of Lincoln station, the engineer felt the engine strike something, but did not stop until he arrived at Lincoln, when the pilot of the locomotive was found to be bespattered with blood. Part of the trainmen were sent back, and they returned with the body of a man, which was recognized as that of Mr. Summers, an assessor of Carter Township, Spencer County.

—Chris Click, who resides near Ladoga, left his house and went out to the woods to do some work. He had no family, and the people living with him were away from home. Upon their return he was missed, and a search was instituted. Mr. Click was found in a pasture, dead, and it is supposed he had been dead two days. He could not have been murdered, from the fact that he had about \$25 in his pockets and a gold watch. His dog was found guarding the body from the hogs that were in the pasture.

—A young girl of 15, residing five miles north of Lagro, Wabash County, was the victim of an accident which will result in her death. She was sitting near the stove, when her dress caught fire, and, after making an ineffectual effort to extinguish the blaze, she ran out into the open air, where her clothing slowly burned from her, literally cooking her flesh to a crisp. Her screams attracted the attention of her relatives, but they did not reach her in season to be of service. She cannot survive.

—One of the most shocking tragedies that ever happened in Delaware County occurred seven miles east of Muncie. Perry Shockley shot his father-in-law, James Cary, in the left side with a thirty-eight-caliber revolver. After shooting Cary, the murderer walked about fifteen feet away and placed the same pistol to his head and pulled the trigger, sending a bullet through his brain. There is no cause assigned for his terrible murder and suicide.

—John M. Winchester, a farmer residing two and a half miles southwest of Franklin, was engaged in removing bricks from an old well, twenty-three feet deep, and when a depth of fifteen feet had been reached, the dirt above caved in, covering him to the depth of six feet. Three hours afterward he was taken from the well, dead. He was about sixty years of age, and one of the well-to-do and most respected citizens.

—The grand jury summoned at Delphi to investigate the lynching of Amer Green and the conduct of the Judge and Sheriff in not providing extra guards for the prisoner, reported to the court that they were unable to ascertain the names of any men who participated in the lynching. They also exonerated the Judge and Sheriff. The people are satisfied with the report.

—An accident occurred at Nappanee which will result in the death of two men, and possibly of three others. They were engaged in repairing the roof of a church, and were on a scaffolding twenty-five feet high, when it suddenly fell to the ground, injuring William Wygart and T. Maples fatally, and Owen Yarian, Perry Mjner, and John Ernest seriously.

—A distressing accident is reported from Monitor, eight miles east of Lafayette. A wild colt trampled Floyd, the 3-year-old son of Wallace Robinson, to death while at play in the barn-yard. Fatal injuries were inflicted by the animal before the child's peril was discovered. The victim only lived an hour.

—The preliminary arrangements have been completed for the location, at Anderson, of the bolt and nut-works of Fowler & Sons, of Buffalo, N. Y. This establishment is one of the largest manufacturers of bolts and nuts in the United States. They propose to commence building at once.

—Samuel H. Bornewitz, aged 17 years, was found dead in a field near his father's home, near Huntingburg. He had been drinking heavily the day previous, and had been left by his companions lying on the ground in the expectation he would become sober and return to his home.

—Fred Calkins, giving Ohio as his home, who has been selling red-line wheat and Bohemian oats in Huntington County, has been arrested on the charge of obtaining notes for the cereals without delivering the goods. He was placed under bonds for his appearance.

—The Northwest Indiana Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church has paid over to the trustees, through its agents, the full amount of its subscription to the DePauw University Endowment—\$20,000.

—Charles Groves, living near Epsom, Daviess County, was instantly killed by a limb from a tree falling on him.

—A fine vein of coal was struck near Jeffersonville by workmen boring for gas.

—A farmer near Pine Village has lost 100 fine shoats and several sows from hog cholera lately. The disease is making great inroads on surrounding herds.

A 9-year-old son of James Lipscombe, of Martinsville, was run over and killed by a train on the Fairland, Franklin and Martinsville Railway.

—Elmer Sauley was sentenced at Vincennes to the penitentiary for life for the murder of his illegitimate child.

—A young man named Vertrees was suffocated in the mine near Oakland City, by the roof caving in on him.

—Rev. Andrew Luce was stricken dead with apoplexy in his pulpit, in the Presbyterian Church, at Lagro.

—The saloon of Peter Kemp and livery stable of John Orr, Rushville, were destroyed by dynamite.

—The city hall to be erected next spring at Fort Wayne will cost \$60,000. The site has been selected.

—Wm. McGee, of Wabash, a brakeman, was instantly killed while uncoupling cars at Goshen.

—John C. Wertz, of Nashville, is dead at the age of 98.

THE pancakes eaten at Vassar College in one year would make a column eight miles high, if piled one upon another. There's high education for you.

WHEN the fierce tragedian cried, "What ho! there," the new super walked on the stage and asked what he wanted.—Texas Siftings.

A LITTLE boy came to his mother recently and said, "Mamma, I should think that if I was made of dust, I would get muddy inside when I drink."

BY a wise provision of Providence, close beside the little tree on which nutmegs grow often stands a greater.—Texas Siftings.

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IN SUMS OVER \$200.

Interest only once a year. We charge no commission. You can pay any part or all of the loan at any time. You can keep the money as long as you please if the interest is promptly paid. For further particulars call on or address

W. C. Patterson,  
ST. JOE, IND.

## Ho for Arkansas!

## Cheap Homes for Everybody!

In a high, healthy, rich land country. On the 15th of September and the 1st of October there will be excursions from this place to that point at a very low rate of fare. For full information in regard to these excursions call on A. B. Coburn, Real Estate Agent, St. Joe, Ind. Office with Dr. Sheffer, one door east of Drugstore.

GO to the News Office, St. Joe for all kinds of Printing. All work done promptly, and at the lowest prices. Give us a call.

G. E. EMANUEL, M. D., Physician and Surgeon, Spencerville, Ind. Office in J. Emanuel & Son's Drug Store. All calls promptly answered.

HOUSE PAINTING, Graining, Glazing Paper Hanging and Ceiling Decorating a specialty. All work guaranteed. B. A. Woodcox. Call and see me, or leave orders at the St. Joe Drugstore.



# The St. Joe News.

ST. JOE, INDIANA.

MORT & WILLIAMS, PUBLISHERS.

## EVENTS OF A WEEK.

### THE OLD WORLD.

The Hawaiian Government will cede Beards River Harbor, near Honolulu, to the United States, as a coaling station, with a proviso that it shall be relinquished if the American Government abrogates the present reciprocity treaty. The harbor is regarded as the finest in the Hawaiian group.

### FINANCIAL AND INDUSTRIAL.

The failure is announced of Fulton & Peters, coal and grain dealers of Wilmington, Ohio. Assets, \$53,000; liabilities, \$59,000.

The union job printers of St. Louis inaugurated a strike Wednesday for an advance of \$1 a week.

On attachments aggregating \$71,000 the Sheriff took possession of the wholesale millinery house of Isaac B. Rosenthal & Co., at St. Louis.

The stock of the Western Union Telegraph Company has been increased by \$5,000,000, which makes the total \$86,300,000.

Extensive gold-fields have been discovered in Namaqua Land, in the northwest part of Cape Colony, South Africa.

### FIRE AND ACCIDENTS.

Alfred Stone is the solitary survivor of the fifty souls on board of the propeller Vernon, which went down in Lake Michigan during the recent terrible gale. Stone was picked up in a perishing condition eight miles off Sheboygan by the schooner Pomerooy. Stone, who is a lusty Swede, 23 years old, tells a thrilling story of his battle with the elements, a portion of which we condense:

He says the ill-fated Vernon's cargo consisted of apples, fish, potatoes, pig-iron, and staves, and the load was unusually heavy, the boat being loaded about one foot deeper than usual, and the deck being only about six inches above water. Her excessive load between decks prevented the closing of the gangways. The vessel rolled a good deal and the water was washing through the gangways. Stone says that before he went off watch he ventured to suggest to the Captain that some lading be thrown off so that the gangways could be closed, but that the latter told him to go to hell, and that he was running that boat. He also says he asked the mate why they did not turn around and put back. Between 3 and 4 o'clock a. m. he was awakened by a crushing sound and the noise of trying to get boats from the deck. He felt the steamer was foundering, and, putting on a life-preserver, sprang through a window of the room into the water. He saw a life-raft about a quarter of a mile off and swam to it. There were seven on the raft besides himself, all members of the crew, viz., the cook, two firemen, one coal-passer, the second engineer and a deck-hand. Only one boat out of four was launched. Their experience on the raft began between 3 and 4 o'clock a. m. They could see Manitowish light. The raft worked toward shore, which was about twelve miles distant. The weather was severe. The cook died in about two hours, one fireman half an hour later, about three hours later a coal-passer, soon after another fireman, then the second engineer. One fireman, whom he only knew as Bill, survived until Sunday morning. All the others washed off the raft after dying except the last named, whose body was in a depression in the center of the raft, and his body remained and was picked up when Stone was rescued. A good many vessels passed them on Sunday, some not more than twenty rods away. One steamer passed on Sunday forenoon, and Stone says they could see a man on the mast looking at them. He "hollered" loudly and hoisted his vest on Jan. 1, but no attention was paid. At 4:30 a. m. Monday, when about five or six miles off Sheboygan light, the schooner Pomerooy hove to and lowered a boat with the captain, the second mate, and a sailor. They found Stone crawling about on his knees trying to keep life in his body. He was so benumbed that he moved with difficulty and could not stand on his feet. They lifted him with some difficulty on the deck of the schooner, and then lifted the body of his dead comrade. Stone says there were twenty-five of the crew and twenty-five passengers, just fifty souls on board all told.

The jury sitting on the body of "Bill," the fireman of the ill-starred propeller Vernon, found dead on a raft in Lake Michigan, recommended that the inspector who had last inspected the life-preservers of the wrecked steamer be arrested and held for trial. The preservers were stuffed with sea rushes, and not fit for the work required of them. Many of the bodies of the victims of the wreck are coming ashore near the scene of the disaster. Nineteen were brought into Two Rivers, Wis., on Thursday. One of them was identified as that of the captain, and another as that of E. R. Boland, a traveling salesman for a Milwaukee firm.

### THE CRIMINAL RECORD.

Mrs. Anna Sachs, who was fined \$50 at St. Louis recently for tossing a pancake into Mrs. Cleveland's lap, was, on appeal, released on the payment of \$15. She tried to throw the cake into a yard, she said, but it assumed a base-ball curve, went off at a tangent, and got her into trouble.

Great excitement is reported at Tahlequah, Indian Territory, owing to the election dispute, and many of the inhabitants are quitting the city.

Louisville (Ky.) dispatches give details of a terrible tragedy in the western part of that city. Charles Brownfield murdered his wife, child and brother-in-law, and wound up the bloody drama by cutting his own throat. Their heads were almost severed from their bodies. Beneath Brownfield's feet lay the razor with which the awful deed had been committed. The bed-clothing was drenched with blood, and the faces of the victims were besmeared so that they were almost beyond recognition. On the bureau in the parlor the following letter, dated 6:31 a. m., and written by the murderer in an unusually legible hand, was found:

"To all whom it may concern: I, Charles B. Brownfield, murdered my dear wife and baby also W. F. Bruner, my brother-in-law. I killed my wife and baby because I was tired of life and did not want them left penniless in the world and no one to care for them. My cause for being tired of life is gambling. Now, let my brothers and friends take warning. I killed W. F. Bruner because I didn't think he was fit to live, and now I will make an attempt on my life. So good-by, my father, brother, and sister, and friends and relations. All take warning. Good-by. CHARLES B. BROWNFIELD."

Truck Agce, a white man, who murdered his brother-in-law in a quarrel over a few ears of corn, was hanged Friday at Lexington, Ky., being the first execution of a white citizen in Central Kentucky since the war. Henry Robinson, colored, was hanged at Union Springs, Ala. In May last he murdered an aged colored man who had a young wife of whom Robinson was too fond.

### THE ANARCHISTS.

Business at the various Chicago gun stores has been brisk during the last few days, says a special from that city. The purchasers of revolvers are generally well-dressed business men.

Thomas Owens a carpenter, fell from a building at Homestead, near Pittsburgh, Pa., and had his neck broken. After his death it was developed that he came from Chicago, and was an anarchist of the most rabid character. He told a fellow-workman that he had thrown a bomb at the Haymarket riot, and in his trunk were found letters that in a measure corroborated his stories. A Chicago dispatch says in reference to Owens' alleged confession:

The police unhesitatingly pronounce the story a "fake"—in other words, the unreliable confession of an imaginative brain. John H. Eberstadt, Inspector of Police, when shown the dispatch called it nonsense. "The way sensational headlines are being sent to this city from Pittsburgh," he said, "would lead an unsophisticated person to think that all of Chicago's anarchists had emigrated to the smoky city. This story, like all the others concerning the anarchists which come from Pittsburgh, does not require much wit to disprove." Chief of Police Eberstadt said that the story on its face was but a sensational creation and did not deserve a second thought. Michael Schwab, the condemned anarchist, came as near laughing at the story as it is possible for a man to come with the rope dangling before his eyes. "The story is utterly improbable," said he. "The statement that Owens, before he went to Pittsburgh, was a partner of Schaubert is untrue. The young man who was the alleged bomb-thrower's friend and intimate acquaintance is a young mechanic who never attended a meeting or had anything in common with Schaubert's views. He is still in Chicago. I know of no such person as Owens." "It's absurd," was Parsons' sententious comment on the Owens "confession," and then he promptly walked away to avoid an interview.

August Spies, Michael Schwab, and Samuel Fielden, says a Chicago special, have followed up the formal petition to the Governor which they signed a few days ago with a second communication of a still more important character. The document reads as follows:

To Governor Oglesby, Springfield, Ill.: Sir—In order that the truth may be known by you and the public you represent, we desire to state that we never advocated the use of force, excepting in the case of self-defense. To accuse us of having attempted to overthrow law and government on May 4, 1886, or at any other time, is as false as it is absurd. Whatever we said or did, or said or did publicly, we have never supported, or plotted to commit, an unlawful act, and while we attacked the present social arrangements, in writing and speech, and exposed their iniquities, we have never consciously broken any laws. So far from having planned the killing of anybody at the Haymarket, or anywhere else, the very object of that meeting was to protest against the commission of murder. We believe it to be our duty as friends of labor and liberty to oppose other use of force than that which is necessary in the defense of sacred rights against unlawful attacks. And our efforts have been in the direction of elevating mankind, and to remove, as much as possible, the causes of crime in society. Our labor was unselfish. No motive of personal gain or ambition prompted us. Thousands and thousands will bear testimony to this. We may have erred at times in our judgment. Yes; we may have loved mankind not wisely but too well. If, in the excitement of propagating our views, we were led into expressions which caused workingmen to think that aggressive forces was a proper instrument of reform, we regret it. We deplore the loss of life at the Haymarket, at McCormick's factory, at East St. Louis, and at the Chicago Stock Yards. Very respectfully, A. SPIES, MICHAEL SCHWAB, SAMUEL FIELDEN.

A nice sensation was produced at Chicago on Sunday last by the finding of four bombs which had been smuggled into the jail by some friends of the condemned anarchists. A dispatch from that city says:

The bombs were taken from the cell of Louis Lingg. They were found under his cot hidden beneath a mass of papers and odds and ends of various kinds and were inclosed in a harmless-looking wooden box. A thorough search of all the cells of the condemned men was in progress at the time by direction of the Sheriff. The bombs were at once taken to the jail office, where a cursory examination at once made their capabilities for destructiveness apparent. As soon as their nature was determined it was deemed unwise to make further examination and they were wrapped in newspapers and laid aside to await the Sheriff's disposal. He arrived soon afterwards and, as neither he nor any of the jail officials had any practical knowledge of the mechanism of infernal machines, the bombs were taken from the jail and placed in the hands of an expert for examination. The bombs were four in number, as stated, and were what are known as the "gas-pipe" bombs, in distinction from the spherical bomb thrown at the Haymarket. The one gas-pipe used was about six inches long and four inches in diameter. All were exactly alike as to dimensions and differed only in some of the minor details. All were plugged at each end.

George Engel, the condemned anarchist, tried to commit suicide in his cell by taking opium early Sunday morning. Says a Chicago dispatch:

By the prompt use of the usual remedies given in cases of poisoning he was restored to consciousness in about ten minutes. Dr. Gray, as soon as he saw Engel, said that he had taken some powerful opiate. The pupils of his eyes were widely dilated, and the action of his heart was almost imperceptible. When the anarchist recovered consciousness an effort was made to induce him to drink some coffee or swallow an antidote. He firmly declined to take anything whatever. "If you let me cook it myself I'll drink some coffee," he said, but when the jail officials consented to that Engel said he "had changed his mind," and refused to anything. He positively denied that he had attempted to commit suicide, but said that "he had been drinking a little whiskey." "Where did you get it?" he was asked. "Oh, I got it easy enough," he answered.

A SPRINGFIELD (Ill.) dispatch of Monday says:

The interest in the anarchist case is approaching fever heat at the capital and throughout Central Illinois as the date of the execution of the condemned men approaches. Every movement of Governor Oglesby is watched with fervid curiosity. Petitions and communications are pouring in upon him, and he is the busiest man in the State. He refuses to talk about the case. The Governor has received a number of letters threatening violence if he refuses to exercise executive clemency in behalf of the condemned men. Gen. W. H. Parsons has addressed a long appeal to Gov. Oglesby, in which he reviews the trial and the evidence in the case, and argues that his brother, A. H. Parsons, is not guilty.

A Cincinnati telegram of Monday says: Prominent workingmen here say that the anarchists of Cincinnati, Louisville, St. Louis, and all of the other large cities of the country have been requested to send a number of chosen men to Chicago to be there next Thursday. Over fifty left Cincinnati Friday evening. They were joined by about the same number from Louisville.

### THE SWEDISH NIGHTINGALE.

Jenny Lind Goldschmidt, the celebrated Swedish singer, passed away quietly at her home near London on the 21 of November. She was born in Stockholm, Sweden, Oct. 16, 1851. From infancy she showed a remarkable talent for singing, and at 9 years of age was given admission to a musical academy. She made such progress that in a year she was deemed fitted for the stage, on which she made her appearance in juvenile parts, at



tracting considerable attention by her dramatic talents as well as by her vocal accomplishments. At 16 she had become the reigning prima donna of the Stockholm opera. In 1840 she went to Paris and received instruction from Garcia, the first singing-master of Europe. In 1844 she first appeared before an audience outside her native city in Berlin. From this time her reputation grew with each performance, and she was received with enthusiasm at all the leading musical cities of Europe. She made her first appearance in London in 1847, and in September, 1850, was brought to the United States by P. T. Barnum, and was everywhere received with the wildest enthusiasm. In 1852 she was married in Boston to Otto Goldschmidt, a young pianist who accompanied her. Since her marriage she has refused all offers to appear on the stage, only singing occasionally in concerts. She resided in Germany until 1858, when she removed to England, where she has since lived.

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Prices the Lowest. All work guaranteed. Call and see me.

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Repair Shop.

Having secured the services of an experienced workman, I am now prepared to do all kinds of Blacksmithing and Repairing in a first-class manner. Special attention given to repairing machinery. Give me a call. Prices reasonable.

A. W. Hall, St. Joe.



## PREHISTORIC AMERICA.

Its Legends, Monuments, and Languages—  
Vast Antiquity of the American Race.

Abstract of an address before the Section of Anthropology of the American Association for the Advancement of Science at New York, by Dr. Daniel G. Brinton, Vice President and Chairman of the section: The prehistoric period of America dates back from the discovery of the several parts of the continent; and the problem is to reconstruct the history of the various nations who inhabit both Americas in this period. A review of the means at our command to accomplish this divides them into six classes:

I. **Legendary.**—This includes the legends or traditions of the native tribes. These often bear a strong resemblance to Semitic or other Oriental myths, but the similarity is a coincidence only, and those writers are led astray who count it for more. The annals of the Mexicans, the Mayas, of Yucatan, and Quichuas, of Peru, carry us scarcely five hundred years before the voyage of Columbus, although the contrary is often stated. The more savage tribes practically remember nothing more remote than a couple of centuries.

II. **Monumental.**—The most famous monuments are the stone buildings of Mexico, Yucatan, and Peru. By many these are assigned an antiquity of thousands of years; but a calm weighing of the testimony places them all well within our era, and most of them within a few centuries of the discovery. The celebrated remains of Tiahuanaco, in Peru, are no exception. Much more ancient are some of the artificial shell-heaps along the coast. They contain bones and shells of extinct species, in intimate connection with stone implements and pottery. They furnish data to prove that the land was inhabited several thousand years ago.

III. **Industrial.**—The industrial activity of man in America may be traced by the remains of his weapons, ornaments, and tools, made of stone, bone, and shell. In most of the deposits examined, specimens of polished stone and pottery testify to a reasonably developed skill; but in the Trenton gravels and a few other localities genuine paleolithic remains have been found, putting man in America at a date coeval with the close of the glacial age, if not earlier. The vast antiquity of the American race is further proved by the extensive dissemination of maize and tobacco—tropical plants of Southern Mexico, which were cultivated from the latitude of Canada to that of Patagonia.

IV. **Linguistic.**—It is believed that there are about two hundred radically different languages in North and South America. Such a confusion of tongues could only have arisen in hundreds of centuries. The study of these languages and of the gradual growth of their dialects, supplies valuable data for the ancient history of the continent.

V. **Physical.**—The American race is as distinctively a race by itself as the African or white race. Although varying in many points, it has a marked fixedness of ethnic anatomy, and always has had. The oldest American crania, collected from the most ancient quaternary deposits, are thoroughly American in type.

VI. **Geologic.**—As the discovery of implements in glacial deposits locates man on this continent at least at the close of the glacial epoch, this carries his residence here to about 35,000 years ago. But there is no likelihood that he came into being on this continent. He could not have developed from any of the known fossil mammalia which dwelt here. More probably some colonies first migrated along the preglacial land-bridge, which once connected Northern America with Western Europe. Later, others came from Asia. At that time the physical geography of the Northern Hemisphere was widely different from the present.

These various data have as yet been but imperfectly studied; when they shall have received the attention they merit we may confidently calculate on a large increase in our knowledge of the course of events in ancient America.

### Poison Trees of the Caribbean.

We came to numbers of machined trees. These are so far identical with the deadly ones that their effects are nearly the same; quite, so far as testing them and getting away alive permit me to say. If a raindrop glides from a machined treecard strikes the skin of an unwary stranger it poisons instantly with effects like those of "poison ivy."

I did not know the tree when a rain-storm drove two of us to shelter beneath its low, thick, glossy-leaved branches, but in a few minutes dizziness and nausea came on, with great languor, and we got out of its influence at once to give it a wide berth for all future time. Neither of us entirely recovered from the poison for two or three days. It appears to exhale from the leaves, is densest in a rain storm, and is soluble in water; but its nature has not been investigated so far as I am aware. Natives say that even handling its wood will poison the hands of susceptible people, although it may have been cut a long time. —*American Magazine.*

### American Watches.

The capacity of our watch factories cannot be brought into full play, simply because by so doing our market would be overstocked and competition would force prices ruinously low. As the case stands at present, a number of watch factories have been called into existence, for which really there was no need. The earlier and larger factories were fully able to meet the demand; but the idea that manufacturing watches was one of the most profitable enterprises, tempted quite a number of capitalists to take a hand in the business, and in many instances to their sorrow. Already the evil consequence of overdoing the thing shows itself in the effort to make cheap watches, and before a great while we may see the manufacturers of watches reduced to the level of making cheap clocks.

Looking at the matter from another standpoint, we will soon come to the conclusion that our watch industry is only in its infancy. At the present moment Switzerland makes watches in point of number far in excess of America and the watches made in Switzerland are all exported, while the watches made in America are principally for the home market. As there is no question of a doubt that while America can produce better modern-priced watches than Switzerland and give more value for the money expended, the question presents itself, why not seek foreign markets more energetically than we have done? Some of our old watch factories are doing an export business, but it seems as though it is not done with that zeal and energy that characterize the Swiss export trade. In one particular the Swiss differ from us in their export trade; they study the wants and purchasing capacity of their foreign customers and make goods to meet these. As far as it is known to the uninitiated, our manufacturers have done these things but to a very limited extent. The writer, coming in contact some time ago with the chairman of the East India Navigation Company, was told that this gentleman would place a very large continuous order, if he could be supplied with watches which were fair time-keepers in metal cases at \$5 each. That such watches can be produced at a very fair profit, there is no shadow of a doubt, and we know whereof we speak. All we would have to do would be to find out the wants and furnish samples. Australia and Asia are now and will be excellent markets, and by expedition and energy we can secure the bulk of the trade of these. The watch wearing and purchasing capacity of the globe is enormous and can be developed in such a manner that we may at some future day wonder that we did not tap the mine sooner. —*Jewelry News.*

### Didn't Blame Them.

Agentleman who had been reading a newspaper article on Russian affairs turned to an acquaintance and said:

"They say that the Czar has become a hopeless drunkard, and that he prefers corn whisky."

"What?" exclaimed an old fellow from the Blue Lick neighborhood, throwing out a quid of tobacco and assuming an air of profound interest.

"I say that the Czar drinks whisky."

"An' didn't you say co'n lick'er?"

"Yes."

"Who is the Czar?"

"The ruler of Russia."

"Is he the feller that's got such a big army?"

"Yes."

"An' he drinks co'n lick'er?"

"Yes."

"Wall, I don't blame the fellers fur fightin' fur him. I wouldn't mind jinin' his band myse'f." —*Arkansaw Traveller.*

AN outward gift which is seldom despised, except by those to whom it has been refused. —*Gibbon.*

### At Peace.

A stomach in revolt is an obdurate rebel. Corrected with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, its dissensions with the food introduced into it in unwary moments of appetite ceases. Then it is at peace. Then dyspepsia abandons its grip. Then such fractions manifestations as heartburn, a sinking sensation in the pit of the abdomen between meals and unnatural fullness afterward, flatulence, acid gulping, biliousness, etc., cease to inflict martyrdom. After a course of the national tonic and alterative, the liver and bowels, always more or less disordered during a prolonged attack of indigestion, resume their functions and become regular. Thus not only dyspepsia but its concomitants, constipation and biliousness, are conquered by the medicine, which remedies their fruitful cause, weakness of the organs of digestion. The epigastric nerve, cellular tissue, in short, every organ that bears a part in the digestive processes, acquire vigor and regularity from the benign invigorant.

### Paterfamilias Took Him at His Word.

Some years ago a German gentleman, with more money than brains, promised a house to a married couple in Bahrenfeld, Prussia—the present to be made provided the lady brought twelve children into the world. When the twelfth infant arrived the happy father trotted round to the wealthy party and reminded him of his promise, but the rich man affected to treat the whole affair as a joke. "It's not much of a joke for me," moaned the pater, wito a wobegone expression of countenance. Then he left and went to law. The result is that the Supreme Court hold that the wealthy idiot must fulfill his bargain. —*Judy.*

No, John Henry; no, the history of "The Forty Thieves" is not a history of Chicago. —*Newman Independent.*

Use Brown's Bronchial Troches for Coughs, Colds, and all other Throat Troubles.—"Pre-eminently the best." —*Rev. Henry Ward Beecher.*

TIPPLER'S motto—"Don't give up the tip."

### How to Gain Flesh and Strength.

Use after each meal Scott's Emulsion with Hypophosphites. It is as palatable as milk, and easily digested. The rapidity with which delicate people improve with its use is wonderful. Use it and try your weight. As a remedy for Consumption, Throat affections, and Bronchitis, it is unequalled. Please read: "I used Scott's Emulsion in a child eight months old with good results. He gained four pounds in a very short time." —*THE PAIR, M. D., Alabama.*

SOZZLE says the reason he takes his whisky straight is because his mouth always waters for it. —*Boston Commercial.*

### A Family Jewel.

DOCTOR DAVID KENNEDY, the famous surgeon and physician, of Rondout, N. Y., has sent us a copy of his new Medical treatise, a work of great intrinsic merit, apart from many elegant life illustrations of rare beauty. We find on examination that it is a work of exceeding merit, one which should be kept and read in every home. In addition to the studied and valuable medical lessons inculcated by the Doctor, there are two articles from the widely-known author, Col. E. Z. C. Judson (Ned Buntline), which add to the interest of the work. The printed price of this book is only 25 cents, but any one enclosing this notice with the name of the paper from whence it is taken, with four 2-cent postage stamps, will receive the book free by mail.

### THE SPECIAL OFFER.

OF THE YOUTH'S COMPANION, which we have published, includes the admirable Double Holiday Numbers for Thanksgiving and Christmas, with colored covers and full-page pictures, twenty pages each. These, with the other weekly issues to January 1, 1888, will be sent free to all new subscribers who send \$1.75 for a year's subscription to January, 1888. THE COMPANION has been greatly enlarged, is finely illustrated, and no other weekly literary paper gives so much for so low a price.

### The Popular Thoroughfare.

The Wisconsin Central Line, although a comparatively new factor in the railroad systems of the Northwest, has acquired and enviable popularity. Through careful attention to details, its service is as near perfection as might be looked for. The train attendants seem to regard their trusts as individual property and as a result the public is served par excellence. The road now runs solid through fast trains between Chicago, Milwaukee, St. Paul, and Minneapolis with Pullman's best and unequalled dining-cars; it also runs through solid sleepers between Chicago, Ashland, Duluth, and the famous mining regions of Northern Wisconsin and Michigan.

The habit of running over boots or shoes corrected with Lyon's Patent Heel Stiffeners.

### FOR ALL DISORDERS OF THE

**Stomach, Liver**

**and Bowels**

—TAKE—

**PACIFIC LIVER**

**PILLS**

### STRICTLY VEGETABLE.

Cure Constipation, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Piles, Sick Headache, Liver Complaints, Loss of Appetite, Biliousness, Nervousness, Jaundice, etc. For Sale by all Druggists. Price, 25 Cents. PACIFIC MANUFACTURING CO., ST. LOUIS, MO.

### DAYLIGHT.



If a gentleman by the name of Day volunteers to throw the light of his experience into the darkened places of misery, so that others may go and do as he has done and enjoy life, may it not be reasonably called daylight?

As for instance, take the case of Captain Sargent S. Day, Gloucester, Mass., who writes April 16, 1881: "Some time ago I was suffering with rheumatism. I used a small portion of St. Jacobs Oil and was cured at once. I have used it for sprains and never once have known it to fail. I will never be without a bottle." Captain Day also received a circular letter, and in reply under date of July 1, 1887, he says: "I used the Oil as stated and was permanently cured of rheumatism by its use." During the intervening six years there had been no recurrence of the pain. Also a letter from Mr. H. M. Converse, of the Warren (Mass.) Herald, dated July 9, 1887, as follows: "In response to yours of June 22, would say that in 1880 my wife had a severe attack of rheumatism in shoulder and arm, so that she could not raise her hand to her head. A few applications of St. Jacobs Oil cured her permanently, and she has had no return of it." Another case is that of Mr. R. B. Kyle, Tower Hill, Appomattox county, Va., who writes, November, 1886: "Was afflicted for several years with rheumatism and grew worse all the time. Eminent physicians gave no relief; had spasms, and was not expected to live; was rubbed all over with St. Jacobs Oil. The first application relieved, the second removed the pain, continued use cured me; no relapse in five years, and do as much work as ever." These are proofs of the perfection of the remedy, and, taken in connection with the miracles performed in other cases, it has no equal.

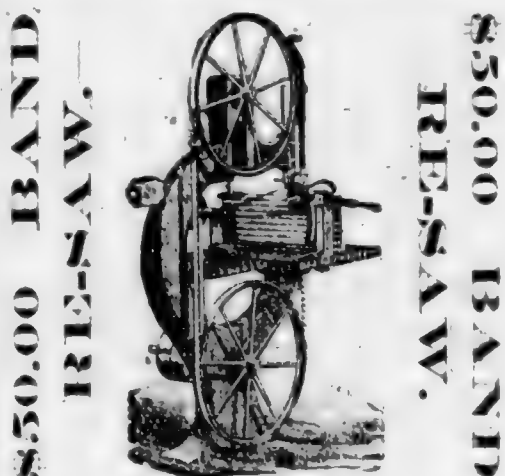


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So great is our faith we can cure you, dear sufferer, we will mail enough to convince.  
Free. D. S. LAUDMAN & Co., Newark, N. J.

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An increase made due. Ad dress MILA R. STEVENS, 241 Madison Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

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Morphine Habit Cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till cured. Dr. J. Stephens, Lebanon, Ohio.

**FREE**  
By return mail. Full Description Moody's New Tailor System of Dress Cutting. MOODY & CO., Cincinnati, O.

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FOR ALL. \$3 a week and expenses paid. Valuable outfit and particulars FREE. P. O. VICKERY, Augusta, Me.

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to \$25 a day. Samples worth \$150. FREE. Lines not under the horse's feet. Write Brewster Safety Rein Holder Co., Holly, Mich.

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A MONTH. Agents wanted. 10¢ a call for articles in the world. Sample FREE. Address JAY BRONSON, Detroit, Mich.

**PENSIONS**  
COLLECTED and increased by Fitzgerald & Powell, Indianapolis, Ind. Old cases reopened. Send for copy of Laws, free.

**PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION**  
PENSIONS to Holders and Heirs. L. BINHAM, ARY, Washington, D. C.



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One Year, in advance ..... \$0.75  
Six Months ..... 50  
Three Months ..... 25

Entered at the Post Office at St. Joe as second-class matter.

FRIDAY NOVEMBER 4, 1887.

Unless the Governor interferes, the seven anarchists will be hung at Chicago, to-day.

We heard a scholar remark the other day, that he couldn't have near so much fun this term of school, as he did last winter. Perhaps he will learn more.

Dr. Shutt began the publication of a paper at Maysville last week, called the Breeze. It is a five column quarto, with the usual amount of "patent insides" and a few "patent outsides." Long may the Breezes blow.

Supervisor Hamm has been filling up the holes in the roads between here and Spencerville with gravel. We don't know much about making roads, but that's our plan exactly, is to keep hauling gravel on the road, until, in a course of time we will have a good gravel road.

The season of the year for church oyster suppers is approaching, and as it comes on apace, let us hope that nothing will interfere with the usual custom of putting at least one oyster in each dish. Take away this one lone oyster and you leave a person in doubt as to what kind of soup it is. Don't do it, even if you have to use the same oyster for several dishes of soup.

**ELECTRIC BITTERS.**—This remedy is becoming so well known and so popular as to need no special mention. All who have used Electric Bitters sing the same song of praise. A purer medicine does not exist and it is guaranteed to do all that is claimed. Electric Bitters will cure all diseases of the Liver and Kidneys, will remove Pimples, Boils, Salt Rheum and other affections caused by impure blood. Will drive Malaria from the system and prevent as well as cure all Malarial fevers. For cure of Headache, Constipation and Indigestion try Electric Bitters. Entire satisfaction guaranteed, or money refunded. Price 50 cts. and \$1.00 per bottle at W. C. Patterson's Drug Store.

The lecturer last week is an old fogey in some of his ideas, while at the same time he said a good many things that were true. We all have formed certain habits, that perhaps are not best for our good, and yet we do not like to hear any thing said against them. The man who uses tobacco can't see that it is in any way injurious to him, and in most cases they claim they are compelled to use it on account of dyspepsia or some other disease; the girls who chew gum don't believe that it does them any harm, and so it is with persons who use tea and coffee; they hoot at the idea that it in any way affects their health. The great difficulty, is to know just what to do. One man comes along and tells you to do so and so, and to eat only at regular hours; the next one you meet will probably tell you to do as you please, and eat when you are hungry. If the lecturer practices what he preaches, we are led to believe from his appearance, that he don't enjoy much better health than the rest of us poor mortals.

# OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

## SPENCERVILLE.

G. A. Bishop is at Kaukakee this week.

J. Boots and Mrs. Allen were at Auburn last Sunday.

Miss Anna Rupe has been the guest of Mrs. Tindall part of this week.

Miss Manda Rhodes is quite sick with typhoid fever, at the home of her sister in La Otto.

Mr. Simons and wife, of Huntertown, were the guests of Milas Rhodes and family Sunday.

The Lutherans will give a musical social next Saturday evening. A cordial invitation is given to all.

There were no services at the Lutheran church last Sunday. Rev. Fryberger being called away to attend the funeral services of Miss Betz.

The many friends of Orange Fales will regret to hear of his death, which occurred last Sunday, at Napoleon, his late home. The interment took place on Tuesday.

## COBURNTOWN.

Mort now sports a twenty-five dollar watch. Whew!

Al Monroe and wife, of Hicksville, were visiting in Coburntown Sunday.

As a matter of news I will just say we are having very fine weather just now.

War Coburn is at work in Hicksville, doing some mason work for Ed Hale.

A good many of the swamps through this section are on fire, which causes a great deal of smoke.

Uncle George has a new barn. Old Rusty did the carpenter work, and Cooney of St. Joe put on the iron roof.

A good many of our citizens are getting their lives insured. Are we going to be visited with an epidemic, or what is the racket?

Augustus Coburn is quite poorly, and don't improve much. He is doctoring with Bevier of Waterloo, who thinks he can help him.

Joe and Cana are trying to drive a hole in the ground for Mr. Cole. At last accounts their pipe was shooting off side-ways and they thought it would come out under the barn.

As your correspondent walked into the News office the other day, he was rather beat, for he saw lying on the counter a beet that beat any beet I ever saw. If any one on this beat has a beet, that will beat that beet, they can beat me.

B. A. Hadsell commenced his school at No. 7 last Monday. All the schools in the township are running now, and by the by, I think Coburntown can furnish more school teachers to the square inch than any other neighborhood in the county. I can count nineteen now living in the neighborhood who are, or have been school teachers, and six are teaching this winter. If any other neighborhood can beat that, whoop them out.

## CONCORD.

Mrs. Guysinger gave a sewing bee one day last week.

Emma Morr entertained a few friends last Friday evening.

Our "school marm" is making her home with Miss Sabra Miller.

Jake Baker is rusticiating in the big woods for a couple of weeks.

Mrs. M. E. Baker is boarding the log men of the Auburn band saw mill.

Miss Lizzie Wescott, who has been ill for some time, is well on the road to recovery.

# Leighty Invites You

to call and examine his large stock of Dress Flannels, at

40, 50, 60 and 75 cents

per yard. Also an elegant line of Passementeries and Fur Trimmings. Plushes at \$1 per yard.

Wm. Hefty and family were the guests of Grandma Buchanan last Sunday.

Phil Squires rejoiceth mightily over a new arrival at his house. It is a boy of usual weight.

The Sunday school was slimly attended last Sunday, because of the quarterly meeting at St. Joe.

Mrs. Henry Miller and Mrs. J. A. Miller, of Mich., were the guests of John Smith and family one day last week.

Harlo Um and wife, of Auburn, come down last Sunday, and remained until Monday, visiting with his father.

Henry Melton having resigned as superintendent, it became necessary to elect another one in his place. G. W. Wade was accordingly elected.

Harry Buchanan is afflicted with one of "Job's comforters" on his right hand. He proved an awkward appearance trying to eat with his left hand.

Henry Baker has some of the most chestnuts for sale we have seen for a long time. There is hardly an unsound one to be found among them. They were shipped from the east.

One week ago last Monday morning, while Dave Miller was feeding his horses, one of them kicked him on the knee. It has proved more serious than was at first thought for, and he has not been able to get around since.

## THANKSGIVING SUPPER.

The Young People's Temperance Literary Association, of St. Joe, will give an Oyster Supper in the Volmer Hall, on Thursday evening, Nov. 24th 1887. All are cordilly invited to attend.

The Y. P. T. L. A. will meet at the residence of W. C. Patterson, on Wednesday evening, November, 16th, 1887.



TRUTH IS RIGHT AND WILL PREVAIL.

## LOOK THIS WAY!

I keep on hand a fine line of Furniture, which I will sell for the next 60 days at prices that defy competition. Glass Cupboards \$8.50. Double Cane Seat and Back Rockers \$2. Dressing Case, with French Plate Glass \$12.00. Carpet Lounges \$6.50. Solid Comfort Beds for \$2.25. Undertaking a speciality.

August Kinsey, St. Joe, Ind.

M. TUSTISON.

—DEALER—

Groceries, Flour,

PROVISIONS.

GIGARS, TOBACCO.

Canned Fruits, Beans, Dried Beef, Cheese, Bologna &c. Produce taken in exchange for goods.

ST. JOE, IND.



—W. A. PATTERSON—

at the St. Joe Drugstore, repairs Clocks, Watches and Jewelry. All work warranted and prices reasonable. Give me your work.

# New Goods Arriving Daily!

CALL ON US FOR

BIG BARGAINS.

FULL LINE OF

LADIES CLOAKS AND WRAPS.

FINE STOCK OF CLOTHING ON HAND.

HEATING & COOK STOVES A SPECIALTY.

S. & F. BARNEY, ST. JOE, IND.



## At the Drugstore.

School Books.  
Slates.  
Writing Paper.  
Ink and Pens.  
Pencils of all kinds.  
Scratch Books.

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### PRESBYTERIANS

Who do not take the Herald and Presbyterian, should

#### SEND

Five One-Cent Stamps

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Sample copy of that paper and a beautiful steel-engraved

### Calendar for 1888

Size 4x6 1/2 inches.

Or send names and addresses of ten or more Presbyterians of different families who do not now take the paper, and receive the calendar and sample copy free. **Send at once.** Mention name of church and pastor, and say where you saw this. Address

HERALD AND PRESBYTERIAN,  
178 ELM STREET, CINCINNATI, O.

#### LOCALS.

Christmas comes on Sunday this year.

Our merchants had a big day's trade last Saturday.

Several of the large panes of glass in the front of the saloon were broken on Wednesday night.

New styles of millinery goods received this week at Miss Bartlett's, St. Joe, Ind. Call and see them.

Mrs. John Derek of Butler, visited in town this week, the guest of her brother, W. C. Patterson and family.

Sell Bowen and wife have moved back here from Ohio. They will occupy one of the houses on John Widener's farm.

A very pleasant party was held at the residence of Mart Tustison's last evening, in honor of the birthday of Miss Leona.

Bartlett's hotel at Newville caught fire the other day, and but for prompt action by the citizens, would have been destroyed.

The W. C. T. U. will meet at the residence of Mrs. Eva Lounsberry, on Thursday, Nov. 17th, at 2:30 o'clock. All are invited to attend.

Vester Widney talks strongly of having a fish pond made on his father's farm next spring. A good idea, as he could then supply the town with fresh fish.

Sunday morning for the first time, the new Methodist bell pealed forth, announcing the hour of Sunday school. It has a good clear tone, of a different key from the bell on the other church, so that it is readily distinguished. It weighs about 700 pounds, and is made from the best of bell metal. Long may it ring.

Over at Maysville they spell gas with two s's. That must be a new kind.

A man who means business generally gets all the business he can attend to.

A new street has been opened for travel south from the Methodist church, and then west to the main road.

A frog was found near the depot the other day that weighed several hundred pounds. It was a railroad frog.

Mrs. C. S. Crim, of Galion, Ohio, has been visiting the past week, with her mother, Mrs. Robert Davis, of this place. They spent last Sabbath with friends at Sedan.

Jonathan Bair, the mail carrier from the north, has been sick for some time past, and has had a substitute driving the hack. We understand that Jonathan is sick of the job.

The Criterion Comedy Company, of which Charley Meek and wife are prominent actors, showed at Butler two nights last week. It is said that they draw good audiences, and give the best of satisfaction.

Rev. S. S. Stanton of Kendallville, and Rev. Langley of this place, made the News office a very pleasant call on Monday. Come again, gentlemen, even if you are a little cranky on the subject of prohibition. This country stands sadly in need of a few millions of just such cranks.

A farmer over east of this place, had a cow that refused to give milk some time ago, so he went and consulted a cow doctor, who, deciding that she had "hollow tail," whatever that may be, split her tail and filled the opening with salt and turpentine, and bound it up, only to find later that the poor animal was being milked by a half-grown pig.

We were badly beat last Saturday by a beet, and it wasn't a dead-beat, either. Albie and Clarence Coblurn brought into our sanctum a beet, 21 inches long, and for length, that knocks out any thing in the beet line that we've ever seen. A few extra large onions will now be acceptable, and then we will have a good variety of winter vegetables.

Just because the undertaker at this place had charge of six funerals week before last, the Clipper man at Garnett, says he is led to believe that the grave has claimed half of this town. Well, let's see: if six was half of the town, then twice six are twelve. Add to this 118 school children, 27 not old enough to go to school, 11 babies, 34 politicians, 17 more that wants to be, and 229 private citizens; then from this take the six who died—but, hold on! only one of the six who died lived in St. Joe, so take one from the amount and you have something near the population of this town at the present time.

E. H. George, traveling salesman for a large Boot and Shoe house in Detroit, makes regular visits to this place every 60 days. Nothing so very remarkable about that, as there are a good many traveling men who do the same thing. But, this Mr. George manages some way to always get here on Friday, and invariably drives to Maysville, and stays over Sunday. Well, what of it? Why nothing, of course, only he told us confidentially last Monday, that they actually had the prettiest Hoods in Maysville, of any town that he visits. Can't see the point, now, can you? Well, we'll tell you; there is a very nice young lady living there by the name of Miss Hood, who has captivated this Mr. George, and he is a gone goslin.



### "WRAPS."

Just please remember that we carry a fine line of Ladies' and Misses' Wraps, at bottom prices. We're selling them, too. Also bear in mind that we'll soon have a cold snap, and you will need a supply of warm goods such as Wool, Canton and Shaker Flannels, Jeans, Skirtings, Underwear, Yarns, Stocking Webb &c. Let us give you a pointer—buy such goods of C. & O. St. Joe.

### ST. JOE MARKETS.

CORRECTED EVERY FRIDAY.

Wheat	72 cts.
Oats	27 cts.
Corn	35 cts.
Butter	18 cts.
Eggs	16 cts.
Pork	3 1/2 cts.
Lard	10 cts.
Potatoes	80 cts.

### Buchler's Arnica Salve.

THE BEST SALVE in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by W. C. Patterson.

### CARD OF THANKS.

We desire to return our sincere thanks to the friends and neighbors, for their aid and sympathy in our recent bereavement, in the death of our daughter. May the blessing of God be with you.

C. A. Washler & Wife.

Always buy the Candee Rubber Boots and Overshoes.

A low rate excursion leaves for Chicago next Tuesday, Nov. 15th. The attraction is the Fat Stock Show which is now open at the Exposition building.

A valuable brood sow belonging to J. W. Dills died one day this week. J. W. says he can't understand why the Lord should take the old sow away, and leave ten motherless pigs.

Filley, Lounsberry & Shuler talked of selling their saw mill to Nickey & Gandy, of Auburn, but Mr. Filley informs us, that the sale is off. It is now reported that the Auburn company will put up a mill at this place, they having bought a tract of timber of Shilling's, and this being their nearest point for shipping.

### Notice.

All persons indebted to me, are requested to call and settle within the next 30 days. I need money, and must have a settlement.

Wm. Curie, St. Joe, Ind.

### For Sale.

A good one and a half story dwelling and lot, situated in St. Joe, for sale at a bargain. For particulars call on or address

A. M. Richards, Hicksville, O.

### For Sale.

House and lot on Main street, St. Joe, Ind. For further particulars call on J. M. Lounsberry. Will sell cheap and on easy terms.

Rebecca McDonald.

### Team for Sale.

A good heavy farm team, which I will sell for cash, or on time, the purchaser giving its note, with approved security.

W. L. Hollibaugh, St. Joe, Ind.

### Farm for Sale.

I offer at private sale, a good well-improved farm, 1 mile north of Concord, and 3 1/2 miles north-west of St. Joe, 7 miles east of Auburn; contains 120 acres, 85 in good cultivation, good substantial buildings, good well, good orchard and everything in good farming order. Terms reasonable and payments easy. For particulars inquire of, J. C. St. Clair, 1 1/2 miles south of Waterloo.

J. C. St. Clair, Waterloo, Ind.

### Farm for Sale or Trade.

Said farm consists of 160 acres, 120 well improved. Good buildings, nearly new bank barn, 10 x 70, painted in good style, good timber, running water &c. Will sell cheap, or take a small farm in exchange and will give long time to pay the difference. Farm lays 3 miles north of St. Joe, and 7 1/2 miles east of Auburn. Reason for selling, have no help.

A. E. Swineford, St. Joe, Ind.

### IS CONSUMPTION INCURABLE?

Read the following: Mr. C. H. Morris, Newark, Ark., says: "Was down with Abscess of Lungs, and friends and physicians pronounced me an Incurable Consumptive. Began taking Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, am now on my third bottle, and able to oversee the work on my farm. It is the finest medicine ever made."

Jesse Middlewart, Decatur, Ohio, says: "Had it not been for Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption I would have died of Lung Troubles. Was given up by doctors. Am now in best of health." Try it. Sample bottle at W. C. Patterson's Drugstore.

We notice this week, with sincere regret, the death of our old-time friend and school-mate Orange Fales, which occurred at his home in Nappanee, last Sunday afternoon. His health began to fail something like a year ago, at which time he disposed of his business interests, and went west, hoping that the change might do him good, but he received no material benefit. He returned home and gradually grew worse until his death. Orange was a man in the fullest sense of the term; honest, upright, and possessed of the best traits of character. He has a host of friends here who will be sorry to hear of his untimely death.



# The St. Joe News.

ST. JOE, INDIANA.

MORE & WILL OLDS.

PUBLISHED.

## COMING INTO CHURCH.

BY O. C. HOOPER.

Did you ever see them coming into church a little late, And attempt to read their temper by the nature of their gait? 'Tis a very pleasing study, and you'll find it worth your while, To observe those people walking up the carpet-covered aisle.

First there comes perhaps an aged, bent, and sober-featured man, Whose uncertain shuffling indicates as plainly as it can That he is weary, weary, weary, and is haunted by a dread That the next time he'll be carried, carried up the church aisle dead.

Next behind him comes a lady, cheeks a little sunken now, Streaks of white on hair and age's tell-tale wrinkles on her brow; But her walk is slow and stately and it plainly seems to say, "Oh, we toiled and saved when younger; we're enjoying it to-day."

Then there is a married daughter, and her languid steps betrays Her unconscious beneath the craning, concentrated gaze, While her far out swinging dress skirts are declaring it a shame To come into church so tardily, but she is not to blame.

She has children and they follow, clinging one to either hand, And they stumble, looking choirward, asking "Ma, is that the band?" But she holds them up, and, stooping softly tells them to be still, Thinking, "I'll not be so late again—contwisted if I will!"

Then comes a younger sister tripping lightly down the aisle, Resting on her proudly-tossing head a hat of latest style, And the meaning of her manner is, "I wish that father's pew Was a little further forward; then I'd longer be in view!"

## A MIGHTY NIMROD.

BY R. W. M.

In the autumn of 1852, after having traversed a great part of the Western territory, I found myself in the pleasant and healthy little village of Fayetteville, in the north western part of Arkansas. Here, in consequence of the large quantities of game with which the neighborhood abounded, I determined to devote a few weeks to recruiting my strength, which, owing to the laborious manner in which I had traveled, had become very much exhausted, and also to enjoy the pleasure of my favorite amusement hunting.

Upon one of my hunting excursions I had been singularly unsuccessful—not having had a shot during the whole day, and, as might be supposed, felt in a not very joyous mood; for upon all previous occasions I had met with great success. This ill luck caused me to remain in the forest much longer than I had anticipated; and when I first began to think of returning, I found that it was already beginning to get dark, and I had quite a distance to travel through the forest before reaching the village. Weary in body and harrassed in mind, in consequence of my want of success, I slowly retraced my steps. Soon the dark mantle of night was spread upon the forest, and I, as yet, perceived no signs of the opening. I hastened my steps, thinking, if possible, to reach the clearing ere it became too dark for travel. Faster and faster I walked, until I found myself going at a brisk trot, although at every step my clothes were torn by the brush, and my flesh considerably lacerated. Soon, however, I was compelled to slacken my pace, as it had become so dark that I was unable to distinguish the trees, and rather reluctantly came to the conclusion that I would have to take up my quarters for the night where I was.

As my mind was thus employed, trying to arrange some plan for my night's accommodation, I was startled by a piercing shriek, as of some person in distress. I stopped suddenly, and endeavored to peer into the darkness for an explanation. Again I heard the sound, although apparently at not so great a distance from me as the first. I stood then irresolutely. Were it a human being, it would be my duty to render any assistance that might be in my power, and—At this point of my meditations I perceived through the underbrush, a short distance from me, two objects close together, resembling small balls of fire.

I had now divined the cause of the noise I had heard. It proceeded from

a wild animal, and that animal was now watching me with its fire-like orbs! I hastily raised my rifle and fired! but as the object was some distance from me, and not being able to draw a sight, I must have missed it, for so soon as I pulled the trigger, with two or three bounds, it was before me. I now discovered, from its close proximity, that it was a panther—that much-dreaded and savage animal, which old hunters, even when well equipped, are loth to meet. I drew my hunting-knife, not having time to reload my rifle, and waited for the fatal spring; but to my surprise, the panther crouched down about twelve feet from me, and gazed into my eyes in a manner not suited to lessen my excitement. Steadily I watched it, expecting every moment to be torn in pieces by the ferocious animal, although I was determined to defend my life to the last extremity. Once I endeavored to reload my rifle, but the moment I commenced to move the panther rose, as if about to spring upon me. I determined, therefore, to keep myself in readiness for the attack, for I perceived, from the movements of my enemy, that should I attempt to move it would be upon me in an instant. There we were, in the midst of a dense forest, eyeing each other with a bitter enmity.

Thus was I kept in suspense for a long time—I know not how long, for each minute seemed an hour, until the panther, probably becoming hungry, slowly advanced toward me. When within about six feet of me, it again stopped, and prepared for the spring. I retained my composure manfully, for although I had been much excited on the first appearance of the animal, the length of time that had intervened, and the hopelessness of my case, had given me new strength, and I determined that if I must die, it would be bravely defending my life.

Suddenly the panther gave a spring. This I had anticipated, and planted myself as firmly as possible, holding my knife in such a manner that the animal would jump upon it. The shock knocked me down; but I knew that I had buried my knife in the animal's body, for the warm blood that fell upon me, convinced me of the fact. I had not killed the panther, however, for, before I could regain my feet, it was upon me; and as I had lost my knife immediately upon the first attack, I was almost powerless, having nothing to defend myself with but what nature had bequeathed to me. It again jumped upon me, and we rolled over and over upon the earth. I clasped it with all my power around the body, and from the tightness with which I held it, it was unable to do me much injury. I felt, with pleasure too, that its strength was decreasing, and concluded that the knife must have entered a vital part. I held firmly, knowing, that should I relax my efforts, death would be the inevitable result. Every moment I felt the strength of the panther diminish, until finally it ceased its hold altogether. I knew now that my enemy was dead, in consequence of the wound it had received in its first attack; and, after I became aware of the fact that its life was extinct, I began to examine my own injuries, which, although not severe, were numerous—I found that my breast had been torn considerably on the first attack. I bound up my injuries with my handkerchief, as well as circumstances would permit, and then, being much exhausted, lay down near my defunct enemy to rest.

I lay there upon the earth for some time, and I must have slept; for, when I again remember, the first gray streaks of morning were beginning to break through the tall trees. I now, for the first time, had a fair view of the object of my nightly combat. It was an immense panther; and, as I gazed upon it, I shuddered at what would have been the result, had I not been so fortunate as to disable it on the first attack. I now skinned the animal, and hastily returned to the village, where, on measurement, it proved to be ten feet and a half from tip to tip.

That all who are happy are equally happy is not true. A peasant and a philosopher may be equally satisfied, but not equally happy. Happiness consists in the multiplicity of agreeable consciousness. A peasant has not capacity for having equal happiness with a philosopher.—Johnson.

KEEP cool and you command everybody.—St. Just.

## Mazeppa's Real Story.

A portrait of Mazeppa, painted from life, has been discovered at Kief, in Southern Russia, and is being engraved by the Russian academician, Demetriy Kowkosky. It will surprise nearly every one who hears that Mazeppa was a real living man, who could sit for his portrait—he seems so like a purely mythical being, like Bellerophon, or like one of the Amazons. Yet he was a real man, and cut quite a figure in his part of the world some 200 years ago.

Joan Stephanyitch Mazeppa was a Cossack, who made successful war upon the savage Tartars who desolated Southern Russia, driving them back to the Caspian. This so recommended him to Peter the Great that he invited the Cossack to his Court and covered him with honors and gifts. But when Peter sent him against the invading Swedes, under Charles XII., he betrayed the Russian and went over, with his followers, to the enemy. Peter fled, and they drove them into Turkish territory, where, fearing to fall into the hands of his former relentless master, Mazeppa, killed himself. He had before this hidden all the treasures which he had amassed in his wars and through gifts from those he had served in caverns in the hills around Kief. The portrait now discovered was probably hidden at this time.

The incident by which alone we know him actually did occur. He was by birth a Cossack, but when very young he was sent to serve as a page in the Court of the Polish King. There his beauty and bravery won him great favor, especially with the ladies. With one of them, the wife of a certain noble, he was suspected of too great friendliness, and the jealous husband, in revenge, ordered him to be bound naked to the back of a wild horse that had never been ridden.

The horse was a Tartar from the Steppes, and when loosed he rushed madly back to his native country, with the unwilling rider bound to his back. The Cossacks received the unhappy youth when nearly dead with exhaustion, and he grew up among them, remarkable for strength and bravery. Byron got his story out of Voltaire's "Life of Charles XII.," and worked it up into his dashing and attractive poem.

A story so dramatic was at once seized upon for adaptation to the stage, and it was presented as early as 1725 by an Englishman named Hunter. He was also a very handsome man and made a great stir in London.

The picture of Mazeppa bound to the horse's back, which everybody knows so well, was painted by Horace Vernet, one of the greatest of French artists. Vernet, of course, got his inspiration from Byron, to whom we all owe whatever knowledge we may have of the brilliant Cossack rider and soldier.

Mazeppa's real motives for betraying Peter are not certainly known. The Poles, who look upon him as a hero, always maintained that he had in view the welfare of the Polish nation, and they point to the fact that he stipulated with the Swedish King for the independence of Poland.—London Exchange.

## How the Nation Grew Rich.

The American colonists imported sheep, forbade their exportation and encouraged and even enforced the spinning and weaving of woolen cloth to be worn by the people. William Penn fostered and protected varied home industries and productions, while England, on her part, did what she could to discourage and suppress colonial manufacturing; so the colonies were kept permanently poor. The Revolutionary war acted as a high tariff. In 1787, Congress saw the right to levy duties on imports. George Washington showed himself in sympathy with the protection idea by delivering his inaugural address in a suit of woolen clothing manufactured in Philadelphia. It was against the natural course of things, "from England's standpoint," when America manufactured anything which England wanted to sell her. In 1828, America had her first adequate protective tariff. The tariff of 1862, the best the country had ever known, produced a period of unexampled prosperity. Reductions of tariff created financial crashes. The tariff of 1862 was the work of statesmen. Under it we have lived substantially for a quarter of a century and enjoyed a season of unparalleled prosperity. Henry Diston sells his saws in Sheffield. American women now wear American silks, the

best in the world. More carpets are now made in Philadelphia than are made in all England, and a good American watch can now be bought for \$25. American manufacturers employ American labor. Free trade would bring America down to the condition of Ireland. The nation must always be in a condition to provide for all its necessities.—Prof. Thompson.

## Ingenious Smugglers.

The ingenuity of smugglers has never, perhaps been more strikingly illustrated than it was recently on the Swiss-Italian frontier. An innocent looking wagoner, with a wagon load of cheese arrived at the Italian Custom House, at Chiasso. He had come from Lugano, and his destination was a small Italian village called Marignano. The cheese weighed three tons, and the wagoner, who was "childlike and bland," whistled blithely as he presented his papers, which certified that he was employed by the firm of — to convey the cheese, which formed part only of a large order, to its purchasers at Marignano.

The papers were examined and found to be correct, and before resuming his journey the wagoner stepped into a neighboring cafe with one of the men, for the day was hot, and a cigarette and a glass of wine could not fail to be acceptable.

But the delay for refreshments was destined to prove fatal to the wagoner's hopes, for during his absence another man wistfully gazed on the tempting load of cheese, and thought that a slice from such a quantity would never be missed, and would at the same time, in conjunction with a morsel of garlic and a piece of black bread, afford him a delectable supper.

He therefore took his knife, and selecting a prime looking cheese, he began to cut into it, or rather he did not cut into it, for his knife was blunt on the cheese was uncommonly hard.

This peculiarity induced him to consult with a colleague, and together they proceeded to make something more than a cursory examination of the remarkable cheeses. Lo and behold! they proved not to be cheese at all, but solid, compact rolls of tobacco, artfully done up in cement; this again was covered with canvas, which was painted to represent cheese. Of course the "find" was instantly confiscated, and the blithe wagoner was transferred from the comforts of the cafe to the hardships of a jail.—London Exchange.

## Brown Bread and Mind Cure.

The beneficial effect of the mind-cure process is shown by the experience of a young man who had been "bucking the tiger" in Portland, Me., and had met with the usual run of bad luck. He started in with over \$100, and at the close of his sitting he had but 25 cents remaining. This sum was not enough for a stake, and so the unfortunate player left the den in search of some turn of luck. Not far from the gaming-house he met an acquaintance who complained of a troublesome disorder in his nervous system and asked advice on the subject. "The gamester thought it over and finally made an agreement to meet his friend later, after which he departed in search of food. Baked beans and brown bread made up his fare. While eating he mechanically rolled some of the bread into a ball, then an idea flashed upon him. He proceeded to roll the bread into good-sized pills, until he had made thirty six of them, all of which he took to his suffering friend, and after giving directions regarding their use, received \$3 for the three dozen. With this money he sped to the gambling table, and in a short time won \$150. A few weeks afterward he met his friend and received his blessing for effecting so speedily a cure of his trouble.—Boston Globe.

## Manufacture of "Damascus" Blades.

A German paper says that there is no longer any sword-making industry in Damascus. What was once known as the sword trade is now occupied with converting the blades of old saws and pieces of ordinary iron into daggers, and cheap swords and rifles of Solingen and Birmingham make are brought up, finished, and decorated in Oriental style, and put upon the market as weapons of Arabian and Damascus origin.—New York Tribune.

SOME men would think they were cheated if they had the mumps lighter than their neighbors.—Lewiston Journal.



"WITH BUBBLING GROAN."

A Fatal Sense of Security Awfully Realized at Sea.

"A wet sheet and a flowing sea, a breeze that follows fast."

From his look-out the faithful old captain of yonder merchantman casts an uneasy glance at the distant horizon. See! yonder a small speck of cloud no larger than a man's hand. He watches it with his piercing eye for a few moments, then reaches for his long eyeglass. To his experienced view, this harmless little cloud betokens danger.

Across his bronzed face there comes a look of determination, and with quick orders to the seamen, the craft is put about and all sail made for the nearest harbor, where in apparent safety and anchor is dropped, and hardy mariners watch the approaching storm with defiance.

The storm bursts! The decks have been cleared, the sails close turtled, and all ordinary preparations made for an emergency.

The storm increases but all seems safe. But see! the vessel gives a sudden lurch, turns quickly about, and away she goes!

The anchor chain has broken!

This mighty ship might have ridden safely but for one weak link in that anchor chain!

The strength of the chain is no greater than the strength of its weakest link.

On the sea of life, how many men are wrecked because of the unsuspected weakness of a link in the chain of health—one weak vital organ in the body.

The mystery of death is even greater than the mystery of life. We think the links of our chain are strong, but we too seldom critically examine them for ourselves, and never really know that they will bear the strain that we put upon them.

"I have a friend," said Dr. Dio Lewis, "who can lift 100 pounds, and yet is an habitual sufferer from kidney and liver trouble and low spirits." The doctor who was one of the wisest and best public teachers of the laws of health, wrote:

"The very marked testimonials from college professors, respectable physicians, and other gentlemen of intelligence and character, to the value of Warner's safe cure, have greatly surprised me. Many of the gentlemen I know, and, reading their testimony, I was impelled to purchase some bottles of Warner's safe cure and analyze it. Besides I took some, swallowing three times the prescribed quantity. I am satisfied that the medicine is not injurious, and will frankly add that if I found myself the victim of a serious kidney trouble I should use this preparation."

One year ago the *Servia*, while in a great storm, parted her two-inch rudder chain—no wonder—it was rusted through! The key to human health is the condition of the kidneys, and they may long be diseased and we be ignorant of the fact, because they give forth little or no pain. They in reality cause the majority of all the deaths, by polluting the blood and sending disease all through the system.

Though discovered in 1879, saccharine is just beginning to be manufactured on a large scale, near Madgeburg, Prussia. Having 300 times the sweetening power of cane sugar, this remarkable product is adapted to many uses. It is expected to be especially valuable in medicine on account of its absolute harmlessness.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL is writing a life of Nathaniel Hawthorne. Thus does he get even with the family of the man who interviewed him.—*Baltimore American*.

The right of commanding is no longer an advantage transmitted by nature like an inheritance; it is the fruit of labors, the price of courage.—*Voltaire*.

The Experience of Mrs. Peters.

Mrs. Peters had ill.  
Mrs. Peters had chills.  
Mrs. Peters was sure she was going to die;  
They dosed her with pills  
With powders and squills.  
With rum-leaf tea and with remedies dry.  
Many medicines tried her,  
But none of them cured her,  
Their names and their number nobody could tell.

And she soon might have died,  
But sense "Pellets" were tried,  
That acted like magic, and then she got well.

The magic "Pellets" were Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets (the original Little Liver Pills). They cured Mrs. Peters, and now she wouldn't be without them.

SOME day when Ignatius Donnelly hasn't anything to do he might sit down and figure it out that the forbidden fruit was a banana, and Adam's fall was caused by the skin.

Music can noble hints impart, engender fury, kindle love, with unsuspected eloquence can move and manage all the man with secret art.—*Addison*.

The pancakes eaten at Vassar College in one year would make a column eight miles high, if piled one upon another. There's high education for you.

A Square Statement by a Carpenter.

"For years I have had a chest trouble amounting to nothing short of consumption. I saw how others in like condition had been cured by the use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, and resolved to test its merits in my own case. The results are so plain as hardly to require a histock or any augerment in favor of this grate remedy. It does not claim! It builds up the system, supports and strengthens where others fail." He adds: "My recovery, which is now on a sure foundation, hinges entirely on the compass of this wonderful Restorative, having tried other remedies without a bit of relief."

Don't Hawk, Spit, Cough,

Suffer dizziness, indigestion, inflammation of the eyes, headache, lassitude, inability to perform mental work and indisposition for bodily labor, and annoy and disgust your friends and acquaintances with your nasal twang and offensive breath and constant efforts to clean your nose and throat, when Dr. Sago's "Catarrh Remedy" will promptly relieve you of discomfort and suffering, and your friends of the disgusting and needless inflictions of your nose and throat.

An exchange says that racing men do not care much for reading. Then why are they bookmakers?—*Times Signify*.

WHATEVER name or designation is given to Fever and Ague, or other intermittent diseases it is safe to say that Malaria or a diseased state of the Liver is at fault. Eliminating the impurities from the system and a sure and prompt cure is the immediate result. Prickly Ash Bitters is the safest and most effective remedy for all biliary troubles, kidney diseases, and like complaints that has ever been brought before the public. A trial is its best recommendation.

"WHAT is that scratch on your arm, Jamie?" "Oh, I hit it with de cat!"

Catarrh

May affect any portion of the body where the mucous membrane is found. But catarrh of the head is by far the most common, and, strange to say, the most liable to be neglected. It originates in a cold, or succession, of colds, combined with impure blood. The wonderful success Hood's Sarsaparilla has had in curing catarrh warrants us in urging all who suffer with this disease to try the peculiar medicine. It renovates and invigorates the blood, and tones every organ.

"I have been troubled with that annoying disease, nasal catarrh, and have taken all kinds of blood purifiers, but never found relief till I used Hood's Sarsaparilla, which I am confident will do all that is claimed. Hurrah for Hood's Sarsaparilla!" J. L. Roush, Marksburg, Ky.

"I have taken Hood's Sarsaparilla for catarrh, and it has done me a great deal of good. I recommend it to all within my reach. Hood's Sarsaparilla has been worth everything to me." LUTHER D. ROBBINS, East Thompson, Ct.

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Sold by all druggists. \$1.50 for \$5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

The best and surest Remedy for Cure of all diseases caused by any derangement of the Liver, Kidneys, Stomach and Bowels. Dyspepsia, Sick Headache, Constipation, Bilious Complaints and Malaria of all kinds yield readily to the beneficent influence of

PRICKLY ASH BITTERS

It is pleasant to the taste, tones up the system, restores and preserves health. It is purely Vegetable, and cannot fail to prove beneficial, both to old and young. As a Blood Purifier it is superior to all others. Sold everywhere at \$1.00 a bottle.

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A SURE CURE FOR INDIGESTION AND DYSPEPSIA. Over 5,000 Physicians have sent up their approval of DIGESTYLIN, saying that it is the best preparation for indigestion that they have ever used. We have never heard of a case of Dyspepsia where DIGESTYLIN was taken that was not cured.

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GOLD is worth \$200 per pound, Pettit's Eye Salve \$1.00, but is sold at 25 cents a box by dealers.



This represents a healthy life. Throughout its various scenes, Just such a life as they enjoy Who use the Smith's Bile Beans.

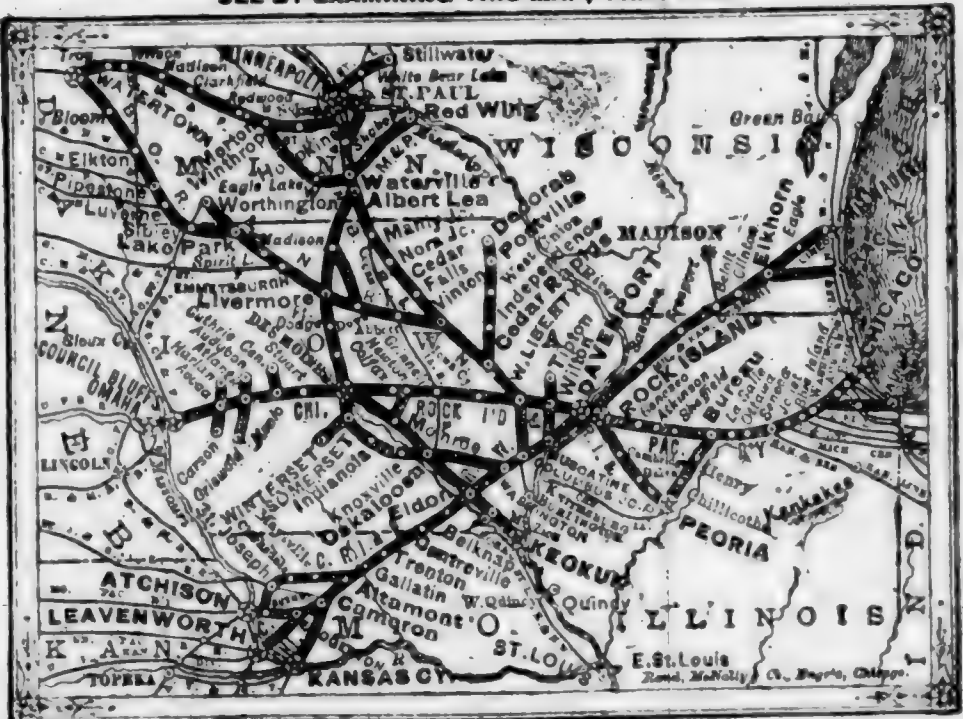
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Guarantees Speed, Comfort and Safety to those who travel over it. Its roadbed is thoroughly ballasted. Its track is of heavy steel. Its bridges are solid structures of stone and iron. Its rolling stock is perfect as human skill can make it. It has all the safety appliances that mechanical genius has invented and experience proved valuable. Its practical operation is conservative and methodical—its discipline strict and exacting. The luxury of its passenger accommodations is unequalled in the West—unsurpassed in the world.

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DR. HOBENSACK'S NERVOUS DEBILITY PILLS. A sure and safe specific for weakness and debility of the nervous system, and general exhaustion arising from youthful imprudence, excesses and overwork of body and brain, causing physical and mental weakness, loss of memory, and incapacity. Cures old and young. Price \$1 per box. Prepared and for sale at Dr. Hobensack's Laboratory, No. 206 N. 2d St., Phila. Send for circular.

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## CONCORD AND DISCORD.

Dr. Talmage Preaches at the Brooklyn Tabernacle.

The Whole Universe Was Once a Complete Cadence—Discord Brought About by Sin—The Human Intellect Out of Tune—How to Restore Harmony.

BROOKLYN, Nov. 6.—The main feature in the music of the Brooklyn tabernacle is the congregational singing. To-day, after the opening song, in which all the thousands heartily participated, Prof. Browne gave on the organ Scherzo, opus 61, by Mendelssohn. The Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D. D., expounded a chapter in the first book of Samuel, where Saul, possessed of an evil spirit, threw a javelin at David, who was playing on the harp before him, thus showing that the evil spirit does not like sacred music. The subject of the sermon was "Concord and Discord," and the text was from Job xxxviii, 4, 7: "Who laid the corner stone thereof; when the morning stars sang together?" Dr. Talmage said:

We have all seen the ceremony at the laying of the corner stone of church, asylum, or Masonic temple. Into the hollow of the stone were placed scrolls of history and important documents to be suggestive if one or two hundred years after the building should be destroyed by fire or torn down. We remember the silver trowel or iron hammer that smote the square piece of granite into sanctity. We remember some venerable man who presided, wielding the trowel or hammer. We remember also the music as the choir stood on the scattered stones and timber of the building about to be constructed. The leaves of the notebooks fluttered in the wind and were turned over with a great rustling, and we remember how the bass, baritone, tenor, contralto, and soprano voices commingled. They had for many days been rehearsing the special program, that it might be worthy of the corner stone laying.

In my text the poet of Uz calls us to a grander ceremony—the laying of the foundation of this great temple of a world. The corner stone was a block of light, and the trowel was of celestial crystal. All about and on the embankments of cloud stood the angelic choristers, unrolling their librettos of overture, and other worlds slapped shining cymbals while the ceremony went on, and God, the architect, by stroke of light after stroke of light, dedicated this great cathedral of a world, with mountains for pillars, and sky for freecord ceiling, and flowering fields for floor, and sunrise and midnight aurora for upholstery. "Who laid the corner stone thereof, when the morning stars sang together?"

The fact is that the whole universe was a complete cadence, an unbroken dithyramb, a musical portfolio. The great sheet of immensity has been spread out, and written on it were the stars, the smaller of them minims, the larger of them sustained notes. The meteors marked the staccato passage, the whole heavens a gamut, with all sounds, intonations and modulations, the space between the worlds a musical interval, trembling of stellar light a quaver, the thunder a base clef, the wind among trees a treble clef. That is the way God made all things, a perfect harmony.

But one day a harp string snapped in the great orchestra. One day a voice sounded out of tune. One day a discord, harsh and terrific, grated upon the glorious antiphony. It was sin that made the dissonance, and that harsh discord has been sounded through the centuries. All the work of Christians, and philanthropists, and reformers of all ages, is to stop that discord and get all things back into the perfect harmony which was heard at the laying of the corner stone when the morning stars sang together. Before I get through, if I am divinely helped, I will make it plain that sin is discord and righteousness is harmony.

That things in general are out of tune is as plain as to a musician's ear is the unhappy clash of clarinet and bassoon in an orchestral rendering.

The world's health out of tune: Weak lung and the atmosphere in collision, disordered eye and noonday light in quarrel, rheumatic limb and damp weather in struggle, neuralgias, and pneumonias, and consumptions, and epilepsies in flocks swoop upon neighborhood and cities. Where you find one person with sound throat, and keen eyesight, and alert ear, and easy respiration, and regular pulsation, and supple limb, and prime digestion, and steady nerves, you find a hundred who have to be very careful because this, or that, or the other physical function is disordered.

The human intellect out of tune: The judgment wrongly swerved, or the memory leaky, or the will weak, or the temper inflammable, and the well-balanced mind exceptional. Domestic life out of tune: Only here and there a conjugal outbreak of incompatibility of temper through the divorce courts, or a filial outbreak about a father's will through the surrogate's court, or a case of wife beating or husband poisoning through the criminal courts, but thousands of families with June outside and January within.

Society out of tune: Labor and capital;

their hands on each other's throat. Spirit of caste keeping those down in the social scale in a struggle to get up, and putting those who are up in anxiety lest they have to come down. No wonder the old piano-forte of society is all out of tune, when hypocrisy, and lying, and subterfuge, and double dealing, and sycophancy, and charlatanism, and revenge have for 6,000 years been banging away at the keys and stamping the pedals.

On all sides there is a perpetual shipwreck of harmonies. Nations in discord. Without realizing it, so wrong is the feeling of nation that the symbols chosen are fierce and destructive. In this country, where our skies are full of robins and doves and morning larks, we have for national symbol the fierce and filthy eagle, as immoral a bird as can be found in all the ornithological catalogues. In Great Britain, where they have lambs and fallow deer, their symbol is the merciless lion. In Russia, where from between her frozen north and blooming south all kindly beasts dwell, they choose the growling bear; and in the world's heraldry a favorite figure is the dragon, which is a winged serpent, ferocious and deathful. And so fond is the world of contention that we climb out through the heavens and baptize one of the other planets with the spirit of battle, and call it Mars, after the god of war, and we give to the eighth sign of the zodiac the name of the scorpion, a creature which is chiefly celebrated for its deadly sting. But, after all, these symbols are expressive of the way nation feels toward nation. Discord wide as the continent and bridging the seas. I suppose you have noticed how warmly in love dry goods stores are with other dry goods stores, and how highly grocerymen think of the signers of the groceryman on the same block. And in what a eulogistic way allopathic and homeopathic doctors speak of each other, and how ministers will sometimes put ministers on that beautiful cooking instrument, which the English call a spit, an iron roller with spikes on it, and turned by a crank before a hot fire, and then if the minister being roasted cries out against it, the men who are turning him say: "Hush, brother! we are turning this spit for the glory of God and the good of your soul, and you must be quiet while we close the service with:

"Blest be the tie that binds  
Our hearts in Christian love."

The earth is diametered and circumferenced with discord, and the music that was rendered at the laying of the world's corner stone, when the morning stars sang together, is not heard now; and though here and there, from this and that part of society, and from this and that part of the earth, there comes up a thrilling solo of love, or a warble of worship, or a sweet duet of patience, they are drowned out by a discord that shakes the earth.

Paul says: "The whole creation groaneth;" and while the nightingale, and the woodlark, and the canary, and the plover, sometimes sing so sweetly that their notes have been written out in musical notation, and it is found that the cuckoo sings in the key of D, and that the cormorant is a basso in the winged choir, yet sportsman's gun and the autumnal blast often leave them ruffled and bleeding, or dead in the meadow or forest. Paul was right, for the groan in nature drowns out the prima donnas of the sky.

Tartini, the great musical composer, dreamed one night that he made a contract with Satan, the latter to be ever in the composer's service. But one night he handed to Satan a violin, on which Diabolus played such sweet music that the composer was awakened by the emotion and tried to reproduce the sounds, and therefrom was written Tartini's most famous piece, entitled the "Devil's Sonata," a dream ingenious but faulty, for all melody descends from Heaven, and only discords ascend from hell. All hatreds, feuds, controversies, backbitings, and revenges are the devil's sonata, are diabolic fuge, are demonic phantasy, are grand march of doom, are allegro of perdition.

But if in this world things in general are out of tune to our frail ear, how much more so to ears angelic and deific. It takes a skilled artist fully to appreciate disagreement of sound. Many have no capacity to detect a defect of musical execution, and, though there were in one bar as many offenses against harmony as could crowd in between the lower F of the bass and the higher G of the soprano, it would give them no discomfort, while on the forehead of the educated artist beads of perspiration would stand out as a result of the harrowing dissonance. While an amateur was performing on a piano and had just struck the wrong chord, John Sebastian Bach, the immortal composer, entered the room, and the amateur rose in embarrassment, and Bach rushed past the host, who stepped forward to greet him, and before the keyboard had stopped vibrating, put his adroit hand upon the keys and changed the painful inharmony into glorious cadence. Then Bach turned and gave salutation to the host who had invited him.

But the worst of all discords is moral discord. If society and the world are painfully discordant to imperfect man, what must they be to a perfect God? People try to define what sin is. It seems to me that sin is getting out of harmony with God, a disagreement with his holiness, with His purity, with His love, with His commands; our will clashing with His will, the finite dashing against the infinite, the

frail against the puissant, the created against the Creator. If a thousand musicians, with flute, and cornet-a-piston, and trumpet, and violoncello, and hautboys, and trombone, and all the wind and stringed instruments that ever gathered in a Dusseldorf jubilee, should resolve that they would play out of tune and put concord to the rack, and make the place wild with shrieking, and grating, and rasping sounds, they could not make such a pandemonium as that which rages in a sinful soul when God listens to the play of its thoughts, passions, and emotions—discord, life-long discord, maddening discord. The world pays more for discord than it does for consonance. High prices have been paid for music. One man gave \$225 to hear the Swedish songstress in New York, and another \$625 to hear her in Boston, and another \$650 to hear her in Providence. Fabulous prices have been paid for sweet sounds, but far more has been paid for discord. The Crimean war cost \$1,700,000,000, and our American civil war over \$2,500,000,000, and the war debts of professed Christian nations are about \$15,000,000,000. The world pays for this red ticket, which admits it to the saturnalia of broken bones, and death agonies, and destroyed cities, and plowed graves, and crushed hearts, any amount of money Satan asks. —Discord! Discord!

But I have to tell you that the song that the morning stars sang together at the laying of the world's corner stone is to be resumed again. Mozart's greatest overture was composed one night when he was several times overpowered with sleep, and artists say they can tell the places in the music where he was falling asleep and the places where he awakened. So the overture of the morning stars spoken of in my text has been asleep, but it will awaken and be more grandly rendered by the evening stars of the world's existence than by the morning stars, and the vespers will be sweeter than the matins. The work of all good men and women and of all good churches and all reform associations is to bring the race back to the original harmony. The rebellious heart to be attuned, social life to be attuned, commercial ethics to be attuned, internationality to be attuned, hemispheres to be attuned—but by what force and in what way?

In olden time the choristers had a tuning fork with two prongs, and they would strike it on the back of pew or music rack and put it to the ear and then start the tune, and all the other voices would join. In modern orchestra the leader has a complete instrument, richly attuned, and he sounds that, and all the other performers turn the keys of their instruments to make them correspond, and sound the bow over the string, and listen, and sound out over again, until all the keys are screwed to concert pitch, and the discords melt into one great symphony, and the curtain hoists, and the baton taps, and audiences are raptured with Schumann's "Paradise and the Peri" or Rossini's "Stabat Mater" or Bach's "Magnificat" in D or Gounod's "Redemption."

A few days ago I was in Fairbanks weighing scale manufactory of Vermont. Six hundred hands, and they have never had a strike. Complete harmony between labor and capital, the operatives of scores of years in their beautiful homes near by the mansions of the manufacturers, whose invention and Christian behavior made the great enterprise. So all the world over labor and capital will be brought into euphony. You may have heard what is called the "Anvil Chorus," composed by Verdi, a tune played by hammers, great and small, now with mighty stroke, and now with heavy stroke, beating the great iron anvil. That is what the world has got to come to—anvil chorus, yardstick chorus, shuttle chorus, trowel chorus, crowbar chorus, pickax chorus, gold mine chorus, rail track chorus, locomotive chorus. It can be done, and it will be done. So all social life will be attuned by the Gospel harp. There will be as many classes in society as now, but the classes will not be regulated by birth, or wealth, or accident, but by scale of virtue and benevolence, and people will be assigned to their places as good, or very good, or most excellent. So, also, commercial life will be attuned, and there will be twelve in every dozen and sixteen ounces in every pound, and apples at the bottom of the barrel will be as sound as those on top and silk goods will not be cotton, and sellers will not have to charge honest people more than the right price because others will not pay, and goods will come to you corresponding with the sample by which you purchased them, and coffee will not be chickoried and sugar will not be sanded, and milk will not be chalked and adulteration of food will be a state's prison offense. Aye, all things shall be attuned. Elections in England and the United States will no more be a grand carnival of defamation and scurrility, but the elevation of righteous men in a righteous way.

In the sixteenth century the singers, called the Fischer brothers, reached the lowest bass ever recorded, and the highest note ever thrilled was by La Bastardella, and Catalini's voice had a compass of three add a half octaves, but Christianity is more wonderful, for it runs all up and down the greatest heights and the deepest depths of the world's necessity, and it will compass everything and bring it in accord with the song which the morning stars sang at the laying of the world's corner stone. All the sacred music in homes and

concert halls and churches tends toward this consummation. Make it more and more hearty. Sing in your families. Sing in your places of business. If we with proper spirit use these faculties, we are rehearsing for the skies.

Heaven is to have a new song, a tremendously new song, but I should not wonder if, as sometime on earth a tune is fashioned out of many tunes, or it is one tune with the variations, so some of the songs of the redeemed may have playing through them the songs of earth, and how thrilling as coming through the great anthem of the saved, accompanied by harpers with their harps, and trumpeters with their trumpets, we should hear some of the strains of Antioch, and Mount Pisgah, and Coronation, and Lenox, and St. Martin's, and Fountain, and Ariel, and Old Hundred. How they would bring to mind the praying circles, and communion days, and the Christmas festivals, and the church worship in which on earth we mingled! I have no idea that when we bid farewell to earth we are to bid farewell to all these grand old Gospel hymns which melted and raptured our souls for so many years. Now, my friends, if sin is discord and righteousness is harmony, let us get out of the one and enter the other. After our dreadful civil war was over, and in the summer of 1864, a great national peace jubilee was held in Boston, and as an elder of this church had been honored by the selection of some of his music, to be rendered on that occasion, I accompanied him to the jubilee. Forty thousand people sat and stood in the great Coliseum erected for that purpose. Thousands of wind and stringed instruments. Twelve thousand trained voices. The masterpieces of all ages rendered, hour after hour, and day after day—Handel's "Judas Maccabaeus," Spohr's "Last Judgment," Beethoven's "Mount of Olives," Haydn's "Creation," Mendelssohn's "Elijah," Meyerbeer's "Coronation March," rolling on and up in surges that billowed against the heavens. The mighty cadence within were accompanied on the outside by the ringing of the bells of the city and cannon on the commons, in exact time with the music discharged by electricity, thundering their awful bars of a harmony that astounded all nations.

Sometimes I bowed my head and wept. Sometimes I stood up in the enchantment, and sometimes the effect was so overpowering I felt I could not endure it. When all the voices were in full chorus, and all the batons in full wave, and all the orchestra in full triumph, and a hundred anvils under mighty hammers were in full clang, and all the towers of the city rolled in their majestic sweetness, and the whole building quaked with the boom of thirty cannon, Parepa Rosa, with a voice that will never again be equaled on earth until the archangelic voice proclaims that time shall be no longer, rose above all other sounds in her rendering of our national air, the "Star Spangled Banner." It was too much for a mortal, and quite enough for an immortal, to hear, and while some fainted, one womanly spirit, released under its power, sped away to be with God.

O Lord, our God, quickly usher in the whole world's peace jubilee, and all islands of the sea join the five continents, and all the voices and musical instruments of all nations combine, and all the organs that ever sounded requiem of sorrow sound only a grand march of joy, and all the bells that tolled for burial ring for resurrection, and all the cannon that ever hurled death across the nations sound to eternal victory, and over all the acclaim of earth and minstrelsy of Heaven there will be heard one voice sweeter and mightier than any human or angelic voice—a voice once full of tears, but then full of triumph—the voice of Christ saying: "I am Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the end, the first and the last." Then at the laying of the top stone of the world's history the same voices shall be heard as when, at the laying of the world's corner stone, "the morning stars sang together."

### INFANT THEOLOGY.

A small boy not far from Boston was guilty of some outrageous mischief, which he performed alone in a closed room, but which was quickly brought to his door. When his mother remonstrated with the youth he met her reproof by the bold assertion:

"You didn't see me do it."  
"No," she replied, solemnly, "but God did."

"Well," the urchin retorted with an air of contemptuous superiority, "I guess God ain't going round giving away all he see in this house."—*Boston Courier.*

### Won't Have a Show.

It was very late and Brown was steering Robinson homeward.

"What will you say to your wife?" Brown asked.

"Not a (hic) word," said Robinson.

"Why not?"

"I won't have a (hic) chance."

WHEN you receive a note from your lady-love, and kiss it (as, of course, you are expected to do), why is it like the nightmare? Because it is the ink-you-buss.

"MATSUNKEE" is Japanese for daisy. You can call your girl or another man's wife a "matsunkee" now with impunity.



# THE ST. JOE NEWS.

VOL. I.

ST. JOE, IND., FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 18, 1887.

NO. 43.

## Churches.

### DISCIPLE.

SERVICES every alternate Sunday evening, in the Lutheran church. Cottage prayer meeting every Friday evening.

J. A. THOMAS, PASTOR.

### METHODIST PROTESTANT.

SERVICES every alternate Sunday at 10:30 A. M. Prayer meeting every Tuesday evening. Sunday School at 9:30 A. M.

J. M. LANGLEY, PASTOR.

### EVANGELICAL LUTHERAN.

SERVICES every Sunday, one Sunday in the morning at 10:30, and the following Sunday in the evening. Prayer meeting every Thursday evening. Sunday School at 9:30 A. M.

S. P. FRYBERGER, PASTOR.

## Societies.

### G. A. R.

REGULAR meetings on Saturday evening on or before the full moon of each month, at their hall over Leighty's store.

O. H. WIDNEY, COMMANDER.

J. M. MILLIMAN, ADJUTANT.

## Business Notices.

H. W. BOWMAN, M. D., Physician and Surgeon, St. Joe, Ind., Office opposite the Drugstore.

ST. JOE HOTEL, Wm. Leighty, proprietor. Special attention given to furnishing teams for commercial men.

B. S. SHEFFER, M. D., Physician and Surgeon, St. Joe, Ind. Prompt and careful attention to all business entrusted to his care.

ST. JOE BARBER SHOP, one door west of hotel, Will Gee, proprietor. Satisfaction guaranteed. Your patronage is solicited.

FILLEY, LOUNSBERRY AND SHULER, proprietors of the St. Joe Saw and Planing Mill. All work promptly done. Cash paid for Oak Logs.

CITY BARBER SHOP, St. Joe, Ind., John Hull, proprietor. Shaving, Hair Cutting &c. done in the best of style. Come and see me. Two doors west of Kinsey's Furniture Store.

SIMON WINELAND, proprietor St. Joe Handle and Feed Mills. Feed grinding a specialty. Highest prices paid for second growth White Ash. Enquire at the mill for full particulars.

## INDIANA STATE NEWS.

—In digging a ditch in Montgomery County, in the section of Black Creek, a discovery has been made by the workmen that may prove valuable in the future. In that section the land is very marshy, and when a depth of about ten feet was reached a white substance was found, which seems to have no bottom. When it is first dug up a white, watery substance oozes out. After it had been exposed to the air for about two days it becomes very black, and burns readily, making a bright, warm fire. It is supposed to be coal in the first formation. A man who steps in the substance can scarcely get out.

—A daring attempt was made recently to wreck a passenger train near Hammond. Some one broke open a switch on the Midland Central side-track, one mile west of Hammond. The way-freight running ahead and on the time of the passenger train, dashed into the cars on the side, overturning the engine and breaking some fifteen or twenty cars. The engine was buried beneath the cars. The train men saved themselves by jumping. Damage about \$15,000. Had the crowded passenger train been on time, the loss of life would have been appalling.

—A strong pressure has been brought upon the Evansville Police Commissioners to enforce the Sunday-closing law, and the whisky men have made a desperate effort to prevent the enforcement. The matter was brought to a head by a decision of the Board that the Sunday-closing law will go into effect immediately, and every saloon will also be compelled to close every night at 11 o'clock. Much feeling has been engendered by the agitation, and a strong effort will be made at the next election to select a Legislature friendly to a repeal of the law.

—Patents have been issued to Indiana inventors as follows: Charles E. Anderson, La Porte, fence machine; Samuel E. Harsh, Wabash, shafting; Thomas C. Fisher, Anderson, grain cradle attachment; Alfred W. Hughey, Arcadia, car coupling; Jacob A. Parker, Terre Haute, car wheel; David Senior and H. Fetton, Madison, carding machine; Robert B. Short, Union Mills, railway switch; Oswald Smith, Tell City, assignor of one-half to W. T. Pyne, Louisville, Ky., feed regulator for roller mills.

—At Montpelier Wm. Barnes, the murderer of Theodore Leffingwell, was found guilty of murder in the first degree, and sentenced to ninety-nine years in the penitentiary. The crime for which Barnes received the life sentence was the killing of Theodore Leffingwell, in that place, last April. Barnes, who is a large man, met his victim on a foot-bridge, and, picking up a small boulder, struck him on the head, crushing his skull. The trial lasted five days, and the result is generally approved.

—A panther of large dimensions is causing quite a scare among the people residing between Charlestown and Sellersburg. One day recently it was seen on the Ganote farm by Mr. Geo. Richardson, who shot at it, but missed his mark. A number of persons banded themselves together to hunt the animal down, but failed to find it.

—A boy named William Denton, 18 years of age, who resides in Harrison County, a short distance from Greenville, was killed recently. The boy was assisting Mr. Sisloff to saw down a tree, which fell, and the boy was struck by a limb and instantly killed. His skull was crushed and his brains knocked out.

—District Assembly No. 3115, Knights of Labor, the oldest assembly in New Albany, at one time attaining a membership of 800, but now reduced to seventy, has decided, without a dissenting voice, to close operations. The charter and secret

work of the order will be sent to headquarters.

—A freight train on the Nickel Plate Railway ran into a freight train on the Vandalia road at Hittard Station, where both roads cross. Engineer Newt Baughman, of the Nickel Plate train, jumped and alighted on his head, causing a fracture of the skull, producing very serious injuries.

—Frank Snyder, of Piercetown, aged 16 years, while out hunting, accidentally shot himself, causing death shortly afterward. He saw some game and jumped out of a buggy, dragging his gun with him, which was discharged, the contents taking effect in his bowels.

—Samuel Wright, a wealthy citizen of Farmland, was seriously hurt at gas well No. 2 recently. The well had been "shot," packed, and piped out of the derrick and fired without warning. His face and hands were badly burned.

—John H. Heyer, a night conductor on the Cincinnati, Wabash and Michigan road, while assisting to make up his train in the yards at Anderson, was caught under a freight car and crushed so badly that he died.

—James Langley, residing in the north-eastern part of Grant County, committed suicide by blowing his brains out with a shotgun. He was about 30 years old and unmarried. No cause is assigned for the act.

—It is reported that De Pauw College, of New Albany, will be put in thorough repair next spring and that it will be opened as an adjunct to De Pauw University at Greencastle, with a full faculty.

—Gas well No. 1, at Madison, has been abandoned at a depth of 1,004 feet, and work on well No. 2, at the east end of the city, will begin at once. Only a light flow of gas was obtained at a depth of 300 feet.

—Articles of incorporation of the Central Indiana Railroad Company have been filed at Indianapolis. The proposed line is from Fort Wayne to Terre Haute.

—Considerable interest has been excited by the discovery of oil within two miles of Vincennes. The exact location of the find is still a secret, but its existence is vouched for by a gentleman of high standing.

—A young son of H. B. Hulott, clerk of Montgomery County, while trying to get on a moving freight train at Crawfordsville, was thrown under the train, and so seriously injured that he died.

—Willie Dreier was killed on his father's farm near Fort Wayne. While driving a team he fell on the heels of the horses, receiving fatal injuries.

—While hunting, Isaac Mackay, a wealthy farmer of Milton Township, Jefferson County, shot himself through the heart. Death was instantaneous. He leaves a large family.

—Howard Taylor, a miner, was caught under two tons of sand-rock and instantly killed in Whitmore's mine, at Washington. He was 40 years old and leaves a widow and nine children.

—J. H. Taylor was shot and mortally wounded by some one in ambush while standing in his door at Jeffersonville.

—Destructive forest fires are raging in the vicinity of Decker and Hazelton.

—The remains of a woman which had lain in a vault at Indianapolis since 1856 are supposed to have become petrified. An investigation is to be had.

—Mrs. Morris, of Elkhart, an estimable elderly lady, prominent in the Baptist Church, fell dead from heart disease.

—A thirty-foot gas gusher is reported at Aurora. It is said the flame can be seen from either Harris or Cleves.

—Hon. David H. Colerick, the oldest member of the Allen County (Ind.) Bar, is dead, at the age of 82 years.

—The Supreme Court of Indiana has held that college students have the right to vote.

## MONEY

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## Cheap Homes for Everybody!

In a high, healthy, rich land country. On the 15th of September and the 1st of October there will be excursions from this place to that point at a very low rate of fare. For full information in regard to these excursions call on A. B. Coburn, Real Estate Agent, St. Joe, Ind. Office with Dr. Sheffer, one door east of Drugstore.

GO to the News Office, St. Joe for all kinds of Printing. All work done promptly, and at the lowest prices. Give us a call.

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HOUSE PAINTING, Graining, Glazing Paper Hanging and Ceiling Decorating a specialty. All work guaranteed. B. A. Woodcox. Call and see me, or leave orders at the St. Joe Drugstore.







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PROPRIETOR OF  
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experienced workman, I am now  
prepared to do all kinds of Black-  
smithing and Repairing in a first-  
class manner. Special attention given  
to repairing machinery. Give me  
a call. Prices reasonable.

**A. W. Hall, St. Joe.**

#### Hints to Nurses.

Try and be strictly accurate in your  
answers to the doctor's questions, and  
never attempt to hide anything from  
him. Teach yourself to have an ap-  
proximate idea of medical qualities, and  
be very accurate when measuring medi-  
cines. The following is a table every  
one who intends to nurse should get  
by heart: One minim equals one  
drop; sixty minims equals one fluid  
drachm, or one teaspoonful; eight  
fluid drachms equals one fluid ounce,  
or two tablespoonfuls; twenty fluid  
ounces equals one pint; half fluid  
ounce equal one tablespoonful, or two  
teaspoonfuls. Keep a slate or a piece  
of paper, and write down anything you  
may wish to ask the doctor, or that  
you may think necessary to tell him, so  
as not to forget. One's memory is  
very apt to fail one at critical moments,  
and, besides, your strong personal in-  
terest in the patient tends to make you  
less clear headed than the professional  
nurse, who, however sympathetic and  
tender, has not your individual feeling  
toward the patient. And, above all,  
if you are allowed to nurse or help in  
the nursing, do cultivate sufficient com-  
mon sense to realize that if you neglect  
your own health you will only give  
double trouble by breaking down and  
having to be nursed yourself, while  
you injure your patient by failing just  
at the time when, perhaps, your ser-  
vices are most needed. Because you are  
not a coward, do not be foolhardy. Re-  
member, it is not only for your own  
sake that you should be cautious about  
infection; there are cases where people  
in direct contact with the sick have not  
caught the disease themselves, and yet  
have transmitted it badly to some  
total outsider. Never go near an in-  
fectious case, if you can help it, fasting  
or when thoroughly tired, and never,  
on any account, stand so that the air  
blows on to you from the patient, for  
which reason never stand between the  
sick bed and the fire if there is one.  
When nursing or helping to nurse an  
infectious case always keep a solution  
of carbolic acid or some other disinfect-  
ant, in which to dip your hands after at-  
tending to the patient; never go near  
other people if you can help it in the  
clothes you have been wearing in the  
sick room. Never whisper in a sick  
room, it is far more exasperating to the  
sick than any ordinary talking; do not  
wear creaky boots, but at the same time  
do not cultivate a habit of slipping  
about in list slippers or stocking soles,  
or you may give your invalid a most  
unnecessary start. Try and be your  
natural self as much as you can; sick  
people are often, by reason of their  
sickness, prone to suspicion, and you  
will lose your influence if they lose  
their trust in you. Especially is this  
the case with children, and it is just  
from these you may require implicit  
obedience and confidence at some crisis;  
and if they have learned to doubt you  
it will double the uphill battle you have  
to fight. Study the sick and learn to  
manage them by yielding to them. At-  
tend to their wishes and fancies and  
learn their idiosyncracies, and by this  
means you will treble your usefulness.  
—London Exchange.

#### In Love with a Married Man.

A group of young ladies were stand-  
ing on the front steps of an elegant  
residence, as a gentleman in a silk hat  
and Prince Albert coat passed by.  
"Oh! what a handsome, stylish gen-  
tleman!" exclaimed one of the number,  
"why, I'm just in love with him, who  
is he, Grace? Do you know him?"  
"Yes," answered the one addressed  
as Grace, "but you mustn't fall in love  
with him for he is a married man; and  
you know it is wicked to love a mar-  
ried man!" she added solemnly.  
"Why, is that so?" inquired another  
of the group; "Grace, you frighten  
me?"  
"Why?"  
"Because I love devotedly and unre-  
servedly a married man at the present  
time."  
"Terrible!" cried Grace, and the  
others looked interesting and inquiring.  
"And I will not give up loving him!"  
defiantly.  
"Is his wife living?"  
"Yes."  
"Well you must not do it! It is  
wrong, it is wicked," growing elo-  
quent.  
"I don't care!" obstinately.  
"Who is he?" cried another.  
"My father." — Sunday National.

The first iron ore to be discovered  
in this country was found in Virginia  
in 1745.

#### Bartholdi's Great Work.

The statue of Liberty enlightening the  
world, which stands on Bedloe's Island, in the  
harbor of New York, is one of the most sub-  
lime artistic conceptions of modern times.  
The torch of the goddess lights the nations of  
the earth to peace, prosperity, and progress,  
through Liberty. But "liberty" is an empty  
word to the thousands of poor women en-  
slaved by physical ailments a hundredfold  
more tyrannical than any Nero. To such suf-  
ferers Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription holds  
forth the promise of a speedy cure. It is a  
specific in all those derangements, irregular-  
ities and weaknesses which make life a bur-  
den to so many women. The only medicine  
sold by druggists, under a positive guarantee  
from the manufacturers, that it will give sat-  
isfaction in every case, or money will be re-  
funded. See guarantee printed on wrapper  
inclosing bottle.

#### The Jackass and the Citizen.

A Jackass who has been Elected to  
the Common Council of his Town was  
one day called upon by a Citizen, who  
presented a Petition for a new Side-  
walk on the North Side of Plunkett  
Avenue, and bowed himself very low  
and stood flat in hand to await the  
Pleasure of the Hon. Jackass.  
"Ah! but how times have changed!"  
mused the Office-Holder; "a few months  
ago you would not even Notice me on  
the Street. Now you bow before  
me!"

"Make no Mistake, Alderman," re-  
plied the Citizen. "In American Poli-  
tics we bow to the Office and have as  
little to do with the Man as Possible."  
Moral—All old Politicians have long  
Understood this and governed them-  
selves Accordingly. — Detroit Free  
Press.

PASTEUR proves the value of the pre-  
ventive of septic fever by showing that  
in France, during the last five years,  
the mortality of inoculated sheep has  
ranged from 0.75 to 1.08 per cent, that  
of non-inoculated being 10 per cent.  
Only 0.28 to 0.50 per cent. of inoculated  
cattle died; and 5 per cent. of others.

#### The Five Sisters.

There were five fair sisters, and each had an  
name.  
Flora would fain be a fashionable beauty.  
Scholarly Susan's select society was her aim.  
Coquettish Cora cared more for good looks;  
Anna, kind-hearted, aspired at no less;  
Sensible Sarah sought just her good health.

So she took Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical  
Discovery and grew healthy and blooming.  
Cora's beauty quickly faded; Susan's eyesight  
faded from over-study; Flora became nerv-  
ous and fretful in striving after fashion, and  
a sickly family kept Anna's husband poor.  
But sensible Sarah grew daily more healthy,  
charming, and intelligent, and she married  
rich.

PEOPLE who are not acquainted with  
grief never saw a superior man show a  
woman how to sharpen a lead pencil.

#### The Popular Thoroughfare.

The Wisconsin Central Line, although a  
comparatively new factor in the railroad sys-  
tems of the Northwest, has acquired an en-  
viable popularity. Through careful attention to  
details, its service is as near perfection as  
might be looked for. The train attendants  
seem to regard their trusts as individual  
property and as a result the public is served  
par excellence. The road now runs solid  
through fast trains between Chicago, Milwau-  
kee, St. Paul, and Minneapolis with Pullman's  
best and unequalled dining-cars; it also runs  
through, solid sleepers between Chicago, Ash-  
land, Duluth, and the famous mining regions  
of Northern Wisconsin and Michigan.

#### Consumption Surely Cured.

To the Editor:—Please inform your readers  
that I have a positive remedy for the above-  
named disease. By its timely use thousands of  
hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I  
shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy  
FREE to any of your readers who have consump-  
tion if they will send me their Express and  
P. O. address. Respectfully,  
T. A. SLOCUM, M. D., 181 Pearl St., N. Y.

LYON'S Patent Heel Sufferer is the only in-  
vention that will make old boots as straight as  
new.

#### Chronic Catarrh

Cannot be cured by local applications. It is a con-  
stitutional disease, and requires a constitutional  
remedy like Hood's Sarsaparilla, which, working  
through the blood, eradicates the impurity which  
causes and promotes the disease, and soon ef-  
fects a permanent cure. At the same time Hood's  
Sarsaparilla builds up the whole system, and makes  
you feel renewed in strength and health. Be sure  
to get Hood's.

"I suffered severely from chronic catarrh, arising  
from impure blood. It became very bad,  
causing soreness of the bronchial tubes and a  
troublesome cough, which gave great anxiety to my  
friends and myself, as two brothers died from bron-  
chial consumption. I tried many medicines, but re-  
ceived no benefit. I was at last induced to try  
Hood's Sarsaparilla, and I am not the same man in  
health or feelings. My catarrh is cured, my throat  
is entirely well, and a dyspepsia trouble, with sick  
headache, have all disappeared." E. M. LINCOLN,  
35 Chambers St., Boston.

#### Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. \$1; six for \$5. Prepared only  
by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

#### PISOS CURE FOR CONSUMPTION

GOLD is worth \$200 per pound, Pettit's Eye Salve  
is \$1.00, but is sold at 25 cents a box by dealers.

## FOR MAN AND BEAST, Mexican Mustang Liniment

The Lumberman needs it in case of accident.  
The Housewife needs it for general family use.  
The Mechanic needs it always on his work  
bench.  
The Miner needs it in case of emergency.  
The Pioneer needs it—can't get along without  
it.  
The Farmer needs it in his house, his stable,  
and his stock yard.  
The Steamboat man or the Boatman needs  
it in liberal supply aboard and ashore.  
The Horse-fancier needs it—it is the best  
relief and safest restorative.  
The Stock-grower needs it—it is the best  
cure for all ailments of the horse.

The best and surest Remedy for Cure of  
all diseases caused by any derangement of  
the Liver, Kidneys, Stomach and Bowels.  
Dyspepsia, Sick Headache, Constipation,  
Bilious Complaints and Malaria of all kinds  
yield readily to the beneficent influence of

## PRICKLY ASH BITTERS

It is pleasant to the taste, tones up the  
system, restores and preserves health.  
It is purely Vegetable, and cannot fail to  
prove beneficial, both to old and young.  
As a Blood Purifier it is superior to all  
others. Sold everywhere at \$1.00 a bottle.

#### KIDDER'S

## DIGESTYLIN

#### A SURE CURE FOR INDIGESTION and DYSPEPSIA.

Over 5,000 Physicians have sent us their approval of  
DIGESTYLIN, saying that it is the best preparation  
for indigestion that they have ever used.

We have never heard of a case of Dyspepsia where  
DIGESTYLIN was taken that was not cured.

#### FOR CHOLERA INFANTUM.

IT WILL CURE THE MOST AGGRAVATED CASES.  
IT WILL STOP VOMITING IN PREGNANCY.  
IT WILL RELIEVE CONSTIPATION.

For Summer Complaints and Chronic Diarrhea,  
which are the direct results of imperfect digestion,  
DIGESTYLIN will effect an immediate cure.

Take DIGESTYLIN for all pains and disorders of  
the stomach; they all come from indigestion. Ask  
your druggist for DIGESTYLIN (price \$1 per large  
bottle). If he does not have it, send one dollar to us  
and we will send a bottle to you, express prepaid.  
Do not hesitate to send your money. Our house is  
reliable. Established twenty-five years.

WM. F. KIDDER & CO.,  
Manufacturing Chemists, 83 John St., N. Y.

DR. HOBENACK'S  
NERVOUS DEBILITY PILLS

A sure and safe specific for weak-  
ness and debility of the nervous sys-  
tem, and general exhaustion arising  
from youthful imprudence, excess  
and overwork of body and brain,  
causing physical and mental weak-  
ness, loss of memory, and im-  
pacity. Cures Old and Young.  
Price \$1 per box. Prepared and for  
sale at Dr. Hobenack's Laboratory,  
No. 206 N. 3d St., Phila.  
Send for circular.

Send for the best catalogue of the  
best Business College, Shorthand,  
Type-writing and Penmanship  
School in the world. SPENCER  
IAN BUSINESS COLLEGE, Cleve-  
land, Ohio. Circulars free.

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R. S. & A. P. LACEY, Patent  
Attorneys, Washington, D. C.  
Instructions and opinions as  
to patentability FREE. 17 years' experience.

**OPIUM**  
Morphine Habit Cured in 10  
to 20 days. No pay till cured.  
Dr. J. Stephens, Lebanon, Ohio.

**WORK**  
FOR ALL. \$20 a week and expenses  
paid. Valuable outfit and particulars  
FREE. P. O. VICKERY, Augusta, Me.

**\$250**  
A MONTH. Agents wanted. 50 best sell-  
ing articles in the world. Sample FREE.  
Address JAY BRONSON, Detroit, Mich.

**PENSIONS COLLECTED** and increased by  
Fitzgerald & Powell, Indianapolis.  
Ind. Old cases returned; Send for copy of Law, free.

**\$5**  
to see a day. Sample worth \$1.00 FREE.  
Lines not sent the horse's feet. Write  
American Safety Bath Holder Co., Holly, Mich.

**PENSIONS** to Soldiers and Heirs. L. B.  
HAM, Att'y, Washington, D. C.



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One Year, in advance	\$0.75
Six Months	50
Three Months	25

Entered at the Post Office at St. Joe as second-class matter.

FRIDAY NOVEMBER 18, 1887.

One would almost conclude from reading the Dispatch, that Auburn is the only town in the county.

M. T. Bishop begun the erection of a large building on his corner lot at the east end of Main street, this week. He will occupy the lower floor as a business room, while the second story will be fitted up as a public hall.

Union Thanksgiving services will be held in the Lutheran church in this place, on Thursday evening, Nov. 24th. Rev. J. A. Thomas will deliver the discourse. A general invitation is extended for all to take part in this service.

The east end of St. Joe is experiencing quite a building boom. M. T. Bishop is putting up a large business room, Wm. Leighty is building a new livery barn, and Wash Woodcox is adding quite an addition to his residence.

C. A. Washler of this place, and Wm. Rhodes of Spencerville have made application for new liquor licenses. If they are men of good moral characters, nothing can prevent their getting a license, if not they are not entitled to it. That's the law.

Dr. Bowman was seen going down the street the other day with two crutches and a cane. We hardly knew what to make out of it, but finally came to the conclusion that Doc was expecting to get into a racket with somebody, and in case he got crippled up, he would be prepared for it.

The Supreme Court has reversed its decision in regard to the drive well royalty. Quite a large number had already paid the royalty, and it is probable that they can never recover the amount. It was a swindle from beginning to end, and those who delayed the payment of it are just ten dollars ahead.

John Davis came rushing over to the saw-mill the other day, and wanted to get a two inch auger, right-away-off-quick. John was "ox" cited. It seems that while ditching on his farm, he had struck rock, and having heard so much about there being gas in Trenton rock, he thought perhaps he had struck it, and rushed up to get an auger, to bore through and let the gas out. The last we heard from it the gas was still in the rock.

A SOUND LEGAL OPINION.—E. Bainbridge Munday Esq., County Atty., Clay Co., Tex. says: "Have used Electric Bitters with most happy results. My brother also was very low with Malarial Fever and Jaundice, but was cured by timely use of this medicine. Am satisfied Electric Bitters saved his life."

D. I. Wilcoxson, of Horse Cave, Ky. adds a like testimony, saying: He positively believes he would have died, had it not been for Electric Bitters. This great remedy will ward off, as well as cure all Malaria Diseases, and for all Kidney, Liver and Stomach Disorders stands unequalled. Price 50 cts. and \$1.00 at W. C. Patterson's Drug Store.

OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

SPENCERVILLE.

Miss Mollie Carnes has returned from her visit in Ohio.

Mrs. Luther Jones has been on the sick list for the past few days.

Miss Nellie Olds has been visiting in Hicksville a few days this week.

John Batz and wife, of Huntertown, spent Sunday with her parents at this place.

Miss Etta Zimmerman, of Leo, has been spending a few days in town this week.

Dr. T. J. Dills and family, of Fort Wayne, were the guests of J. W. Dills last Sunday.

Rev. Thomas was to have lectured here Monday evening, but he failed to put in an appearance.

The Lutherans will give a Missionary Concert, at the church, Sunday evening, Nov. 27th. Mrs. Hunter, a great worker in that cause will be present.

COBURNTOWN.

J. M. Milliman and Wills Beber were in Garrett Tuesday.

Aunt Electa Abel is visiting with the family of R. G. Coburn this week.

Josh Lounsberry, of St. Joe, was at R. G. Coburn's Tuesday on official business.

Corn husking is about finished, and the fine weather for the last few days will give every one a chance to finish up nicely.

Henry Milliman will start for Tennessee in a week or two, for the benefit of his health. Wash Ryan will go with him.

B. A. Hadsell is haying the Richmond swamp grubbed out, and preparing it for a corn-field for next spring. Jake Baker is also doing some grubbing.

There will be a thanksgiving sermon by Eld. Thomas, at the corners Thursday, and a thanksgiving dinner after the sermon. Everybody is invited to come and have a good time.

Cam Hadsell thinks there is more money in making holes to lay in the ground than there is to drive them down end-ways. No water yet at Mr. Cole's and down ninety seven feet. Stick to it Cam.

George thinks his pa is awful anxious to get to work early in the morning, or he wouldn't leave the horses harnessed over night; but then you know we sometimes most always can't tell, and forget ourselves.

CONCORD.

Will Koch's baby has been sick.

George Draggoo is tiling his farm.

George Dilley's health is improving.

Emma Morr visited friends in Coburntown last week.

College day has been postponed for an indefinite period.

Mrs. M. E. Baker entertained friends from Garrett last Sunday.

Mrs. N. Hoffman is again able to be around, after an illness of several weeks.

Grandfather Houck is very feeble and confined to his room most of the time.

Grandma Baker's twin sister, Mrs. G. Brown, visited with her last Sabbath.

George Simanton and wife were the guests of Mr. Keller and wife last Sunday.

Ayle Simanton and family visited in the family of Callie Brown of Auburn, last Sunday.

Several of our young people attended the concert at Rehoboth last Saturday evening, and say that it was the finest entertainment of the season.

## Leighty Invites You

to call and examine his large stock of Dress Flannels.

40, 50, 60 and 75 cents

per yard. Also an elegant line of Passementeries and Fur Trimmings. Plushes at \$1 per yard.

Sadie Hilderbrandt and Janie Monroe have come home to stay during the winter season.

Mr. and Mrs. King, nee Monroe, of Lisbon, are the guests of Dick Monroe and sister Jennie.

Kay Stafford and family, of Rehoboth, were down to Sabbath school and church last Sunday.

Mrs. Fetters returned home last Sunday evening, from a two weeks visit with her mother near Bryan.

Mrs. Bowman and Mrs. N. Tustison of St. Joe, were the guests of Mrs. Green Brown last Wednesday.

John Baker moved into John Gysinger's house last Thursday, and expects to get work on the railroad.

Henry Milton is repainting his house, and when completed, will be a very convenient and comfortable residence.

Mrs. M. E. Baker and Mattie Buchanan have purchased dresses of that elegant five-cent dress goods, at the popular store of Case & Olds.

Belle lost her Bone and Nettie found it. We would not say anything about it; but Belle and us are good friends, and we thought she would want to know about where that Bone was.

There are sly rumors of a wedding in our midst in the near future. At least a certain doctor of Valparaiso is very attentive. We dare not mention the lady's name, because she said if we did she would give us "harky."

The Hicksville News says: "The farmers of Herking township, Fairfield county, Ohio, organized a rat hunt, and caught 250,000 rat-tails. What a whopper! That reminds us a story that has been told in this place, of a man over to Newville, who tore down an old barn, and killed all the rats there was under it, and cut off their tails and gathered them up, and there was just three bushels of tails."



—A. PATTERSON—

at The St. Joe Drug Store, repairs Clocks, Watches and Jewelry. All work warranted and prices reasonable. Give me your work.

Pickles prepared in vinegar.  
Fresh Craphberries.  
New Cheese.  
Fresh Baked Cookies.  
Bologna and Dried Beef.  
New Candies, Figs, &c.  
At Tustison's Grocery.

## LOOK THIS WAY!

I keep on hand a fine line of Furniture, which I will sell for the next 60 days at prices that defy competition. Glass Cupboards \$8.50. Double Case Seat and Back Rockers \$2. Dressing Case, with French Plate Glass \$12.00. Carpet Lounges \$6.50. Solid Comfort Beds for \$2.25. Undertaking a speciality.

August Kinsey, St. Joe, Ind.

## New Goods Arriving Daily!

CALL ON US FOR

## BIG BARGAINS.

FULL LINE OF

## LADIES CLOAKS AND WRAPS.

FINE STOCK OF CLOTHING ON HAND.

HEATING & COOK STOVES A SPECIALTY.

S. & F. BARNEY, ST. JOE, IND.



## At the Drugstore.

The largest and best line of fine cigars, tobaccos, pipes, and smoker's articles, can be found at the St. Joe Drugstore. They want your trade.

## At the Drugstore.

### PRESBYTERIANS

Who do not take the Herald and Presbyterian, should

#### SEND

Five One-Cent Stamps

#### FOR A

Sample copy of that paper and a beautiful steel-engraved

### Calendar for 1888

Size 4 1/2 x 6 1/4 inches.

Or send names and addresses of ten or more Presbyterians of different families who do not now take the paper, and receive the Calendar and sample copy free. Send at once. Mention name of church and pastor, and say where you saw this. Address: **HERALD AND PRESBYTER, 175 ELM STREET, CINCINNATI, O.**

### Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

THE BEST SALVE in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by W. C. Patterson.

and the supplement this week. Go to Miss Bartlett's for Millinery Goods.

Farmers say this is hard weather on wheat.

Fort Langley is at home on a few week's visit.

Freight traffic on the B & O. is very heavy at present.

Geo. T. Weeks, assistant editor of the Bristol Banner, was in town Sunday.

It is reported that Prof. Wedan, of musical fame, has left for parts unknown.

Jonathan Boyle will leave Monday for a visit with his children in Iowa, Illinois, and Kansas.

Don't fail to attend the Oyster Supper in Volmer's Hall, St. Joe, on Thursday evening Nov. 24th.

The subject of the sermon at the Methodist church Sunday morning at 10:30, o'clock, will be "Anarchy." You are invited to be present.

Mrs. Joe Baker and children arrived here Tuesday from their western home. They will spend several weeks here in visiting friends and acquaintances.

Mrs. John Davis was taken suddenly ill Wednesday morning, with neuralgia of the heart; and for a time her life was despaired of, but we are glad to know that she is now much better.

Prof. Coughanour was at Defiance Saturday, attending to his official duties as school examiner of Defiance county.

Al Carter reports having had a busy season's work, as contractor and builder. He will go to Ohio next week on a short visit.

If your lips would keep from slips, five things observe with care; of whom you speak, to whom you speak, and how and when and where.

Wash Woodcox is grubbing out and ditching his ten acres of western land just south of the elevator. Wash proposes to supply this town with vegetables next season.

A freight train tried to go by the Local on the same track, near Republic last Friday, but as that can't be done successfully, the result was a few smashed up ears. Nobody seriously hurt.

Last Friday morning the Local from the west, came in on time to the very dot, but the engine took sick and died here, which caused them to send to Garret for another. It was five o'clock before they got out of this place.

The demand for Chicago papers at this place last Friday and Saturday was unusually large. People were anxious to get the particulars of the Anarchists, and the consequence was that the newsboys raked in quite a harvest of nickels.

There is a saloon in New York City called the "Silver Dollar," the floor of which is inlaid with silver dollars cemented in the marble floor. There are to be seen in all about 700 dollars. The proprietor certainly has more dollars than sense.

Rev. Charles Merica, pastor of the M. E. church at Nappanee, and who assisted in the funeral services of Orange Fales, last week, was formerly principal of the schools at this place. His friends here will be glad to learn that he is making a success of his chosen profession.

Jonathan Shull returned from a short visit to Oceana county, Mich., last week, where he had been visiting his son-in-law, Lewis Lake, who has recently moved there. He says that in some respects he likes that country as well as this, but on the whole he thinks he would prefer to remain where he is.

George Wilson, of the City Flouring Mills at Hicksville, was in town Saturday. George has fully recovered from his recent severe illness, and seems heartier than ever. He informs us that their mill is kept very busy and that they have to run half of the nights in order to keep up with the demand for their flour.

Wm. Leighty has bought the old barn west of the Methodist church, and will move it on to his lot, next to his other barn, and will re-roof it and repair it in good shape, thus giving him three times as much barn room as he has at present. Mr. Leighty was compelled to enlarge his facilities in order to meet the wants of his growing trade.

The debates at Jenkins' school house have commenced for the winter, and are held on each Friday evening. The usual weighty questions will be brought forth and dissected, and probably, a little later on, when the weather gets cooler, they will tackle that old subject of the motherhood of a chicken; that is, if a hen sets on an egg and hatches it, who is the mother of the young chicken, the hen that laid the egg, or the one that hatched it? Its a deep question and ought to be settled before many more generations pass away.

## Wool Boots.

It has now become an established fact that it don't pay to buy poor goods. In wool boots there are different grades, of course. We have the best wool knit boot. Examine them before you buy.

## Rubbers.

Wherever and whoever you buy your Rubber Boots and Overshoes of, always insist on getting the "Candee." They have improvements that none others have. Sold only in St. Joe by Case & Olds.

## Overcoats.

If you want an Overcoat, don't look any further; we've got them that will suit you both in quality and price. Also a good line of Clothing at lowest prices. Red wool mittens only 25 cts. Call on Case & Olds for real live bargains.

### ST. JOE MARKETS.

CORRECTED EVERY FRIDAY.

Wheat	72 cts.
Oats	37 cts.
Corn	35 cts.
Batter	18 cts.
Eggs	16 cts.
Tallow	3 1/2 cts.
Lard	10 cts.
Potatoes	80 cts.

### OBITUARY.

Orange E. Fales was born at Spencerville, Ind., August 11th, 1851, and died at Nappanee, Ind., Nov. 6th, 1887, aged 36 years, 2 months and 25 days. He was married to Miss Kate Freeze, Jan. 3rd, 1881. He leaves a wife and one child, a son, Georgia, an aged father and mother, two sisters, four brothers and a large circle of relatives and friends to mourn his death. The funeral obsequies were held at Nappanee, on Tuesday, Nov. 8th, conducted by Rev. S. P. Fryberger, pastor of the Lutheran church at Spencerville, of which Mr. Fales was a member, assisted by Rev. Chas. Merica, pastor of the M. E. church at that place. A large concourse of people followed the remains to their last resting place.

### DON'T EXPERIMENT.

You cannot afford to waste time in experimenting when your lungs are in danger. Consumption always seems, at first, only a cold. Do not permit any dealer to impose upon you with some cheap imitation of Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds; but be sure you get the genuine. Because he can make more profit he may tell you he has something just as good, or just the same. Don't be deceived, but insist upon getting Dr. King's New Discovery, which is guaranteed to give relief in all Throat, Lung and Chest affections. Trial bottles free at W. C. Patterson's Drug Store. Large Bottles \$1.

### Notice.

All persons indebted to me, are requested to call and settle within the next 30 days. I need money, and must have a settlement.

Wm. Curie, St. Joe, Ind.

### Team for Sale.

A good heavy farm team, which I will sell for cash, or on time, the purchaser giving is note, with approved security.

W. L. Hollabaugh, St. Joe, Ind.

### Farm for Sale.

I offer at private sale, a good well-improved farm, 1 mile north of Concord, and 3 1/2 miles north-west of St. Joe, 7 miles east of Auburn; contains 120 acres, 85 in good cultivation, good substantial buildings, good well, good orchard and everything in good farming order. Terms reasonable and payment easy. For particulars inquire of J. C. St. Clair, 1 1/2 miles south of Waterloo.

J. C. St. Clair, Waterloo, Ind.

### Farm for Sale or Trade.

Said farm consists of 160 acres, 120 well improved. Good buildings, nearly new bank barn, 40 x 70, painted in good style, good timber, running water &c. Will sell cheap, or take a small farm in exchange and will give long time to pay the difference. Farm lies 3 miles north of St. Joe, and 7 1/2 miles east of Auburn. Reason for selling, have no help.

A. E. Swincock, St. Joe, Ind.



I have just laid the true invention that ex. being discovered every day. If a person would have told me fifty years ago that such and such things would have come to pass, I could not have believed it; not even if I had saw it with my own eyes. Just the other day I kept on a new thing that completely staggers me, a gude deed moor at least than I've ever ben stumped up to the present tyme. You kno ther has awlways ben a gude deed ov trabel to tel wen an eg was gude, or wen it was partly gude, or wen it contained a young chicken. Sam fokes don't cair much, an then agin ther ar others who ar so mity particular that tha cant go an eg that iz the least bit rottin. Now this fello we speak ov, has inventud an automatick indelible eg marker, that is attached to the reer ov the chicken, (see cut) an it so constructed that wen the hen lays an eg it marks the date that it was laid rite on the eg. Fur instance it wil read on the eg like this: "this eg was laid Nov. 15th, 1887." The grate advantages ov this invenshun can easily be seen, as wen yu go to the store to by eggs yu can select the latest dates and therby awlways get fresh laid eggs. Truif, this is an age ov progresshun, and a purson hardly knos one day weather he'll live to sea the next.

Your Luving Friend,  
Barcus Q. Hippenhammer.



# The St. Joe News.

ST. JOE, INDIANA.

MORT & WILL OLDS, PUBLISHERS.

## SUNSHINE AND SHOWER.

Two children stood at their father's gate,  
Two girls with golden hair,  
And their eyes were bright and their faces glad  
Because the morn was fair;  
For they said, "We will take that long, long  
walk  
To the Hawthorne copse to-day,  
And gather great bunches of lovely flowers  
From off the scented May;  
And oh! we shall be so happy there,  
"Till he sorrow to come away."

As the children spoke a little cloud  
Pressed slowly across the sky,  
And one looked up in her sister's face  
With a tear-drop in her eye,  
But the other one said, "Oh, heed it not,  
'Tis far too fair to rain."  
That little cloud may chase the sky  
For other clouds is vain.  
And so the children's voices rose  
In merriment again.

But ere the morning hours waned  
The sky had changed its hue,  
And that one cloud had chased away  
The whole great heaven of blue.  
The rain came down in heavy drops,  
The wind began to blow,  
And the children in their nice warm room  
Went fretting and forlorn;  
For they said, "When we have aught in store  
It always happens so."

New these two fair-haired sisters  
Had a brother at sea,  
A little midshipman aboard  
The old ant Victory.  
And on the self-same evening when  
They stood beside the pier,  
His ship was wrecked and on a raft  
He stood and died there,  
With the other sailors round him,  
Prepared to meet their fate.

Beyond the shore the ocean lay dead,  
The land with it was green,  
And its little brook that ran  
Like a barter on the shore,  
But always there the rain was there,  
With search and stillness,  
Their throats were parched, and their thirst,  
And they knelt down, one by one,  
And prayed to God for a miracle,  
And a miracle to wait them on.

And so that little cloud was sent,  
That shower in the rev green,  
And as a bird before the rain,  
Their barque was but a driven,  
And some few moments after,  
When the children and once more,  
And their brother told the story,  
They knew it was the hour  
When they had with off sunshine,  
And God had sent the shower.

## THE PRECIOUS SPY-GLASS.

BY A. D. BAILIE.

"That's just the best glass that ever sailor-man clapped eyes to," said bluff Capt. Martin, as, seated in his snug cabin, I took from a rack a big, old-fashioned ship's spy-glass, or telescope, bearing a silver plate with inscription:

"The English Government presented my old father, Captain of the clipper ship Martha Washington, with that glass for saving a British crew at the risk of his own vessel. It's the most precious thing I have on earth, except my wife and my ship—and it saved me from dying by the rope on the gallows." The Captain took the instrument from me and patted it lovingly as he nursed it in his arms.

"Give us the yarn, Cap!"

"Well, I don't mind—maybe you can make a story out of it."

"I was board ship with father until he died—mother had gone three years before. I had no relations, few friends. I thought I'd try a land cruise, so I packed this old glass with my little dunnage and hoofs off for the Yankee States.

"Up near the Canada line I got work with a farmer. I knew nothing of farming, but was tall, stout, strong, and willing, just 21, and hearty as live oak. I was on that farm at Round Lake for over a year, and folks got to like me very well. There was one I liked more than well; that was Jean, the adopted daughter of an old Frenchman, named Bazine, who, with his wife and nephew lived in a very lonely old house down on the lake shore. Jean was as trim built a little craft as ever carried tidy rigging. I made chase after first sight of her, and sometimes she showed signs of weakening. She was lightning for work, and old Monseer and Missis Bazine didn't encourage any one that they thought might take her away. Besides, they wanted their sullen, round-shouldered, bad-eyed nephew, Peter Carter, to marry her.

"No one knew anything of old Bazine, except that he came there several years before. He would answer no questions. He must have been rich once, for he had a great sideboard covered with heavy, old-fashioned silver plate. But he was miserly now and cranky in his ways of farming, and in

all things else. The people were sure he had lots of money hidden in his house, for he often paid for goods in foreign gold coin.

"Jean and I got to meeting in the early evenings, and I was certain she cared for me. But one night, after all day in the harvest field—we used to have whisky then—what I drank went to my head; my legs were steady, but I felt the liquor and showed it. The old stubborn in me waked up and I walked right to old Bazine's house and asked to see Jean.

"The old man raved and tore and gave me a good cursing, I paying him back in the same.

"Finally Jean put in an appearance, and showed she was mad at me for coming to the house, and also for being half, or more, drunk. What she said riled me, and I turned on my heel and left.

"I felt pretty bad that night. I was mad still, and yet ashamed of myself. I was up at first crack of dawn, and as soon as it was sun-up I goes with this old spy-glass to a rock from which I could see Bazine's house and all its surroundings about a mile away. This was the only point about from which such sight could be obtained. I had discovered it by accident, and I used to lay there in the early evening and watch through the glass for Jean to come out of the house, and make for our meeting place.

"I watched to see her come out that morning, at milking time, intending to hurry over and try to square matters with her, for I had concluded to leave and go to sea again for a while. But she didn't come out, for the reason, as I found long after, that when I left the night before old Bazine had abused me until she stood up for me, then he turned on her and struck her, and she had left the house at once and gone to a girl friend two miles away. I saw some things through this glass that morning, but thought nothing of them at the time. When my boss showed up at breakfast I demanded my wages—was going to leave at once—would give no reason. I was pail and hurried away feeling mad at myself and all creation. I walked to the town, took the stage, went to the railroad and rushed for New York, where I shipped at once on a packet bound for California, and we sailed the same evening. This was in '42, mind you.

"We went round the Horn and made port all safe. Then I got the gold fever and struck oil for the mines. Four years I worked, and at the end was only about \$3,000 ahead. I longed to go back to civilization for a while, and I started for the only place on land where I could hope for a welcome—Round Lake; I wanted to hear something of Jean, too.

"I reached there, surprised my old boss, who said he had heard I was dead. He invited me in, though somehow he didn't seem very hearty in his welcome. I sat there an hour when in comes two constables, claps irons on me, and shows me a warrant for my arrest—for murder of old Monseer and Missis Bazine.

"(Of course) I kicked and swore; 'twasn't no good. I landed in the town jail. There I heard the first I knew of the matter. It seems that about 7 o'clock on the morning I left Round Lake so suddenly Peter Carter had rushed to the nearest neighbors and informed them that the old couple had been murdered, their bodies carried off, and the house robbed. He had slept with a friend, he said, about a mile away. Jean had left, and the old people were alone. Their beds were covered with blood, and the house all turned up."

"Whom did he suspect?"

"Why, me—Ben Martin, who had been there the night before drunk, quarrelling with the old man, cursing and threatening him.

"I was looked for; my haste in leaving and refusal to tell why, my every action convinced all of my guilt. I was traced to New York, to the ship in which I sailed, but in those days there was no way of telegraphing ahead to stop me. There was a Ben Martin also in the crew, and he died of tremens on the second day out. This found its way into the papers and the people interested concluded that Martin was a mistake for Marlin, and I was gone.

"Well, I was in a pretty bad fix; but I sends for a lawyer and gives him five hundred out of my pile. He was a mighty white chap—even if he was a lawyer. I'd been overhauling my memory and I gave him some points. He went to work on 'em with a will.

"The day of the trial came, and it was a big day in that town. Peter Carter swore dead against me—how I cursed and threatened the old man; how I had a big stick in my hand; afterwards found, all bloody, in the bedroom; how I had been seen loitering around the house afterwards. He believed, felt sure, that I was the murderer.

"His friend, a stupid lout, swore that Peter slept with him the night of the killing. He couldn't tell what time Peter went away, for he slept until the boss kicked him up.

"Jean, prettier than ever, reluctantly testified that I had returned, curse for curse with old Bazine, but not as bad as Peter Carter stated, and that I had made no threats except that I would 'take the wind out of his sails yet.'

"Other witnesses of little things helped make the case look black for me.

"My lawyer asked that I might tell my own story. I was put on the stand. All listened, and Peter Carter sat down in front of me, with a sneer on his thick, ugly lips.

"I told my story thus:

"On the evening I had the words with old Monseer Bazine I had a big stick in my hand, the one shown here to-day. I did loiter about the house, not very near, for an hour or more after leaving the door step. I hoped to see Jean. I started in desperation, at last to knock again at the door. When I reached the fence I thought what a fool I was and stopped. The dog came at me, I threw my club at him, then walked away and went to my home. I didn't sleep and in the early next morning I went to a point on High Rocks, with my father's spy-glass and lay there looking for Jean to come out to milk the cows. I wanted to go and make up. I could see all the Bazine farm and the lake from where I was, being so high, and the spy-glass made things pretty clear to me. I didn't see Jean, but I did see some things that I thought nothing of then, but can understand now.

"If what you saw has anything to do with this case, you can state it," said the Judge.

"I turned my eyes full on Peter Carter as he sat facing me. His brown face was dirty white, his hands trembled; there was no sneer on his lips now. He tried hard to face me, and couldn't.

"As I lay on that rock," said I, "with my eye to the glass, about a quarter after 5 o'clock that morning, I saw Peter Carter coming up the road from Miller Davis' house. When he reached his uncle's he opened a window in the side and jumped in. In about five minutes he came out of the door, looked around, picked up a stick, which must have been the one I threw over, and saw again to-day. He stood with it, hefting it for a little time, then went into the house. It was full twenty minutes, I guess, before I see him come out with a big bag or bundle on his back, and this he carried down to Bazine's boat in the lake, that was tied to a tree. He put this load in the boat, went back into the house and came out with another sack or bundle and carried it likewise to the boat; then he got in, stood up and sculled the boat into the middle of the lake, where he flung the load overboard. Then he came back, went into the house, and in ten minutes or so was out again with a third or smaller bundle. He laid this down near the fence, went off and got a spade, dug like fury until he made a hole, and in it hid the bag. Then he filled in the dirt, tramped it down, and seemed to scatter rubbish over it. By this time I had concluded Jean was not about. I had heard so much of Bazine's queer ways of doing that I thought little or nothing of Carter's actions.

"I have told the truth, as God is to be my judge. I never harmed that old man nor woman or saw them after that evening. The man who killed the two sits there; his name is Peter Carter."

"During all my story Carter had shown symptoms of terror and a desire to rush from the court room. These evidences had an effect upon those present, but my story was so unexpected that none could believe it yet.

"Directly I stopped my lawyer bounced up.

"May it please the court," he said, "it is known that Mr. Bazine had two large, very prominent front teeth; that they were filled with gold that was very conspicuous. It is also known that old Mrs. Bazine, shortly after she came here, fell and fractured her skull, that Dr. Morrow removed the splinters and

over the cavity put a silver plate. I have here—about witnesses. The good neighbors here, believing the old table that Round Lake is bottomless, did not search therein for the bones. I had it done last night, here are two results," and opening a valise he poured out on the table a lot of bones, from these he picked two skulls, one with great, projecting, gold-plugged front teeth, and the other with a small silver plate on its top, held there by a slight bit of scalp.

"There was an unearthly yell from Carter, the first sound he had uttered since I began to speak; he threw himself upon the floor as the two terrible objects were thrust under his eyes. 'Lord have mercy upon me! Kill me! Hang me!' were his cries.

"The confession thus given was so complete that I was at once released. Peter Carter was carried to jail in the irons I had worn from it. He died of terror and remorse before being brought to trial. The third bag, buried at the fence, was dug up, before the legal authorities. In it was all the fine, heavy silver plate.

"Carter, as only relative of old Bazine, had administered and taken possession of his entire estate. But in looking into a tea urn, among the recesses of a silver, a will was found, which Bazine acknowledges Jean as his true, not only adopted, daughter, and leaves her all his property at the death of his wife, except \$1,000 to his nephew, Peter Carter.

"As all between her and the wealth were gone, Jean came in for a nice little fortune. It helped me buy an interest in the first ship I commanded, and has fixed me so sure that I never fear the future. If you'll come up to my house on Sunday night and have a glass of grog—you'll meet Jean, my wife.

## The Price Paid for Him.

Look at the Maine man, I saw there in the red den of a dentist, not even on sneaking terms with him. You might not think a man a great sorcerer that he has any peculiarities whatever, but the other day he came down with a terrible tooth-ache—so bad that he reared and kicked at "black" all within thirty seconds, till this world ceased to have any attraction for the man who was entertaining it. Well, he just couldn't stand it any longer, and started post-haste for dentist in a neighboring town.

"The proprietor of a hardware store in close proximity to this dentist was standing in the door of his store that afternoon when he heard a most terrible and ear-splitting shriek proceeding from the office of the man of teeth. He had become accustomed to means and subdued exclamation from that quarter, but never had he heard such bellowing as now pierced the air. His curiosity was so thoroughly aroused that a little later on he walked into the dentist's office and said:—

"Whom have you been butchering over here? I never heard such a yell in my life."

"Oh," replied the extractor of molars, "that was old John Tarbox from T— He had a tooth out."

"Had a tooth out!" replied the visitor, "well, I should think so, and it must have come mighty hard to fetch such a roar as that."

"Oh, dear, no," said the dentist; "he didn't make that noise when I pulled the tooth. It was afterward."

"Afterward?"

"Why, yes," was the reply. "The tooth came easily enough. The time he fetched that cry of agony was when I charged him 50 cents for doing the job!"—*Leviston Journal*.

## Cast His First Vote for Jefferson.

Josiah Graston, an old gentleman residing in Belton County, Texas, is certainly deserving of mention. He was born at Lovelady Crossing, on the Catawba River, Burke County, North Carolina, in the year 1778. When a lad he went with his parents to Tennessee, and resided in that State until the year 1865, when he went to Texas and settled there. Mr. Graston is proud of the fact that his first vote was cast for Thomas Jefferson for President, and he has been voting the straight Democratic ticket ever since. He gets about very well. He lives almost entirely in the past, recounting scenes and incidents of seventy and eighty years ago as though they belonged to last year.—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat*.

The iron chain and the silken cord, both equally are bonds.—*Schiller*.



When Your Nerves Bother You,  
Insigibito them. When your night's repose  
is unquiet or unrefreshing, your appetite  
faded or capricious, when slight noises cause  
you to start, and when even the slightest moment  
abnormally worry you, know three things, viz.:  
1st, that your nerves are weak; 2d, that you  
need a tonic; 3d, that its name is Hostetter's  
Stomach Bitters, the promptest, safest, most  
popular article of its class. The nerves are  
susceptible of being acted on only by penetrating  
and invigorating. Nerve diseases and remedies have  
their origin, but in the brain, and if they are  
to be cured, they are to be cured in the brain.  
The Bitters before referred to, and a wide class of  
the same during the day before referred to, is  
is far more likely to enter the brain, yielding  
more than repeated doses of any other. It  
person, doubtless, inactivity of the kidneys and  
liver, fever and other ailments, and other ailments  
are always associated and subdued by it.

The First Spinning Frame.  
The first spinning frame made in  
this country, which has been tempo-  
rarily intrusted to the Brown University  
for safe keeping, will soon be sent to the  
Patent Office at Washington. Samuel  
Slater, the inventor, introduced it into  
the old spinning mill at Pawtucket,  
R. I., about the year 1790. It was  
first started in a clothier's shop of that  
town, together with two other ma-  
chines of a somewhat similar pattern.  
In a year and a half it is said that they  
over-stocked the market, as several  
thousand tons of yarn had accumulated  
in that time, despite the manufacturer's  
efforts to dispose of it. The machine  
is still in excellent order, considering  
its great age.

Coughs and Colds. Those who are  
suffering from Coughs, Colds, Sore Throat,  
etc., should try BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES.  
Sold only in boxes.

WHATEVER name or designation is given to  
Fever and Ague, or other intermittent diseases  
it is safe to say that Malaria or a disordered  
state of the Liver is at fault. Eliminate the  
impurities from the system and a sure and  
prompt cure is the immediate result. Prickly  
Ash Bitters is the safest and most effective  
remedy for all biliary troubles, kidney diseases,  
and like complaints that has ever been brought  
before the public. A trial is its best recom-  
mendation.

A FAST MAN is very slow when it comes  
to paying his debts.

Chronic Coughs and Colds.  
And all diseases of the Throat and Lungs, can  
be cured by the use of Scott's Emulsion, as it  
contains the healing virtues of Cod Liver Oil  
and Hypophosphites in their fullest form. Is  
a beautiful creamy Emulsion, palatable as  
milk, easily digested, and can be taken by the  
most delicate. Please read: "I consider  
Scott's Emulsion the remedy par excellence in  
Tuberculous and Strumous Affections, to say  
nothing of ordinary colds and throat trou-  
bles."—W. R. S. CONNELL, M. D., Manchester,  
Ohio.

A LADY correspondent wants to know  
why, since the invention of needle guns,  
women can't fight as well as men.

"The Farmers' Poultry Raising Guide."  
This is the title of a new and valuable book  
on poultry raising for profit. This book an-  
swers in advance every possible question in  
respect to keeping and caring for poultry, and  
gives in the plainest possible manner all  
needed instructions to enable beginners or old  
hands to carry on the business successfully,  
and make money. If you desire to know how  
to make hens lay the year round; how to fatten  
market poultry quickly; how to dress and ship  
poultry and sell eggs to obtain the highest  
prices; how to build inexpensive hen houses  
and yards; how to discover, prevent, and cure  
all diseases of poultry; how to select and ob-  
tain choice breeds; and how men and women  
of long experience in the business make  
money, then send at once for a copy of THE  
FARMERS' POULTRY RAISING GUIDE, published  
by L. S. JOHNSON & CO., 222 Custom House Street,  
Boston, Mass. Price 25 cents. This book is  
profusely illustrated with engravings of model  
poultry houses and runs, also many of the best  
breeds of hens, ducks, turkeys, and geese.  
This work presents a matter of supreme im-  
portance to everybody, but especially to  
women, children, and invalids, for there is  
probably no way by which a small but constant  
cash income can be secured with so little effort  
as by keeping and caring for hens. From now  
until next March the price of eggs will advance  
higher and higher each month. Do not there-  
fore, delay, but send at once and get a copy of  
this valuable book. During the season of high  
prices the hens should be kept busy. For 50  
cents in stamps Johnson & Co. will send post-  
paid a copy of THE FARMERS' POULTRY RAISING  
GUIDE and two 25-cent packs of Sheridan's  
Powder to make hens lay, or they will send a  
25-cent tin can of Powder at regular rate  
(\$1.50) and a copy of the GUIDE free.

Itching Piles.  
Symptoms—Moisture; intense itching and  
stinging; most at night; worse by scratching.  
If allowed to continue tumors form, which  
often bleed and ulcerate, becoming very sore.  
Swayne's Ointment stops the itching and  
bleeding, heals ulceration, and in many cases  
removes the tumors. It is equally efficacious  
in curing all Skin Diseases. Dr. Swayne &  
Son, Proprietors, Philadelphia. Swayne's  
Ointment can be obtained of druggists, or by  
mail.

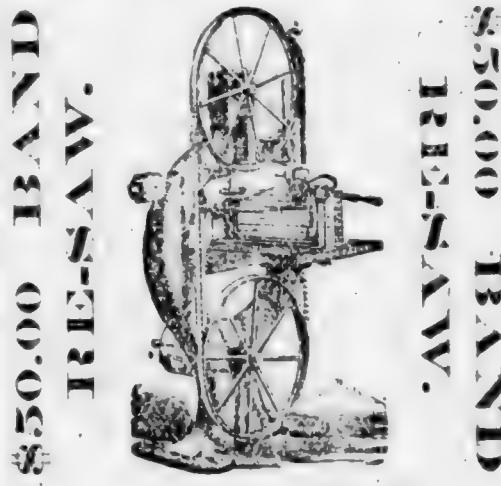
Catarrh Cured.  
A clergyman, after years of suffering from  
that loathsome disease, Catarrh, and vainly  
trying every known remedy, at last found a  
prescription which completely cured and  
saved him from death. Any sufferer from this  
dreadful disease sending a self-addressed  
stamped envelope to Prof. J. A. Lawrence, 212  
East Ninth street, New York, will receive the  
recipe free of charge.

The three R's brought Regret, Reproach,  
and Remorse to a great political party in 1884.  
The three P's, when signifying Dr. Pierce's  
Purgative Pills, bring Peace to the mind,  
Preservation and Perfection of health to the  
body.

A NORTH of England ferryman has the  
following motto: "No crown, no cross!"

California Excursions.  
Recent changes to the advantage of those  
buying tickets via THE GREAT ROCK ISLAND  
ROUTE. For circular giving full particulars  
address E. A. HOLBROOK, General Ticket and  
Passenger Agent, Chicago.

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MACHINE WORKS  
81 East Columbia St.,  
FORT WAYNE, INDIANA.



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PACIFIC LIVER PILLS  
STRICTLY VEGETABLE.

Cure Constipation, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Piles,  
Bile Headache, Liver Complaints, Loss of Ap-  
petite, Bloating, Nervousness, Jaundice, etc.  
For Sale by all Druggists. Price, 25 Cents.  
PACIFIC MANUFACTURING CO., ST. LOUIS, MO.

Ely's Cream Balm  
Gives relief at once for  
COLD IN HEAD  
CATARRH.  
Not a Liquid or Snuff.  
Apply Balm into each nostril.  
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BEST IN THE WORLD  
Insist upon getting the "Champion" if you  
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PAYS THE FREIGHT  
5 Ton Wagon Sealer,  
Iron Lovers, Steel Bearings, Brass  
Tire Beam and Beam Box for  
\$60.  
Every also Scale. For free price list  
mention this paper and address  
JONES OF BINGHAMTON  
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Dr. Williams' Indian Life Ointment  
is a sure cure for blind, bleeding or  
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Bottle 50 cents and 25¢ at druggists or  
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Sole relief ASTHMA.  
1 Price 3 Cents.  
By mail, Stowell & Co.,  
Charlottesville, Mass.

HOME Study. Secure a Business Education by mail  
from BRYANT'S BUSINESS COLLEGE, Buffalo, N. Y.

1888—EVERY LADY SHOULD TAKE IT—1888

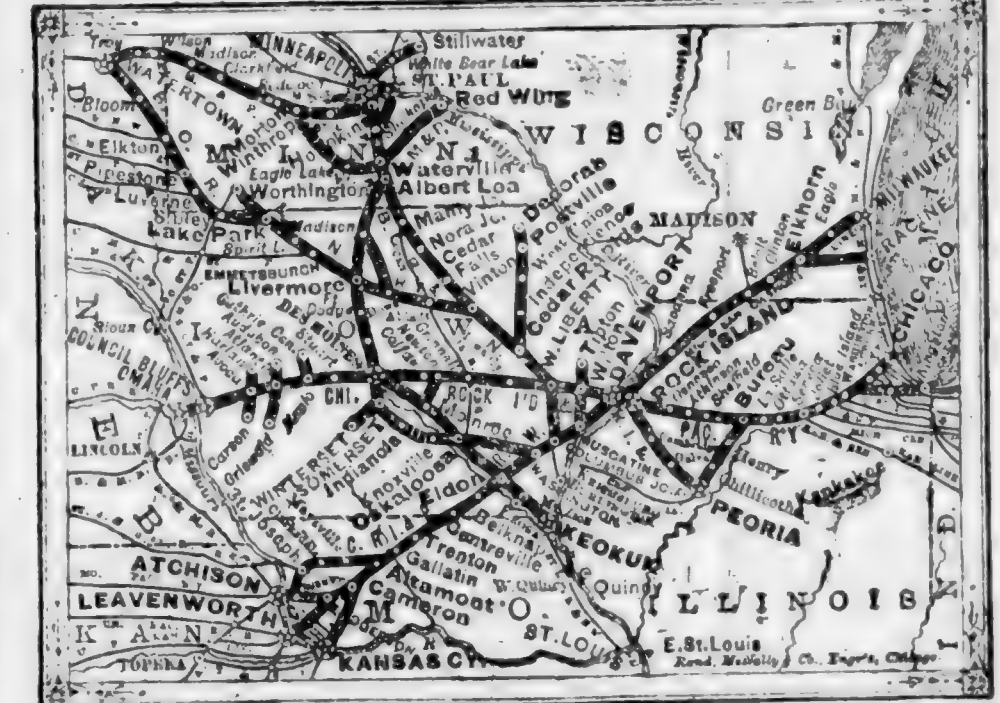
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WET  
HEN  
The man who has invested from three  
to five dollars in a rubber coat, and  
at his first half hour's experience in  
a storm finds to his sorrow that it is  
hardly a better protection than a mos-  
quito netting, not only feels chagrined  
at being so badly taken in, but also  
feels if he does not look exactly like  
Ask for the "FISH BRAND" SLICKER  
does not have the FISH BRAND, send for descriptive catalogue. A. J. Towse, 25 Simmons St., Boston, Mass.

A  
MAN  
WHO IS UNACQUAINTED WITH THE GEOGRAPHY OF THIS COUNTRY, WILL  
SEE BY EXAMINING THIS MAP, THAT THE



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## THE DUTY OF PARENTS.

Dr. Talmage's Discourse at the Tabernacle.

The Extremes of Discipline and Leniency—Children as Often Ruined by Indulgence as by Tyranny—The Proper Treatment of the Young.

BROOKLYN, Nov. 13.—The weekly publication of Dr. Talmage's sermons is beyond parallel. Beside the English speaking nations, including Australia and New Zealand, the sermons are regularly translated into the languages of Germany, France, Italy, Denmark, Norway, Russia, and India. The gentlemen having in charge the publication of these sermons inform us that in this country, every week, 13,000,000 copies of the entire sermon are printed, and about 4,000,000 in other lands, making over 17,000,000 per week. A similar arrangement is now being made for the publication of Dr. Talmage's Friday evening talks.

The subject of the sermon to-day was "Parental Blunders," and the text was I. Samuel iv, 18: "He fell from off the seat backward by the side of the gate, and his neck brake, and he died; for he was an old man, and heavy." Dr. Talmage said:

This is the end of a long story of parental neglect. Judge Eli was a good man, but he let his two boys, Hophni and Phinehas, do as they pleased, and through over-indulgence they went to ruin. The blind old Judge, 98 years of age, is seated at the gate waiting for the news of an important battle in which his two sons were at the front. An express is coming with tidings from the battle. This blind nonagenarian puts his hand behind his ear and listens and cries: "What meaneth the noise of this tumult?" An excited messenger, all out of breath with the speed, said to him: "Our army is defeated. The sacred chest, called the ark, is captured, and your sons are dead on the field." No wonder the father fainted and expired. The domestic tragedy in which these two sons were the tragedians had finished its fifth and last act. "He fell from off the seat backward by the side of the gate and his neck brake, and he died; for he was an old man, and heavy."

Eli had made an awful mistake in regard to his children. The Bible distinctly says: "His sons made themselves vile and he restrained them not." Oh, the 10,000 mistakes in rearing children, mistakes of parents, mistakes of teachers in day school and Sabbath classes, mistakes which we all make. Will it not be useful to consider them?

This country is going to be conquered by a great army, compared with which that of Baldwin I., and Nerves, and Alexander, and Grant, and Lee, all put together, were in numbers insignificant. They will capture all our pulpits, storehouses, factories, and halls of legislation, all our shipping, all our wealth, and all our honors. They will take possession of all authority, from the United States presidency down to the humblest constabulary—of everything between the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans. They are on the march now, and they halt neither day nor night. They will soon be here, and all the present active population of this country must surrender and give way. I refer to the great army of children. Whether they shall take possession of everything for good or for bad depends upon the style of preparation through which they pass on their way from cradle to throne. Cicero acknowledges he kept in his desk a collection of prefaces for books, which prefaces he could at any time attach to anything he wanted to publish for himself or others; and parents and teachers have all prepared the preface of every young life under their charge, and not only the preface, but the appendix, whether the volume be a poem or a farce. Families, and schools, and legislatures are in our day busily engaged in discussing what is the best mode of educating children. Before this question almost every other dwindle into insignificance, while dependent upon its proper solution is the welfare of governments and ages eternal. Macaulay tells of the war which Frederick II. made against Queen Maria Theresa. And one day she appeared before the august diet, wearing mourning for her father, and held up in her arms before them her child, the Archduke. This so wrought upon the officers and deputies of the people that with half-drawn swords they broke forth in the war cry, "Let us die for our Queen, Maria Theresa!" So, this morning, realizing that the boy of to-day is to be the ruler of the future, the popular sovereign, I hold him before the American people to arouse their enthusiasm in his behalf and to evoke their oath for his defense, his education, and his sublime destiny.

If a parent, you will remember when you were aroused to these great responsibilities, and when you found that you had not done all required after you had admired the tiny hands, and the glossy hair, and the bright eyes that lay in the cradle, you suddenly remembered that that hand would yet be raised to bless the world with its benediction, or to smite it with a curse. In Ariosto's great poem there is a character called Itu giero, who has a shield of ineffable splendor, but it is kept veiled

save on certain occasions, and when uncovered it startled and overwhelmed his beholder, who before had no suspicion of its brightness. My hope to-day is to uncover the destiny of your child or student, about which you may have no special appreciation, and flash upon you the splendor of its immortal nature. Behold the shield and the sword of its coming conflict.

I propose in this discourse to set forth what I consider to be some of the errors prevalent in the training of children.

First: I remark that many err in too great severity or too great leniency of family government. Between parental tyranny and ruinous laxity of discipline there is a medium. Sometimes the father errs on one side, and the mother on the other side. Good family government is all important. Anarchy and misrule in the domestic circle is the forerunner of anarchy and misrule in the State. What a repulsive spectacle is a home without order or discipline, disobedience and impudence, and anger and falsehood lifting their horrid front in the place which should be consecrated to all that is holy and peaceful and beautiful. In the attempt to avoid all this, and bring the children under proper laws and regulations, parents have sometimes carried themselves with great rigor. John Howard, who was merciful to the prisons and fazezzettos, was merciless in the treatment of his children. John Milton knew everything but how to train his family. Severe and unreasonable was he in his carriage toward them. He made them read to him in four or five languages, but would not allow them to learn any of them, for he said that one tongue was enough for a woman. Their reading was mechanical drudgery, when, if they had understood the languages they read, the employment of reading might have been a luxury. No wonder his children despised him, and stealthily sold his books, and hoped for his death. In all ages there has been need of a society for the prevention of cruelty to children. When Barbara was put to death by her father because she had countermanded his order, and had three windows put in a room instead of two, this cruel parent was a type of many who have acted the Nero and the Robespierre in the home circle. The heart sickens at what you sometimes see, even in families that pretend to be Christian—perpetual scolding, and hair pulling, and ear boxing, and thumping, and stamping, and fault finding, and teasing, until the children are vexed beyond bounds and growl in the sleeve, and pout, and rebel, and vow within themselves that in after days they will retaliate for the cruelties practiced. Many a home has become as full of dispute as was the home of John O'Groat, who built his house at the most northerly point in Great Britain. And tradition says that the house had eight windows, and eight doors, and a table of eight sides, because he had eight children and the only way to keep them out of bitter quarrel was to have a separate appointment for each one of them.

That child's nature is too delicate to be worked upon by sledge hammer, and gouge, and pile driver. Such fierce lashing, instead of breaking the high mettle to bit and trace, will make it dash off the more uncontrollable. Many seem to think that children are flax—not fit for use till they have been hatched and swinged. Some one talking to a child said: "I wonder what makes that tree out there so crooked." The child replied: "I suppose it was trod upon while it was young." In some families all the discipline is concentrated upon one child's head. If anything is done wrong, the supposition is that George did it. He broke the latch. He left open the gate. He hacked the banisters. He whittled sticks on the carpets. And George shall be the scapegoat for all domestic misunderstandings and suspicions. If things get wrong in the culinary department, in comes the mother and says, angrily: "Where is George?" If business matters are perplexing at the store, in comes the father at night and says, angrily: "Where is George?" In many a household there is such a one singled out for suspicion and castigation. All the sweet flowers of his soul blasted under this perpetual north-east storm, he curses the day in which he was born. Safer the child in an ark of bulrushes on the Nile, among crocodiles, than in an elegant mansion, amid such domestic gorgons. A mother was passing along the street one day, and came up to her little child, who did not see her approach, and her child was saying to her playmate: "You good-for-nothing little scamp, you come right into the house this minute or I will beat you till the skin comes off." The mother broke in, saying: "Why, Lizzie, I am surprised to hear you talk like that to any one!" "Oh," said the child, "I was only playing, and he is my little boy, and I am scolding him, as you did me this morning." Children are apt to be echoes of their parents.

Safer in a Bethlehem manger among cattle and camels with gentle Mary to watch the little innocent than the most extravagant nursery, over which God's star of peace never stood. The trapper extinguishes the flames on the prairie by fighting fire with fire, but you cannot, with the fire of your own disposition, put out the fire of a child's disposition.

Yet we may rush to the other extreme and rule children by too great leniency.

The surgeon is not unkind because, notwithstanding the resistance of his patient, he goes straight on with firm hand and unfaltering heart to take off the gangrene. Nor is the parent less affectionate and faithful because, notwithstanding all violent remonstrances on the part of the child, he with the firmest discipline advances to the cutting off of its evil inclinations. The Bible says: "Chasten thy son, while there is hope, and let not thy soul spare for his crying." Childish rage unchecked will, after a while, become a hurricane. Childish petulance will grow up into misanthropy. Childish rebellion will develop into the lawlessness of riot and sedition. If you would ruin the child, dance to his every caprice and stuff him with confectionery. Before you are aware of it that boy of 6 years will go down the street, a cigar in his mouth and ready on any corner with his comrades to compare pugilistic attainments. The parent who allows the child to grow up without ever having learned the great duty of obedience and submission has prepared a cup of burning gall for his own lips and appalling destruction for his descendant. Remember Eli and his two sons, Hophni and Phinehas.

A second error prevalent in the training of children is a laying out of a theory and following it without arranging it to varieties of disposition. In every family you will find striking differences of temperament. This child is too timid, and that too bold, and this too miserly, and that too wasteful; this too inactive and that too boisterous. Now, the farmer who should plant corn and wheat and turnips in just the same way, then put them through one hopper and grind them in the same mill, would not be so much of a fool as the parent who should attempt to discipline and educate all their children in the same manner. It needs a skillful hand to adjust these checks and balances. The rigidity of government which is necessary to hold in this impetuous nature would utterly crush that flexible disposition, while the gentle reproof that would suffice for the latter would, when used on the former, be like attempting to hold a champing Bucephalus with reins of gossamer. God gives us in the disposition of each child a hint as to how we ought to train him, and as God in the mental structure of our children indicates what mode of training is the best, he also indicates in the disposition their future occupation. Do not write down that child as dull because it may not now be as brilliant as your other children or as those of your neighbor. Some of the mightiest men and women of the centuries had a stupid childhood. Thomas Aquinas was called at school "the dumb ox," but afterwards demonstrated his sanctified genius and was called "the angel of the schools" and "the eagle of Brittany." Kindness and patience with a child will conquer almost anything, and they are virtues so Christianlike that they are inspiring to look at. John Wesley's kiss of a child on the pulpit stairs turned Matthias Joyce from a profligate into a flaming evangelist.

The third error prevalent in the training of children is the one-sided development of either the physical, intellectual, or moral nature at the expense of the others. Those, for instance, greatly mistake who, while they are faithful in the intellectual and moral culture of children, forget the physical. The bright eyes half quenched by night study, the cramped chest that comes from too much bending over school-desks, the weak side resulting from sedentary habit, the pale cheeks and the gaunt bodies of multitudes of children attest that physical development does not always go along with intellectual and moral. How do you suppose all those treasures of knowledge the child gets will look in shattered caske? And how much will you give for the wealthiest cargo when it is put into a leaky ship? How can that bright, sharp blade of a child's attainments be wielded without any handle? What are brains worth without shoulders to carry them? What is a child with magnificent mind but an exhausted body? Better that a young man of 21 go forth into the world without knowing A from Z, if he have health of body and energy to push his way through the world, than at 21 to enter upon active life, his head stuffed with Socrates, and Herodotus, and Bacon, and La Place, but no physical force to sustain him in the shock of earthly conflicts. From this infinite blunder of parents how many have come out in life with a genius that could have piled Ossa upon Pelion, and mounted upon them to scale the Heavens, and have laid down panting with physical exhaustion before a mole hill. They who might have thrilled senates and marshaled armies and startled the world with the shock of their scientific batteries, have passed their lives in picking up prescriptions for indigestion. They owned all the thunderbolts of Jupiter, but could not get out of their rocking chair to use them. George Washington in early life was a poor speller, and spelled hat h-a-double-t, and a ream of paper he spelled "rheum," but he knew enough to spell out the independence of this country from foreign oppression. The knowledge of the schools is important, but there are other things quite as important.

Just as great is the wrong done when the mind is cultivated and the heart neglected. The youth of this day are seldom denied any scholarly attainments. Our schools and seminaries are ever growing in

efficiency, and the students are conducted through all the realms of philosophy, and art, and language, and mathematics. The most hereditary obtuseness gives way before the onslaught of adroit instructors. But there is a development of infinite importance which mathematics and the dead languages cannot affect. The more mental power the more capacity for evil unless coupled with religious restraint. You discover what terrible power for evil unsanctified genius possesses when you see Scaliger with his scathing denunciations assaulting the best men of his time, and Blount and Spinoza and Bolingbroke leading their hosts of followers into the all-consuming fires of skepticism and infidelity. Whether knowledge is a mighty good or an unmitigated evil depends entirely upon which course it takes. The river rolling on between round banks makes all the valley laugh with golden wheat and rank grass, and catching hold of the wheel of mill and factory, whirled it with great industries. But, breaking away from restraints and dashing over banks in red wrath, it washes away harvests from their moorings and makes the valleys shrink with the catastrophe. Fire in the furnace heats the house or drives the steamer; but, uncontrolled, warehouses go down in awful crash before it, and in a few hours half a city will lie in black ruin, walls and towers and churches and monument. You must accompany the education of the intellect with the education of the heart, or you are rousing up within your child an energy which will be blasting and terrible. Better a wicked dunce than a wicked philosopher.

The fourth error often committed in the training of children is the suppression of childish sportfulness. The most triumphant death of any child that I ever knew was that of Scoville Haynes McCollum. A few days before that, he was at my house in Syracuse, and he ran like a deer and his halloo made the woods echo. You could hear him coming a block off, so full was he of romp and laughter and whistle. Don't put religion on your child as a straight jacket. Parents, after having for a good many years been jostled about in the rough world often lose their vivacity, and are astonished to see how their children can act so thoughtlessly of the earnest world all about them. That is a cruel parent who quenches any of the light in a child's soul. Instead of arresting its sportfulness, go forth and help him trundle the hoop, and fly the kite and build the snow castle. Those shoulders are too little to carry a burden, that brow is too young to be wrinkled, those feet are too sprightly to go along at a funeral pace. God, bless their young hearts! Now is the time for them to be sportful. Let them romp and sing and laugh, and go with a rush and a burrah. In this way they gather up a surplus of energy for future life. For the child that walks around with a scowl, dragging his feet as though they were weights and sitting down by the hour in moping and grubbing, I prophesy a life of utter inanimation and discontent. Sooner hush the robins in the air till they are silent as a bat, and lecture the frisking lambs on the hillside until they walk like old sheep, than put exilarant childhood in the stocks.

The fifth error in the training of childhood is the postponement of its moral culture until too late. Multitudes of children because of their precocity have been urged into depths of study where they ought not to go, and their intellects have been overburdened and overstrained and battered to pieces against Latin grammars and algebras, and coming forth into practical life they will hardly rise to mediocrity, and there is now a stuffing and cramming system of education in the schools of our country that is deathful to the teachers who have to enforce it, and destructive to the children who must submit to the process. You find children at 9 and 10 years of age with school lessons only appropriate for children of 15. If children are kept in school and studying from 9 to 3 o'clock, no home study except music ought to be required of them. Six hours of study is enough for any child. The rest of the day ought to be devoted to recreation and pure fun. But you cannot begin too early the moral culture of a child, or on too complete a scale. You can look back upon your own life and remember what mighty impressions were made upon you at 5 or 6 years of age. Oh, that child does not sit so silent during your conversation to be uninfluenced by it. You say he does not understand. Although much of your phraseology is beyond his grasp, he is gathering up from your talk influences which will affect his immortal destiny. From the question he asks you long afterward you find he understood all about what you were saying. You think the child does not appreciate that beautiful cloud, but its most delicate lines are reflected into the very depths of the youthful nature, and a score of years from now you will see the shadow of that cloud in the tastes and refinements developed. The song with which you sang that child to sleep will echo through all its life, and ring back from the very arches of Heaven. I think that often the first seven years of a child's life decides whether it shall be irascible, waspish, rude false, hypocritical, or gentle, truthful, frank, obedient, honest, and Christian. The present generations of men will pass off very much as they are now. Although the gospel is offered them,



# THE ST. JOE NEWS.

VOL. I.

ST. JOE, IND., FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 25, 1887.

NO. 41.

## Churches.

### DISCIPLE.

SERVICES every alternate Sunday evening, in the Lutheran church. Cottage prayer meeting every Friday evening.

J. A. THOMAS, PASTOR.

### METHODIST PROTESTANT.

SERVICES every alternate Sunday at 10:30 A. M. Prayer meeting every Tuesday evening. Sunday School at 9:30 A. M.

J. M. LANGLEY, PASTOR.

### EVANGELICAL LUTHERAN.

SERVICES every Sunday, one Sunday in the morning at 10:30, and the following Sunday in the evening. Prayer meeting every Thursday evening. Sunday School at 9:30 A. M.

S. P. FRYBERGER, PASTOR.

## Societies.

### G. A. R.

REGULAR meetings on Saturday evening on or before the full moon of each month, at their hall over Leighty's store.

O. H. WIDNEY, COMMANDER.

J. M. MILLIMAN, ADJUTANT.

## Business Notices.

H. W. BOWMAN, M. D., Physician and Surgeon, St. Joe, Ind. Office opposite the Drugstore.

ST. JOE HOTEL, Wm. Leighty, proprietor. Special attention given to furnishing teams for commercial men.

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CITY BARBER SHOP, St. Joe, Ind. John Hull, proprietor. Shaving, Hair Cutting &c. done in the best of style. Come and see me. Two doors west of Kinsey's Furniture Store.

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## INDIANA STATE NEWS.

—Under the caption of "Judicial Circuits and Business," the State Bureau of Statistics has compiled returns from fifty-eight counties for the year ending June 30, 1887, the following being the most important of the several totals tending to show the business transacted by the Courts of the State: Civil cases begun during the year, 13,890; criminal cases begun, 4,626; indictments returned, 3,576; convictions in criminal cases, 1,216; executions issued, 5,278; foreclosure decrees entered, 1,512. Several of the larger counties including Knox, Boone, Randolph, Cass, Vigo, and Clinton, each of which constitute a judicial circuit, have failed to make returns, and the bureau makes the following estimate for the entire State: Civil cases begun, 22,032; criminal cases begun, 7,338; indictments returned, 5,672; convictions in criminal cases, 1,920; executions issued, 8,372; foreclosure decrees entered, 2,399. This estimate shows an annual average of sixty-two indictments and twenty-one convictions in each county of the State.

—At Shelbyville, George Cullumber, of Fairland, was standing on a side-track of the C., I., St. L. & O. Railroad, looking toward the south, when a freight train from the north backed down upon him. Seven cars and a locomotive passed over his body, which was severed near the heart. Both arms were cut off and an ugly gash inflicted on the head. His mangled body was carried to his home, and the coroner sent for. The deceased was born in the State of Virginia, April 28, 1827, and had resided in Fairland twenty-one years. He was a member of the Grand Army, and served as Postmaster at Fairland for two years. He leaves a wife and two children.

—The State Statistician is compiling the averages of the crops of the season. He will have the work completed in a few days. It will show that the yield of corn is about 60,000,000 bushels, while in 1885 it was 117,000,000, and last year 108,000,000. Had there been sufficient rain the crop would have reached 125,000,000 bushels. One farmer reported that he got only thirteen ears to the acre. The average will be about twenty bushels to the acre. For wheat the average is only fifteen bushels. Irish potatoes will reach about one-fourth of a crop, or in the aggregate not more than 1,500,000 bushels.

—Considerable excitement has been aroused in the vicinity of Farmer's Institute, Tippecanoe County, over the discovery that glanders, in a very serious form, has broken out among the horses in that neighborhood. A veterinary surgeon found two horses belonging to A. H. Crouse very bad, and by order of the Board of Health officer they were shot. Other horses have contracted the disease, it is claimed, but their owners deny that it is the glanders, and decline to kill their animals. The veterinary pronounces the disease acute glanders.

—A woman in the case caused a fatal affair at Stendal, Pike County. David Monroe and his nephew, James Southerland, quarreled over Monroe's wife. Monroe knocked Southerland down, and cut a big gash in his head. Southerland left, and Monroe went to bed. Later in the night a shotgun was pushed through the window of Monroe's bedroom and discharged into the small of his back. Monroe was found covered with blood and a big hole in his back, fatally injured. Southerland escaped.

—The dead body of a man about 35 years of age, and apparently a tramp, was found under the railroad bridge over Flat Rock, near Columbus. His skull was crushed as if with a club, though his death may have been caused by falling through the bridge. The general opinion is that he was murdered, and a party of four

tramps, who were encamped near the spot, have been arrested on suspicion.

—Ethan Leak, a young farmer residing two and a half miles east of Jamestown, while carelessly handling a revolver, accidentally discharged it, the ball striking his wife and seriously, if not fatally, injuring her. Seeing the result of his carelessness, and doubtless thinking that he had killed his wife, he placed the weapon to his forehead and sent a bullet through his brain, instantly killing himself.

—The mangled body of Charles Bowman, a well-known young Wabash County farmer, was found by the roadside near his home. It is supposed that while riding on a load of corn he was thrown off and the wheels passed over his body, crushing the chest in a frightful manner. Bowman died before a physician could be summoned.

—W. F. Beach, an old engineer, residing in New Albany, has perfected a plan by which he hopes to utilize the vast water-power of the Ohio falls. He proposes to dig a huge mill-race, in which to convey the water to a reservoir, where it will be made to turn a lot of turbine wheels, from which the power is to be transmitted to factories.

Work has been commenced at Portland on glass-works for the manufacture of window-glass. The works will employ sixty men. The Chicago Creamery Company, when they complete their factory, will manufacture butter tubs and employ 125 men. The men working in both mills will add 1,000 to the population of Portland.

—J. T. Emmons, a brakeman on the Panhandle road, who lives at Sulphur Springs, had his hand badly mangled while coupling cars in the yards at Anderson. He went to Newcastle to have his injuries dressed by Dr. Rea, the railroad surgeon, and it was found necessary to amputate two of his fingers.

—George Cullumber, of Fairland, was run over by a freight train and killed.

—Charles Moran, whose home is at Holton, Ripley County, while working in a stone quarry at Paris, met with a very serious if not fatal accident. While raising a huge stone with a derrick the dogs slipped, letting the stone drop upon him, breaking his legs.

—Ira Siders, aged 30, a married man, residing in Jackson Township, Jay County, was struck on the head by a falling tree and instantly killed.

—Rev. L. D. Ridgeway, of Madison, has accepted a call from the Christian Church at Rochester to become their pastor.

—While repairing derricks in John Puttman's stone-yard, in Newport, two of the machines fell, killing John Davis, a stone-cutter, and Joseph Knapper, nephew of Puttman. Davis leaves a helpless family of seven children.

—The large paper-mill formerly run by the Elkhart Paper Company, and which has been idle for some time, has been bought by the Excelsior Starch Company of that city, and will resume business at once.

—The Indianapolis car-works have been awarded the contract to build 250 cars for the Kentucky Southern road.

—The people of Cayuga are rejoicing over the discovery of a five-foot-and-eight-inch vein of coal of fine quality. It is said on good authority that the new coal fields embrace a territory of at least 10,000 acres.

—Daniel Studebaker, a farmer of Deercreek Township, Cass County, committed suicide by hanging himself to a beam in his barn.

—Frank Doggett was killed by the accidental discharge of his gun while hunting near Downeyville.

—Dillard and Anna Brosius, Indianapolis, have been left \$1,000,000 in Pennsylvania coal lands.

## MONEY

## TO

## LOAN

## On Farm Property

IN SUMS OVER \$200.

Interest only once a year. We charge no commission. You can pay any part or all of the loan at any time. You can keep the money as long as you please if the interest is promptly paid. For further particulars call on or address

W. C. Patterson,  
ST. JOE, IND.

## Ho for Arkansas!

## Cheap Homes for Everybody!

In a high, healthy, rich land country. On the 15th of September and the 1st of October there will be excursions from this place to that point at a very low rate of fare. For full information in regard to these excursions call on A. B. Coburn, Real Estate Agent, St. Joe, Ind. Office with Dr. Sheffer, one door east of Drugstore.

GO to the News Office, St. Joe for all kinds of Printing. All work done promptly, and at the lowest prices. Give us a call.

G. E. EMANUEL, M. D., Physician and Surgeon, Spencerville, Ind. Office in J. Emanuel & Son's Drug Store. All calls promptly answered.

HOUSE PAINTING, Graining, Glazing Paper Hanging and Ceiling Decorating a specialty. All work guaranteed. B. A. Woodcox. Call and see me, or leave orders at the St. Joe Drugstore.



# The St. Joe News.

ST. JOE, INDIANA.

MORT & WILL OLDS, PUBLISHERS.

## EVENTS OF A WEEK.

### THE OLD WORLD.

—Dr. G. H. Martin, one of the leaders of the recent revolution in Hawaii, says that great changes for the better have been made in the government, with which, it would seem, King Kalakaua has now very little to do, as he is controlled by the cabinet and legislature. The threats of the disgruntled Spreckels that he will ruin the sugar trade of the kingdom are not causing much anxiety there.

—M. Henri Rochefort, the editor of the *La Transigeant*, of Paris, has fought a duel with swords with M. Marmack, the editor of the *Cri du Peuple*. The latter was wounded. The encounter was the result of a quarrel over Gen. Boulanger.

### FINANCIAL AND INDUSTRIAL.

—The Central Bank of Canada, located at Toronto, has failed, owing to the stringency in the money market. The capital of the concern is \$1,000,000, and it is not believed the depositors will suffer any loss. Isaac Sickles, wholesaler of laces and velvets at New York, failed for \$115,000. An assignment was made by the New York Cable Construction Company, whose liabilities are figured at \$100,000. R. H. C. Hill, a stockholder at Philadelphia, was unable to meet his liabilities, and 13,000 shares of stock were sold under the rules for his account. The failure did not affect the market.

—H. H. Chittenden, the assignee of A. S. Hatch & Co., the New York stock brokers, says that the firm's liabilities will not reach \$200,000.

—R. G. Dun & Co., in their weekly review of trade, says:

Apprehended deficiency of supplies is the excuse for the excited advance in some products, but the bottom fact is, that more currency is in circulation than ever before, and Treasury deposits with banks feed the speculative fever, while removing the fear of monetary pressure at the chief centers of trade. Business is generally active for the season, though at some points retarded by slow collections or recent failures. The exchanges last week fell below those of the same week last year, but the great increase at most Western and Southern cities continues. The business failures during the week number, for the United States, 205, and for Canada, 19, a total of 224, compared with 217 last week, and 243 for the corresponding week of last year.

—The United Labor party of the State of Missouri has just held its State Convention at Kansas City. A great deal of discussion was had over the adoption of the Syracuse or the Cincinnati platform, and finally the following Missouri substitute was adopted:

We, as delegates of the United Labor party of Missouri in convention assembled, respectfully submit to the candid consideration of the people of the State the following declaration of principles: That the legitimate function of good government is to provide for each and all equal protection from the fraud or violence of any, and equal security in the enjoyment of natural rights and those opportunities for the pursuit of happiness that nature has made common to all men; that whenever the power of government is used for any other than this legitimate purpose it must inevitably be to the advantage of some and to corresponding disadvantage of others; that Government has no right to interfere with and cannot abrogate those natural laws. When the Government, with or without consideration, grants special privileges to any of the people it is at the expense of the rest of the people; that such privileges are equally unjust, whether recently granted or clothed with the respectability of age; that the Free-Soil party of the United States was right when in its platform of 1852 it declared "that all men have a natural right to a portion of the soil, and that as the use of the soil is indispensable to life the right of all men to the soil is as sacred as their rights to life itself," and that a single tax on land values is admirably adapted to securing to all men their right to the soil without injustice to any; that all such monopolies as have been built up by the assistance of the Government through the grant of special privileges and all necessary enterprises exceeding the power of individual ability should be owned and controlled by the Government, as the postal system now is; that the Australian system of voting should be adopted, in order to secure some approximation to independence in and purity of elections.

### PERSONAL NOTES.

—Miss Bancroft, granddaughter of the Hon. George Bancroft, created some surprise at Washington, by marrying Mr. Charles Carroll, of Baltimore. The young lady was understood to be engaged to a French viscount. None knew of the wedding until after the knot had been tied.

—A Chicago dispatch says of Mr. S. W. Rawson, the banker, who was shot by his step-son in front of a church three or four Sundays ago: "His appetite is weakening, and his general condition is less comfortable. His physicians, however, are very hopeful of his ultimate recovery, though the danger from blood-poisoning and formation of abscesses can not be said to be completely at an end."

—Miss Susan B. Anthony and other ladies

interested in the work, are organizing woman suffrage clubs in Indiana.

### POLITICAL POINTS.

—Secretary Lamar, in an interview with a New York *Herald* correspondent, is reported as saying that—

In case he was offered a seat on the Supreme Bench he would accept it as the greatest honor of his life. In reference to the report that Don M. Dickinson, of Detroit, had been invited to accept a portfolio in President Cleveland's Cabinet, Mr. Lamar said that he had no knowledge of the matter, but he paid a high compliment to the Detroit gentleman and thought it was no disparagement to his character that he was, as reported, an active participant in politics. He believed that Dickinson might be acceptable to the rank and file of the Democratic party, as Mr. Dickinson was not only a good politician in the honest sense of that term, but he was a good Democrat and a good citizen. In regard to Sparks' resignation, he said: "Mr. Sparks' resignation will involve no defection or abatement from the policy which President Cleveland has established with reference to the preservation of our public lands from illegal appropriation by corporations and land speculators." Mr. Lamar then paid a tribute to President Cleveland as the actual author of the land reforms which had been inaugurated by this administration.

### FIRES AND ACCIDENTS.

—Five colored laborers on the extension of the Nashville, Florence and Sheffield Railroad, says a Nashville (Tenn.) dispatch, were killed by being buried in a mass of rocks and earth loosened by an explosion of charges of dynamite in a side-cut on a road-bed. The fatality occurred near Wayland Springs, and was the result of a misunderstanding. The foreman had sent his hands away to a place of safety, with orders not to return until he sent for them. He, with one or two hands, remained to charge the holes in the rocks and fire the fuses. Five of the hands came back in the cut just below the facing where the blasting was to be done, and instantly tons of boulders and earth were hurled in on them, burying them so they were not gotten out for forty-eight hours.

—A loss of \$150,000 was caused by the burning of the Ziegels Brewing company's establishment at Buffalo.

—By the explosion of a boiler in Heller Brothers' blast furnace at Woodside, New Jersey, one man was killed and three others were injured. The works were damaged to the extent of \$30,000.

—Memphis has just been visited by the most destructive conflagration in the history of the city. It started in the buildings of the Merchants' Cotton Compress and Storage Company, and destroyed them, with 13,200 bales of cotton and several compresses. The loss will reach \$800,000, on which there is not a great deal of insurance. W. E. Keffer's woolen mills and Patterson & Sessions' flour mill, at Canibus, N. Y., were destroyed by fire, entailing a loss of \$100,000. Rothschild & Co.'s wholesale dry-goods store at Owensboro, Ky., was burned. The insurance foots up \$43,500, while the loss is placed at \$60,000. A business block at Decatur, Ala., was ruined, the losses aggregating \$100,000. The Anchor Line steamer *Arizona* was almost entirely destroyed by flames at Marquette, Mich. The crew escaped.

—During the year ending Oct. 31 last, seventeen Gloucester (Mass.) fishing vessels were lost, 108 men perishing, who left over sixty fatherless children.

—Fire in the Cincinnati Southern Railway yards at Ludlow, Ky., caused a loss of \$17,000. About 500 men are thrown out of employment, and it will take a long time to rebuild the property.

—Near Paducah, Ky., recently, the engine of a freight train on the Chesapeake and Ohio Southwestern Road fell through a trestle, the supports of which had been burned away, into the creek bed beneath, and the engineer and a brakeman were killed.

### THE CRIMINAL RECORD.

—Lee Mosier was hanged at Wichita, Kan., for the murder of Hugh Lawler.

—A Louisiana, Mo., dispatch says that the crowd of armed farmers and citizens in pursuit of the two tramps who attempted to assault Mrs. Beauchamp and Mrs. Browning, in the southern portion of Pike County, Missouri, overtook them and hanged them to a tree.

—Thomas M. Green, of Maysville, Ky., correspondent of the Cincinnati *Commercial Gazette*, and Col. L. D. Baldwin, of Nicholasville, had a shooting affray in the streets of Lexington, Ky., in which Baldwin was killed and Green seriously wounded. Mr. Polk, a would-be peace-maker, was shot twice, both of his wrists being wounded.

—A gang of eight or nine tramps boarded an east-bound freight train west of Utica, N. Y., and took possession of the cars, refusing to pay fare. They overpowered the conductor and compelled him to run them to Herkimer. An attempt was there made to arrest them, when they fired on the train men. Officers boarded the train, and it was run to Little Falls, where three of the tramps were arrested.

—August Rinckert, a wealthy German farmer, living near Hamrod's, N. Y., committed suicide by an arrangement so that when he jumped from a chair, with a rope about his neck, a gun was discharged at his side, blowing his heart away. The elopement of his only daughter with an ignorant railway trackman prompted the tragedy.

### MISCELLANEOUS NOTES.

—Typhoid fever is alarmingly prevalent at Albany, N. Y. The Mayor has issued a proclamation requesting citizens who use river water to boil it, as it is supposed to contain the seeds of the disease.

THAT there is to be a definite plan of tariff reduction submitted to Congress there can be no doubt, says a Washington special. The plan will be recommended in the President's message and outlined in the report of the Secretary of the Treasury, and will have had the previous approval of Mr. Carlisle and of other Democratic leaders who will represent the Democratic majority in the House. What the details of the plan will be it is not yet possible to determine. There can be no doubt, however, that the general policy has been determined upon, and that it involves a reduction both in the internal revenue and in the customs duties.

—An aerolite, weighing three tons, dropped with a loud report in front of the Merchants' National Bank, in Amsterdam, N. Y., shortly before noon of Friday last, making a deep indentation in the ground. Great excitement was created by the occurrence, and large crowds viewed the celestial visitor. Local experts find traces of iron, nickel, aluminum, and other metals in the aerolite.

—At the National Convention of the W. C. T. U., at Nashville, Frances E. Willard was re-elected President, the old board being honored in like manner. A framed photograph of the temperance temple to be erected in Chicago, to cost \$50,000, first proposed by Mrs. T. B. Carce, was exhibited and highly praised, and \$6,000 toward its construction was pledged.

—The National Grange has just held its annual meeting at Lansing, Mich. Gov. Luken delivered an address of welcome, which was responded to by Worthy Master Darden. Addresses were also delivered by the Hon. O. M. Barnes, Congressman Allen, President Willets of the Agricultural College, ex-Gov. Robie of Maine, Col. J. H. Brigham of Ohio, and the Hon. J. M. Lipscomb of South Carolina. The Secretary and Treasurer made their reports. The former showed satisfactory progress of the order.

The report of the Secretary shows that 140 original charters, forty-seven duplicate charters, forty-nine deputation certificates, and dispensations of 143 new granges were issued during the year. The total receipts were \$1,587. The Treasurer reported a balance on hand of \$8,044. Illinois, Georgia, Delaware, Connecticut, and Alabama reported large gains during the year. The remaining States have not reported. Regulations were introduced and referred favoring the establishment of a postal telegraph; changing section 4 of the interstate law; asking for a law prohibiting the adulteration of food and dealing in futures, and asking for representation in the cabinet.

### THE ANARCHISTS.

—The anarchists continue to spend most of their money in saloons, says a New York special. They continue to curse the police and newspaper men. Occasionally they try to get up an impromptu meeting, but as soon as they hear that the police are around they adjourn to their bar-room to resume the consumption of beer. Most was discussed at police headquarters Tuesday, and plans are maturing not only to check Messrs. Most and company in future, but to bring him to book if possible. Superintendent Murray did not believe that New York had anything to fear from anarchists.

—A New York dispatch says the heads of the police department have decided that hereafter the anarchists will not be allowed to meet, and that the carrying of banners or badges or the playing of any music, should they undertake to parade, will not be permitted. There are hints of speedy sensational developments. Herr Most declares that the published statements as to the tenor of his remarks at the anarchist meeting on Saturday night do him great injustice. He says that he made no such incendiary remarks as were attributed to him.

—Johann Most, the anarchist, was arrested by the police, at the office of his newspaper in New York, on Thursday last. He was taken directly to police headquarters and through the aldermen's gate and locked up in one of the cells in the basement. His arrest was made by direction of Inspector Byrnes on a warrant issued by Justice Cowing, for having made an incendiary speech calculated to incite a riot. The speech upon which Most was indicted was a particularly blood-curdling one, and was brought out by his indignation at the hanging of the Chicago anarchists.

—Johann Most, the anarchist, was liberated at New York, a woman named Ida Effular furnishing bonds of \$1,500.

### Avoiding Colds.

Wet feet are to be scrupulously guarded against. Few people are strong enough to avoid catching cold from such exposure, and when it is remembered that all the blood circulates through the feet every few minutes, it is easy to see how readily chill comes if the extremities are wet and cold. Should they accidentally get so, however, it is best to keep rapidly moving until dry stockings and boots can be reached, when a hot foot-bath and brisk rubbing will usually restore equilibrium.

It is surprising how certainly a cold may be broken up by a timely dose of quinine. When first symptoms make their appearance, when a little languor, slight hoarseness, and ominous tightening of nasal membranes follow exposure to draughts or sudden chill by wet, five grains of this useful, alkaloid are sufficient in many cases to end the trouble. But it must be done promptly. If the golden moment passes, nothing suffices to stop the weary sneezing, handkerchief using, red nose, and woe-begone looking periods that certainly follow. A pill in time.

Speaking of colds, I have a theory that no one need ever have one unless he chooses. In other words, that it is quite possible so to train the skin, that wonderful organ that is generally looked upon as the paper wrapper to our human bundle, as to render it nonsusceptible to sudden changes of temperature or atmospheric moisture, whence colds come.

And as this is exactly the season to commence such a system of pellar education, as it proved effective in many instances within my own knowledge, and as it is within easy reach of every one to try, I write it here. The theory is that no skin that has been exposed freely for half an hour at the beginning of a day to a temperature lower than it will encounter through the day will note small changes or be affected thereby.

A cold is simply a nervous shock, received by the myriads of minute nerve terminals that bristle over the surface of the human body, transmitted to the centers and so back again to the mucous membrane, the peculiar seat of this special irritation. Let us then so train these sensitive fibers that they will pass by, unnoticed, changes of atmospheric condition, and the matter is accomplished.

It is done by taking a daily air-bath, the entire naked body exposed for a few minutes to whatever temperature and dampness reigns outside the house, by opening every window and keeping in motion about the sleeping chamber directly after rising. If any part remains covered, that part remains sensitive; all must be bare. Beginning with five or even two minutes these warm mornings, the air bath should be gradually lengthened up to twenty or thirty, using gentle exercise all the time, and within two months the early hour will become a delightful one. Even as cold weather comes, there will be no suffering from lowering temperature. Entire freedom from colds is a boon well worth striving for.

This air-bath is by no means intended to replace one with water, but may best precede it, and the protective value is enhanced by a gentle sponging afterward. If this training is successfully carried out one feels warmer of a winter's morning unclad than all the day following with clothing on.

Care must be taken in case of an aged person or one suffering from debilitating disease; but the system has been practiced here with excellent effect in early stages of consumption, where a peculiar susceptibility to cold is common. —*Family Physician, in American Magazine.*

### More Than One Mayflower.

Mayflower was a common name for a ship in early days, and the one examined for the East India Company in 1600, and the other possessed by the company in 1659, which is believed to have subsequently foundered in the Bay of Bengal, must both have been larger ships than the little craft of the Pilgrim Fathers. The Mayflower of 1600 must have, moreover, ceased to exist by 1620, and that of 1620 long before 1659. Only ships built of Indian teak could have kept the sea from 1600 to 1659 like those used by Phoenicians at Tylos, which Theophrastus tells us had continued sailing for more than 200 years. —*The Athenaeum.*

A YOUNG Mexican girl is soon to appear in the arena as a bull-fighter.



## "DOCTORING OLD TIME."

### A Striking Picture—A Revival of Old-Time Simplicity.

In one of Harper's issues is given a very fine illustration of Roberts' celebrated painting, known as "Doctoring Old Time." It represents a typical old-timer, with his bellows, blowing the dust from an ancient clock, with its cords and weights carefully secured. One of these clocks in this generation is appreciated only as a rare relic.

The suggestive name, "Doctoring Old Time," brings to our mind another version of the title, used for another purpose,—"Old Time Doctoring."

We learn, through a reliable source, that one of the enterprising proprietary medicine firms of the country, has been for years investigating the formulas and medical preparations used in the beginning of this century, and even before, with a view of ascertaining why people in our great-grandfathers' time enjoyed a health and physical vigor so seldom found in the present generation. They now think they have secured the secret or secrets. They find that the prevailing opinion that then existed, that "Nature has a remedy for every existing disorder," was true, and acting under this belief, our grandparents used the common herbs and plants. Continual trespass upon the forest domain, has made these herbs less abundant, and has driven them further from civilization, until they have been discarded as remedial agents because of the difficulty of obtaining them.

H. H. Warner, proprietor of Warner's safe cure, and founder of the Warner Observatory, Rochester, N. Y., has been pressing investigations in this direction, into the annals of old family histories, until he has secured some very valuable formulas, from which his firm is now preparing medicines, to be sold by all druggists.

They will, we learn, be known under the general title of "Warner's Log Cabin Remedies." Among these medicines will be a "Sarsaparilla," for the blood and liver, "Log Cabin Hops and Buchu Remedy," for the stomach, etc., "Log Cabin Cough and Consumption Remedy," a remedy called "Scal pine," for the hair; "Log Cabin Extract," for internal and external use, and an old valuable discovery for Catarrh, called "Log Cabin Cream." Among the list is also a "Log Cabin Plaster," and a "Log Cabin Liver Pill."

From the number of remedies, it will be seen that they do not propose to cure all diseases with one preparation. It is believed by many that with these remedies a new era is to dawn upon suffering humanity, and that the close of the nineteenth century will see these roots and herbs, as compounded under the title of Warner's Log Cabin Remedies, as popular as they were at its beginning. Although they come in the form of proprietary medicines, yet they will be none the less welcome, for suffering humanity has become tired of modern doctoring and the public has great confidence in any remedies put up by the firm of which H. H. Warner is the head. The people have become suspicious of the effects of doctoring with poisonous drugs. Few realize the injurious effects following the prescriptions of many modern physicians. These effects of poisonous drugs, already prominent, will become more pronounced in coming generations. Therefore we can cordially wish the old-fashioned new remedies the best of success.

### On the Stairs.

"Let's see," said a woman who was inspecting an empty house in the eastern part of the city with a view to rent, "haven't several of your tenants died in the house?"

"Only two, madam."

"And they died of typhoid fever, I hear, caused by the drainage being so bad."

"Typhoid fever! Some one is trying to injure me, madam. They both fell down stairs and killed themselves."

"That's singular."

"Oh, no, madam. You see, they stood at the head of the stairs when I lowered the rent to \$12 per month, and the sudden shock overbalanced them."

—Detroit Free Press.

### Sam's Slang.

I have been frequently referred to as a slang slinger. I believe in taking the near cuts on everything except a straight road.

To get there we need—

First, a starting point,

Secondly, a route,

Thirdly, somebody to go it,

Finally, a destination.

God has not made something out of nothing since the evening of the sixth day. What a man has in him will determine largely how long it will take him to "get there." Some people have more in them just after dinner than at any other time.—Rev. Sam. Jones.

Throat Diseases commence with a Cough, Cold, or Sore Throat. "Brown's Bronchial Trachea" give immediate relief. Sold only in boxes. Prices 25 cts.

"This is a fee-nominal case," remarked a lawyer who received a dollar for defending a man.

### THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

Has recently been increased in size, making it by far the cheapest illustrated Family Weekly published. That it is highly appreciated is shown by the fact that it has won its way into 400,000 families. The publishers issue a new Announcement and Calendar, showing increased attractions for the new year. It \$1.75 is sent now, it will pay for THE COMPANION to January, 1889, and you will receive the admirable Double Thanksgiving and Christmas Numbers, and other weekly issues to January 1st free.

## Why Laura Lost Her Beau.

Laura once had an affluent beau, Who called twice a fortnight, or so. Now she sits, Sunday eve, All lonely to grieve. Oh, where is her recreant beau, And why did he leave Laura so?

Why, he saw that Laura was a languishing, delicate girl, subject to sick headache, sensitive nerves, and uncertain temper; and, knowing what a lifelong trial is a fretful, sticky wife, he transferred his attentions to her cheerful, healthy cousin, Ellen. The secret is that Laura's health and strength are sapped by chronic weakness, peculiar to her sex, which Ellen averts and avoids by the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. This is the only remedy for woman's peculiar weaknesses and ailments, sold by druggists under a positive guarantee from the manufacturers that it will give satisfaction in every case or money will be refunded. See guarantee on bottle wrapper.

THE leading man who is always trying to mash some of the girls in the audience might properly be called a leer-ical artist.

### The Popular Thoroughfare.

The Wisconsin Central Line, although a comparatively new factor in the railroad systems of the Northwest, has acquired an enviable popularity. Through careful attention to details, its service is as near perfection as might be looked for. The train attendants seem to regard their trusts as individual property and as a result the public is served par excellence. The road now runs solid through fast trains between Chicago, Milwaukee, St. Paul, and Minneapolis with Pullman's best and unequalled dining cars; it also runs through solid sleepers between Chicago, Ashland, Duluth, and the famous mining regions of Northern Wisconsin and Michigan.

The best and surest Remedy for Cure of all diseases caused by any derangement of the Liver, Kidneys, Stomach and Bowels. Dyspepsia, Sick Headache, Constipation, Bilious Complaints and Malaria of all kinds yield readily to the beneficial influence of

# PRICKLY ASH BITTERS

It is pleasant to the taste, tones up the system, restores and preserves health. It is purely Vegetable, and cannot fail to prove beneficial, both to old and young. As a Blood Purifier it is superior to all others. Sold everywhere at \$1.00 a bottle.

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# DIGESTYLIN

### A SURE CURE FOR INDIGESTION AND DYSPEPSIA.

Over 5,000 Physicians have sent us their approval of DIGESTYLIN, saying that it is the best preparation for Indigestion that they have ever used.

We have never heard of a case of Dyspepsia where DIGESTYLIN was taken that was not cured.

### FOR CHOLERA INFANTUM.

IT WILL CURE THE MOST AGGRAVATED CASES. IT WILL STOP VOMITING IN PREGNANCY. IT WILL RELIEVE CONSTIPATION.

For Summer Complaints and Chronic Diarrhea, DIGESTYLIN will effect an immediate cure.

Take DIGESTYLIN for all pains and disorders of the stomach; they all come from indigestion. Ask your druggist for DIGESTYLIN (price \$1 per large bottle). If he does not have it, send one dollar to us and we will send a bottle to you, express prepaid. Do not hesitate to send your money. Our house is reliable. Established twenty-five years.

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PENSIONS COLLECTED and Increased by Fitzgerald & Powell, Indianapolis, Ind. Old cases reopened. Send for copy of Laws, free.

\$5 to \$25 a day. Samples worth \$1.50, FREE. Lines not under the horse's feet. Write Brewster & Sons, Boston, Mass.

WORK FOR ALL. \$20 a week and expenses paid. Full description and particulars FREE. P. O. VICKERY, Augusta, Me.

\$250 A MONTH. Agents wanted. 10 best-selling articles in the world. 1 sample FREE. Address JAY BRONSON, Detroit, Mich.

PENSIONS in Soldiers and Heirs. L. BINGHAM, AU'g, Washington, D. C.

OLD is worth \$500 per pound, Pettit's Eye Salve \$1.00, but is sold at 25 cents a box by dealers.

Be ate green cucumbers; They made him quite sick; But he took a few "Pelllets" That cured him right quick. An easier physic You never will find Than Pierce's small "Pelllets," The Purgative kind.

Small but precious. 25 cents per vial.

If a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush, is a mole on the face worth two in the ground?

## FOR ALL DISORDERS OF THE Stomach, Liver and Bowels

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**PACIFIC LIVER PILLS**

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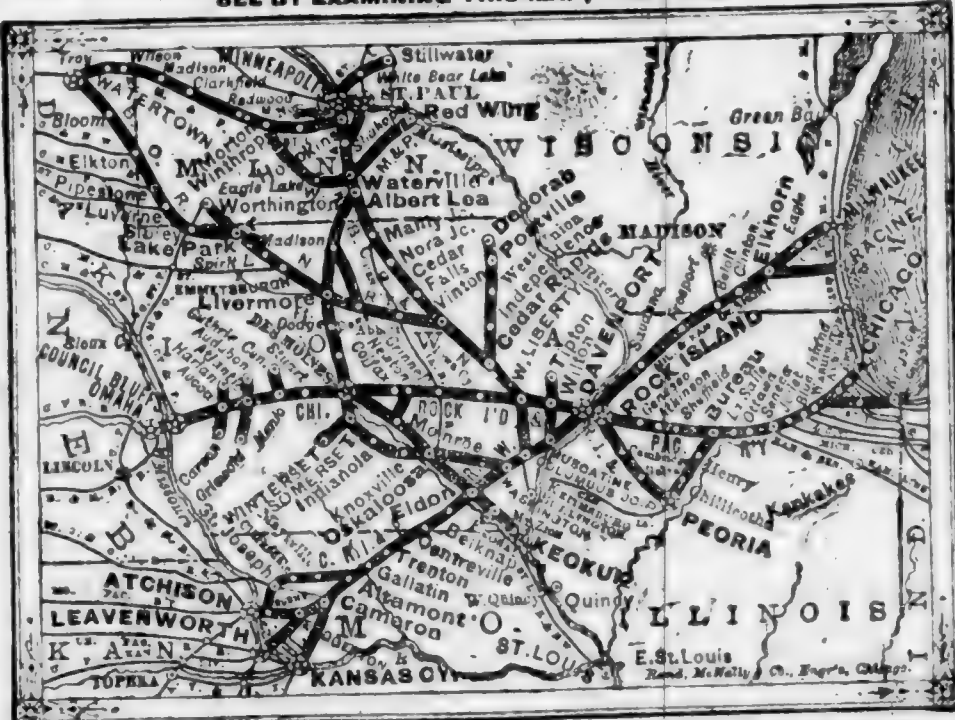
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CATARRH SAMPLE TREATMENT FREE  
No great secret, but we can cure you, dear sufferer, we will mail enough to convince. From B. B. LAUDERBACK & Co., Newark, N. J.

# A MAN

WHO IS UNACQUAINTED WITH THE GEOGRAPHY OF THIS COUNTRY, WILL SEE BY EXAMINING THIS MAP, THAT THE



## CHICAGO, ROCK ISLAND & PACIFIC RY

By reason of its central position, close relation to principal lines East of Chicago and continuous lines at terminal points West, Northwest and Southwest—is the only true middle-link in that transcontinental system which invites and facilitates travel and traffic in either direction between the Atlantic and Pacific. The Rock Island main line and branches include Chicago, Joliet, Ottawa, LaSalle, Peoria, Geneseo, Moline and Rock Island, in Illinois; Davenport, Muscatine, Washington, Fairfield, Ottumwa, Oskaloosa, West Liberty, Iowa City, Des Moines, Indianola, Winterset, Atlantic, Knoxville, Audubon, Harlan, Guthrie, Centre and Council Bluffs, in Iowa; Gallatin, Trenton, St. Joseph, Cameron and Kansas City, in Missouri; Leavenworth and Atchison, in Kansas; Albert Lea, Minneapolis and St. Paul, in Minnesota; Watertown in Dakota, and hundreds of intermediate cities, towns and villages.

## THE GREAT ROCK ISLAND ROUTE

Guarantees Speed, Comfort and Safety to those who travel over it. Its roadbed is thoroughly ballasted. Its track is of heavy steel. Its bridges are solid structures of stone and iron. Its rolling stock is perfect as human skill can make it. It has all the safety appliances that mechanical genius has invented and experience proved valuable. Its practical operation is conservative and methodical—its discipline strict and exacting. The luxury of its passenger accommodations is unequalled in the West—unsurpassed in the world.

ALL EXPRESS TRAINS between Chicago and the Missouri River consist of comfortable DAY COACHES, magnificent PULLMAN PALACE PARLOR and SLEEPING CARS, elegant DINING CARS providing excellent meals, and between Chicago, St. Joseph, Atchison and Kansas City—restful RECLINING CHAIR CARS.

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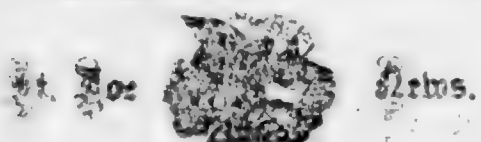
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Entered at the Post Office at St. Joe as second-class matter.

FRIDAY NOVEMBER 25, 1887.

The grand jury has been at work all this week.

Fort Wayne will build a new city hall to cost \$60,000.

Over one hundred dollars has been paid in this vicinity, as royalty on olive wells. Gone where the wood-bine twined.

Yesterday was no doubt a very enjoyable day to most people, especially along about dinner time, but it was pretty hard on chickens and turkeys.

If there were a dozen persons in this town who were as bent on boring for gas as Uncle Dave Grill, we would have a hole in the ground before the waxing of very many moons.

Lafayette Olds of Troy township, was a widower with nine motherless children. Last week he married a widow with six more, and now there are just fifteen kids in the family. Lafayette is no relative of the News.

The Avilla News was a year old last week. Under the management of Harry L. Askew, the present editor and proprietor, it has become one of the brightest and newest of papers, and we always welcome its weekly visits.

The contractor who put down the Garrett gas well, seems to have come the "shenanigan" over the directors by claiming to be down 2000 feet, when in fact he was only down about 1400 feet. He drew his pay and skipped.

Mrs. Starnen, the lady who has been visiting at A. Kribbill's for several weeks, and who had the misfortune to break her limb some time ago, has recovered so far as to be able to go to her home near Mansfield, Ohio, last Saturday.

The present exceedingly dry spell seems to be general all over the country, and in some parts the drouth is far worse than in this locality, as will be seen by the following item which we clip from an Ohio paper: "From all points comes the cry of water, water, and not a drop to drink. Farmers in some parts are slaughtering their stock, rather than have them die of thirst. Northwestern Ohio, because of its deep wells, is not suffering so much, yet water is getting to be a valuable element. Wells are drying up, and in many places, wheat is very badly stunted."

PERSONAL.—N. H. Frohlichstein, of Mobile, Ala., writes: I take great pleasure in recommending Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, having used it for a severe attack of Bronchitis and Catarrh. It gave me instant relief and entirely cured me and I have not been afflicted since. I also beg to state that I had tried other remedies with no good result. Have also used Electric Bitters and Dr. King's New Life Pills, both of which I can recommend.

Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds, is sold on a positive guarantee. Trial bottles free at W. C. Patterson's Drug Store.

## OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

### CONCORD.

James Baker butchered several fine hogs last Tuesday.

Stephen Bates is very sick and the physicians have but little hope of his recovery.

John Guysinger and family visited with his sister in Garrett last Friday and Saturday.

Dave Miller and family and Mrs. Melton visited relatives at East Springfield on Tuesday.

Mrs. Jane Dragoon was taken ill quite suddenly, while down to Gust Hull's one day last week, but is better now.

Mrs. Bowman and Mrs. N. Tustison of St. Joe, visited in the country one day last week. They were the guests of Grandma Buchanan.

Now we feel sure that wedding is going off soon, for Alice (Oh dear, we wasn't to tell who) went to town one day last week and bought a handle and a pair of pants.

Quite a number of Wm. Dragoon's friends made a wood-chopping last Wednesday for his benefit, and succeeded in getting up enough wood ready for the stove, to do him during the cold weather.

### CONERTOWN.

Henry Millman started for Tennessee Tuesday.

R. G. Coburn made a flying visit to Paulding Center, Ohio, one day last week. For particulars enquire of Jake Dornick.

If any readers of the News propose to invest in some notes that are being offered for sale by parties over this way, they will find it to their interest to visit Paulding Center, Ohio before doing so.

R. G. Coburn lost one of his cows one day last week. If any of his friends propose to make his loss good, by furnishing him with another new milch cow, they can make it known through the News.

Wills and Al have gone into partnership for the purpose of training dogs to set. They now have a full blooded setter in training, and though they have had him only a few days, they have got him so he will set by the hour watching for a bone or a crust of bread. If they can make the business profitable they will no doubt advertise for dogs to train. Next.

A select few of Charley Coburn's friends met at his house last Monday, to celebrate his sixtieth birthday. Owing to the clemency of the weather quite a number of those invited failed to put in an appearance, but all who were there will unite with me in saying, we had a very enjoyable time. About three o'clock dinner was served, and such a dinner, very few house-wives are able to get up, and to which all did ample justice. After dinner a few presents were brought out and presented to him, which put him in such a flutter he could not even say thanks, but they were appreciated all the same. Charley was then requested to stand in a half bushel and shoulder two bushels of wheat to fulfill a promise he made some time ago, that he would do it on his sixtieth birthday; but he just crawled right out of it by saying it was only a peck of bran that he was to shoulder. Charley always could go through a mighty small hole if you would only let him go backward. Well, we hope he may live to see many more birthdays, and be able to bring up his large family of little children.

## Leighly Invites You

to call and examine his large stock of Dr. S. Pills, at

40, 50, 60 and 75 cents

per yard. Also an elegant line of Dressing-Enteries and Fur Trimmings. Prices at \$1 per yard.

Miss Emma Tustison went to Ohio yesterday, to visit friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Michael Reinhold of Waterloo, are visiting their daughter Mrs. Al Wenick, of this place.

Mrs. R. S. Polley and children of Fort Wayne, are the guests of Mrs. J. D. Leighly, this week.

An editor of a Michigan paper offered to take a few pumpkins on subscription, and the paper having been out an hour before, his backyard was full to overflowing, and he found it necessary to send some one out on each leading road to warn farmers that he had enough pumpkins.

The 'Auburn' Courier seems to think that the present prosperity of St. Joe, to a certain degree, is due more to the efforts of the ladies of the place, than the men. Let that be as it may, there is one thing sure, our town is prosperous, and we know it, and are glad of it. St. Joe people are wide-awake, and always alive to the best interests of the town, and that's the reason why it is one of the liveliest little towns in the county.

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# OYSTERS

AT THE ST. JOE DRUG STORE, REPAIR WORK, WATCHES AND JEWELRY. All work warranted and reasonable. Come in your work.

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I keep on hand a fine line of furniture, which I will sell for the next 60 days at prices that defy competition. Glass Cupboards \$2.50, Double Case and Back \$4.00, Dressing Case, with French Bed, Glass \$12.00, Carpet \$2.00, Solid Comfort Beds for \$2.00. Undertaking a specialty. August Kinsey, St. Joe, Ind.

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## THE GOSPEL OF HEALTH.

Divine Services in the Brooklyn Tabernacle.

**Dr. Talmage Rejoices That the Number of Christian Physicians Is Increasing—The Wild Oats of Youth Are Generally Sown in the Liver.**

BROOKLYN, Nov. 20.—The Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D. D., opened the services at the tabernacle this morning by giving out the hymn beginning:

Should coming days be cold and dark,  
We need not cease our singing;  
That perfect rest nought can molest,  
Where golden harps are ringing.

He then explained a passage in the Gospel of St. Matthew, concerning the inferior kind of salt that was cast out to make walks of, to be trodden under foot of men. The subject of Dr. Talmage's discourse was "The Gospel of Health," and his text from Proverbs vii, 23: "Till a dart strike through his liver." He said:

There is a fashion in sermons. A comparatively small part of the Bible is called on for texts. Most of the passages of Scripture, when announced at the opening of sermons, immediately divide themselves into old discussions that we have heard from boyhood, and the effect on us is soporific. The auditor guesses at the start just what the preacher will say. There are very important chapters and verses that have never been preached from. Much of my lifetime I am devoting to unlocking these gold chests and blasting open these quarries. We talk about the heart, and preach about the heart, and sing about the heart, but if you refer to the physical organ that we call the heart, it has not half so much to do with spiritual health or disease, moral exaltation, or spiritual depression, as the organ to the consideration of which Solomon calls us in the text, when he describes sin progressing, "till a dart strike through his liver."

Solomon's anatomical and physiological discoveries were so very great that he was nearly 3,000 years ahead of the scientists of his day. He, more than 1,000 years before Christ, seemed to know about the circulation of the blood, which Harvey discovered 1,619 years after Christ, for when Solomon in Ecclesiastes, describing the human body, speaks of the pitcher at the fountain, he evidently means the three canals leading from the heart that receive the blood like pitchers. When he speaks in Ecclesiastes of the silver cord of life, he evidently means the spinal marrow, about which in our day Doctors Mayo, and Carpenter, and Dalton, and Flint, and Brown-Sequard have experimented. And Solomon recorded in the Bible thousands of years before scientists discovered it, that in his time the spinal cord relaxed in old age, producing the tremors of hand and head: "Or the silver cord be loosed."

In the text he reveals the fact that he had studied the largest gland of the human system, the liver, not by the electric light of the modern dissecting room, but by the dim light of a comparatively dark age, and yet had seen its important function in the God built castle of the human body, its selecting and secreting power, its curious cells, its elongated, branching tubes, a divine workmanship in central, and right, and left lobe, and the hepatic artery through which God conducts the crimson tides. Oh, this vital organ is like the eye of God in that it never sleeps. Solomon knew of it and had noticed either in vivisection or post-mortem what awful attacks sin and dissipation make upon it, until with the fiat of Almighty God it bids the body and soul separate, and the one it commands to the grave, and the other it sends to judgment. A javelin of retribution, not glancing off or making a slight wound, but piercing it from side to side "till the dart strike through the liver." Galen and Hippocrates ascribe to the liver the most of the world's moral depression, and the word melancholy means black bile.

I preach to you this morning the Gospel of Health. In taking diagnosis of the diseases of the soul you must also take the diagnosis of the diseases of the body. As if to recognize this, one whole book of the New Testament was written by a physician. Luke was a doctor, and he discourses much of physical effects, and he tells of the good Samaritan's medication of the wounds by pouring in oil and wine, and recognizes hunger as a hindrance to hearing the Gospel, so that the 5,000 were fed; and records the sparse diet of the prodigal away from home and the extinguished eyesight of the beggar away from home, and lets us know of the hemorrhage of the wounds of the dying Christ and the miraculous post-mortem resuscitation. And any estimate of the spiritual condition that does not include also an estimate of the physical condition is incomplete. When the door-keeper of Congress fell dead from excessive joy because Burgoyne had surrendered at Saratoga, and Philip the Fifth of Spain dropped dead at the news of his country's defeat in battle, and Cardinal Wolsey expired as a result of Henry the Eighth's anathema, it was demonstrated that the body and soul are Siamese twins, and when you thrill the one with joy or sorrow you thrill the other. We might as well recognize the fact that

there are two mighty fortresses in the human body, the heart and the liver; the heart the fortress of all the graces, the liver the fortress of all the furies. You may have the head filled with all intellectualities, and the ear with all musical appreciation, and the mouth with all eloquence, and the hand with all industries, and the heart with all generousities, and yet "a dart strike through the liver."

First, let Christian people avoid the mistake that they are all wrong with God because they suffer from depression of spirits. Many a consecrated man has found his spiritual sky befogged, and his hope of Heaven blotted out, and himself plunged chin deep in the Slough of Despond, and he said: "My heart is not right with God, and I think I must have made a mistake, and instead of being a child of light I am a child of darkness. No one can feel as gloomy as I feel and be a Christian." And he has gone to his minister for consolation, and he has collected Flavel's books, and Cecil's books, and Baxter's books, and read and read and read, and prayed and prayed and prayed, and wept and wept and wept, and groaned and groaned and groaned. My brother, your trouble is not with the heart, it is a gastric disorder or a rebellion of the liver. You need a physician more than you do a clergyman. It is not sin that blots out your hope of Heaven, but bile. It not only yellows your eyeball, and furs your tongue, and makes your head ache, but swoops upon your soul in dejections and forebodings. The devil is after you. He has failed to despoil your character, and he does the next best thing for him—he ruffles your peace of mind. When he says that you are not a forgiven soul, when he says that you are not right with God, when he says that you will never get to Heaven, he lies. You are just as sure of Heaven as though you were there already. But Satan, finding that he cannot keep you out of the promised land of Canaan, has determined that the spies shall not bring you any of the Eschol grapes beforehand, and that you shall have nothing but prickly-pear and crab-apple. You are just as good now under the cloud as you were when you were accustomed to rise in the morning at 5 o'clock to pray and sing, "Hallelujah, 'tis done!" My friend, Rev. Dr. Joseph H. Jones, of Philadelphia, a translated spirit now, wrote a book entitled "Man, Moral and Physical," in which he shows how different the same thing may happen to different people. He says: "After the great battle on the Mincio in 1859, between the French and Sardinians on the one side and the Austrians on the other, so disastrous to the latter, the defeated army retreated, followed by the victors. A description of the march of each army is given by two correspondents of the London Times, one of whom traveled with the successful host, the other with the defeated. The difference in views and statements of the same place, scenes, and events is remarkable. The former are said to be marching through a beautiful and luxuriant country during the day, and at night camping where they are supplied with an abundance of the best provisions and all sorts of rural dainties. There is nothing of war about the proceeding except its stimulus and excitement. On the side of the poor Austrians it is just the reverse. In his letter of the same date, describing the same places and a march over the same road, the writer can scarcely find words to set forth the suffering, impatience, and disgust existing around him. What was pleasant to the former was intolerable to the latter. What made all this difference? asks the journalist. 'One condition only: The French are victorious; the Austrians have been defeated. The contrast may convey a distinctive idea of the extent to which moral impressions affect the efficiency of the soldier.'"

So, my dear brother, the road you are traveling is the same you have been traveling a long while, but the difference in your physical conditions makes it look different, and therefore the two reports you have given of yourself are as widely different as the reports in the London Times from the two correspondents. Edward Payson, sometimes so far up on the mount that it seemed as if the centripetal force of earth could no longer hold him; sometimes, through a physical disorder, was so far down that it seemed as if the nether world would clutch him. Glorious William Cowper was as good as good could be, and will be loved in the Christian Church as long as it sings his hymn beginning: "There is a Fountain filled with Blood;" and his hymn beginning: "Oh, for a Closer Walk with God!" and his hymn beginning: "What Various Hindrances We Meet;" and his hymn beginning: "God Moves in a Mysterious Way." Yet so was he overcome of melancholy, or black bile, that it was only through the mistake of the cab driver, who took him to a wrong place, instead of the river bank, that he did not commit suicide.

Spiritual condition so mightily affected by the physical state, what a great opportunity this gives to the Christian physician, for he can feel at the same time both the pulse of the body and the pulse of the soul, and he can administer to both at once, and if medicine is needed he can give that—an earthly and a divine prescription at the same time—and call on not only the apothecary of earth, but the pharmacy of Heaven. Ah, that is the kind

of doctor I want at my bedside when I get sick, one that cannot only pour out the right number of drops, but who can also pray. That is the kind of doctor I have had in my house when sickness or death came. I do not want any of your prodigate or atheistic doctors around my loved ones when the balances of life are trembling. A doctor who has gone through the medical college and in dissecting room has traversed the wonders of the human mechanism, and found no God in any of the labyrinths, is a fool; and cannot doctor me or mine. But, oh, the Christian doctors! What a comfort they have been in many of our households. And they ought to have a warm place in our prayers, as well as praise on our tongues. Dear old Dr. Skillman! My father's doctor, my mother's doctor, in the village home. He carried all the confidences of all the families for ten miles around. We all felt better as soon as we saw him enter the house. His face pronounced a benediction before he said a word. He welcomed all of us children into life, and he closed the old people's eyes when they entered the last slumber. I think I know what Christ said to him when the old doctor got through his work. I think he was greeted with the words: "Come in, doctor. I was sick and ye visited me!" I bless God that the number of Christian physicians is multiplying, and some of the students of the medical colleges are here to-day, and I hail you, and I bless you, and I ordain you to the tender, beautiful, heaven-descended work of a Christian physician, and when you take your diploma from the Long Island Medical College, to look after the perishable body, be sure also to get a diploma from the skies to look after the imperishable soul. Let all Christian physicians unite with ministers of the gospel in persuading good people that it is not because God is against them that they sometimes feel depressed, but because of their diseased body. I suppose David, the psalmist, was no more pious when he called on everything human and angelic, animate and inanimate, and from snowflake to hurricane, to praise God, than when he said: "Out of the depths of hell have I cried unto thee, O Lord," or that Jeremiah was any better when he wrote his prophecy than when he wrote his "Lamentations," or that Job was any better when he said: "I know that my Redeemer liveth," than when covered all over with the pustules of elephantiasis he sat in the ashes scratching the scabs off with a broken piece of pottery; or that Alexander Cruden, the concordist, was any better man when he compiled the book that has helped 10,000 students of the Bible, than when under the power of physical disorder he was handcuffed and straight waisted in Bethnal Green Insane Asylum.

"Oh," says some Christian man, "no one ought to allow physical disorder to depress his soul. He ought to live so near to God as to be always in the sunshine." Yes, that is good advice; but I warrant that you, the man who gives the advice, have a sound liver. Thank God every day for healthful hepatic condition, for, just as certainly as you lose it, you will sometimes, like David, and like Jeremiah, and like Cowper, and like Alexander Cruden, and like 10,000 other invalids, be playing a dead march on the same organ with which now you play a toccata. My object at this point is not only to emoliate the criticisms of the well against those in poor health, but to show Christian people who are atrabilious what is the matter with them. Do not charge against the heart the crimes of another portion of your organism. Do not conclude that because the path of Heaven is not arched with as fine a foliage, or the banks beautifully snowed under with exquisite chrysanthemums as once, that therefore you are on the wrong road. The road will bring you out at the same gate whether you walk with the stride of an athlete or come up on crutches. Thousands of Christians, morbid about their experiences, and morbid about their business, and morbid about the present, and morbid about the future, need the sermon I am now preaching.

Another practical use of this subject is for the young. The theory is abroad that they must first sow their wild oats, and afterward Michigan wheat. Let me break the delusion. Wild oats are generally sown in the liver and they can never be pulled up. They so preoccupy that organ that there is no room for the implantation of a righteous crop. You see aged men about us at 80 erect, agile, splendid, grand old men. How much wild oats did they sow between 18 years and 30? None, absolutely none. God does not very often honor with old age those who have in early life sacrificed swine on the altar of the bodily temple. Remember, O young man, that while in after life, and after years of dissipation, you may perhaps have your heart changed, religion does not change the liver. Trembling and staggering along these streets to-day are men, all bent and decayed and prematurely old, for the reason that they are paying for liens they put upon their physical estate before they were 30. By early dissipation they put on their body a first mortgage, and a second mortgage, and a third mortgage, to the devil, and these mortgages are now being foreclosed, and all that remains of their earthly estate the undertaker will soon put out of sight. Many years ago, in fulfillment of my text, a dart struck through their liver, and it is there yet. God for-

gives, but outraged physical law never, never, never. That has a Sinai, but no Cavalry. Solomon in my text knew what he was talking about. He had in early life been a prodigal, and he rises up on his throne of worldly splendor to shriek out a warning to all the centuries. David, bad in early life, but good in later life, cries out with an agony of earnestness: "Remember not the sins of my youth."

Stephen A. Douglas gave the name of "squatter sovereignty" to those who went out West and took possession of lands and held them by right of preoccupation. Let a flock of sins settle on your heart before you get to 25 years of age, and they will in all probability keep possession of it by an infernal squatter sovereignty. "I promise to pay at the bank \$500 six months from date," says the promissory note. "I promise to pay my life thirty years from date at the bank of the grave," says every infraction of the laws of your physical being.

What? Will a man's body never completely recover from early dissipation in this world? Never. How about the world to come? Perhaps God will fix it up in the resurrection body so that it will not have to go limping through all eternity; but get the liver thoroughly damaged and it will stay damaged. Physicians call it cancer of the liver, or hardening of the liver, or cirrhosis of the liver, or inflammation of the liver, but Solomon puts all these pangs into one figure and says: "Till the dart strike through his liver."

Hesiod seemed to have some hint of this when he represented Prometheus for his crimes fastened to a pillar and an eagle feeding on his liver, which was renewed again each night, so that the devouring went on until finally Hercules slew the eagle and rescued Prometheus. And a dissipated early life assures a ferocity pecking away and clawing away year in and year out, and death is the only Hercules who can break the power of its beak or unclench its claw. So also Virgil and Homer wrote fables about vultures preying upon the liver, but there are those here to-day with whom it is no fable, but a terrific reality.

That young man smoking cigarettes and smoking cigars has no idea that he is getting for himself smoked liver. That young man has no idea that he has by early dissipation so depleted his energies that he will go into the battle only half armed. Napoleon lost Waterloo days before it was fought. Had he attacked the English army before it was re-enforced and attacked division by division, he might have won the day, but he waited until he had only 100,000 men against 200,000. And here is a young man who, if he puts all his forces against the regiment of youthful temptations, in the strength of God might he drive them back, but he is allowing them to be re-enforced by the whole army of mid-life temptations, and when all these forces are marched against him and no Grouchy comes to help him, and Blucher has come to help his foes, what but immortal defeat can await him?

Oh, my young brother, do not make the mistake that thousands all around you are making in opening the battle against sin too late—for this world too late, and for the world too come too late. What brings that express train from St. Louis into Jersey City three hours late? They lost fifteen minutes early on the route, and that effected them all the way, and they had to be switched off here and switched off there, and detained here and detained there, and the man who loses time and strength in the early part of the journey of life will suffer for it all the way through, the first twenty years of life damaging the following fifty years.

Some years ago a scientific lecturer went through the country exhibiting on great canvas different parts of the human body when healthy, and different parts when diseased. And what the world wants now is some eloquent scientist to go through the country showing to our young people on blazing canvas the drunkard's liver, the idler's liver, the libertine's liver, the gambler's liver. Perhaps the spectacle might stop some young man before he comes to the same catastrophe, and the dart strike through his own liver.

My hearer, this is the first sermon you have heard on the Gospel of Health, and it may be the last you will ever hear on that subject, and I charge you in the name of God, and Christ, and usefulness, and eternal destiny, take better care of your health. When some of you die, if your friends put on your tombstone a truthful epitaph, it will read: "Here lies the victim of late suppers," or it will be: "Behold what chicken salad at midnight will do for a man," or it will be: "Ten cigars a day closed my early existence," or it will be: "Sat down in a cold draught and this is the result," or it will be: "I died of thin shoes last winter," or it will be: "Went out without an overcoat and took this last chill," or it will be: "Thought I could do at 70 what I did at 20, and I am here," or it will be: "Here is the consequence of sitting half a day with wet feet," or it will be: "This is where I have stacked my harvest of wild oats," or, instead of words, the stone-cutter will chisel for an epitaph on the tombstone two figures, namely: a dart and a liver.

There is a kind of sickness that is beautiful when it comes from overwork for God, or one's country, or one's own family. I have seen wounds that were glorious.



After the battle of Antietam in the hospital a soldier in reply to my question: "Where are you hurt?" uncovered his bosom and showed me a gash that looked like a badge of eternal nobility. I have seen an empty sleeve that was more beautiful than the most muscular forearm. I have seen a green shade over the eye shot out in battle that was more beautiful than any two eyes that had passed without injury. I have seen an old missionary worn out with the malaria of African jungles who looked to me more radiant than a rubicund gymnast. I have seen a mother after six weeks' watching over a family of children down with scarlet fever, with a glory around her pale and wan face that surpassed the angelic. It all depends on how you got your sickness and in what battle your wounds. Frederick T. Frelinghuysen, the pride of New Jersey—aye, of the nation and one of the pillars of the Christian Church, and for nearly four years practically President of the United States, although in the office of Secretary of State, in his determination to make peace with all the governments on this American continent, wore himself out, and while his brain was as keen as it ever was, and his heart beat as regularly as it ever did, he was according to the bulletin of his physicians at Washington and Newark, dying of hardening of the liver. Satan, who does not like good men, sent a dart through his liver. The last my dear friend—for he was my friend and my father's friend before me—the last he was seen in Washington was in the President's carriage, leaning his head against the shoulder of the President on his way to the depot to take the train to go home to die. Martyr of the public service, he died for his country, though he died in time of peace. In his earlier life he was called the nephew of his uncle, Theodore Frelinghuysen, but he lived to render for God and his country a service that will make others proud to be his nephew, and which will keep his name on the scroll of history as the highest style of Christian statesman that this century or any other century has produced. My Lord and my God! if we must get sick and worn out, let it be in thy service and in the effort to make the world good and happy. Not in the service of sin. No! No! One of the most pathetic scenes that I ever witness, and I often see it, is that of men or women converted in the fifties or sixties or seventies wanting to be useful, but they so served the world and Satan in the earlier part of their life that they have no physical energy left for the service of God. They sacrificed nerves, muscles, lungs, heart, and liver on the wrong altar. They fought on the wrong side, and now, when their sword is all backed up and their ammunition all gone, they enlist for Emmanuel. When the high mettled cavalry horse which that man spurred into many a cavalry charge with clamping bit and flaming eye and neck clothed with thunder, is worn out and spavined and ring-boned and spring-halt, he rides up to the great Captain of our salvation on the white horse and offers his services. When such persons might have been through the good habits of a lifetime crashed the battle ax through helmeted iniquities, they are spending their days and nights in discussing the best way of breaking up their indigestion, and quieting their jangling nerves, and rousing their laggard appetite, and trying to extract the dart from their outraged liver. Better converted late than never! Oh, yes; for they will get to Heaven. But they will go afoot when they might have wheeled up the steep hills of the sky in Elijah's chariot. There is an old hymn that we used to sing in the country meeting house when I was a boy, and I remember how the old folks' voices trembled with emotion while they sang it. I have forgotten all but two lines, but those lines are the peroration of my sermon:

"Twill save us from a thousand snares  
To mind religion young."

**A Chemical Anomaly.**  
An astonishing result has been reached by Dr. Richardson, the English physiologist, in some experiments on the respiration of animals in pure oxygen. In most cases, a steady flow of fresh oxygen rendered the animals confined in it excited and feverish, and none were quieted or made sleepy. When, however, the oxygen, after having been passed once through the chambers containing the animals, such as the cat, dog, guinea-pig, rabbit and pigeon, became drowsy and fell quietly asleep; and when the gas was again used after another purification, the sleep became deeper, and some of the animals soon died. The oxygen appeared chemically pure at each time of using, and the cause of its remarkable change in effect is as yet a mystery. Whether some peculiar modification of oxygen is formed during respiration, or whether the toxic properties are due to some active product of respiration which has escaped detection in the inhaled gas, is a problem which will doubtless be studied with much interest.—*Arkansas Traveler.*

Suspended animation is what ails lots of dudes who stand about in society parlors with their mouths open.

**An Able Protector.**  
If there is a more able protector against the incursions of disease than Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, we have yet to learn of it. Against the periodic attacks of fever and ague it affords a sure defense, it renews waning vitality, and counteracts the infirmities of age; it prevents dyspepsia from becoming chronic, and eventually annihilates it. It rouses the liver and kidneys when dormant, and insures a regular habit of body. To the nervous it is of inestimable benefit, imparting steadiness and vigor into an enfeebled physique. The term, "delicate health," is usually another name for debility. While the Bitters is procurable, the weak need never despair of physical reinforcement. Persons whose avocations are sedentary and laborious, or involve exposure to unfavorable climatic influences, will also find the Bitters an able protector.

**A Mutually Enjoyable Time.**  
Omaha Girl—Oh, shopping in Paris is such fun. I never laughed so much in all my life.  
Friend—Why, what made it so enjoyable?  
"Hearing the French shopkeepers trying to speak English."  
"Oh!"  
"Yes, and the queer part of it is they seemed to realize the ridiculousness of their blunders just as much as we did, they laughed themselves almost into fits over them. Wasn't it strange?"  
"Did you talk English?"  
"No, indeed, I talked French."—*Omaha World.*

**A Flat Contradiction.**  
Some one has told you that your catarrh is incurable. It is not so. Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy will cure it. It is pleasant to use, and it always does its work thoroughly. We have yet to hear of a case in which it did not accomplish a cure when faithfully used. Catarrh is a disease which it is dangerous to neglect. A certain remedy is at your command. Avail yourself of it before the complaint assumes a more serious form. All druggists.

The best belt road is that around a pretty girl's waist.  
**Chronic Coughs and Colds.**  
And all diseases of the Throat and Lungs, can be cured by the use of Scott's Emulsion, as it contains the healing virtues of Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites in their fullest form. Is a beautiful creamy Emulsion, palatable as milk, easily digested, and can be taken by the most delicate. Please read: "I consider Scott's Emulsion the remedy par excellence in Tuberculous and Strumous Affections, to say nothing of ordinary colds and throat troubles."—W. R. S. CONNELL, M. D., Manchester, Ohio.

Why is a newborn baby like a gale of wind? Because it begins with a squall.  
WHATEVER name or designation is given to Fever and Ague, or other intermittent diseases it is safe to say that Malaria or a disordered state of the Liver is at fault. Eliminate the impurities from the system and a sure and prompt cure is the immediate result. Prickly Ash Bitters is the safest and most effective remedy for all bilious troubles, kidney diseases, and like complaints that has ever been brought before the public. A trial is its best recommendation.

In this world joy is measured by the cup; trouble by the peck.  
**Consumption Surely Cured.**  
To the Editor:—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above-named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their Express and P. O. address. Respectfully,  
T. A. SLOCUM, M. C., 181 Pearl St., N. Y.

Ask your shoe and hardware dealers for Lyon's Heel Stiffeners; they keep boots and shoes straight.

**Eyes Ears Nose**  
Are all more or less affected by catarrh. The eyes become inflamed, red and watery, with dull, heavy, pain between them; there are roaring, buzzing noises in the ears, and sometimes the hearing is affected; the nose is a severe sufferer, with its constant uncomfortable discharge, bad breath, and loss of the sense of smell. All these disagreeable symptoms disappear when the disease is cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla, which expels from the blood the impurity from which catarrh arises, restores the organs to health, and builds up the system. "I have suffered with catarrh in my head for years, and paid out hundreds of dollars for medicines. I was weak, and my eyes were so sore that I could not sew or read much. I began to take Hood's Sarsaparilla, and now my catarrh is nearly cured, the weakness of my body is all gone, my appetite is good—in fact, I feel like another person. Hood's Sarsaparilla is the only medicine that has done me permanent good." Mrs. A. CUNNINGHAM, Providence, R. I.

**Hood's Sarsaparilla**  
Sold by all druggists. \$1; six for \$5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.  
**100 Doses One Dollar**

**Ely's Cream Balm**  
Price 50 Cents.  
Will do more in Curing CATARRH Than \$500 in any other way.  
Apply Balm into each nostril.  
ELY BROS., 235 Greenwich St., N. Y.



**CAN'T GO BEHIND THEM.**  
There is great intensity of the physical condition sometimes, and there are facts which we cannot go behind. In illustration further of facts which settle the points of a prompt and permanent cure, the following cases are cited: In 1884 Mrs. Mary K. Sheed suffered terribly with chronic neuralgia. She writes from 1110 Maryland Avenue, Washington, D. C. In the first instance she states: "I suffered terribly with neuralgia in the face; very severe attack extending to back and shoulders; suffered intensely. Tried St. Jacobs Oil; had parts well rubbed at night; in the morning all pain gone, magically." June 10, 1887, she writes from 224 Eleventh Street, S. W., as follows: "Four years ago I sent you a voluntary certificate setting forth the fact that I had been a great sufferer with neuralgia in my face, neck and shoulders. I obtained a bottle of St. Jacobs Oil, and after three applications I was entirely relieved from all pain, and from that time to the present I have never had a return. The effect was miraculous." Again, Feb. 6, 1887, Mr. R. G. Troll, St. Louis, Mo., writes: "In March, 1881, I suffered terribly with neuralgia; had suffered nearly three years. Applied St. Jacobs Oil at 8:15 A. M.; at 8:40 took the rag off; at 9 A. M. went to work. In less than five minutes after that the pain was gone. The one application cured me. Have not had return of it since." Mr. E. W. Spangler, York, Pa., June 17, 1887, writes: "Years ago had neuralgia; am not subject to it now. The cure by the use of St. Jacobs Oil was permanent. There has been no recurrence of the painful affliction." Chas. W. Law, Jr., Pottstown, Pa., April 19, 1887, writes: "Was troubled for years with neuralgia in neck and head. Tried St. Jacobs Oil; had tried different kinds of remedies without effect. One bottle of the former did the business. No return of pain and aches." In almost every instance the reports are the same.

**MONTANA** HEARD FROM.—Recent railroad extensions have developed exceptionally fine mineral stock and farming districts. Maps and full particulars, free, upon application to C. H. WARREN, Gen. Pass. Agt., St. Paul, Minn.

**STOCK** IN MINNESOTA.—From an exclusively grain country, Minnesota is being rapidly transformed into the finest stock and dairy state in the Union. Cheap lands still obtainable, convenient to railroad. Particulars free upon application to C. H. WARREN, Gen. Pass. Agt., St. Paul, Minn.

**NEW BUSINESS CENTERS.**—The building of railroads in a new and fertile country creates many new towns, affording excellent business opportunities. Particulars regarding such opportunities in Montana, Minnesota and Dakota will be sent upon application to C. H. WARREN, Gen. Pass. Agt., St. Paul.

**I CURE FITS!**  
When I say cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office. H. G. ROOT, M. C., 183 Pearl St., New York.

**WANTED!**  
Good Second-Hand Newspaper and Job Presses, Paper-Cutters, and other kinds of printing machinery in exchange for new printing and paper stock. Give full particulars, and your address.

**PORT WAYNE NEWSPAPER UNION.**  
55 & 57 E. Columbia St., Ft. Wayne, Ind.  
**R. BAIRD'S GRANULES**  
Cure Dyspepsia, Malaria, Piles, Heart Disease, Impure Blood, Kidney Disease, Torpid Liver, Habitual Constipation, Etc. A new principle, a new remedy. Purely Vegetable. A full size box sent FREE, postage prepaid, to any invalid, or their friends sending their address at once. Give account of case, symptoms, etc. Ad- dress, DR. BAIRD, 157 W. 53d St., N. Y.


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FREE!—TO MERCHANTS ONLY: A three-foot, French glass, oval-front Show Case. Address at once, R. W. TANSILL & Co., 55 State Street, Chicago.

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Large Stock and Low Prices. Yard Near Depot, St. Joe, Ind.

**J. F. WALKER,**  
MAKER AND DEALER IN  
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**Harness, Collars,**  
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WHIPS, HARNESS OIL &c.  
**ST. JOE, IND.**  
Repairing done promptly. Prices as low as the lowest. Call and see.

  
**WILLIAM CURIE,**  
PROPRIETOR OF  
**MEAT MARKET**  
**ST. JOE, IND.**  
Highest market price paid for Hides, Tallow &c. Give me a call.

**F. A. ZEIGLER,**  
MAKER AND DEALER IN  
**HARNESS**  
COLLARS, WHIPS,  
Fly Nets and Dusters,  
HARNESS OIL &c.  
Prices the Lowest. All work guaranteed. Call and see me.

**Blacksmith**  
**AND**  
**Repair Shop.**  
Having secured the services of an experienced workman, I am now prepared to do all kinds of Blacksmithing and Repairing in a first-class manner. Special attention given to repairing machinery. Give me a call. Prices reasonable.  
**A. W. Hall, St. Joe.**



## HUSBANDRY AND HOUSEWIFERY.

### Matters of Interest Relating to Farm and Household Management.

Information for the Plowman, Stockman, Poulterer, Nurseryman, and Housewife.

#### THE FARM.

##### Through Work.

There is little use to hope for success without using proper efforts. In the growing of crops there must be a suitable preparation of soil, and if there are cultivated crops the soil must be well worked.

We have in mind a field planted to corn; it is well plowed, thoroughly manured, and the planting properly attended to, but the crop was hoed only once. The early growth was vigorous and promising, but the failure to hoe the second time caused a partial failure in the earing.

A neighbor thought to secure a crop of rye by sowing a cornfield after simply harrowing the field on the removal of the corn, and the present condition fully shows the lack of a suitable seed bed. The rye is thin and small, short growth, while the other and well prepared fields show the plant six feet in height, with heads fully developed and promising a good crop upon soil no better than the field first named. There is no kind of business that shows neglect sooner than farming.

##### Harvesting Castor Beans.

The beans are produced in small prickly pods or capsules, which are borne in pyramidal spikes or clusters. Ripening is indicated by the turning brown of the pods, which soon burst open and scatter the seeds. As soon as the pods at the base of a cluster begin to turn brown, the cluster must be harvested. The stem of the spike or cluster is cut with a sharp knife, and the cluster thrown into a cart on which a barn sheet or other cloth is spread to save the beans that shell out. Many growers prefer to use a sled in harvesting; a sled is made with plank runners, large enough to hold two large dry goods boxes. A single horse draws this along the lanes, and the clusters are thrown into the boxes. When the boxes are filled they are taken to the "popping yard." A piece of hard ground, say 100 feet square, is burned over, swept and rolled to get a hard surface, and surrounded by a board fence. The clusters are placed in the center of this. After two days the spikes must be turned, using rakes for the purpose. At the end of four or five days the beans will have popped out, when the refuse is removed. The beans are swept up, to be cleaned by a fanning mill, and another lot of clusters brought in.—*American Agriculturist.*

##### Business Principles.

A man's farm, writes a correspondent of the *Germantown (Pa.) Telegraph*, is exactly like a merchant's store and stock of goods. The merchant deals in a promiscuous lot of merchandise. Once in a while he takes account of stock in hand, and overhauls every kind of goods he has. As he comes to each sort he looks at the cost and selling marks, and if there is not difference enough between them, he says: "That don't pay, I'll discard it in future." But when he comes to an article that does pay, he pays more attention to buying that line of goods and to selling it also. He is able to decide nicely on every article in his whole stock, because he keeps an account of its cost and what it brings, and therefore he knows the profit to a penny. He will have nothing in his stock which will not pay. Now, how does the farmer manage? In the first place, he does not know what it costs to grow a single article on his whole farm, therefore does not know whether he makes or loses on it. Two-thirds or three-fourths of everything he markets is very likely sold at a loss, or at so small a profit that they don't pay. Why is this? The farmer don't keep any account of cost of crops, of raising stock, of butter-making, of eggs, milk, or in fact anything; therefore he don't know what he makes his living from, and if he finds times hard he don't know where to retrench, what to discard, or how to help himself. The similarity between the merchant's stock in trade and the farmer's stock in trade is still perfect, but because the merchant is a business man he gets rich and because the farmer is not a business man he half starves. Now, it is not worth while for me to say another word, except that of all the farmers who read this, if there is one who can't see what I am driving at, he will never be a business man.

#### THE STOCK-RANCH.

##### Age and Size of Pigs.

A stunted pig never fully regains what it has lost. The trouble is that the pig poorly fed has his digestion impaired, so that efforts to force him by subsequent high feeding only make the matter worse. Over-feeding with pig is a more common fault than is generally supposed. A young pig will always be stunted if fed with all the corn or corn-meal it can eat. The food

is too concentrated, and after a few surfeits the stomach refuses to act and the pig will never be thrifty afterward. Hence the common remark that some pigs are not worth as much at six months as they were at the age of six weeks. To keep a young pig thrifty, its feed should be largely composed of wheat bran, middlings, and either grass or roots.

##### Weight of Cattle by Measurement.

An English journal in answer to a correspondent gives the manner of arriving at the weight of cattle by measurement. To find the weight of a fat animal the square of the girth is multiplied by the length, and the product by .238. The explanation, which will be interesting to many feeders and breeders, is as follows:

The length and depth of the animal being measured—the first from the shoulder-top to the tail-head, and the second immediately behind the shoulder—these dimensions bring the figure of the animal into the form of a cylinder, or nearly so. The rule for finding the contents of a cylinder is to find the area of the end, and to multiply that sum by the length. The common method is to multiply the square of the diameter by .7854 (the area of a circle whose diameter is unity), and this product by the length for the solid contents.

But in measuring cattle the girth or circumference, and not the diameter, is obtained; and as the rule for finding the diameter correctly from the circumference involves itself into long decimal multipliers the process, especially when feet and odd inches are the dimensions, is complicated and tedious. The more simple method, therefore, is to multiply the square of the circumference by .0795775, and that product multiplied by the length gives the contents; which again multiplied by the established weight of a cubic foot or other measure will give the weight of the animal.

To find the proportional weight of a cubic foot: Find by the above rule the number of cubic feet which the animal contains; and the former divided by the latter will give the weight per cubic foot. Thus, if an ox measures 8 feet girth, 6 feet length; 8x8 equals 64x.0795775 equals 5.092836 equals 30.55768 cubic feet in the animal; and if the forequarters of the killed animal weighed 91 Smithfield stones, 63 pounds (735) pounds at 8 pounds per stone. This weight divided by the number of cubic feet in the animal gives the weight of a cubic foot. Hence 915 stones 63 pounds equals 91.462857 divided by 35.5576 gives 2.573 stones per cubic foot. And this is the actual weight assumed for a cubic foot.

The calculation may be shortened. As .0795775, and 2.573 are both constant multipliers in the operation, they may be multiplied together and the product used in one multiplier, thus: .0795775x2.573 equals .2048751675. But .238, or three figures only, may be near enough for a multiplier. Thus, 8x8 equals 64x.238 equals 15.248 equals 91.392, or 91 st. 63 lb. In place of .238 some use .24, which gives a higher weight. Thus, then, to find the weight of a fat animal, multiply the square of the girth by the length, and that product by .238, or take 238-1000th part of it, or use any lower and more convenient denomination of the same value.

Another popular rule is to multiply the square of the girth by five times the length, and divide the product by 21, to get the weight of the four quarters—i. e., multiply the square of the girth by the length, and take the 5-21st part of the product for the weight. Now 5-21 converted into decimals is .23809523, which exactly agrees, in as far as the decimal numbers necessary for the calculation are required, with the numbers given in the other rule.

\*This number is obtained in the following way: The area of a circle equals the square of the circumference divided by four times 3.1416 (the circumference of a circle whose diameter is unity), or 1 divided 12.5664 (equals 4x3.1416) equal .0795775. Hence the square of the circumference multiplied by .0795775 gives the area of the circle.

#### THE FORESTER.

##### Bounty for Timber Culture.

The Territory of Dakota has made very liberal provisions for the encouragement of timber culture. Chapter 145 of the session laws of 1885 provides that any person planting one acre or more of prairie land, within five years after this act, with any kind of trees except black locust or cottonwood, and successfully growing and cultivating for three years, shall be entitled to receive for ten years thereafter an annual bounty of \$2 for each acre so planted and cultivated, to be paid out of the territorial treasury, but such bounty shall not be paid any longer than such trees are maintained and kept in growing condition. The code further provides that any one-fourth part of any quarter section of prairie land, the same being a legal subdivision, on which five acres of timber shall be planted by either sowing seed or by setting trees or cuttings, and the same to be kept in growing order by cultivation and not to be more than twelve feet apart each way, together with all improvements thereon not to exceed in value \$1,000, shall be exempt from taxation for a period of ten years from and after the planting of

said timber, and any change of ownership of such land shall in no way effect the exemption from taxation as herein provided. To secure the benefit of this exemption, the applicant shall file an affidavit with the assessor that he has in every way complied with the requirements of the law, whereupon the assessor shall therein state in effect the following words, to-wit: "Exempt from taxation by virtue of tree culture," and shall describe the particular tract or tracts of land so exempt.

#### THE VETERINARIAN.

##### Flaxseed for Pigs.

Flaxseed is a preventive of disease—a food medicine. Its oil is very soothing to the stomach and intestines, and is also rich in blood for muscle and bone. One of the best ways to use flaxseed is to boil it in six times its bulk of water till it forms a jelly; now mix a little of this jelly with wheat bran and you have an excellent food for growing a pig. This is also good for the brood sow, promoting her yield of milk. If used in this way, one pound of boiled flaxseed is mixed with ten pounds of bran. Pigs very soon get a liking for the taste of flaxseed. Another way is to grind one bushel of flaxseed with eight bushels of oats, or all the flaxseed that can be ground without sticking to the millstones. Then mix 100 pounds of the ground oats and flaxseed with 200 pounds of bran. This will be the best kind of feed for young pigs; and it will be good for them all the time up to fattening, and besides this they will be smooth, rangy pigs, making good roasters at any time. In other words, they will grow and fatten every day of their lives.—*Prof. Stewart, in Country Gentleman.*

##### The Horse's Feet.

Few farmers give that attention to their horse's feet that they should give. Most men rub and curry well enough, perhaps, and many take great pride and plenty of time in smoothing the horse's hide; but seldom is it that they think of that most indispensable part, the horse's feet, and stop to give them that little attention and inspection that is almost daily necessary.

The feet of the horse require as much attention as the body, and some horse's feet much more. Without sound feet the horse is not of much service for labor. A horse's feet may become unsound by having to stand in a filthy stable. The floor and bedding of the stable should always be dry, and the manure that is caked under the foot every morning should be carefully removed by the groom. As often as necessary the foot should be pared, and the frog examined as to soundness and hardness. A little alum water and brine should be kept at hand, and the frog of the foot mopped with it once a week to keep the frog sound and hard. A soft frog causes the animal to get lamed easily, and so he cannot travel or work well.

Sometimes stones or other hard substances get fastened in the foot, and if not removed cause lameness. Copperas thrown over the manure of the stable to destroy smell, will tend to keep the hoof sound. It is well to sprinkle it over the stable frequently, if for no other purpose to cure the unpleasant smell that often attaches to the feet of the horse. Plaster will have the same effect, and is very useful to prevent the loss of ammonia from the manure.

#### THE HOUSEKEEPER.

##### For Farmers' Wives.

Farmers' wives are probably as much in need of money as any other class of women. To such, then, the discovery of any way of adding to their pin-money is a desirable discovery. While not a new thing, planting small fruits is doubtless new to a great many women who have abundant opportunity to try it. That it is fully feasible to a great many needs only a trial to prove. A woman writes in the *Colorado Farmer* on the subject as below: Evidently the thing most needed now by women "is to learn how to be healthy, strong, good-tempered, and helpful," educating not only the brain, but also the whole being as well. All women cannot marry and be the helpless idol of an indulgent husband. Some will not marry, and many who do must be a willing helpmeet.

Out-door work is not to be despised by women, for it is positively necessary to health and happiness. Of all the pursuits now followed by woman there is perhaps no other that offers more or greater inducements, or for which she is naturally better qualified, than the growing of small fruits.

There is no more money-making crop than fruit when rightly managed, and strawberries, raspberries, gooseberries, currants, and grapes can each be made to yield a rich harvest. Only a small plot of ground is necessary for a beginning, increasing the area as means are afforded.

Almost any woman can do much of the work herself, even though not very strong. She can set the plants and gather the fruit and get it ready for market. Much depends on the way it is prepared.

If, in addition to raising fine berries, they are set off to advantage by careful packing and a tasteful arrangement of green leaves, they will sell more readily. When berries are cheap she can with her own hands make them into jams, jellies,

marmalade, etc., to be sold later, even if sold at a very small profit.

Women do not despise the minutest matters, and the study of the botany of plants, of bird, and insects injurious and otherwise will all receive their careful attention.

The example we have had of women who have tried the experiment show that they are eminently successful raising the finest fruit, arranging it in the most tasteful manner, and receiving the highest market price for their products.

The net profits from the sale of small fruits by two young ladies in California last year, one of whom was a consumptive when she began, amounted to the handsome sum of \$15,000.

It is but a few years since they began the experiment, and beside accumulating a fortune, they have what is better, a comfortable home of their own and complete restoration to health.

The growing of small fruits on a small scale is especially recommended to those married women who can obtain a small plot of ground for the purpose, who feel the desire so common among women for pecuniary independence. To the growing of small fruits might be added a few stands of bees, which almost any woman can care for, thus adding to her income and placing her in a position to realize comparative independence.

##### Hints to Housekeepers.

GOOD fresh buttermilk made from sweet cream is a serviceable drink in diabetes.

SALT and vinegar, applied hot, are good for cleaning brass, which should afterward be polished with fine ashes.

THE best thing to polish eye-glasses and spectacles with is a bit of newspaper. Moisten the glasses and rub dry.

TO TEST nutmegs, prick them with a pin, and if they are good the oil will instantly spread around the puncture.

YELLOW soap and whiting if mixed together with a little water into a thick paste will stop a leak as effectually as will solder.

NEVER use lye to clean tin; it will soon spoil it; make it clean with soap and water and rub with whiting, and it will look well and last longer.

A REFRESHING and nourishing drink for an invalid: Stir the yolk of an egg into a glass of lemonade. If this is too rich use more lemonade, and drink part at a time.

TO MAKE glossy starch melt together one ounce white wax and two ounces spermaceti. Melt starch, and to a good-sized panful add a lump of the mixture about the size of a pea.

FOR earache take a bit of cotton-batting, put upon it a pinch of black pepper, gather it up and tie; dip it in sweet oil and insert in the ear. Put a flannel bandage over the head to keep it warm. It will give immediate relief.

ANY kind of a bath, or any other process that will produce a general perspiration, and thus bring about a reaction, will cure a cold. Simply inhaling fresh air largely, by deep inspiration, is sufficient to nip an incipient cold in the bud.

A DAMP broom is often an excellent thing with which to sweep a carpet after the first dirt has been removed, but a wet broom is a very bad one. If dirt and water make mud, a wet broom will be the means to spread that compound wherever it travels.

#### THE COOK.

##### Bouquet.

One egg, one cup sugar, two teaspoonfuls melted lard, one-half cup thick milk, same of sweet milk, three teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar, one and one-half teaspoonfuls of soda, mix soft.

##### Cookies.

Two heaping cups of sugar, one-half cup of lard, one cup of buttermilk; dissolve one teaspoonful of soda and two of baking-powder in the buttermilk, flavor with lemon, flour enough to roll easy.

##### Taffy.

Three pounds of treacle, two pounds of moist sugar, one-half pound of butter, flavor with a few drops only of essence of lemon or of peppermint; boil it one and a half hours, watching all the time that it does not boil over (as it is apt to do if not attended to and stirred now and then).

##### Rice Cake.

One pound flour, one pound ground rice, three teaspoonfuls baking-powder, one-half pound moist sugar, one-quarter pound butter, one-quarter pound drippings, one egg, a very small quantity nutmeg; mix with milk or with cold water, and bake in a quick oven, first having pulled the mixture into little rough cakes about the size of a breakfast cup.

##### Cocoanut Pound-Cake.

Beat half a pound of butter and one pound of pulverized sugar to a creamy froth; stir in gradually one pound of sifted flour in which you have thoroughly mixed two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, a pinch of salt and a teaspoonful of grated lemon peel—this may be fresh or dried; four well-beaten eggs, a cupful of sweet milk, and a quarter of a pound of grated cocoanut; beat this in rapidly; bake in buttered tins in a moderate oven.



DECEMBER

# THE ST. JOE NEWS.

VOL. I.

ST. JOE, IND., FRIDAY, DECEMBER 2, 1887.

NO. 45.

## Churches.

### DISCIPLE.

SERVICES every alternate Sunday evening, in the Lutheran church. Cottage prayer meeting every Friday evening.

J. A. THOMAS, PASTOR.

### METHODIST PROTESTANT.

SERVICES every alternate Sunday at 10:30 A. M. Prayer meeting every Tuesday evening. Sunday School at 9:30 A. M.

J. M. LANGLEY, PASTOR.

### EVANGELICAL LUTHERAN.

SERVICES every Sunday, one Sunday in the morning at 10:30, and the following Sunday in the evening. Prayer meeting every Thursday evening. Sunday School at 9:30 A. M.

S. P. FRYBERGER, PASTOR.

## Societies.

### G. A. R.

REGULAR meetings on Saturday evening on or before the full moon of each month, at their hall over Leighty's store.

O. H. WIDNEY, COMMANDER.  
J. M. MILLMAN, ADJUTANT.

## Business Notices.

H. W. BOWMAN, M. D., Physician and Surgeon, St. Joe, Ind. Office opposite the Drugstore.

ST. JOE HOTEL, Wm. Leighty, proprietor. Special attention given to furnishing teams for commercial men.

B. S. SHEFFER, M. D., Physician and Surgeon, St. Joe, Ind. Prompt and careful attention to all business entrusted to his care.

ST. JOE BARBER SHOP, one door west of hotel, Will Gee, proprietor. Satisfaction guaranteed. Your patronage is solicited.

FILLEY, LOUNSBERRY AND SHULER, proprietors of the St. Joe Saw and Planing Mill. All work promptly done. Cash paid for Oak Logs.

CITY BARBER SHOP, St. Joe, Ind. John Hull, proprietor. Shaving, Hair Cutting &c. done in the best of style. Come and see me. Two doors west of Kinsey's Furniture Store.

SIMON WINELAND, proprietor St. Joe Handle and Feed Mills. Feed grinding a speciality. Highest prices paid for second growth White Ash. Enquire at the mill for full particulars.

## INDIANA STATE NEWS.

—Recently Henry Lockwood and wife, residing ten miles east of Marion, were summoned before the prosecutor to give evidence in a criminal case. They are wretchedly poor, and their three children, aged 8, 4, and 18 months, were left alone in a hovel that admitted the snow that accompanied the late blizzard. On their way home Lockwood and wife were nearly frozen, and stopped with an acquaintance over night. On their arrival home, next morning, they found the youngest child, a little girl, frozen to death, and the other two so badly chilled and frost-bitten that they could scarcely move or speak. The eldest boy said he awoke during the night and found his sister out in the snow beside the bed, and that when he pulled her in she was stiff. She was doubtless dead then.

—The city of Fort Wayne, with a population of 40,000, seems about to experience a water famine. Because of the long drought the water in the supply basin, as well as the small streams that contribute to it, has so failed that not enough pressure is given to the mains to operate the elevators in the hotels and other tall buildings, and their use has been abandoned. The local electric light company has served notice upon the city that not enough water can be had from the mains to supply their engines, and the inconvenience of complete or partial darkness at night is attributed to the water famine. Meanwhile, when a fire or two would find the department crippled, the City Council and Water-works Trustees are at loggerheads, and abuse each other in the public prints.

The State Auditor has just completed his annual report. It is very voluminous. Warrants were drawn during the year to the amount of \$3,975,944. The net cash receipts were \$3,866,257. The total disbursement from the State House fund was \$291,647. Advance payments have been made by the counties to relieve the temporary embarrassment of the general fund, and the December settlements will enable the Treasurer to meet current expenses. There have been drains on the public funds consequent upon the building of various new benevolent institutions, but careful estimates indicate that the revenues of the coming fiscal year will be sufficient to maintain the State credit and meet all obligations, all reports to the contrary notwithstanding.

—The big canal, which is to drain the water off Four-mile Prairie, near Smitz City, has just been completed. The land has been purchased by Indianapolis men, who are reclaiming marsh lands in the State. The draining of Four-mile Prairie ruins one of the finest duck-shooting grounds in the world. For years it was the resort of geese, mallards, and teal, and a great place for shooters from the East. The marsh is now dry, and the ducks which are now coming from the north circle over it with a disappointed look and go croaking south. The draining will have the same effect as the recent ditching of the Sangamon bottom, in Mason County, Ill., which has destroyed about 200,000 acres of ducking ground.

—Miss Amanda English, of Switzerland County, has in her possession a bureau that was made for Miss Lucretia Hart, in her girlhood, more than one hundred years ago, and before she became the wife of Henry Clay. The bureau was given to Miss English by Mrs. Clay sixty-seven years ago, and is in a good state of preservation. It was made by a Lexington carpenter named McElwane, who did his work well. Miss English, who is needy, wishes to sell this relic, and persons desiring to purchase may address Joseph D. Froman, Markland, Ind.

—The city of Fort Wayne having arranged to begin the erection, next spring,

of a new city hall, to cost \$60,000, an injunction suit has been commenced, putting a stop to preparations. The petitioners are owners of property adjoining the market space, on which the new building was to be erected. They allege that by the will of the late Judge Samuel Hanna the ground was given to the city for market purposes only, and its use cannot be diverted; also, that access to their property would suffer by reason of erection of the proposed building.

—Frank Hooks, a young married man living near Bunker Hill, was found dead in the woods. He had been out hunting, and the supposition is that, while resting on a stump, his gun in some way was discharged, the contents of which entered his heart, killing him instantly. He had only been married about one week.

—Patents have been issued to Indiana inventors as follows: Alfred A. Benardin, Evansville, bottle cap; James F. Hatfield, Dublin, grain separator; William H. McGrew, assignor of one-half to J. Myers, Peru, wire and picket fence; Peter Rader, Kirklin, coupling for cultivators.

—A revival meeting is in progress at the Methodist Church in Tipton. The church is aroused, and the entire town is interested. Fifty persons have joined the church in the last two weeks and the interest in the meeting is constantly increasing.

—The Presbyterian congregations of Colfax and Burlington, which have been without a pastor for some time, have secured the services of Rev. Johnson, of Illinois, who will preach at both places alternately. Both churches are in a thriving condition.

Seth Wolf, aged 19, was instantly killed near Briant. He was assisting to load logs on a wagon when one rolled back, and before he could make his escape, passed over his body, crushing the life out of him.

—Crookedness is charged in the selection of the late grand jury at Indianapolis. The Court has ordered an investigation.

—While sawing wood with a buzz-saw, near Mechanicsburg, in Washington Township, Boone County, the saw burst and two pieces struck and almost instantly killed Emsley Hamm.

—George Rich, aged about 65 years, employed in a saw-mill at Uniondale, fell on a circular saw and was cut to pieces. He was horribly mangled and death occurred instantly.

—Mrs. Rebecca Charman, one of the most respected and aged women of Muncie, was found dead in bed. She retired for the night apparently in good health.

—Miss Priscilla Griers was found murdered and burned near Vincennes, and Frank Miller, his wife, and Simon Mull have been arrested for the crime.

—At Marion, saloon-keepers are presented with dangerous-looking bombs. It is taken that the business is objectionable to the bomb-makers.

—While John Turner and Ira Tanner, of Adams, were hunting, Turner accidentally shot Tanner in the side, inflicting a dangerous wound.

—Forest fires are doing immense damage in Floyd, Washington, Scott, Harrison, Crawford, Dubois, and Perry Counties.

—The sum of \$1,400 has been secured for the purpose of opening a Y. M. C. A. gymnasium and reading-room at Crawfordsville.

—The residents of Fisher's Station are greatly terrified over the sinking of earth since the opening of a natural-gas well there.

—At Cambridge City, Levi Beard, a saloon-keeper, shot and killed Cleaves Straub, son of the City Marshal.

—There have been over one hundred dwelling-houses built in Lebanon this season.

—At Princeton, Gibson County, natural gas was struck at a depth of 600 feet.

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W. C. Patterson,  
ST. JOE, IND.

## Ho for Arkansas!

### Cheap Homes for Everybody!

In a high, healthy, rich land country. On the 15th of September and the 1st of October there will be excursions from this place to that point at a very low rate of fare. For full information in regard to these excursions call on A. B. Coburn, Real Estate Agent, St. Joe, Ind. Office with Dr. Sheffer, one door east of Drugstore.

GO to the News Office, St. Joe for all kinds of Printing. All work done promptly, and at the lowest prices. Give us a call.

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HOUSE PAINTING, Graining, Glazing Paper Hanging and Ceiling Decorating a speciality. All work guaranteed. B. A. Woodcox. Call and see me, or leave orders at the St. Joe Drugstore.



# The St. Joe News.

ST. JOE, INDIANA.

MORT & WILL OLDS, PUBLISHERS.

## EVENTS OF A WEEK.

### THE OLD WORLD.

—The London Times, referring to an interview with Mr. Parnell, says that his statements have confirmed its suspicions that he is really not the leader, but only an old Parliamentary hand retained by the leaders of the Irish National party to do work they are unable to do themselves, namely: to manage the work of the party in the House of Commons.

—The Government has decided to prosecute Mayle and Sheehy, Nationalist members of Parliament.

—One hundred and thirty of the Gweedore tenants have been reinstated. Their arrears of rent have been reduced £2,500. There is great rejoicing among the tenantry.

—Mr. Mandeville has put on the prison garb in the Tullamore Jail. Mr. O'Brien is suffering from insomnia.

—Lord Mayor Sullivan has received seven summonses for publishing in his paper, the Nation, the proceedings of suppressed branches of the League. The proceedings will begin the 1st of December.

—One hundred and fifty deputies were present at the opening of the Reichstag in Berlin. In the speech from the throne references were made to the peaceful foreign policy of the country, and to the gratifying improvement in its financial condition. The serious illness of the Crown Prince was touched upon at some length, and a forecast was given of what is expected in the way of legislation during the coming winter.

—A cable dispatch from Paris says: "M. Grevy requested M. Ribot to form a Cabinet and charged him to convey to the Chamber his message of resignation. M. Ribot consented, but advised M. Grevy that as the message was a political act, the tenor of which required the approval of the Cabinet, the President ought to confer with the retiring Ministers. M. Grevy accordingly summoned M. Rouvier and his colleagues."

### PERSONAL NOTES.

—Secretary Whitney has returned to Washington in improved health.

—A Detroit special to the Chicago Daily News says:

Ex-United States Senator Charles F. Jones of Florida, who has for some unexplained reason squandered in Detroit for two years past, is practically a beggar upon the streets, and but for the charity of a friend would be without food or shelter. When Mr. Jones came to Detroit he was very free with his money, and gave lavishly to benevolent and church purposes. With a man he boarded at the best hotel until a few months ago, when he was unable to pay his bills. He then went to a cheaper house, and last night his room was locked on him and he slept on the floor in the hall. He had been previously refused further credit at the last of the long line of caterers whom he owes, and was absolutely hungry. He was observed by a man whom he had befriended in his better days, and has been taken to the man's home. Mr. Jones is almost a mental wreck. He is pursued with the idea that some enemies, whom he never names, are following him and that he will yet "down them."

—Brevet Brigadier General Randolph B. Marcy died at Orange, N. J. The old soldier was 76 years of age, and his death is ascribed to general debility. He was in a feeble condition long before fears were entertained of the death of his son-in-law, Gen. George B. McClellan.

### FINANCIAL AND INDUSTRIAL.

—Jas. Jenks & Co., dealers in machinery at Detroit, have failed for \$40,000. J. S. Fay & Co., of Cincinnati, being the principal creditors.

—The schedules of James Cowlin, an insolvent lace importer of New York, show \$415 assets and \$172,277 liabilities.

—Chicago telegram: The work of reorganizing the Knights of Labor on an anti-Powderly basis is making good progress, according to Charles F. Seib, Secretary of the Provisional Committee. Mr. Seib is daily in receipt of letters from local assemblies in different parts of the country, and most of the communications express discontent with the present head of the order and the methods of the present administration. "What progress are you making in the reorganization?" Mr. Seib was asked. "First rate," he answered. "We intend to hold a national convention some time during the winter, and it will be called as soon as five or six district assemblies have been organized. Every large trade center in the country will be represented."

—A special telegram from New York says: Senator Louis Tanco of the Colombian Legation at Washington, and now in this city, says that the expense account of the work on the Panama Canal up to June 30, 1886, was \$151,500,000.

Some of the items are peculiar as well as interesting. For example: The excavating cost, \$25,000,000; the offices at New York, Paris, and Panama, \$8,400,000. The purchase of the Panama Railroad \$18,000,000; and of hospitals \$7,000,000. Materials have caused an outlay of \$22,000,000; servants for employees, \$2,700,000. Mules and wagons figure up a total of \$152,000; the building for offices, private residence for manager, country seat for same, grounds, etc., \$5,250,000. Carriages and horses for employees cost \$215,000; a parlor-car for manager \$42,000; and interest on the capital \$30,000,000. The encampments on the line foot up \$9,000,000; the police, for encampments, \$2,300,000; and the pharmaceutical staff, \$4,800,000. It cost the company \$2,000,000 to indemnify the commissioners sent at the company's expense to report on the canal, in other words to defray the expense of entertaining the guests invited to accompany De Lesseps to Panama, to inspect the canal; and \$5,000,000 to indemnify contractors for the company's failure to carry out certain contracts, and \$5,000,000 for employees on the line. Senator Tanco believes the canal, if ever finished, will cost \$300,000,000. As the work advances greater difficulties are met, and now what remains is mostly solid rock. He doubts if the canal will ever be finished by the present administration. The financial outlook of the company, Senator Tanco says, is quite alarming.

### POLITICAL POINTS.

—The American party has now been in existence in Philadelphia for five weeks, and there are nearly 10,000 members up to date. Says a telegram from the Quaker City:

The promoters are nearly ready to effect permanent organization in several assembly districts, and within a few days this will be perfected. It is said that the movement is principally among the business men of the city. The working classes have not been interested to a very great extent. The committee claim that as soon as the laboring men find that one of the objects of the party is to keep out pauper labor, they will join in large numbers. The men interested in the success of the party have never before interested themselves in politics. James Gillilan, ex-United States Treasurer, has accepted the position of Treasurer of the Provisional Committee. Andrew Powell is its Chairman, and George F. Shaver is Secretary. The demand for cards is very great, and the committee reports that 15,000 have already been distributed. Outside of New York City converts are being made.

### FIRES AND ACCIDENTS.

—Fire at Mound City, Ill., destroyed thirty-five buildings, including two hotels, the Mayor's residence, the Patriot office, and three dry goods stores. A negro has been arrested for causing the conflagration by setting fire to an unoccupied hotel.

—The main building of Barnum & Bailey's "Greatest Show on Earth" was entirely destroyed by fire at Bridgeport, Conn. Says a dispatch from that city:

The first intimation of the fire was given by the roaring of the lions and tigers, which seemed to realize the impending danger. Next the elephants struggled in their chains, but in an incredibly short time the flames swept from one end of the huge structure to the other. No one dared to approach the building, being fearful of the cruel animals. Three elephants were burned up and thirty-six broke from their fastenings and dashed through the sides of the burning building. Their roars, and trumpeting and sounds of torment were terrific. Six elephants and a large African hippopotamus rushed about the streets presenting a sickening appearance. Their sides were burned, and great pieces of flesh a foot square fell off. Thirty elephants and one large lion made their escape from the town and started off across the country. In the horseroom were all the ring animals, trained stallions, ponies, etc. These were all burned. In the upper rooms were the tents, poles, seats, harness, etc., for the entire show, and these too were all destroyed. In the cat room were the birds, monkeys, three rhinoceros, hyenas, tigers, lions, and all the menagerie, which fell a prey to the flames. So rapid did the flames leap across the main building that the firemen made no attempt to save it, but turned their streams upon the chariot buildings and car sheds, which they succeeded in saving, but the heat was so intense that this was accomplished with the greatest difficulty. The total loss is estimated at \$700,000, upon which there was but \$100,000 insurance.

—A terribly fatal accident occurred on the Cleveland and Pittsburgh Road, near Bellaire, Ohio. A wrecking train plunged into a landslide, and Engineer Dick Johnson, Fireman James Russell, and Brakeman Hugh Niles were killed and the train badly wrecked. The fireman lived for several hours after the wreck, but the other two were killed outright.

—A London dispatch says: "There is now no doubt that Capt. Taat went down with his steamer. Mr. Robson, one of the passengers saved, stated to a reporter that the W. A. Scholton had just weighed anchor when the collision occurred. There were 800 life-belts on board, and most of the passengers were supplied with them, but they proved useless in a majority of cases, as the people were engulfed with the ship. The steamer's decks burst when she was foundering. The sunken vessel lies in twenty fathoms of water."

—A J. McCrea's pork-packing establishment at Cleveland, Ohio, was burned, with a loss of \$35,000.

—The Newark (Ohio) wire cloth works were destroyed by flames.

—The steamer Charles P. Chouteau was burned at Sunflower Landing, Miss., 150 miles below Memphis. Her cargo at the time consisted of 4,500 bales of cotton. Two of the crew were burned. The Chouteau was the largest cotton-carrier afloat.

### THE CRIMINAL RECORD.

—A Woodbine (Ky.) special says: "The town of Jellico, a mining settlement on the Kentucky and Tennessee border, is in a state bordering on riot over a desperate and bloody

affray that resulted in the death of four persons. Noah Miller and a number of miners were gathered in a saloon at the outskirts of the village freely spending their week's earnings in drinking and gambling. They soon became engaged in a quarrel, and Marshal Woolwine attempted to arrest Miller and some of the other miners. A desperate fight ensued, and Woolwine, seeing that he was about to be overpowered, drew his revolver and shot Miller dead. His friends now rallied and drove the officer away. Subsequently the friends of the slain man Miller collected together and attacked the Marshal, wounding two of his posse, James and John L. Smith. Frank Kincard, Press Willoughby, and Richard Kerr were killed."

—Henry V. Leslie and James A. L. Wilson, formerly Secretary and Treasurer, respectively, of the Delaware and Chesapeake Canal Company, at Philadelphia, pleaded guilty of embezzlement and were sentenced to eight and six years, respectively, in the penitentiary. By their operations the concern lost nearly \$700,000.

—A Wilkesbarre (Pa.) special says: Jack Gilmore and Ed Dennison, miners, fought a desperate prize-fight at Luzerne Borough. The fight lasted one hour and ten minutes, and forty-four rounds were passed. When the forty-fifth round was called, a constable broke into the ring and declared the men under arrest. Both were terribly punished. While the fight was in progress a dog owned by Dennison, which viewed the battle from between the legs of the bystanders, broke through the ropes, and, on seeing his master knocked to the ground, bit Gilmore in the face. The dog refused to loosen his hold, and his jaws had to be pried open by an iron bar. Dennison was taken to a coal-breaker, where he was left without care and attention, and a physician called to attend him says he may die. It is said that the men quarreled over a girl, the daughter of a mining boss.

—A New Orleans telegram gives the following particulars of a sanguinary conflict between citizens and a body of negro strikers at Thibodaux, La.:

About daylight the colored strikers in a body started toward the white pickets which had been stationed here to protect property, and opened fire upon them, seriously wounding two estimable young men. When the news was brought to headquarters a general alarm was sounded and on all sides men and boys fully armed fell into ranks and at a double quick marched to the scene where the deed had been perpetrated. This party drew fire from an ambush, whereupon they returned the fire, and a general fusillade followed, which was kept up till the negroes were dispersed. Ten negroes are known to have been killed and several more were wounded. While the New Orleans communists, who are morally responsible for this service of life, are denounced on every side, nothing but praise is heard for the conduct of the gallant pickets. Their prompt acts saved the town, and undoubtedly also saved the lives of hundreds of innocent women and children. It was a moment fraught with great danger to the citizens, and had the pickets hesitated or failed to do their duty it is certain that the list of killed would have run up into the hundreds. The Governor has again ordered the militia to the scene of the troubles.

—John H. Bigus, a colored man, charged with felonious assault on Mrs. Yeakle, an aged white woman, was taken from jail at Frederick, Md., and hanged to a tree about a quarter of a mile from the prison. The masked lynchers secured their victim by battering down the jail doors.

### MISCELLANEOUS NOTES.

—The Executive Committee of the National Grange, in session at Lansing, Mich., reported \$4,581 expended during the past year for lecturers, and recommended the establishment of a permanent headquarters at Washington, where records, etc., could be kept. It also favored changes in the patent laws.

—A Dominion Senator asserts that nearly every French decoration worn by French-Canadians has been purchased. Some of the money used in this peculiar traffic was taken from a fund raised for the purchase of books in France for a parliamentary library.

—The North Alabama conference of the Southern Methodist Church adopted at Tuscaloosa a resolution requesting Dr. D. C. Kelley of Nashville, one of the most eminent Methodist divines in America and missionary treasurer of the general conference, to resign his official position because he defended the conduct of Emma Abbott in rising in church recently to defend herself against harsh utterances from the pulpit.

—Engineer Markham and his fireman were attacked by a panther between Artell and Minden, Iowa, on the Burlington and Missouri Road. The men had left the locomotive to repair a wheel, when the feline sprang upon them and severely lacerated both before being dispatched with a bullet. The animal measured six feet and weighed over 200 pounds.

—A Cairo (Ill.) dispatch says: "The woods are on fire for a radius of fifty miles in every direction from that place. The smoke from the burning forests is very dense, and interrupts navigation on the river to a great extent."

M. T. BISHOP,

—DEALER IN—

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Having secured the services of an experienced workman, I am now prepared to do all kinds of Blacksmithing and Repairing in a first-class manner. Special attention given to repairing machinery. Give me a call. Prices reasonable.

A. W. Hall, St. Joe.



## LINCOLN AS A LAWYER.

His Repugnance to Overcharging Dissatisfied His Fellow-Lawyers and the Court.

Among the most prominent of Mr. Lincoln's traits was his tender-heartedness, which during the war often overrode discipline and caused great embarrassment to the army officials. Justice was his, strongly tempered with mercy. Ward H. Lamont, formerly Mr. Lincoln's law partner, relates an incident in Mr. Lincoln's law practice, years before he attained the Presidency, that well illustrates the inflexible conscientiousness which was the rule of Lincoln's whole life:

Although Mr. Lincoln was my senior by eighteen years, in one important particular I certainly was, in a marvelous degree, his acknowledged superior. One of the first things I learned, after getting fairly under way as a lawyer, was to charge well for legal services—a branch of the practice that Mr. Lincoln never could learn. In fact, the lawyers of the circuit often complained that his fees were not at all commensurate with the service rendered. He at length left that branch of the business wholly to me; and to my tender mercy clients were turned over to be slaughtered according to my popular and more advanced ideas of the dignity of our profession. This soon led to serious and shocking embarrassment.

Early in our practice a gentleman named Scott placed in our hands a case of some importance. He had a demoted sister who possessed property to the amount of \$10,000, mostly in cash. A conservator, as he was called, had been appointed to take charge of the estate, and we were employed to resist a motion to remove the conservator. A designing adventurer had become acquainted with the girl, knowing that she had money, and sought to marry her—hence the motion. Scott, the brother and conservator, before we entered upon the case, insisted that I should fix the amount of the fee. I told him that it would be \$250, adding, however, that he had better wait; it might not give us much trouble, and in that event a lesser amount would do. He agreed at once to pay \$250, as he expected a hard contest over the motion. The case was tried inside of twenty minutes; our success was complete; Scott was satisfied and cheerfully paid over the money inside the bar, Mr. Lincoln looking on. Scott then went out and Mr. Lincoln asked: "What did you charge that man?" I told him \$250.

Said he: "Lamont, that is all wrong. The service was not worth that sum; give him back at least half of it." I protested that the fee was settled in advance; that Scott was perfectly satisfied and so expressed himself. "That may be," retorted Mr. Lincoln, with a look of distress and of undisguised displeasure; "but I am not satisfied. This is positively wrong. Go, call him back and return half the money at least, or I will not receive one cent of it for my share."

I did go, and Scott was astonished when I handed back half the fee. This conversation had attracted the attention of the lawyers and the Court. Judge David Davis, then on our circuit bench, called Mr. Lincoln to him. The Judge never could whisper, but in this instance he probably did his best. At all events, in attempting to whisper to Mr. Lincoln, he trumpeted his rebuke in about these words, and in rasping tones that could be heard all over the court-room: "Lincoln, I have been watching you and Lamont. You are impoverishing this bar by your picayune charges of fees, and the lawyers have reason to complain of you. You are now almost as poor as Lazarus, and if you don't make people pay you more for your services you will die as poor as Job's turkey!"

Judge O. L. Davis, the leading lawyer in that part of the State, promptly applauded this malediction from the bench; but Mr. Lincoln was immovable. "That money," said he, "comes out of the pocket of a poor demoted girl; and I would rather starve than to swindle her in this manner."

That evening the lawyers got together and tried Mr. Lincoln before a moot tribunal, called "The Ogmorthorial Court." He was found guilty and fined for his awful crime against the pockets of his brethren of the bar. The fine he paid with great good humor, and then kept the crowd of lawyers in uproarious laughter until after midnight. He persisted in his revolt, however, declaring that with

his consent his firm should never, during its life, or after its dissolution, deserve the reputation enjoyed by those shining lights of the profession, "Catchem & Cheatem."

## Comicalities in Plants.

There is Jack-in-the-Pulpit, the flowers of the plant known as the Indian turnip (*Arisema triphyllum*), who could never look at one of these singular blossoms without that same stirring of the risible faculties which one experiences in pursuing a parody or caricature, or witnessing a pantomime? The very sight of one is provocative of mirth. How many times in my school-days did I challenge the teacher's frown by involuntary giggles at the whimsical look of the imprisoned Jack! Monk's hood of the genus *aconitum* has quaint, comical flowers, suggestive of an old lady's head in a night-cap. The well-known fly-trap (*Dionaea muscipula*) strikes the mind with all the effect of a joke. The leaves of this plant are fringed with stiff bristles, and fold together when certain hairs on their upper surface are touched, thus seizing insects that light on them. Seeing the leaf stand temptingly open, a poor fly pops in for shelter or food. No sooner has it touched its feet than some sensitive fibers are affected, and the cilia at the top closes in upon the intruder, imprisoning him as effectually as if a boy had taken and closed him in a box. The pitcher-plant or monkey-cap of the east, although not particularly ludicrous, has a whimsical arrangement which borders closely upon the human economy. To the foot-stalks of each leaf of this plant, near the base, is attached a kind of bag, shaped like a pitcher, of the same consistence and color as the leaf in the earlier state of its growth, but changing with age to a reddish purple. It is girt around with an oblique band or hoop, and covered with a lid neatly fitted, and movable on a kind of hinge or strong fiber, which, passing over the handle, connects the vessel with the leaf. By the shrinking or contracting of this fiber the lid is drawn open whenever the weather is shadowy or damp. When sufficient moisture has fallen and the pitcher saturated, the cover falls down so firmly that evaporation cannot ensue. The water is thus gradually absorbed through the handle in the foot-stalk of the leaf, giving sustenance and vigor to the plant. As soon as the pitchers are exhausted, the lids again open to admit whatever moisture may fall; and when the plant has produced its seed, and the dry season fairly sets in, it withers, with all the covers of the pitchers standing open. The flower of the bee orchis is like a piece of honeycomb, and the bees delight in it. Then there is the snap dragon, the corolla of which is cleft, and turned back so as to look like a rabbit's mouth, especially if pinched on the sides, when the animal appears as if nibbling. The flower of the cock's comb and the seed pod of the mostynia proboscidea bear curious resemblance to the objects which have suggested their names. Some kinds of the mendicago have also curious seed-pods, some being like bee hives, some like caterpillars, and some like hedgehogs—the last being itself an essentially ludicrous object.—*Floral Cabinet*.

## To Clean Silver.

Dissolve a lump of carbonate of ammonia in a pan of absolutely boiling water, pass the silver through it and dry immediately. Once a week rub the spots with fine whiting dissolved in spirits of wine. When this is quite well dried on the silver rub each piece carefully with clean towels and then with soft chamois. It will be beautifully bright. Still better than whiting is the jeweler's rouge, made in bars for the express purpose of cleaning silver. Wash the silver every time it is used, in a pan by itself, with plenty of boiling water, a brush and silver soap. Dry each piece as it is taken out of the water and rub with the chamois cloth before putting it away. Treated in this way silver never becomes dim and the weekly polishing is not a formidable affair.

"AND yet," said he, "it is almost as good bathing weather as it was two months ago." "True," said she, "but then there is nobody at the beaches to see you when you are going into the water."—*Boston Courier*.

It would not be a "muddy stream of politics" if good citizens would lend a hand and help to keep it clean.

## WHICH DO YOU BELIEVE?

Both Sides of an Absorbing Controversy Clearly Stated:

According to "Scribner's Statistical Atlas of the Census of 1880," there was not a single death from kidney disease in the entire United States from 1870 to 1880!

But can this be possible? If we are to believe the articles of one of our best advertisers, kidney disease, and diseases arising from kidney derangements, is actually responsible for the majority of deaths!

Why, then, such a discrepancy? Fortunately for these people their statements are confirmed.

The suspicion is nourished by them, and we confess with good reason, that because the medical profession is not able to cure extreme kidney disorders, the profession officially disavows from the public the fact of their prevalence; meanwhile its journals are filled with regrets at this prevalence and the impotency of the profession to treat it successfully!

Why is the public misled? These advertisers shrewdly say it is because the profession, if it concedes what they claim, that kidney disease is universal, fears, that the people will desert the powerless doctors and use the advertised preparation!

We do not know but they are right! But what should the people do? Do? Read the evidence and guide themselves accordingly!

The advertisers claim to have cured hundreds of thousands of cases of Bright's disease and all lesser forms of kidney, liver, and blood derangements. They offer \$5,000 for proof that their statements of cures, in every quarter of the globe, are not true, so far as they know. These statements are from prominent men and women all over the world, and the closest scrutiny is invited!

If a physician cures a man and he knows it and says it, people believe him. If Warner's safe cure cures a man and he knows it and says it over his own signature, it is just as conclusive evidence in the latter case as in the former.

A few years ago, after having broken down prejudices in England, Canada, the United States, Australia, India, and China, the owners of this great remedy applied for the privilege of its manufacture and sale in Germany. The laws of that great country are very stringent, and nothing can be manufactured or sold until it wins permission from the government, and this will not be granted until the government is satisfied that the best interests of the public and its individuals will be served by such a preparation.

The medicine was chemically and microscopically analyzed (as accurately as possible) the formulae were examined (with perhaps a secret prejudice against them) by the government chemists, searching inquiry was everywhere made at home and abroad to verify its past record and reputation. Finally, it was triumphant even under the most critical examination, and full permission was given to make and sell Warner's safe cure in the Fatherland—the only life privilege of the kind ever granted to any American proprietary preparation.

Unprejudiced people will say that this favorable consideration of the merits of Warner's safe cure by the German government was a very significant as well as a very distinguished compliment to its merits, and so it is.

The evidence is all in favor of these intelligent advertisers, who have certainly won universal public approval, because of their straightforward course in proclaiming the merits of their remedies.

## Birds Enjoy Exercise.

That birds enjoy the exercise of their powers their can be no manner of doubt. But, as a fact, bird life presents innumerable instances of the maintenance of the powers of flight in species to whose existence it is by no means essential. The skylark does not soar from mercenary motives; pigeons, domesticated for generations, fly about all day long, though they need to seek neither food nor shelter. It is not necessary to watch birds on the wing for very long to convince one's self the act of flight is one of pure enjoyment; that it is cultivated and adorned with the refinements which characterize an "accomplishment." Such is the evolution of the tumbler pigeon, such the more refined and masterly hovering of some birds who possess the power of so balancing themselves on a slanting breeze as to remain motionless with respect to the earth, without apparently moving a wing or a feather, floating all the time, still and calm.

## Successful Whaling Voyage.

The days of successful whaling are not over, though the business has become very risky. The substitution of steamers for sailing vessels has resulted in some very good voyages lately. One of the most fortunate skippers of the day is Capt. Bauldry, of the New Bedford steam whaler *Orea*, who has just returned with all the oil and bone his ship can carry. He actually gave away two whales that his crew had killed to a rival because his own storage room was full.—*New York Commercial Advertiser*.

MORE helpful than all wisdom is one draught of simple human pity that will not forsake us.

When everything else fails, Dr. Sago's Catarrh Remedy cures.

THE pass that railroad stockholders unanimously object to is the passing of a dividend.—*Boston Commercial*.

The best and surest Remedy for Cure of all diseases caused by any derangement of the Liver, Kidneys, Stomach and Bowels. Dyspepsia, Sick Headache, Constipation, Bilious Complaints and Malaria of all kinds yield readily to the beneficent influence of

# PRICKLY ASH BITTERS

It is pleasant to the taste, tones up the system, restores and preserves health. It is purely Vegetable, and cannot fail to prove beneficial, both to old and young. As a Blood Purifier it is superior to all others. Sold everywhere at \$1.00 a bottle.

## FOR ALL DISORDERS OF THE

**Stomach, Liver and Bowels**

# PACIFIC LIVER PILLS

STRICTLY VEGETABLE.

Cure Constipation, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Piles, Sick Headache, Liver Complaints, Loss of Appetite, Biliousness, Nervousness, Jaundice, etc. For Sale by all Druggists. Price, 25 Cents. PACIFIC MANUFACTURING CO., ST. LOUIS, MO.

## LOOK NEVER SUCH COLT BARGAIN BEFORE \$11 REPEATING RIFLE

New from Factory. We stake our reputation of 47 years on this Rifle, and guarantee it the biggest offer ever made. Send 6c. in stamps for illustrated 100-page descriptive Catalogue, Guns, Rifles, Revolvers, Fishing Tackle, Bowls, Sporting Goods, etc. JOHN P. LORRE, 100 N. 3rd St., Boston, Mass.

## WANTED!

Good Second-Hand Newspaper and Job Presses, Paper-Cutters,

and other kinds of printing machinery in exchange for new printing material and paper stock. Give full particulars, and your address.

FORT WAYNE NEWSPAPER UNION, 55 & 57 E. Columbia St., Ft. Wayne, Ind.

**JONES**  
PAYS THE FREIGHT  
5 Ton Wagon Seals, Iron Levers, Steel Bearings, Brass Tare Beam and Beam Box for \$60.  
Every size Scale. For free price list mention this ad. and address JONES OF BIRMINGHAM, BIRMINGHAM, N. Y.

## I CURE FITS!

When I say cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office. H. G. ROOT, M. D., 183 Pearl St. New York.

## FOR SALE CHEAP!

One of Payne & Son's automatic ten-horse power engines. It has only been used about two years, and is in every respect as good as the day it came out of the shop. This engine is equal to twenty-horse power if required of it. Address, FORT WAYNE NEWSPAPER UNION, 55 & 57 Columbia St., Fort Wayne, Ind.

**PILES.** Dr. Williams' Indian Pile Ointment is a sure cure for blind, bleeding or itching piles. Cure guaranteed. Price 50c. and \$1. At druggists or mailed by Walting, Kinnear & Marvin, Wholesale Agents, Toledo, Ohio.

**FREE** TO EVERYBODY. A specimen copy of the Best and Cheapest Family Story Paper in the United States. Send name and address on postal to THE CHICAGO LEDGER, Chicago, Ill.

**PATENTS.** R. A. & A. P. LACEY, Patent Attorneys, Washington, D. C. Instructions and opinions as to patentability FREE. 15-17 years' experience.

**OPIUM.** Morphine Habit Cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till cured. Dr. J. Stephens, Lebanon, Ohio.

**WORK** FOR ALL. \$30 a week and expenses paid. Valuable outfit and particulars FREE. P. O. VICKERY, Augusta, Me.

**\$5** to \$20 a day. Samples worth \$1.50, FREE. (Does not under the horse's feet. Write for Safety Seal Holder Co., Holly, Mich.)

**\$250** A MONTH. Agents wanted. \$500 best selling articles in the world. 1 sample FREE. Address JAY BRONSON, Detroit, Mich.

**PENSIONS** COLLECTED and increased by Fitzgerald & Powell, Indianapolis, Ind. Old cases reopened. Send for copy of Law, free.

**PENSIONS** to Soldiers and Hets. L. BINGHAM, Att'y, Washington, D. C.

**H**OME Study. Secure a Business Education by mail from BRYANT'S BUSINESS COLLEGE, Buffalo, N. Y.

**G**OLD is worth \$500 per pound, Pettit's Eye Salve \$1.00, but is sold at 2 cents a box by dealers.



MORT & WILL OLDS, PUBLISHERS.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:

One Year, in advance ..... \$0.75  
Six Months ..... 50  
Three Months ..... 25

Entered at the Post Office at St. Joe as second-class matter.

FRIDAY DECEMBER 2, 1887.

Walter S. Maxwell has purchased the Butler Record. We don't know Walter, but wish him success.

The new Methodist church at Waterloo is nearly enclosed. The work is being pushed rapidly forward.

The Garrett Clipper don't seem to have a very brotherly feeling for Wash Woodcox. Why is this thusly?

Look after your chimneys, and see that there is no danger of fire. A little precaution in this way may save you from burning out some time.

W. C. Patterson attended the K. of L. Lodge at Butler, Monday evening. He is a member of that organization, and went up to see some new recruits ride the goat.

The Paulding Gazette says that the democrats carried Indiana this fall, by a small majority. Is that so? Indiana people will be surprised to hear that they had an election this fall.

The Auburn Dispatch wants to know whether we have any anarchists in St. Joe? Well no, not exactly; but we have a few men here who believe in free whiskey, and that is a pretty big step in that direction.

The Edgerton gas well is said to have a capacity of 158,000 feet per day—enough to supply eighty families; two stoves to the family. They are piping through the town, and in consequence Edgerton is experiencing quite a boom.

There is to be some kind of a circus at Waterloo during the holidays. We haven't been able to catch onto just what it is, or whether there is to be a menagerie with it or not. We think there is though, however, as we see that Billy Fisher is connected with it, and he is a sort of a menagerie, himself.

Joe Russell, a Fort Wayne traveling man, with a crushed-pumpkin colored moustache, came down from Avilla on No. 16, Monday morning, and he says that the engine that pulled the train was paralyzed on one side, and that every time the train made a stop, the fireman had to get out and start her up with a crow-bar. They expected a new engine at Garrett, but there was none to be had, so they made the trip on through with a crippled locomotive. The Billy O must be close run for engines, or else they have more than usual out on the road.

We neglected to mention last week that the pay car passed through on Tuesday. Other papers along the line made mention of it, but owing to the rush and hurry of getting out our large Thanksgiving edition, (something considerable less than 2000 copies,) the railroad editor forgot to report the item. This was a bad blunder of ours, and no doubt there are people to this day that don't know that the pay car has gone through. It is not our intention to leave out such important items and we promise our readers that it shall not occur again very soon.

OUR CORRESPONDENTS:

CONCORD.  
Mrs. Sepp Hull is quite a cripple, caused from erysipelas in her foot. Rev. Langley and family, of St. Joe, spent Thanksgiving with F. Buchanan and family.

Mrs. John Guysinger entertained her father and mother, brothers and sisters, Thanksgiving day.

Mrs. James Rickett has been quite sick for the past week, and is but very little better at present.

George Draggoo was quite sick for a few days last week, but was able last Tuesday to over-see his butchering affairs.

About fifteen ladies went in by invitation last Tuesday, and assisted Mrs. John Hull in quilting and sewing carpet rags.

Mrs. Hannah Draggoo returned to her home in Michigan last Thursday. Her nephew Frank Draggoo accompanied her and will probably remain all winter.

Jim Hennessy and family, Nelson Tustison, and wife and Mrs. Joe Baker, who is visiting here from Dakota, ate roast turkey Thanksgiving day with Henry Baker and wife.

A quiet little wedding occurred at the residence of Mr. Hiltbrand last Sabbath afternoon. It was the marriage of his daughter Sadie to Mr. Wilnot Coburn of Coburntown. Rev. Thomas tied the conjugal knot in the presence of no one except members of the family. We join a multitude of friends in extending congratulations, and wish them smooth sailing all their lives. The happy couple left for their future home in Coburntown last Monday.

SPENCERVILLE.

John Carnes steps high. It's a boy.

G. A. Bishop spent part of the week in Chicago.

Esquire Beery moved into his new house this week.

George Hollabaugh went to Fort Wayne Tuesday.

Nelson Lake has a sister from Ohio visiting him.

Miss Maud Murray spent Thanksgiving at Garrett.

Mrs. Fryberger went to Van Wert Thursday to visit her daughter Florence.

Elias Zimmerman, wife and daughter Bessie, of Auburn, Sundayed at this place.

Will Tindall and Miss Rena Fryberger spent a few days at Hudson last week.

Mrs. David Sanders has been visiting friends and relatives in and near this place.

Miss Becca Johnson will take rooms at Mrs. Fairfield's, and spend the winter in town.

Prof. C. N. W. Wearne is giving a course of lectures on Phrenology every evening this week.

The Woman's Foreign Missionary Society will be entertained by Mrs. Ben Zimmerman, Saturday afternoon Dec. 3rd, 1887. All are invited.

The young people of the M. E. church, will give a White Slave Social at Provines' Hall, Saturday evening, Dec. 3rd, 1887. Every one is especially invited to attend.

In spite of the inclemency of the weather the Thanksgiving services at this place, were quite well attended and the ladies were well pleased with the success of their dinner and oyster supper.

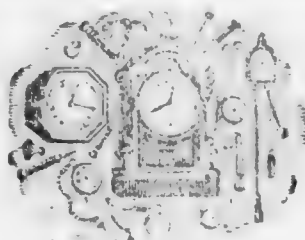
Murray Bros., would announce to the public that their mill is now in running order, and they are prepared to furnish the best of flour. The roller process that has just been put in is one of the finest, and the machinery throughout the mill is new. Now who can say that Spencer-ville is on the decline?

Leighty Invites You

to call and examine his large stock of Dress Flannels, at

40, 50, 60 and 75 cents

per yard. Also an elegant line of Passementeries and Fur Trimmings. Plushes at \$1 per yard.



G. A. PATTERSON.

at the St. Joe Drugstore, repairs Clocks, Watches and Jewelry. All work warranted and prices reasonable. Give me your work.

OYSTERS



LOOK THIS WAY!

I keep on hand a fine line of Furniture, which I will sell for the next 60 days at prices that defy competition. Glass Cupboards \$8.50. Double Cane Seat and Back Rockers \$2. Dressing Case, with French Plate Glass \$12.00. Carpet Lounge \$6.50. Solid Comfort Beds for \$2.25. Undertaking a specialty.

August Kinsey, St. Joe, Ind.

"Mum" socials are all the rage now. Let's have one in St. Joe, by all means. It would be quite a curiosity to see some folks in this town keep mum for a few minutes.

Coal is very scarce and hard to get. Some of our citizens who have coal stoves have been compelled to abandon them this cold weather, and hustle pretty closely around the old reliable wood stove. A coal stove is indeed often a cold stove, now days.

Although it was a very disagreeable evening, the modest little sum of \$25 was taken in at the oyster supper, given by the young people on last Thursday evening; notwithstanding the fact that some kind hearted persons had prophesied that they would not take in enough to pay expenses. You can't sometimes most always tell about these things.

Mervin Widney and Frank Sechler were down at the big woods last week, hunting. They came home minus a good deal of powder and shot, but no game to speak of. They saw one deer, but it was so wild that they could not get close enough to get a shot at it. The fact is, this deer to the big woods to hunt is all played out; there is just as game to be found in the woods here as here at home.

A WOMAN'S DISCOVERY. Another wonderful discovery, has been made, and that to by a lady in this county. Disease fastened its clutches upon her and for seven years she withstood its severest tests, but her vital organs were undermined, and death seemed imminent. For three months she coughed incessantly and could not sleep. She bought of us a bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery, for Consumption and was so much relieved on taking first dose that she slept all night and with one bottle has been miraculously cured. Her name is Mrs. Luther Latz. Thus write W. C. Hamrick & Co., of Shelby N. C. Get a free trial bottle at W. C. Patterson's Drug Store.

New Goods Arriving Daily!

CALL ON US FOR

BIG BARGAINS.

FULL LINE OF

LADIES CLOAKS AND WRAPS.

FINE STOCK OF CLOTHING ON HAND.

HEATING & COOK STOVES A SPECIALTY

S. & F. BARNEY, ST. JOE, IND.

## W. C. Patterson

will occupy this space next week, with a partial list of their attractive stock of

## Holiday Goods.

### PRESBYTERIANS

Who do not take the Herald and Presbyterian, should

#### SEND

Five One-Cent Stamps

#### FOR A

Sample copy of that paper and a beautiful steel-engraved

### Calendar for 1888

Size 4 1/2 x 6 1/2 inches.

Send names and addresses of ten or more Presbyterians of different families who do not now take the paper, and receive the Calendar and sample copy free. Send at once. Mention name of church and pastor, and say where you saw this. Address: HERALD AND PRESBYTER, 175 ELM STREET, CINCINNATI, O.

### CHOCOLATE

Alva Irwin is running the B. & O. pump at Hanter, Ohio.

Twelve car loads of hogs were shipped from this place last month.

"Holdover" Widney will hold-over, and that's the long and short of it.

Samuel Parsons will go to the Soldier's Home at Dayton, Ohio, next week.

The little child of Geo. Ridgway's that was so severely burned last week, is getting better.

Mrs. Clara Wyatt returned from an extended visit with friends in Michigan, Tuesday.

Rev. Fryberger was called to Canton, Ohio, this week, on account of the serious illness of his father.

The M. P. T. L. A. will meet at the residence of Frank Coughanour, on Wednesday evening, December, 7th, 1887.

The Misses Delora Pottit and Ida Filer, of Hudson, Michigan, are the guests of George Wilnot and family this week.

Wilnot Supervisor Coburn got a rousing good belling on Monday evening. It served him just right—any one who has been as long about getting married as he has.

Any one desirous of taking a good church and home paper, should send for a sample copy of the Herald and Presbyterian, published at Cincinnati, Ohio. Send five one cent stamps to their address, and get a handsome Calendar for 1888.

The township institute will be held at the school house in this place, on Saturday Dec. 10th, 1887. All teachers in the township are expected to be present. County Superintendent Merica will have charge of the institute. An interesting time is expected.

It will cost about \$25,000 to pipe the town of Auburn for gas.

One of Hicksville's former saloonists has opened up a fine saloon at Defiance.

The Methodist Sunday school will have a Christmas ship on Christmas eve.

Auburn papers quoted the price of wheat at 72 cents last week, while our dealers were paying 74 and 75 cents.

Manford Monroe, formerly a resident of Coburntown, was married last week at Hicksville to Miss Sweet. Manford got Sweet.

Two-thirds of the people in this part of the county take the News, the other third borrow it, and so you see they all read it. Advertisers take notice.

Hicksville papers both had full page home advertisements last week, besides their regular weekly advertising matter. People over that way are strong believers in the efficacy of printer's ink.

A London barber is said to have accomplished the extraordinary feat of shaving seventy-five men in less than an hour, the other day, on a wager. That sounds like an old, dry, wormy chestnut.

L. B. Goldsmith of Mt. Hope, was in and renewed his subscription to the News, this week. Mr. Goldsmith is an old and highly respected citizen of that vicinity, but has always done the most of his trading at this place, and was one among the first subscribers to the News.

A man by the name of Godfrey Lawrence, near Van Wert, Ohio, last week was at work in the bottom of a well when it caved in and 28 feet of earth and stone covered him. It was 13 hours before he could be reached, and he was then found standing on his feet, completely wallowed, his hands were raised over his head and his tongue had been bitten off in his death struggle.

M. T. Bishop is preambulating in the pine regions of Michigan, this week, laying in a supply of lumber and shingles for next season's trade. M. T. usually goes north about this time of the year, and by paying spot cash, he secures special low prices, which enables him to sell building material lower than the neighboring towns. He has had an excellent trade the past season, and expects to boom things in the year to come.

Prof. Wedan has really gone, and left quite a number of friends to mourn his departure. It seems there are several persons at Auburn who hold claims against him, and in all probability they will continue to hold them. The Professor undertook to organize a class here some time ago, but our people did not seem to be in a singing mood, and he failed to get up a class, and it was fortunate for the town that he did not succeed. Such fellows ought to be given a wide berth.

Some one has advanced the idea that gas is usually found along some stream, and from that standpoint they claim that we are likely to strike it here, as we are right on the bank of the St. Joe river. Auburn's famous gas well is near Cedar Creek, Edgerton's well is right on the line of the St. Joe river, and so they claim that it is usually along some stream where gas is found in paying quantities. We hardly think that kind of reasoning will pan out, but after all, we are just as likely to find gas in this locality as at many other points where it has been found. We stand one chance in fifty and may as well take that chance.

## Five Dollars

Will buy of Case & Olds a Ladies' Long Cloak of good quality, trimmed with Astrachan, and made in the latest style. A bargain and no mistake. Call and see them. Keep your eye peeled for our holiday goods; they'll be along one of these days.

## Baltimore & Ohio R. R.

Trains Leave St. Joe as follows:

### WEST BOUND.

No. 9 Mail and Express 10:55 A. M.  
17 Accommodation 4:12 P. M.  
3 Chicago Express 11:00 P. M.  
33 Local Freight 5:47 P. M.

### EAST BOUND.

No. 10 Express and Mail 2:04 A. M.  
16 Accommodation 10:25 A. M.  
1 Morning Express 4:21 A. M.  
32 Local Freight 7:13 A. M.

W. L. McKEE, AGENT.

### ST. JOE MARKETS.

CORRECTED EVERY FRIDAY.

Wheat	75 cts.
Oats	28 cts.
Corn	35 cts.
Butter	16 cts.
Eggs	16 cts.
Tallow	3 1/2 cts.
Lard	10 cts.
Potatoes	80 cts.

### Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

THE BEST SALVE in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by W. C. Patterson.

Buy your School Crayon at the St. Joe Drug Store.

H. N. Coffinberry, one of the B. & O. officials at Garrett, was in town Friday.

St. Joe is the place to buy goods cheap. Don't forget this when you are making your holiday purchases.

All kinds of itch cured in thirty minutes with Wolford's Sanitary Lotion, for sale at the St. Joe Drug Store at \$1.00 per bottle.

A Kansas paper in speaking of a storm there, says: "First it blew, and then it snowed, and then it threw, and then it friz horrid."

Farmers, get your grists ground at the Anchor Mills, Hicksville, Ohio, where you get first class work. Remember the location, below grain elevator.

When the Auburn gas well No. 2 was down about 225 feet, they struck a vein of water that raised in a ten inch pipe fully twelve feet above the surface of the ground. It was rather remarkable, and would have no doubt made a fine flowing fountain. They can, however, at some future time, bore down near the same place and probably strike the same vein. A fountain such as that would likely make, could be made of great benefit to the town, as well as a thing of beauty.

## The Anchor Mills,

### FULL-ROLLER.

In every particular, and the farmers reliable place to get their grists ground. We guarantee satisfaction. We keep constantly on hand a supply of mill feed. Our trade is booming, and customers continue to come from far and near to the Anchor.

## Full Roller Mills,

HICKSVILLE, OHIO.

### For Sale.

A good one and a-half story dwelling and lot, situated in St. Joe, for sale at a bargain. For particulars call on or address

A. M. Richards, Hicksville, O.

### THE VERDICT UNANIMOUS.

W. D. Sult, Druggist, Bippus, Ind., testifies: "I can recommend Electric Bitters as the very best remedy. Every bottle sold has given relief in every case. One man took six bottles, and was cured of Rheumatism of 10 years standing. Another man, druggist, Bellville, O., writes: 'The best selling medicine I have ever handled in my 20 years experience, is Electric Bitters. Thousands of others have added their testimony, so that the verdict is unanimous: Electric Bitters do cure all diseases of the Liver, Kidneys or Blood. Only a half dollar a bottle at W. C. Patterson's Drug Store.'



The pig is the greatest navigator on top of soil. He can discover more small holes, and crawl thru them in less time than any politician I ever heard of. He is a skemer, and is always just pig-headed enough to have his own way. Let a farmer undertake to drive a pig down a road or lane, and in nine cases out of ten the pig will sunn tall fun, an sunn taller cus-word said befour he gits that pig to a destinashun. Eather the pig will hav its own wa, or else the man's legs an the pig will get awl tangled up tugeather. Under trying cirkuunstanes like that, a man shud bee excused ef he did maik use ov a fue words that ar usually prinftud with a dash. Webster defines pig-headedness tu meen, having your own wa; that's the reson why sunn fokes ar cauled pig-headed. Pigs ar awl rite in ther place, but we awlways thot tha loked the best an the worst least harmfool hanging up naked in a bucher shop.

Bareus Q. Hippenhammer.

P. S. The above artikel has no reference whatever, to our friend Jon Widney, who was trying to drive a pig down streat the othar da.



# THE WELL OF BETHLEHEM.

Discourse by Rev. Dr. Talmage at the Tabernacle.

The Gospel the Fountain of Perpetual Youth Skeptics Measure Eternity with an Hour Glass and the Throne of God with a Yard Stick.

BROOKLYN, Nov. 27.—This morning at the Tabernacle, after explaining appropriate passages of Scripture, the Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D. D., gave out the following hymn, that was sung by the congregation with great heartiness:

Buried in sorrow and in sin  
At hell's dark door we lay;  
But we arise by grace divine,  
To see a glorious day.

The subject of the sermon was: "Thirst in a Cavern;" and the text: "Oh that one would give me drink of the water of the Well of Bethlehem, which is by the gate!"—II. Samuel xxi. 15.

War, always distressing, is especially ruinous in harvest time. When the crops are all ready for the sickle, to have them trodden down by cavalry horses and heavy supply trains gulling the fields is enough to make any man's heart sick. When the last great war broke out in Europe, and France and Germany were coming into horrid collision, I rode across their golden harvests and saw the tents pitched and the trenches dug in the very midst of the ripe fields; the long scythes of battle sharpening to mow down harvests of men in great winrows of the dead. It was at this season of harvest that the army of the Philistines came down upon Bethlehem. Hark to the clamor of their voices, the neighing of their chargers, the blare of their trumpets, and the clash of their shields!

Let David and his men fall back! The Lord's host sometimes loses the day. But David knew where to hide. He had been brought up in that country. Boys are inquisitive, and they know all about the region where they were born and brought up. If you should go back to the old homestead, you could with your own eyes shut, find your way to the meadow, or the orchard, or the hill back of the house, with which you were familiar thirty or forty years ago. So David knew the cave of Adullam. Perhaps, in his boyhood days, he had played "hide and seek" with his comrades all about the old cave; and though others might not have known it, David did. Travelers say there is only one way of getting into the cave, and that is by a very narrow path; but David was stout, and steady headed, and steady nerved; and so, with his three brave staff officers, he goes along that path, finds his way into the cave, sits down, looks around at the roof and the dark passages of the mountain, feels very weary with forced march, and water he must have or die. I do not know but there may have been drops trickling down the side of the cavern or that there may have been some water in the goat-skin slung to his girdle, but that was not what he wanted. He wanted a deep, full, cold drink, such as a man gets only out of an old well with moss-covered bucket. David remembered that very near that cave of Adullam there was such a well as that, a well to which he used to go in boyhood—the well of Bethlehem; and he almost imagines that he can hear the liquid splash of that well, and his parched tongue moves through his hot lips as he says: "Oh, that one would give me drink of the water of the well of Bethlehem, which is by the gate."

It was no sooner said than done. The three brave staff officers, bound to their feet and start. Brave soldiers will take even a hint from their commander. But between them and the well lay the host of the Philistines; and what could three men do with a great army? Yet where there is a will there is a way, and, with their swords slashing this way and that, they make their path to the well. While the Philistines are amazed at the seeming foolhardiness of these three men, and cannot make up their minds exactly what it means, the three men have come to the well. They drop the bucket. They bring up the water. They pour it in the pail, and then start for the cave. "Stop them!" cried the Philistines. "Clip them with swords! Stab them with your spears! Stop those three men!" Too late! They have got around the hill. The hot rocks are splashed with the overflowing water from the vessel as it is carried up the cliffs. The three men go along the dangerous path, and with cheeks flushed with the excitement and all out of breath in their haste they fling their swords, red with the skirmish, to the side of the cave, and cry out to David, "There, captain of the host, is what you wanted, a drink of the well of Bethlehem, which is by the gate."

A text is no use to me unless I can find Christ in it, and unless I can bring a Gospel out of these words, that will arouse, and comfort, and bless, I shall wish I had never seen them; for your time would be wasted, and against my soul the dark record would be made that this day I stood before a great audience of sinning, suffering and dying men, and told them of no rescue. By the cross of the Son of God, by the throne of the eternal judgment, that shall not be! May the Lord Jesus help me to tell you the truth to-day!

You know that carrier pigeons have

sometimes letters tied under the wing, and they fly hundreds of miles—100 miles an hour—carrying a message. So I have thought I would like to have it now. Oh, heavenly Dove! bring under thy wing to-day, to my soul and to the souls of this people, some message of light, and love, and peace!

It is not an unusual thing to see people gather around a well in summertime. The husbandman puts down his cradle at the well curb. The builder puts down his trowel. The traveler puts down his pack. Then one draws the water for all the rest, himself taking the very last. The cup is passed around, and the fires of thirst are put out; the traveler starts on his journey, and the workman takes up his burden.

My friends, we come to-day around the Gospel well. We put forth our pack or burdens and our implements of toil. One man must draw the water for those who have gathered around the well. I will try and draw the water to-day; and if, after I have poured out from this living fountain for your soul, I just taste of it myself, you will not begrudge me a "drink from the water of the well of Bethlehem, which is by the gate."

This Gospel well, like the well spoken of in the text, is a well of Bethlehem. David had known hundreds of wells of water, but he wanted to drink from that particular one, and he thought nothing could slake his thirst like that. And unless your soul and mine can get access to the fountain open for sin and uncleanness we must die. That fountain is the well of Bethlehem. It was dug in the night. It was dug by the light of a lantern—the star that hung down over the manger. It was dug not at the gate of Caesar's palaces, not in the park of a Jerusalem bargainmaker. It was dug in a barn. The camels lifted their weary heads to listen as the work went on. The shepherds, unable to sleep, because the heavens were filled with bands of music, came down to see the opening of the well. The angels of God, at the first gush of the living water, dipped their chalices of joy into it and drank to the health of earth and Heaven, as the cried, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace!" Sometimes in our modern barns that water is brought through the pipes of the city to the very nostrils of the horses or cattle; but this well in the Bethlehem barn was not so much for the beasts that perish as for our race: thirst smitten, desert traveled, and simoon struck. Oh, my soul, weary with sin, stoop down and drink to-day out of that Bethlehem well!

As the heart panteth after the water brooks, so my soul panteth after thee, O God. You would get a better understanding of this amidst the Adirondacks in summer time. Here comes a swift-footed deer. The hounds are close on the track; it has leaped chasms and scaled cliffs; it is fagged out; its eyes are rolling in death; its tongue is lolling from its foaming mouth. Faster the deer, faster the dogs, until it plunges into Schroon Lake and the hounds can follow it no farther, and it puts down its head and mouth until the nostril is clean submerged in the cool wave, and I understand it: "As the heart panteth for the water brook, so panteth my soul after thee, O God." O God, bring me water from this well! Little child, who has learned of Jesus in the Sabbath-school, bring me some of that living water. Old man, who fifty years ago didst find the well, bring me some of that water. Stranger in a strange land, who used to hear sung amidst the highlands of Scotland, to the tune of "Bonnie Doon," "The Star, the Star of Bethlehem," bring me some of that water. Whosoever drinketh of that water shall never thirst. "Oh, that one would give me drink of the water of the well of Bethlehem, which is by the gate."

Again, this Gospel well, like the one spoken of in the text, is a captured well. David remembered the time when that good water of Bethlehem was in the possession of his ancestors. His father drank there, his mother drank there. He remembered how the water tasted when he was a boy and came up there from play. We never forget the old well we used to drink out of when we were boys or girls. There was something in it that blessed the lips and refreshed the brow better than anything we have found since. As we think of that dear old well the memories of the past flow into each other like crystalline drops, sun glistened, and all the more as we remember that the hands that used to lay hold the rope and the hearts that beat against the well curb are still now. We never get over these reminiscences. George F. Morris, the great song writer of this country, once said to me that his song, "Woodman, Spare That Tree," was sung in a great concert hall, and the memories of early life were so wrought upon the audience by that song that, after the singing was done, an aged man arose in the audience, overwhelmed with emotion, and said: "Sir, will you please to tell me whether the woodman really spared the tree?" We never forget the tree under which we played. We never forget the fountain at which we drank. Alas for the man who has no early memories!

David thought of that well, that boyhood well, and he wanted to drink of it, but he remembered that the Philistines had captured it. When these three men tried to come up to the well in behalf of David, they saw swords gleaming around about it. And this is true of this Gospel well. The

Philistines have at times captured it. When we come to take a full, old-fashioned drink of pardon and comfort, do not their swords of indignation and sarcasm flash? Why, the skeptics tell us that we cannot come to that fountain! They say the water is not fit to drink, anyhow. "If you are really thirsty now, there is the well of philosophy, there is the well of art, there is the well of science." They try to substitute, instead of our boyhood faith, a modern mixture. They say a great many beautiful things about the soul, and they try to feed our immortal hunger on rose leaves, and mix a mint julep of worldly stimulants when nothing will satisfy us but "a drink of water of the well of Bethlehem, which is at the gate." They try to starve us on husks, when the father's banquet is ready, and the best ring is taken from the casket, and the sweetest harp is struck for the music, and the swiftest foot is already lifted for the dance. They patronize Heaven and abolish hell, and try to measure eternity with their hour glass, and the throne of the great God with their yard stick! I abhor it. I tell you the old Gospel well is a captured well. I pray God that there may be somewhere in the elect host three anointed men, with courage enough to go forth in the strength of the omnipresent God, with the glittering swords of truth, to hew the way back again to that old well. I think the tide is turning, and that the old Gospel is to take its place again in the family, and in the university, and in the legislative hall. Men have tried worldly philosophies, and they have found out that they do not give any comfort, and that they drop an Aetna midnight upon the death pillow. They fail when there is a death chill in the house; and when the soul comes to leap into the fathomless ocean of eternity, they give to the man not so much as a broken spar to cling to. Depend upon it, that well will come into our possession again, though it has been captured. If there be not three anointed men in the Lord's host with enough consecration to do the work, then the swords will leap from Jehovah's buckler, and the eternal three will descend—God the Father, God the Son, God the Holy Ghost—conquering for our dying race the way back again to "the water of the well of Bethlehem, which is by the gate." "If God be for us, who can be against us?" "If God spared not his own Son, but freely gave him up for us all, how shall He not with Him also freely give us all things?" "For I am persuaded that neither height, nor depth, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come," shall take from us, into final captivity, the Gospel of my blessed Lord Jesus Christ.

Again, the Gospel well, like the one spoken of in my text, is a well at the gate. The traveler stops the camel to-day, and gets down and dips out of the Valley of the East some very beautiful, clear, bright water, and that is out of the very well that David longed for. Do you know that the well was at the gate, so that nobody could go into Bethlehem without going right past it? And so it is with this Gospel well—it is at the gate. It is, in the first place, at the gate of purification. We cannot wash away our sins unless with that water. I take the responsibility of saying that there is no man, woman, or child in this house to-day that has escaped sinful defilement. Do you say it is outrageous and ungallant for me to make such a charge? Do you say, "I have never stolen, I have never blasphemed, I have never committed unchastity, I have never been guilty of murder?" I reply you have committed a sin worse than blasphemy, worse than unchastity, worse than theft, worse than murder. We have all committed it. We have, by our sin, re-crucified the Lord, and that is decisive. And if there be any who dare to plead "not guilty" to the indictment, then the hosts of Heaven will be impaneled as a jury to render a unanimous verdict against us; guilty one, guilty all. With what a slashing stroke that one passage cuts us away from all our pretensions—"There is none that doeth good; no, not one." "Oh," says some one, "all we want, all the race wants, is development." Now I want to tell you that the race develops, without the Gospel, into a Sodomy, a Five Points, a great Salt Lake City. It always develops downward and never upward, except as the grace of God lays hold of it. What, then, is to become of our souls without Christ? Banishment. Disaster. But I bless my Lord Jesus Christ that there is a well at the gate of purification. For great sin, great pardon. For eighty years of transgression, an eternity of forgiveness. For crime deep as hell, an atonement high as Heaven; that where sin abounded, so grace may much more abound; that as sin reigned unto death, even so may grace reign through righteousness unto eternal life by Jesus Christ our Lord. Angel of the covenant, dip thy wing in this living fountain to-day and wave it over this solemn assemblage, that our souls may be washed in "the water of the well of Bethlehem, which is by the gate."

Again, the Gospel well is at the gate of Heaven. I have not heard yet one single intelligent account of the future world from anybody who does not believe in the Bible. They throw such a fog about the subject that I do not want to go to the skeptic's heaven, to the transcendentalist's heaven, to the worldly philosopher's heaven. I would not exchange the poorest room in your house for the finest heaven

that Huxley, or Stuart Mill, or Darwin ever dreamed of. Their heaven has no Christ in it; and a heaven without Christ, though you could sweep the whole universe into it, would be a hell! Oh, they tell us there are no songs there; there are no coronations in Heaven—that is all imagination. They tell us we will do there about what we do here, only on a larger scale—geometrize with clearer intellect, and with alpenstock go clambering up over the icebergs in an eternal vacation. Rather than that, I turn to my Bible, and I find John's picture of that good land that heaven which was your lullaby in infancy, that heaven which our children in the Sabbath-school will sing about this afternoon, that heaven which has a "well at the gate."

After you have been on a long journey, and you come in all bedusted and tired to your home, the first thing you want is refreshing ablution; and I am glad to know that after we get through the pilgrimage of this world—the "hard, dusty pilgrimage" we will find a well at the gate. In that one wash, away will go our sins and sorrows. I do not care whether cherub or seraph or my own departed friends in that blessed land place to my lips the cup, the touch of that cup will be life, will be heaven. I was reading of how the ancients sought for the fountain of perpetual youth. They thought if they could only find and drink out of that well, the old would become young again, the sick would be cured, and everybody would have eternal juvenescence. Of course, they could not find it. Eureka! I have found it—"the water of the well of Bethlehem, which is by the gate."

I think we had better make a bargain with those who leave us, going out of this world from time to time, as to where we will meet them. Travelers parting appoint a place of meeting. They say, "We will meet at Rome, or we will meet at Stockholm, or Vienna, or Jerusalem, or Bethlehem." Now, when we come to stand at the death pillow of those who are leaving us for the far land, do not let us weep as though we would never see them again, but let us, there standing, appoint a place where we will meet. Where shall it be? Shall it be on the banks of the river? No. The banks are too long. Shall it be in the temple? No; no. There is such a host there—ten thousand times ten thousand. Where shall we meet our loved ones? Let us make an appointment to meet at the well by the gate. Oh, Heaven! Sweet Heaven! Hear Heaven! Heaven, where our good friends are! Heaven, where Jesus is! Heaven! Heaven!

But while I stand here there comes a revulsion of feeling when I look into your eyes and know there are souls here dying of thirst, notwithstanding the well at the gate. Between them and the well of Heaven there is a great army of sin; and though Christ is ready to clear a way to that well for them, they will not have his love or intercession.

But I am glad to know that you may come yet. The well is here—the well of Heaven. Come; I do not care how feeble you are. Let me take hold of your arm, and steady you up to the well curb. "Ho, every one that thirsteth, come." I would rather win one soul to Christ this morning than wear the crown of the world's dominion. Do not let any one go away and say I did not invite him. Oh, if you could only just look at my Lord once, if you could just see Him fall in the face, ay, if you could only do as that woman did whom I read about at the beginning of the services—just come up behind Him and touch His feet—methinks you would live. In Northern New Jersey, one winter, three little children wandered off from home in a snow storm. Night came on. Father and mother said, "Where are the children?" They could not be found. They started out in haste, and the news ran to the neighbors, and before morning it was said that there were hundreds of men hunting the mountains for those three children, but found them not. After a while a man imagined there was a place that had not been looked at, and he went and saw the three children. He examined their bodies. He found that the older boy had taken off his coat and wrapped it around the younger one, the baby, and then taken off his vest and put it around the other one; and there they all died, he probably the first, for he had no coat or vest. Oh, it was a touching scene when that was brought to light! I was on the ground a little while after, and it brought the whole scene to my mind; and I thought to myself of a more melting scene than that; it is that Jesus, our elder brother, took off the robe of his royalty, and laid aside the last garment of earthly comfort, that he might wrap our poor souls from the blast. Oh, the height, and the depth, and the length, and the breadth of the love of God!

TOM ROCHFORD, an enthusiastic supporter of Candidate Baird, who wanted to be Mayor of Brooklyn, ate a whole crow in that city the other night in payment of a wager. A large crowd watched the performance, which was enlivened by the diner's grimaces at every bite.

MR. HALDEMAN, publisher of the Louisville Courier-Journal, lately directed his pastor, by telegraph to draw upon him for the full amount of the church's indebtedness.



**A Chronic Tendency Overcome.**  
Many persons are troubled with a chronic tendency to constipation. They are of bilious temperament. The complaint to which they are subject, though easily remediable by judicious treatment, is, in many cases, aggravated by a resort to drastic purgatives and cholagogues. As the human stomach and bowels are lined with a delicate membrane, and not with vulcanite, they cannot stand prolonged drenching with such medicines without serious injury. Nothing restores and counteracts an habitual tendency to constipation so effectively as Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. Its laxative effect is gentle and progressive. It neither convulses nor weakens the intestines, and its effects are accompanied by gripping pains. It arouses the liver when the organ is sluggish, promotes digestion, and encourages appetite and sleep. For fever and ague, kidney troubles, nervous complaints, and incipient rheumatism, it is incomparable. Take a wineglass before meals and see how soon you will relish them.

**Sealing Wax Causing Trouble.**  
In a notice just issued the postoffice recommends the disuse of sealing wax on ordinary letters for countries over the sea. It often happens that the wax is melted by the heat under the tropics or by the fumigations to which mail bags are subjected. In La Plata, for instance, the letters are found to stick together so that they cannot be separated without injury to the address, and are in this way often lost. Ordinary letters are quite sufficiently sealed with gum or wafers, and registered letters, for which wax seals are required, are carefully handled on the way.—*Paris Cor. London News.*

**"What Drug Will Scour These English Hens?"**

Wicked Macbeth, who murdered good King Duncan, asked this question in his despair. Thousands of victims of disease are daily asking "What will scour the impurities from my blood and bring me health?" Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery will do it. When the purple life-tide is sluggish, causing drowsiness, headache, and loss of appetite, use this wonderful vitalizer, which never fails. It forces the liver into perfect action, drives out superfluous bile, brings the glow of health to the cheek, and the natural sparkle to the eye. All druggists.

**Killing Off Their Husbands.**  
Young married farmers have been dying off with dreadful suddenness in villages of Syria, in eastern Croatia. These young farmers were all brand new husbands, and at last their deaths, all coming so soon after marriage, excited suspicion, and the matter was investigated. It was found that an old woman had conceived the idea of getting pretty young girls to marry farmers and poison them and divide the spoils. The old woman is now in jail, and so far seven young widows, to whom she had furnished poison with which to kill their husbands.—*Foreign Letter.*

**An Extended Popularity.** Brown's BRONCHIAL TROCHES have for many years been the most popular article in use for relieving Coughs and Throat troubles.

A STOCK-BROKER can not expect to feel bully when he has more troubles than he can bear.

**Chronic Coughs and Colds.**  
And all diseases of the Throat and Lungs, can be cured by the use of Scott's Emulsion, as it contains the healing virtues of Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites in their fullest form. Is a beautiful creamy Emulsion, palatable as milk, easily digested, and can be taken by the most delicate. Please read: "I consider Scott's Emulsion the remedy par excellence in Tuberculous and Strumous Affections, to say nothing of ordinary colds and throat troubles."—W. R. S. CONNELL, M. D., Manchester, Ohio.

PUT a man in prison and you've got him where the hair is short. The prison barber sees to that.—*St. Joseph Gazette.*

**The Popular Throughfare.**  
The Wisconsin Central Line, although a comparatively new factor in the railroad systems of the Northwest, has acquired an enviable popularity. Through careful attention to details, its service is as near perfection as might be looked for. The train attendants seem to regard their trusts as individual property and as a result the public is served par excellence. The road now runs solid through fast trains between Chicago, Milwaukee, St. Paul, and Minneapolis with Pullman's best and unequalled dining-cars; it also runs through, solid sleepers between Chicago, Ashland, Duluth, and the famous mining regions of Northern Wisconsin and Michigan.

**Itching Piles.**  
Symptoms—Moisture; intense itching and stinging; most at night; worse by scratching. If allowed to continue tumors form, which often bleed and ulcerate, becoming very sore. Swayne's Ointment stops the itching and bleeding, heals ulceration, and in many cases removes the tumors. It is equally efficacious in curing all Skin Diseases. Dr. Swayne & Son, Proprietors, Philadelphia. Swayne's Ointment can be obtained of druggists, or by mail.

**Consumption Surely Cured.**  
To the Editor:—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above-named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their Express and P. O. address. Respectfully,  
T. A. SLOCUM, M. C., 181 Pearl St., N. Y.

#### A Pleasure Shared by Women Only.

Malherbe, the gifted French author, declared that of all things that man possesses, women alone take pleasure in being possessed. This seems generally true of the sweeter sex. Like the ivy plant, she longs for an object to cling to and love—to look to for protection. This being her prerogative, ought she not to be told that Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the physical salvation of her sex? It banishes those distressing maladies that make her life a burden, curing all painful irregularities, uterine disorders, inflammation and ulceration, prolapsus and kindred weaknesses. As a nerve, it cures nervous exhaustion, prostration, debility, relieves mental anxiety and hypochondria, and promotes refreshing sleep.

A CORSET is nothing more than a waist basket without any poetry in it.

WHATEVER name or designation is given to Fever and Ague, or other intermittent diseases it is safe to say that Malaria or a disordered state of the liver is at fault. Eliminate the impurities from the system and a sure and prompt cure is the immediate result. Prickly Ash Bitters is the safest and most effective remedy for all biliary troubles, kidney diseases, and like complaints that have ever been brought before the public. A trial is its best recommendation.

THE missing links will arrive when the sausage season opens.

**Catarth Cured.**  
A clergyman, after years of suffering from that loathsome disease, Catarth, and vainly trying every known remedy, at last found a prescription which completely cured and saved him from death. Any sufferer from this dreadful disease sending a self-addressed stamped envelope to Prof. J. A. Lawrence, 212 East Ninth street, New York, will receive the recipe free of charge.

FIVE dollars can be saved every year in boots and shoes by using Lyon's Heel Stiffeners; cost only 25c.

#### Ringing Noises

In the ears, sometimes a roaring, buzzing sound, or snapping like the report of a pistol, are caused by catarrh, that exceedingly disagreeable and very common disease. Loss of smell or hearing also result from catarrh. Hood's Sarsaparilla, the great blood purifier, is a peculiarly successful remedy for this disease, which it cures by purifying the blood. If you suffer from catarrh, try Hood's Sarsaparilla, the peculiar medicine.

"I used Hood's Sarsaparilla for catarrh, and received great relief and benefit from it. The catarrh was very disagreeable, especially in the winter, causing constant discharge from my nose, ringing noises in my ears, and pains in the back of my head. The effort to clear my head in the morning by hawking and spitting was painful. Hood's Sarsaparilla gave me relief immediately, while in time I was entirely cured. I am never without the medicine in my house, as I think it is worth its weight in gold." Mrs. G. B. GIBB, 1029 Eighth St., N. W., Washington, D. C.

#### Hood's Sarsaparilla

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A SURE CURE FOR  
**INDIGESTION AND DYSPEPSIA.**

Over 500 physicians have sent us their approval of DIGESTYLIN, saying that it is the best preparation for indigestion that they have ever used. We have never heard of a case of Dyspepsia where DIGESTYLIN was taken that was not cured.

**FOR CHOLERA INFANTUM.**  
IT WILL CURE THE MOST AGGRAVATED CASES. IT WILL STOP VOMITING IN PREGNANCY. IT WILL RELIEVE CONSTIPATION.

For Summer Complaints and Chronic Diarrhea, which are the direct results of imperfect digestion, DIGESTYLIN will effect an immediate cure. Take DIGESTYLIN for all pains and disorders of the stomach; they all come from indigestion. Ask your druggist for DIGESTYLIN (price \$1 per large bottle). If he does not have it, send one dollar to us and we will send a bottle to you, express prepaid. Do not hesitate to send your money. Our house is reliable. Established twenty-five years.

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## RURAL TOPICS.

### Some Practical Suggestions for Our Agricultural Readers.

Information of Value to the Farmer, Stock-Breeder, Housewife, and Kitchen-Maid.

#### AGRICULTURE.

##### Digestibility of Hay.

The Germantown Telegraph summarizes some digestion experiments made at the Maine Experiment Station, from which we find that in the consumption of hay and clover, there is, perhaps, under ordinary circumstances, a less proportion digested and so rendered available in the growth or fattening of animals than is generally supposed. The composition of timothy hay is given as follows: Protein compound, 5.94; crude fiber, 28.89; nitrogen free extract, 47.41; fat, 2.97. Of the above there is under ordinary circumstances digested, protein compounds, 2.7; crude fiber, 12.4; nitrogen free extract, 27.9; fat, 1.4.

By the above it appears that only about one-half of the nutritive principles of timothy are digested. In the case of clover hay, the result is very nearly the same, the only difference of any account being in the fact that clover hay furnishes about twice as much of the protein compounds as the timothy. Assuming that 3,875 pounds of timothy is cut from an acre, there will be digested 104.6 pounds of protein matter, while from an acre of 4,075 pounds of clover hay would be digested 288.2 of protein, with but little difference in the fat and nitrogen free extract. As the protein contains the substance of animal tissue, this is important in the feeding of growing and young animals.—Stockman.

##### Farm Notes.

TREES from distant nurseries can be ordered safely in the fall, and if packed properly they will come in the best condition. As there will usually be no special hurry, they can come by freight, and the transportation will not be very expensive. They carry best in boxes.

It is not necessary that a pig-house should not freeze, but it is necessary that the air should be free from dampness and the chilliness which is connected with a cellar in warm, damp places. Hogs are very susceptible to colds, both inward and outward, and to rheumatism.

AMONG the leading breeds of domestic ducks the Aylesbury is worthy the highest commendation. They are an improved English product, popular in their own country and fast gaining friends among our American breeders. In them the farmer, cottager, and fancier have a large-sized bird for market or home use, and one that is remarkably hardy and productive.

ONE of the principal causes of heaves in horses is the feeding of dusty or dirty hay. Ordinary clean hay can always be fed with safety if properly cut up, moistened, and mixed with ground grain, but to feed the dusty or dirty sorts is very injurious. Clover, owing to its liability to crumble, often gets dirty, even after storage, and should never be fed without previously being moistened.

FEATHERS are very rich in nitrogen, and should be used to add to the strength of the manure heap. Like bones, they may be quickly reduced by soaking them in a solution of sulphuric acid and covering them with a coarse compost, with which they may be subsequently mixed. Indeed, so strong are they that if properly distributed and applied the results on a crop of corn will be surprising.

THE latest plan with ensilage is to cut the entire corn crop—stalks, ears, and all—into the silo. The kernels of the corn will be wholly digested by the cattle, as it does not dry out nor lose its milky character, which gives it succulence for rapid digestion. A farmer who has made this point one of special investigation so reports, and affirms that there is not a visible trace of corn in the voidings.

EDWARD BURNETT, Deerfoot Farm, claims that to the cow that makes the most butter from a given amount of food belongs the honors. Yes, but "butter tests" are made to boom a family of stock by a sort of ledgerdom that aims to make the public believe that the record comes from the cow rather than the feed. When honors must be placed on profitable results there will be no more public tests.

#### STOCK BREEDING.

##### Kicking Cows.

Says a writer in the *American Cultivator*: The most convenient, the best, and most effective remedy that I have tried is the use of a plow line or cord drawn tight around the body, forward of the udder, which prevents the cow from arching her back, consequently she cannot lift her foot to kick. The same may be accomplished by a person pressing on the cow's spine. The method of using the plow line is as follows: Take a common round plow line and double it; then pass it around the body of the cow forward of the udder. Bring the ends through a loop, draw the cord

tight, and make a slip-knot to hold it. I have had cows that, after using this device on them, could be milked for a while by simply laying the cord over their back.

##### Mortality of Swine.

About 10 per cent. of the swine of this country die annually of disease. Perhaps one-half of this fatality is due to specific swine plague; the other half to various disorders, clearly occasioned by unwholesome conditions. These same divisions favor the multiplication and preservation of the bacillus which produces swine plague. The loss from disease among swine makes the prevention of disease a matter of great moment to the swine growers, and I have found in practice what theory indicates, that the removal of unwholesome conditions prevents disease at the same time that it largely increases the thrift of the animals. During the last eighteen years I have raised swine largely and have not lost 1 per cent. from disease. The fact that specific swine plague has raged several years in my immediate neighborhood, sick and dead hogs being separated from mine by only an open fence, would show that this disease is not so highly contagious as the veterinarians would make us believe. He who would prevent swine disease has only to adopt those methods of feeding, watering, sheltering, and breeding which would be the most economical, were no disease to be guarded against.—*Mirror and Farmer*.

#### FORESTRY.

##### When Fall Planting Is Best.

The question of fall planting of trees periodically occupies the columns of the leading agricultural journals; and during the early fall months no question is oftener asked by purchasers of trees than, "Do you recommend fall planting?" The answers, "no" and "yes," may both be applicable if the situation and condition of the soil where the trees are to be planted are known.

On soils imperfectly drained, in which an over-abundance of water remains from the time our autumn rains fall until the 1st of May, then I would say "no"—leave your planting alone until spring. Be the tree ever so carefully lifted, there are a good many mutilated roots; these broken roots, if the soil in which they are placed is in good condition, will callus and be in a suitable state for making a new growth on the first approach of warmth in the soil in spring. If, however, too much moisture is present in the soil, instead of forming a callus, it blackens and decays back to the main root.

On all well-drained soils, either natural or artificial, and where the trees to be planted are well matured, I prefer fall planting; the trees get settled in their position and are ready to commence root-growth before spring-planted trees are moved, and if a dry time occurs during May or June they stand it better than the spring-planted ones, especially the late planted ones.

One point I would impress upon tree planters—to pack the soil closely around the roots if shoveled in on top of the roots and the feet used to pack the soil, a great many empty spaces are left around the roots which prevent the production of new ones and leave the old in a good condition to easily dry up. I generally use in filling up these empty spaces a short, round stick about an inch or so in diameter.

#### VETERINARY.

##### Termin on Cattle.

E. B. writes from Port London: "Will you kindly tell me of some remedy to destroy lice on pigs, horses, and cattle, and ticks on sheep?" Carbolic acid is a good remedy for lice on live stock. A simple way to use it on a small scale is to mix ten per cent. of strong acid with butter or lard, and after thorough mixing, rub a little of this upon the animal where the lice are found. A very nice carbolic soap may be made for this purpose, and for coming scratches in horses, foul in the foot in cattle, hoof rot in sheep, etc., by taking two pounds of a pleasant hand washing bar soap; cut this up fine, and mix with it one-fourth pound of castile soap, which has been cut fine; when these are mixed well together, then mix into this soap one-tenth part in bulk of liquid carbolic acid. This will not be more than one-twelfth part of crystallized acid. When this is well-mixed, exclude the air from it by putting it in a self-sealing fruit jar. The crude acid can be used if any large amount is required. When the cheap acid can be had, it is the best deodorizer for the stable. One thousandth part of the acid will deodorize a manure vault. A small amount sprinkled over a hen-house and its roosts will keep it sweet, destroy lice, and prevent many diseases.—*Canada Farmer*.

##### Thrush.

Thrush is defined by veterinarians as "a diseased condition of the secretions from the frog characterized by the discharge of a foul and fetid material." A frequent cause of this complaint is standing in stable refuse and wet straw. Many farmers have a thick layer of manure mixed with bedding in the stalls of young stock, so as to prevent the feet from drying. When this practice is followed for any length of time, thrush, indicated by lameness, is very apt to result. The victim should first be given a dry, well-littered stall, and the bedding should be changed

or dried in the sun daily. Remove the shoes, pare the feet and clean the affected parts thoroughly, but do not apply water. Take one pint of pine tar, one ounce of gum camphor, and one ounce of blue vitriol (sulphate of copper). Place the gum camphor in the tar. Powder the vitriol as finely as possible. When the camphor has been cut add the powdered vitriol, and stir the ingredients until thoroughly mixed. Apply a coating of this to the diseased frog and bottom of the foot. Renew the application occasionally until a cure is effected. After applying the mixture cut a piece of cloth to fit the bottom of the foot, lay it upon the tar, press it in closely and let it remain.

#### APICULTURE.

##### Bee-Keepers Meet in Convention and Discuss Their Common Interests.

The bee-keepers recently held a national convention in Chicago. About seventy-five delegates, representing every section of the country, were in attendance. Dr. C. C. Miller, of Marengo, Ill., who devotes his time exclusively to bees, was in the chair, and W. L. Hutchinson, of Flint, Mich., acted as Secretary. Among the delegates were Prof. A. J. Cook, who occupies the chair of entomology in the Michigan Agriculture College; A. I. Root, Medina, Ohio; E. J. Oatman, Dundee, Ill.; Prof. N. N. McLean, Hinsdale, Ill.; T. G. Newman, Chicago; T. S. Bull, of Valparaiso, Ind., and others. J. A. Green, of Dayton, Ill., read a paper upon the subject of "Production of Comb and Extracted Honey in the Same Apiary."

Dr. C. C. Miller followed with a paper upon "Legislation for Bee-keepers," in which he took the ground that they should be protected by some legislation in cases where crops of clover and other bee-food were made serviceable by bee-keepers rival to the interest of those who maintained such crops.

Mr. Thomas G. Newman delivered an address on "The Objects and Methods of a Thorough Organization of the Bee-keepers of America." Mr. Newman held that the pursuit of modern and progressive apiculture is yet in its infancy. It has grown rapidly, and its development has been accompanied by science, art, and invention at every step; so that to-day, those interested in bee-keeping in North America number fully 300,000 persons, its annual product of honey amounting to 10,000,000 pounds, and its value being about \$15,000,000. Mr. Newman strongly urged that the association should be made a thoroughly representative one by embracing within it a plan for the organization of county and State societies. Some of the principal wants of bee-keepers were felt to be a systematic encouragement of bee and honey shows at fairs; providing bee tents for such bee exhibitions; inaugurating a system of education of bee-keepers, and by certificate or otherwise guaranteeing to those who wish to hire assistants that they possess a practical knowledge of the business for which they are wanted. These wants could all be provided for and satisfied in a better manner by a well-organized society than in any other way. In the opinion of the author of the paper some legislation protecting certain territory for the benefit of bee-keepers especially was necessary to the remunerative pursuits of this culture. In London, England, there is a "honey company" which receives and sells at the highest market prices the honey belonging to its members either by sample or in bulk, and such a company may also be deemed desirable in America, and some arrangements may be made, perhaps, whereby the company could make advances on consignments and thus help producers in more ways than one. This might also be made a feature of the proposed organization, if deemed desirable by the members of this convention of American apiarists. It was most desirable that representation should be perfectly carried out by auxiliary county and State societies.

#### DAIRYING.

##### Washing Butter.

The experience of experts in butter making has been freely given of late years. Experiments have not been neglected. Mr. F. D. Curtis, well known in dairy circles, communicates the following to the *Rural New Yorker* on the subject:

Many things about butter-making have been learned within the last few years. One thing is how to wash and handle butter. Henceforth there will be no theories or practices about washing butter. Some used to think it injured the butter by washing the sugar out of it, and they would actually add sugar to make up for the loss. Some do this even now. But sugar is not wanted in butter. It is too unstable a compound, and soon decomposes, to enter into new combinations and play the mischief. The first change is for the sugar to change to lactic acid, and one of the strongest arguments in favor of sour-cream butter is the fact that this change occurs, and the sugar is largely disposed of before churning. Washing takes out the buttermilk and the lactic acid—composed of the sugar—with it, as it does other materials that will not keep like the pure butter fat. This improves the flavor and keeping quality of the butter. This is true now, and will always remain true. But before this, washing or not washing was merely empirical and

controlled by whim or prejudice, the dairymen not knowing precisely the effect produced by washing any more than he did the effect of sugar upon the butter. It is not difficult to establish general rules when the facts are known and the principles are understood. But there are certain things depending upon conditions which cannot be governed by specific rules, and which, therefore, call for the exercise of judgment on the part of the dairyman. When we can dispense with the use of brains we can dispense with the dairyman.

#### HOUSEKEEPING.

##### Rugs and Matting.

The variety of rugs from which one may choose is wide even when excluding the "real" Persian and Turkish ones, which are beyond the purses of most people. The Smyrna rugs manufactured in Philadelphia are too well and favorably known to need much comment, but the large sizes in this make are not cheap, although their durability makes them well worth the purchase. An excellent substitute may be made by buying the plain ingrain filling, sewing it into a square of the dimensions desired, and surrounding it with a border to match.

When, for any reason, a bare floor with rugs is out of the question, the next best thing is matting. It is easily kept clean, for the dirt lies on top and can be brushed off instead of becoming ground into the fabric, as is the case with carpets. As it grows dingy it may be freshened by wiping it with a cloth dampened in salt and water.

Matting may not be the best floor-covering for a hall where the constant tramping back and forth is apt to break the straw and wear it in spots. Nor can it be recommended for use in the dining-room unless protected under the table by a rug or drugget. The pushing back of heavy chairs soon leaves its mark even on the stoutest carpet, and matting cannot stand such rough usage. But in sitting-rooms, and especially in sleeping apartments, it is far preferable to a carpet. In the bedrooms small rugs laid by the bed, bureau, and wash-stand are all that is really needed, even for delicate people who dread to have their feet come in contact with the cold surface. In the other rooms larger rugs may be placed where it seems best, by fire-place, sofa, or sewing-chair.

Matting is in thorough harmony with the present style of cottage plainishings. It is in keeping with serim and Madras draperies, wicker and Fayal chairs, bamboo easels and screens, and the many other light articles that are superseding upholstered furniture.

##### Household Hints.

WHERE cockroaches are abundant sprinkle lime powder.

THE quality of food has much to do with the quality of the milk.

If you are troubled with slugs or worms strew soot on the soil around the plants.

WHITING or ammonia in the water is preferable to soap for cleaning windows or paint.

To wash dishes without putting the hands in the water, make a mop of cord or twine with a wooden handle about a foot long.

THE juice of half a lemon makes a very pleasant addition to either food or warm tea. Of course milk should not be used with it.

#### THE KITCHEN.

##### Egg Pudding.

Half a pound of bread crumbs, half a pound of raisins, a pound of chopped apples, four eggs, a cup of sugar, piece of butter the size of an egg, spice. Boil in a mould. Serve with hard sauce.

##### Gingerbread.

One-half cup of sugar, one cup of molasses, one cup of butter, one egg, two-thirds of a cup of hot water, two cups of flour, two-thirds of a teaspoonful each of ginger and cinnamon, one teaspoonful of soda.

##### Biscuits.

One quart of flour with two large teaspoonfuls of baking powder mixed into it, add a tablespoonful of lard or butter, a little salt, and water enough to make the dough. Bake in a hot oven twenty minutes.

##### Cocoanut Pudding.

Grate the meat of a large cocoanut. Roll fine five Boston crackers and mix with the cocoanut, add milk enough to beat, and a teaspoonful of butter. Beat five eggs, add a cup of sugar, mix, and bake like a custard.

##### Ginger Cookies.

One pint best baking molasses, one-half pint lard, one teacup sugar, one tablespoon soda, one tablespoon ginger, one teacup hot water; dissolve soda in the hot water, and stir the whole with a spoon in sufficient flour to make a medium soft dough.

##### Veal Loaf.

Four pounds chopped veal, half-pound salt pork, chopped fine, four eggs, four tablespoonfuls of bread crumbs, half a pint of milk, one and one-half teaspoonfuls of sage, half teaspoonful of black pepper; mix thoroughly, put in a bread pan, spread the top with butter and bake three hours.



# THE ST. JOE NEWS.

VOL. I.

ST. JOE, IND., FRIDAY, DECEMBER 9, 1887.

NO. 46.

## Churches.

### DISCIPLE.

SERVICES every alternate Sunday evening, in the Lutheran church. Cottage prayer meeting every Friday evening.

J. A. THOMAS, PASTOR.

### METHODIST PROTESTANT.

SERVICES every alternate Sunday at 10:30 A. M. Prayer meeting every Tuesday evening. Sunday School at 9:30 A. M.

J. M. LANGLEY, PASTOR.

### EVANGELICAL LUTHERAN.

SERVICES every Sunday, one Sunday in the morning at 10:30, and the following Sunday in the evening. Prayer meeting every Thursday evening. Sunday School at 9:30 A. M.

S. P. FRYBERGER, PASTOR.

## Societies.

### G. A. R.

REGULAR meetings on Saturday evening on or before the full moon of each month, at their hall over Leighty's store.

O. H. WIDNEY, COMMANDER.  
J. M. MILLMAN, ADJUTANT.

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CITY BARBER SHOP, St. Joe, Ind. John Hull, proprietor. Shaving, Hair Cutting &c. done in the best of style. Come and see me. Two doors west of Kinsey's Furniture Store.

SIMON WINELAND, proprietor St. Joe Handle and Feed Mills. Feed grinding a specialty. Highest prices paid for second growth White Ash. Enquire at the mill for full particulars.

## INDIANA STATE NEWS.

—Commissioner of Agriculture Colman, in his monthly report upon the condition of the crops of the country, has this to say of the State of Indiana: "The weather has favored the gathering of the corn crop, and a large portion has already been secured. The quality is fair and the yield will be greater than the appearance indicated some months ago. The yield of Irish potatoes is above what was expected, with quality medium and no reports of rot. Sweet potatoes have generally yielded fair and of good quality. The hay crop will compare favorably with that harvested in 1886, both as regards quantity and quality, but a greater per cent. will be required for home consumption. The yield of buckwheat will be light. The drought can scarcely be said to be broken; as there has not been sufficient rain to cause the wheat to make a satisfactory growth, and much of it will go into the winter with a poorly developed plant. Much uneasiness is manifested by farmers on this account. From failure of wells and water-courses, stock water is becoming a matter of serious concern in many portions of the State."

—The owners of the silver mine near Jasper, Dubois County, have purchased a patent smelter and all the other machinery necessary to reduce the ore. The machinery arrived at Jasper last Monday, and was hauled to the mine the following day. A large quantity of the silver-bearing ore has already been taken out of the mine and is piled up ready for the works, which will be in operation in ten days. The ore is said to be very rich, and the owners of the mine are confident they have struck a bonanza.

—The Tipton Gas Company has been incorporated with a capital stock of \$75,000, and operations have been commenced. The company is leasing all lands within a radius of five miles of the city, and will pay for the leasing of such lands, whether they use them or not. The company is a foreign company, but some of the most prominent citizens have taken stock in it. Sharpsville and Windfall, small towns in Tipton County, are using gas for heating purposes.

—Capt. J. W. Cummins, of the Elkhart Veteran Artillery, L. D. Miller and O. D. Chambers, all of Elkhart, were in Indianapolis last week endeavoring to get the next annual encampment of the State militia held in that city. They urge its railroad facilities, and fine camping-ground adjacent to the Elkhart and St. Joseph rivers. Evansville has been making some endeavor to get the encampment also, but the question is in a wide-open condition as yet.

—Patents have been issued to Indiana inventors as follows: John C. Ballew, of Evansville, machine for setting saws; John H. Barth, of Terre Haute, lamp for decorating and illuminating purposes; Davis B. Beaty, of Moore's Hill, assignor of one-half to O. M. Hubbard, of Cincinnati, automatic gate; Samuel Brown, of Washington, water elevator; Thomas C. Fisher, of Anderson, fastener for scythes; Henry Mater, of LaGro, fence post.

—The grand jury of Tippecanoe County has returned an indictment against the Trustees of the old Wabash and Erie Canal—A. W. Dukes, Milton Shirk, and T. J. Immel—charging them with maintaining and permitting a pernicious, health-destroying nuisance to exist, the same being the old State ditch. The owners of the canal recently turned the water out of the canal to shut off Lafayette's source of supply.

—The boiler at the Cushman & Crowder flouring-mill, at Shelburn, exploded recently. Frank Montague, one of the engineers, was scalded, but it is thought he will not die. None of the other employees were injured. The shed in which the

boiler was located was demolished, but the main building was not damaged. The boiler was an old one, and had been overhauled several times.

—Omar Gandy, freight brakeman, fell from the cars while coming through a bridge over Whitewater at Connersville, and was ground to death under the wheels. His body was found hanging head downward under the bridge, held by one foot, forty feet from the ground. His home was near Longwood, where he leaves a wife. He had been on the railroad only a few days.

—Belle Reynolds, of Rochester, aged 16, has disappeared. She has, since her infancy, resided with her aunt, Mrs. John Gottschalk. The girl is supposed to have been abducted by a stranger who has been shadowing the Gottschalk residence for some time past. The disappearance of the girl is enshrouded in mystery, and a thorough search is being made to get trace of her.

A very peculiar damage suit has been filed in the Scott Circuit Court. Almond Phillips sues Allen M. Peeler for \$400 damages for breaking his horse's tail. The horse is a fine stallion. The case is the first of the kind ever brought in that Court, and is creating much talk. The case will not be tried until the January term.

—The season for selling brick is nearing a close, and manufacturers of the State say that there are 50 per cent. fewer bricks to carry over than in the fall of 1886. The weather has been so pleasant that building has been carried on to a much larger extent than usual and this has largely reduced the supply.

—The merchants and others directly interested in Markleville, have organized a stock company and a contract has been let for drilling a natural-gas well. Work at boring will probably be commenced within the next few days.

—James B. Chess, of Indiana, has been appointed by the President to be United States Consul at Durango, Mexico.

—With the completion of the Vincennes and New Albany road it is expected that a good market will be opened up for the fine coals in Pike County. The coals will be transported by rail to the river and then sent down the river on barges in immense quantities.

—Gov. Gray has quietly investigated the management of the Female Reformatory, and discovered that inmates have been cruelly punished and neglected.

—David Smeltzer, a farmer living near Elkhart, was found dead in his barn. His death was caused by heart disease.

—Harry Brown, switchman, employed in the Chicago and Atlantic yards at Huntington, was run over by the cars and killed. He was about 35 years of age, and it is said he had a wife and three children in Kent, Ohio.

—Considerable anxiety is felt for the safety of a party of hunters from Dubois and Warrick counties, who were in the cypress swamps of Arkansas. It is feared they may have perished in the forest fire.

—The wife of Frederick Surencamp, of Seymour, gave birth to three girl children. The dispatch states that he is a prosperous man, which he undoubtedly is.

—John Black, a farmer, of Owen County, while attempting to cross the I. & V. Railroad track with a four-horse team, was struck by a freight train and seriously if not fatally injured.

—Abraham Hecht, of Madison, died recently from the effects of injuries received in boarding an Ohio and Mississippi train at North Vernon, in March, 1886. He was 61 years old.

—A seven-foot vein of lead was struck at Royal Center, Cass County, at a depth of 160 feet.

—A strong flow of natural gas was struck at well No. 2, Xenia, at a depth of 950 feet.

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# The St. Joe News.

ST. JOE, INDIANA.

MORT & WILL OLDS, PUBLISHERS.

## EVENTS OF A WEEK.

### THE OLD WORLD.

The unionist banquet in Limerick Hall was a brilliant affair, says a Dublin despatch. The leading merchants and professional men and a number of Catholic unionists were present. The balconies were crowded with ladies. Lord Harrington and Mr. Goschen were given an ovation. The toast to the Queen was received with enthusiasm, everybody rising and joining in the singing of the national anthem and "God bless the Prince of Wales." Mr. Kenny, an eminent Catholic barrister, in proposing a toast to the Unionist cause, denounced Home Rule as an insidious misnomer, simply meaning the dismemberment of the empire and the utter ruin of Ireland. Agitation, he said, had already destroyed Irish credit, but there were hopeful symptoms that the people were beginning to find out the real tendencies of the agitator's work.

The congress of the Senators and Deputies at Versailles, France, elected M. Sadi-Carnot to succeed President Grevy. The successful candidate is a Republican who has been prominent in politics ever since the downfall of Louis Napoleon, but his influence in his party has been far inferior to that of his principal rivals for Republican support in the contest for the Presidency. A Paris cablegram says:

The ministry have formally tendered their resignations, and President Sadi-Carnot has requested them to remain in office for the present for the dispatch of public business. The President stated that it was his intention, after the new ministry was formed, to at once close the present session of parliament until after the coming senatorial elections. Probably the result of the election is the best thing that could have happened for France. M. Sadi-Carnot is the second best known economical writer in France, and has had practical public experience far superior to M. Leroy Beaulieu, the most famous economical writer. He is under 50; a Republican without being radical or visionary. He is a distinguished engineer, having held his class at the Ecole Polytechnique, instead of being a lawyer, which in itself is a great thing; he is rich, and lives like a gentleman. He is not religious, but his wife is a Catholic. He has a 22-year-old son in the army. He is a free-trader. The newspapers of Paris generally approve the election of M. Sadi-Carnot and consider it an augury of peace. The telegrams from the provinces, without exception, testify to the satisfaction felt at the result of the election. The news created an excellent impression at the principal European capitals.

### FINANCIAL AND INDUSTRIAL.

Another letter from Mr. Powderly on the "Works of Knighthood" has appeared in print. In the course of its three columns he says:

From an organization numbering less than 10,000 members when the first General Assembly was held we have seen the Knights of Labor grow until over 700,000 men and women claimed membership at one time. While that vast industrial army was being gathered together, while the seed was being sown, men who were pioneers were making sacrifices that the order might live in history as a power for good. Men good and true were blackmailed and discharged, but they never murmured. They were not working for self nor the present; they worked for posterity and the future. When I hear men talk of seceding from the organization, with the threat of starting an improved order, I fancy that they know but little of the trials, the dangers, and the odds against which they have to contend, and I feel that the amount of energy necessary to build up a new order, if properly applied to the old one, would make it invincible. It is true that in the old organization all who aspire cannot be officers; all who pull wires cannot succeed in getting positions; but it is equally true that if they secede and if they succeed in building up a new order they only make it possible for other men to pull wires and aspire to the places which they continually hope to secure for themselves. If in the new order they succeed better than in the old one, and secure offices, they do so only to find at their elbows men, who, like themselves, will stop at nothing mean or low to compass their ends.

The trust of sugar refiners is said to be already at work buying and closing smaller refineries.

### POLITICAL POINTS.

The National Conference Committee of the Prohibition party, at Chicago, drew to that city more than a thousand workers more or less prominent in the temperance cause. It was decided to hold the National Convention for the nomination of a candidate for President at Indianapolis the first Wednesday in June next. Professor Samuel Dickie was chosen, to preside over the convention. Professor Dickie formally accepted the nomination as Chairman, providing that every delegate present would pledge his word that he would work for the cause as he had never worked before, and that under no consideration would a fusion with any other party be countenanced. His salary was fixed at \$2,000 per annum. He will leave his chair as Professor in Albion College, and from now devote his energies solely to the cause of prohibition. The following resolution from the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, which

was unanimously passed at the late convention at Nashville, Tenn., was adopted:

Resolved, That with a deep sense of the significance of such action, we women, representatives of thirty-seven States and five Territories, do most solemnly urge upon all political parties and partisan papers the duty of avoiding in the pending Presidential campaign the personal vilification and abuse that characterized the last; and we call upon them to consider the fact that the women of the North and the South have clasped hands in concord and co-operation, which is the most practical proof that war issues are dead, and that the land should have rest from reviving them for campaign purposes. We protest as women against this outrage upon the growing spirit of fraternity, and reiterate the cry of the great General: "Let us have peace."

The question of representation in the next National Convention was warmly debated. In spite of the vigorous opposition of those who hailed from States in which the party was thoroughly organized, it was finally determined to give two delegates to every Congressional district, and that each State should have delegates at large. Another subject upon which there was a diversity of opinion was that of woman suffrage. The amount of business transacted was small, but there was no end to the speech-making. The orators waxed particularly warm in their denunciations of the Republican and Democratic parties, and took a most uncompromising stand on the question of high license. The conference closed with an immense mass meeting, at which ex-Governor St. John named General Clinton B. Fisk, of New Jersey, as the Presidential candidate. The announcement was received with prolonged cheers. Six thousand dollars was raised toward a campaign fund of \$4,000.

### FIRES AND ACCIDENTS.

The burning of the Stowbridge Lithographing Company's building at Cincinnati caused a loss of about \$20,000, on which there is an insurance of \$15,000. Fire in a tenement-house in New York Thursday, damaged the building to the extent of \$2,000, and a little boy perished in the flames.

Four men were badly hurt, one of them fatally, it is thought, and others were severely shocked and bruised, by an explosion near Dodgeville, Wis., on the Neepore, Dodgeville and Northern Railroad. The most seriously injured men are: Eric Ostrom, crushed by a rock; may die; Antony Nelson, face and jaw badly mangled; Peter Johnson, scalp badly cut; Andrew Theager, body severely bruised; Meyer, body severely bruised. The men were working in a twenty-five-foot cut. A small rock dropped into a blasting hole containing seven kegs of powder, and in trying to dislodge it with an iron bar the powder was ignited. The men at the blast were blown high into the air, but not seriously hurt, while those in the pit were buried beneath a mass of rocks and dirt.

The engine of a locomotive exploded at Tamaqua, Pa., while running at full speed. There were five men on the locomotive. The machinery was scattered, and the bodies of five men who were on the engine were sent flying in every direction. They were literally blown to atoms.

The town of Hurley, Wis., has been visited by another destructive conflagration. The Commercial Hotel at Guelph, Ontario, was totally destroyed by fire, and several guests were injured in escaping from the building by jumping from the windows of the upper stories.

### THE CRIMINAL RECORD.

There is a large number of anarchists in Newark, New Jersey, considering the size of the city, and they have become so outspoken in their denunciation of the authorities that the police fear they may cause trouble.

Johann Most appeared in the witness-box in his own behalf at New York, and denied that he had made use of the violent language attributed to him. In his charge to the jury, the Judge said that he failed to find anything in the speech of the defendant as he gave it at the trial that came within the statute; but after being out over four hours they returned with the verdict that he was guilty as charged in the indictment. Most, while on the witness-stand, was asked by the prosecuting officer to state his views.

"We do not fight against any particular Government," said Most. "We do not especially fight the Government of the United States. We are opposed to Government as such; we think that the power held by the Government should be abolished." Most said that the "ruling classes" were in rebellion, and it was possible that even what the people had—the Constitution of the United States—would be taken away. His motto was, "Education for organization; organization to put down the rebellion of the capitalistic class." "We do not expect that they have peacefully. There will be fierce fighting on both sides." "Bombs and dynamite," asked Mr. Nicol. "Yes, on both sides." "Your idea is to conquer peacefully if you can, by force if you must." "That is history. We believe force will be necessary in time." Mr. Nicol asked Most as to his belief in a supreme being. Answer—"I do not." Mr. Howe, his counsel, tried to mislead him. He said: "Do you believe in a great First Cause?" "I say," said Most, as Socrates did, "we know that we do not know."

At Alamosa, Colo., Michael O'Brien, a tramp who brutally outraged Miss McGregor,

was taken from the jail by a mob of citizens and hanged. The recovery of the girl is doubtful.

In the little town of Charleston, Miss., says a Memphis special, three negroes, Joe Tribble, Monroe Harris, and Charles Taylor, were confined in jail on a charge of attempting to kill a white man named Frank Mountz. A mob of forty or more men, well armed, rode into town, forced the jailer to give up the keys to the cells, and took the prisoners out. The bodies of Taylor and Harris were found on the road about a mile from town, riddled with buckshot, both dead. Tribble has not been heard from but it is considered certain that he was also shot to death.

### MISCELLANEOUS NOTES.

A Detroit dispatch says the Journal, of that city, publishes a two-and-a-half column sensation as the result of its investigation into the Michigan swamp-land matters and the Chandler claim against the Calumet and Hecla Mining Company. The investigation shows, it is said, that J. H. Chandler, E. W. Sparrow and the Seager estate are entitled to locate six hundred acres of swamp lands, and also that the State of Michigan is prosecuting claims against the General Government which cannot fail eventually to bring into the State Treasury at least \$2,000,000 as payment for 1,700,000 acres of swamp lands due from the United States to the State of Michigan. The fact also transpires that certain Michigan railroads and corporations are now holding or have sold upward of three hundred thousand acres of land to which they have had no just title, and that suits are to be brought by the State of Michigan against the Flint and Pere Marquette, the Jackson, Lansing and Saginaw, and the Grand Rapids and Indiana Railroads to recover 18,000 acres of land illegally held by them through grants of Congress.

Speaker Carlisle expresses the opinion that an equitable reduction on imports will be effected during the coming session of Congress, though he anticipates a later fight on the part of the protectionists. A Washington special says:

Senator A. P. Gorham announces positively that a tariff reform bill will be passed by the incoming Congress, which will cut off certain custom duties and provide for a reduction in the internal-revenue tax. He advises Mr. Carlisle to decline the Speakership and take the chairmanship of the Committee on Ways and Means as leader of the Democratic forces on the floor. Mr. Crisp, of Georgia, is recommended for the Speakership.

John B. Loring & Co., one of the largest wholesale dry-goods firms in Western Ontario, have failed. Liabilities, \$100,000; assets, \$50,000.

A party of surveyors have left New York for Nicaragua, where they will be employed in making the final survey for the proposed ship canal.

There are 12,000 cattle quarantined in Crawford, Washington and Sumner counties, Kansas, where Texas fever is said to exist. Nearly all the animals are the property of a Chicago firm.

The report that the United States Government had made certain demands growing out of the Cuiting affair which might imperil the friendly relations existing between this country and Mexico proves to be without foundation. It is in fact nothing more than an election story originated by opposition newspapers for the purpose of injuring President Diaz.

Third Assistant Postmaster General Harris holds that the practice of newspaper publishers in sending papers directly to the trains is not a sufficient compliance with the law. He will issue an order that such papers must be sent to the local postoffice.

### CONGRESS.

At the caucus of Democratic Congressmen in Washington Saturday night, the 3d inst., Mr. Carlisle was renominated for Speaker, General Clark for Clerk, and John K. Leonard for Sergeant-at-Arms. There was a contest over the nomination of Doorkeeper, in which Breckinridge of Arkansas and Blount of Georgia came to blows. Donelson of Tennessee, the present incumbent, and A. R. Hurt of Mississippi were the candidates. Breckinridge opened the fight in caucus by a vigorous attack upon Donelson's personal and official record, and was replied to by Blount and others. In the course of Breckinridge's reply he expressed surprise that any gentleman should continue to support Donelson, knowing his record. Blount, who was standing near, planted a square blow upon the nose of the little Arkansas member, and brought the blood. Breckinridge promptly responded thus by a blow that skinned Blount's cheek-bone. The combatants strove to continue the fight, but only succeeded in battering pretty badly. Mr. Rusk, of Maryland, who had stepped between them, was rescued, and after the pugilists were separated and the excitement and the discussion proceeded, Hurt was finally chosen. Mr. Milburn, the blind preacher, was renominated for Chaplain. The Republican Congressional caucus nominated Mr. Reed, of Maine, as their candidate for the Speakership. The other nominations for House officers were Edward McPherson, of Pennsylvania, for Clerk; Daniel Shepard, of Illinois, for Sergeant-at-Arms; W. F. Fitch, of Ohio, for Doorkeeper; and Gray, of Dakota, for Postmaster. Mr. Cannon, of Illinois, was re-elected Chairman of the caucus for the present Congress.

### HELPS TO HEALTH.

Opening of the Fort Wayne Medical and Surgical Sanitarium.

[Fort Wayne Gazette, Dec. 1, 1887.]

Yesterday Dr. G. W. McCaskey opened to the public the Fort Wayne Medical and Surgical Sanitarium, at 24 West Berry street. Several thousand dollars have been expended in fitting the place to be the paradise for invalids it now is, and the public will experience a grateful surprise upon its inspection, and the sick will be glad to know that at this invalids' home can be found the rest, the medical attention and the appliances for special treatment of diseases that only the best sanitariums afford.

The entrance is at 24 West Berry street, but enough rooms of the adjoining building are used to provide excellent accommodations for nearly twenty-five patients. These rooms are furnished with much taste and an elegance that is expected at hotels of the first-class.

On the east side of the principal building the rooms which were formerly used by the Park House as office, dining-room and kitchen have been converted into bath-rooms. Mr. M. F. Teague, of Indianapolis, manages this department and is assisted by polite and skillful persons, who furnish the visitors electric baths, Turkish baths, hot air baths, vapor baths, medicated baths, or such other treatment of this character as their condition may require. The massage treatment is here made a specialty.

Patients will be furnished with a dietary specially adapted to each case, and those requiring operations will be furnished well lighted and well ventilated apartments, kept with a scrupulous regard to the teachings of antiseptic surgery.

"MR. PRESIDENT and fellow-sufferers," spoke Landlord Gates, of the Brewster House, Freeport, Ill., at a convention of hotel men in Chicago—the hotel dead-beat and sharper being at the moment under discussion. "Fellow-sufferers, we must do something. For years we have suffered at his hands and have no redress. Why should we submit? Why? Because the law is against us. Lord, the many times the slickery feller has given me the slip. Sometimes in the early morning when the porter, trust him, is asleep behind the stove, I've had him beat me a million ways, but the meanest is when he plays hifalutin', fills himself with my good 'chuck,' and then comes into the office and kicks about the 'meenyu.' With the fat of my good table streaking down his chops he has told me that my beefsteak was so tough that he couldn't stick his fork in the 'gravy.' And when I asked him what made him come to my place he says the butter pulled him in off'n the street. Such things I have stood, as many of you have, for years, and I now think it about time to call a halt."

An ugly complexion made Nellie a fright. Her face was all pimply and red. Though her features were good and her blue eyes were bright. "What a plain girl is Nellie!" they said. But now, as by magic, plain Nellie has grown. As fair as an artist's bright dream. Her face is as sweet as the flower now-blown. Her cheeks are like peaches and cream. As Nellie walks out in the fair morning light, Her beauty attracts every eye. And as for the people who called her a fright. "Why, Nellie is handsome," they cry. And the reason of the change is that Nellie took Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, which regulated her liver, cleared her complexion, made her blood pure, her breath sweet, her face fair and rosy, and removed the defects that had obscured her beauty. Sold by druggists.

The wife of the King of Holland has a bad trick of winking her eyes. The courtiers do not know which way to look when the pretty Queen winks at them, and some very sad blunders frequently occur, owing to this physical defect. A young attache of the Belgian minister who returned the Queen's wink found himself "returned with thanks" to his native land by the next mail, and since then none of the Hollanders has dared to saunter back.

A MASSIVE monument to the late Chief Justice Taney is being erected in Baltimore by William T. Walters of that city. The statue is a duplicate of the famous bronze figure of Taney by Rinehart in the State Capitol grounds at Annapolis, Md.



## OSPREYS.

Feathers Used for Decorations Traced  
Through the Slaughter of Birds.  
(London Exchange.)

The source and mode of procuring the little tufts of feathers not much bigger than a hairpin, and worn in the hats and bonnets of women of all ages under the name of ospray, egret, and nigrette, should cause considerable qualms of conscience even to the thoughtless devotees of fashion. It would appear that the plumes are not derived from the ospray, or fishing eagle (although it would be equally cruel to wear them if they were), but from the egrets and smaller herons, who wear them, like the "wanton lapwing," only in the spring and during the breeding season. These beautiful birds, we are told, breed generally in companies or "rookeries," and one of their principal nesting places is, or was, Florida. An ornithologist, writing recently, says: "Plume hunters have destroyed about all the Florida rookeries. I saw one whole wagon load of the scapular plumes, of ardea wardi at one point. It is a burning shame, and it would make your heart ache to hear the wails of the starving young birds whose parents have been killed. Two years more of the present work, and ardea wardi as well as the large and small egrets will be scarce, as ardea vanderdemanni is now." Another well-known naturalist, Mr. Scott, in a paper on the bird rookeries of Florida, says: "An old Frenchman came in with a boat and killed off the old birds (the brown pelican), as they were feeding their young, obtaining about one hundred and eighty of them. The young—about three weeks old—to the number of several hundreds at least, and utterly unable to care for themselves, were simply left to starve to death in their nests or to be eaten by raccoons and buzzards." The price of "ospray" in London a year or two ago was about £136 a pound, and it is obvious that a wagon load must be a perfect fortune to a man, and nothing short of refusing to wear the nuptial plumes of these poor egrets will put an end to their slaughter. But there is going on at the present moment an equally barbarous destruction of the beautiful sea birds on our Yorkshire coast, for the very same purpose of providing trimmings for girls' and women's hats and bonnets. This heartless destruction is the more deplorable, as it had been anticipated, and efforts have been made, but in vain, to induce the magistrates of the East Riding to follow the example of their brother magistrates of the North Riding, and I believe of every other part of the British coast where sea birds breed, to extend the close time from August 1 to September 1, and thus allow the young birds to get well on the wing, and the old birds to recover from the tameness and fearlessness of man incident to the breeding season and the subsequent moulting of their feathers.

This destruction of sea birds for ladies' hats is by no means a craze of to-day, but has been going on for many years, as the following extract from "Yarrell's Birds" shows:

The eggs of kittiwakes are seldom laid until the last week in June, so that many of the young are still in the nest, or barely fliers, when the Sea Birds' Protection Act expires on August 1. Some years ago, when the plumes of birds were much worn in ladies' hats—a fashion which any season may see revived—the barred wings of the young kittiwake were in great demand for this purpose, and vast numbers were slaughtered at their breeding haunts.

At Clovelly, opposite Lundy Island, there was a regular staff for preparing the plumes, and fishing smacks with extra boats and crews used to commence their work of destruction at Lundy Island by daybreak on August 1, con-

tinuing this proceeding for upward of a fortnight.

In many cases wings were torn off wounded birds before they were dead, the mangled victims being thrown back into the water. The editor has seen hundreds of young birds dead or dying of starvation in their nests through want of their parents' care, for in the heat of the fusillade no distinction was made between old and young. On one day 700 birds were sent back to Clovelly, in another 500, and so on; and, allowing for the starved nestlings, it is well within the mark to say that at least 9,000 of these inoffensive birds were destroyed during the fortnight.

We hope that the London dealers and taxidermists may be disappointed in their efforts to revive the fashion of wearing sea birds during the coming winter. It is some satisfaction to know that some of the principal ladies' hatters of London have declared their intention of not using the plumes, wings, and skins of wild birds in future.

### BANKER OUVARD AND NAPOLEON.

Napoleon once sent for Ouvard, the banker, ostensibly on diplomatic business. After a brief interview Napoleon asked:

"Can you give me any money?"

"How much does your Imperial Majesty require?"

"To begin with," replied the Emperor, "50,000,000 of francs."

"I could get that amount within twenty days in return for 5,000,000 rentes (of which the price was more than fifty-three francs) to be given me at fifty francs and under the condition that the treasury shall pay Dumerc, whose creditor I am, the 15,000,000 it owes him."

The agreement was at once concluded. Napoleon, who had made himself acquainted with the condition of the public credit on the Paris Bourse, doubted the success of Ouvard's scheme; but when the great banker continued for seventeen days to pay in 2,000,000 of francs daily to the treasury, Napoleon could scarcely master his astonishment. This was the first time that the great warrior, who had never known any other way of filling the treasury than by contributions from the countries he overran, and the taxation of his own subjects, formed a correct idea of the power of credit.

### HEATING POWER OF FUEL.

The process consists in burning one gramme of the coal or fuel in a small platinum crucible, supported on the bowl of a tobacco pipe and covered by an inverted glass test tube, through which is passed a stream of oxygen, while the whole is placed under water in a glass vessel. The oxygen is fed into the test tube by a movable copper tube, which may be pushed into the test tube so as to come immediately over the crucible. The coal burns away in a few minutes with very intense heat, and the hot gases escape through the water, the bubbles being broken up by passing through sheets of wire gauze which stretch between the test tubes and the walls of the vessel containing the water in which it is placed. The temperature of the water is taken before and after the experiment, and from the figures thus obtained the heating power of the coal is calculated.

### TOO FOREIGN.

Mrs. High Jinks (very English)—Bridget, see if the brougham (broom) is at the door.

Bridget—An' what would ye be wantin' wid the broom, mum?

Mrs. H. J.—I am going out to ride. Bridget—(sotto voice)—Och murther, it's a witch she is, to be ridin' out on a broom! I'll be after lavin' at once for services wid a decent family.—*Detroit Free Press.*

NONE preaches better than the ant, and she says nothing.

### Waste of Tissue Without Repair.

Vigor begins to decline when dyspepsia invades the stomach. The disease, prolonged through neglect, entails grievous loss of flesh and serious waste of the muscular tissue. To invigorate thoroughly and speedily, a sound stomachic is required. There is none comparable to Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, since it institutes, and if continued, perpetuates a repair of the tissues, which have declined in bulk, vigor and elasticity in consequence of non-assimilation of the food. No time should be lost in beginning the reparative process, nor should there be any delay in removing those ailments of frequent occurrence, which contribute to and foster an enfeebled condition of the stomach and nerves, viz.: constipation and liver complaint, disorders which the Bitters will assuredly extinguish. It also remedies and prevents malarial and kidney troubles, and is a prime auxiliary in the recovery of strength for convalescents from wasting disease.

### Regulating the Seal Industry.

A Californian, largely interested in the fur seal industry, says that seal-skins are expensive, not because they are scarce, but because the trade limits the supply. If all the skins that could be taken were poured on the market, the fur would become so common that it would cease to be desired by the wealthy. So the seal catchers agree upon the total number that they will put upon the market, and they make their report to the furriers of London and Paris, who meet each spring and decide upon prices.—*Chicago News.*

**A Cough, Cold, or Sore Throat** should not be neglected. BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES are a simple remedy, and give prompt relief. 25 c. a box.

THE Indian name for a lunatic is the man-with-his-train-of-thought-off-the-track.

### The Popular Thoroughfare.

The Wisconsin Central Line, although a comparatively new factor in the railroad systems of the Northwest, has acquired and enviable popularity. Through careful attention to details, its service is as near perfection as might be looked for. The train attendants seem to regard their trusts as individual property and as a result, the public is served par excellence. The road now runs solid through fast trains between Chicago, Milwaukee, St. Paul, and Minneapolis with Pullman's best and unequaled dining-cars; it also runs through, solid sleepers between Chicago, Ashland, Duluth, and the famous mining regions of Northern Wisconsin and Michigan.

EX MAYOR G. G. STREETER, of Grand Rapids, Mich., is proprietor of an unfailing Pin Worm Cure. See his advts.

## We Submit Facts

In regard to Hood's Sarsaparilla as a remedy for rheumatism, and ask you if you are afflicted with this disease to try the medicine which has so greatly benefited others. Hundreds of people who suffered the tortures of rheumatism, even in its severest forms, have been perfectly cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla, the great blood purifier. It corrects the acidity of the blood, which is the cause of the disease, and gives strength to every part of the body.

"My wife has been troubled a long time with inflammatory rheumatism, and was so bad last spring that it was hard work for her to walk. She derived more real help from taking four bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla than from any other medicine she has taken." JOSEPH F. GIBBS, cor. First and Canal streets, Dayton, Ohio.

"I used Hood's Sarsaparilla last spring, and can truly say it helped me very much. To those suffering with bilious complaints, nervous prostration, or rheumatism, I earnestly recommend it." MRS. K. CARPENTER, Kalamazoo, Mich.

### Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. \$1; six for \$5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

### KIDDER'S

## DIGESTYLIN

### A SURE CURE FOR

### INDIGESTION AND DYSPEPSIA.

Over 5,000 Physicians have sent us their approval of DIGESTYLIN, saying that it is the best preparation for indigestion that they have ever used.

We have never heard of a case of Dyspepsia where DIGESTYLIN was taken that was not cured.

### FOR CHOLERA INFANTUM.

IT WILL CURE THE MOST AGGRAVATED CASES. IT WILL STOP VOMITING IN PREGNANCY.

IT WILL RELIEVE CONSTIPATION.

For Summer Complaints and Chronic Diarrhea, which are the direct results of imperfect digestion, DIGESTYLIN will effect an immediate cure.

Take DIGESTYLIN for all pains and disorders of the stomach; they all come from indigestion. Ask your druggist for DIGESTYLIN (price \$1 per large bottle). If he does not have it, send one dollar to us and we will send a bottle to you, express prepaid. Do not hesitate to send your money. Our house is reliable. Established twenty-five years.

WM. F. KIDDER & CO.,

Manufacturing Chemists, 83 John St., N. Y.

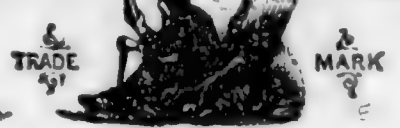
### TOLEDO WEEKLY BLADE

(NASHVILLE PAPER.)

The largest and best family paper published in the United States, and has the largest circulation. Only \$1 a year. Everybody reads the *Nashville Blade*, and everybody will want "The Blade" next year. Send postal for free specimen; a no send address of your friends. We pay large cash commissions for clubs. Write for conditions. Address: THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio.

*Better THAN THE BEST*  
Is the Grand Rapids Business College and Practical Training School. (Established 1868.) Read for College Journal. Address, C. G. SWENBERG, Grand Rapids, Mich.

## ST. JACOBS OIL



## First Stroke of Pain EVERY YEAR TO THOUSANDS.

**The Cause.**—Fifty million population. Pain for the first time to one in every ten. Five million need relief. How? Promptly, permanently. Certainty of cure at reasonable cost. How to find out? On reputation, through experiment, by proof.

**The Merits.**—Example.—Take up St. Jacobs Oil, the Great Remedy for Pain. Its superior merits known to all the world. Experience shows its merits through its efficacy.

**The Efficacy.**—1. Its effects are prompt. 2. Its relief is sure. 3. Its cures are permanent. 4. It cures chronic cases of long standing as 40 years. 5. Its cures are without relapse, without return of pain. 6. It cures in all cases used according to directions. 7. In every bottle there's a cure, in every application a relief.

**The Proof.**—1. The testimony cannot be disputed. 2. It has been renewed after lapse of years. 3. No return of pain in years. 4. It has cured in all ages and conditions. 5. It has cured all forms of suffering. 6. It has cured all stages of painful ailments. 7. It has cured cases considered hopeless. 8. It has caused crutches and canes to be thrown away. 9. Its best cures are chronic cases.

**The Price.**—1. The best always first and cheapest. 2. The best is the promptest, safest, surest, most permanent. 3. The benefits derived are beyond price. 4. Examples show that no competition can show like results. 5. It is the best.

Sold by Druggists and Dealers Everywhere.

The Charles A. Vogeler Co., Balto., Md.

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## A CHOICE GIFT

For Pastor, Parent, Teacher, Child, or Friend, both elegance and usefulness will be found combined in a copy of Webster's Unabridged.



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### A Dictionary

of 118,000 Words, 3000 Engravings,

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3000 more Words and nearly 2000 more Illustrations than any other American Dictionary.

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G. & C. MERRIAM & CO., Pub'rs, Springfield, Mass.

## HOLIDAY GIFT TO EVERYBODY.

We will present to all who send us their name and address before the 24th of December, 1897, our elegant Holiday Edition, comprising sixteen pages of original stories, war sketches, anecdotes, fashions for ladies, gentlemen, and children, etc., by the best writers in the country. This edition will be equal to an ordinary book of 150 pages, and will cost only the trouble of writing name and address upon a postal card and mailing it to THE CHICAGO LEDGER, 271 Franklin Street, Chicago, Ill.

## I CURE FITS!

When I say cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office, H. G. ROOT, M. C., 183 Pearl St. New York.

## WANTED!

Good Second-Hand Newspaper and Job Presses, Paper-Cutters,

and other kinds of printing machinery in exchange for new printing material and paper stock. Give full particulars, and your address.

FORT WAYNE NEWSPAPER UNION,

55 & 57 E. Columbia St., Ft. Wayne, Ind.

One Agent (Merchant only) wanted in every town for



Offer No. 170.

FREE!—TO MERCHANTS ONLY: A three-foot, French glass, oval-front Show Case. Address at once, R. W. TANSILL & CO., 55 State Street, Chicago.





MORT & WILL OLDS, PUBLISHERS.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:

One Year, in advance ..... \$0.75  
Six Months ..... 50  
Three Months ..... 25

Entered at the Post Office at St. Joe as second-class matter.

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 9, 1887.

A man who was sent to State prison from Allen county some years ago, escaped from the penitentiary last week.

Mrs. Smith of Saginaw, Mich., has been visiting her brother, Rollin Bearss and other friends in this vicinity for the past week.

Rev. Fryberger's father died at his home in Canton, Ohio, last Friday, at the advanced age of 81 years. The funeral occurred on Sunday.

It is amusing to hear our exchanges claim how they all advised their readers not to pay the drive well royalty. We killed the bear, we did.

Samples of the Cabinet size Photographs taken by Ben Zimmerman of Spencerville, at the extremely low price of \$2.25 per dozen, can be seen at this office.

There is a man in Egerton so mean that he stole the communion wine from one of the churches in that place and drank it. That's what the Observer says.

Through some misunderstanding County Superintendent Merien was on hand last Saturday, to attend the institute that is to be held here tomorrow. He sort of "April fooled" himself.

Wm. Leighty will have as well arranged livery barn as there is in the county, when he gets it fully completed. It will have an office, harness room, and all modern conveniences, including a pair of first class kicking Texas ponies.

The Webster Mill, north of Newville, was entirely destroyed by fire last Saturday evening about six o'clock. It is strongly surmised that it either caught fire or was set on fire, one of the six. There was two thousand dollars insurance on it.

A card received this week from Mrs. M. J. Widney who is spending the winter with her son, at Franklin, La., contained the sad intelligence of the death of her grandson, a bright young boy of thirteen years of age, who was killed by the explosion of a boiler in a mill where he was at work. Mrs. Widney writes that he was a terrible sight to behold, and that he was so badly scalded that the flesh dropped off of his body in pieces.

**BRACE UP.**—You are feeling depressed, your appetite is poor; you are bothered with Headache, you are fidgety, nervous, and generally out of sorts, and want to brace up. Brace up, but not with stimulants, spring medicines, or bitters, which have for their basis very cheap, bad whiskey, and which stimulate you for an hour, and then leave you in worse condition than before. What you want is an alternative that will purify your blood, start healthy action of Liver and Kidneys, restore your vitality, and give renewed health and strength. Such a medicine you will find in Electric Bitters, and only 60 cents a bottle at W. C. Patterson's Drug Store.

OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

CONCORD.

Stephen Lutes is slowing improving.

Sherman, Rickett and Charley Gill have returned from the west.

Joe Koch butchered twelve hog one day last week for family use.

Maggie Koch has been quite sick for several days with chills and fever.

Vill what is that joke about the stocking getting lost? We are anxious to know.

Mrs. G. W. Morr is in Auburn this week, being treated for throat and lung trouble by Dr. Sebring.

A Concord citizen says he would like to procure some of the "holdover" chickens, for he believes them to be the "pure" breed.

If reports are true, Uncle Moses will have to give up his last and youngest daughter in a short time. We do not know who Frank is, but whoever he may be, we hope he is worthy of so good a girl.

SPENCERVILLE.

Miss Mabel Murray is on the sick list.

Mrs. Allen was at Fort Wayne a part of the week.

Miss Rena Fryberger is visiting at Van Wert Ohio.

Rev. Fryberger returned from Canton Ohio, Monday.

George Dilley is learning the jewelry trade with Arthur James.

Miss Mary Baitz has been suffering with a severe sore throat during the past week.

There were no services in the Lutheran church last Sunday, Rev. Fryberger being called away to attend the funeral of his father.

The White Slave social Provinces' Hall, on last Sunday evening was well attended, considering the bad weather, and a very pleasant time was enjoyed.

We are glad to learn that at last the people of Spencerville are aroused on the temperance question. We only hope that they will keep on until the liquor traffic in this town will be put entirely out of the...

COBURNSTOWN.

A hop at Freem Abels' Monday night.

Killing hogs seems to be the order of the day over this way.

The band boys were at Wilmot Coburn's Thursday evening.

There was a birthday party at Jonathan Shull's Tuesday evening.

A goodly number of Coburntowners attended the sale at Joel Davis last Saturday, notwithstanding the rain.

Any one having a fresh milk cow to sell, can find a buyer by calling on R. G. Coburn, two miles east of St. Joe.

Stanley Platter took time by the forelock, and went to Auburn Sunday, in order to head off "Holdover." Hope he will succeed.

Augustus Coburn left for Kansas City last Friday night. He expects to stay through the winter, and return in the spring if his health will permit.

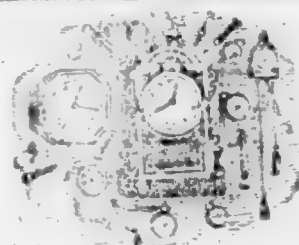
Wash Hart has a contract with Wilmot Coburn, to chop and grab about ten acres of bottom land, and swamp, for which he gets the brush and three crops for his labor. Wilmot is doing a nice thing in having that swamp cleaned off, as it is the last link in a long chain of swamps running through this neighborhood.

# Leighty Invites You

to call and examine his large stock of Dress  
Flannels, at

40, 50, 60 and 75 cents

per yard. Also an elegant line of Passementeries  
and Fur Trimmings. Plushes at \$1 per yard.



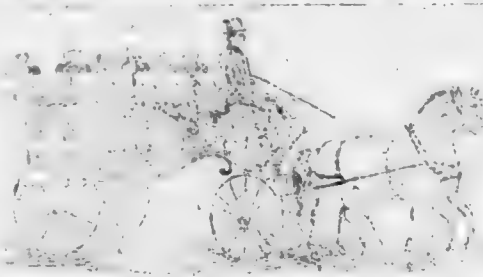
W. C. PATTERSON.

at the St. Joe Drugstore, repairs  
Clocks, Watches and Jewelry. All  
work warranted and prices rea-  
sonable. Give me your work.

## Talk is Cheap

but the  
best and cheap-  
est place to buy choice Gro-  
ceries and Provi-  
sions, is at

## Mart Tustison's.



LOOK THIS WAY!

I keep on hand a fine line of Fur-  
niture, which I will sell for the next  
60 days at prices that defy competi-  
tion. Glass Cupboards \$8.50. Dou-  
ble Case and Back Rockers \$2.  
Dressing Case, with French Plate  
Glass \$12.00. Carpet Lounge \$9.50.  
Solid Comfort Beds for \$2.25. Un-  
dertaking a specialty.

August Kinsey, St. Joe, Ind.

The President's message don't suit  
everybody, of course.

As the Garrett Clipper would say,  
Talmage's sermon appears on our  
side this week.

During the reign of Queen Victoria  
there have been erected 6,500 build-  
ings for worship in the Church of  
England.

An engine and two cars got off  
the track at this place Friday night,  
causing a little delay, but no dam-  
age to speak of.

Some one visited John Davis,  
smoke house the other night and  
helped themselves to the meat.  
Some folks must live and if they  
want work they must steal.

"Say, maw," said a studious little  
African, "ef China and straight down  
fro on de odder side, an we are whiz-  
zin' round and round on dis her car,  
what an de reason dat we nebber  
gits dar?"

A Nashville lady upon her dy-  
ing bed asked that her new fall bonnet  
should be interred with her in  
coffin. That's about the first  
last thing that a woman thinks about  
is a new hat or bonnet, and how  
it looks.

A remonstrance was filed against  
the granting of a liquor license to  
Wm. Rhodes of Spencerville, and it  
is altogether probable that he will  
be denied a license; at least it is  
sincerely hoped so by a majority of  
the people of that town.

An ancient omen says that if two  
marriages are celebrated simulta-  
neously, one of the husbands will die.  
This omen is no doubt verified in  
every instance; but we are propen-  
se to believe that the other husband  
will die, too, if he lives long enough.

Those who are having deeds writ-  
ten with a typewriter, with aniline  
ink, would do well to bear in mind  
the fact that that obliterates aniline  
ink, and that, in after-years, they  
may look in vain for that upon the  
existence of which depends their  
title to property.

## New Goods Arriving Daily!

CALL ON US FOR

## BIG BARGAINS.

FULL LINE OF

## LADIES CLOAKS AND WRAPS.

FINE STOCK OF CLOTHING ON HAND.  
HEATING & COOK STOVES A SPECIALTY.

S. & F. BARNEY, ST. JOE, IND.

# W. C. Patterson

INVITES YOU TO COME AND  
SEE HIS STOCK OF

## HOLIDAY GOODS.

IF YOU WANT A NICE

Hanging Lamp,  
Stand Lamp,  
Silver Plated Knives  
and Forks.  
Tea and Table Spoons,

HE CAN SUPPLY YOU AT A  
POPULAR PRICE.

## PRESBYTERIANS

Who do not take the Herald and Pres-  
byter, should

SEND

Five One-Cent Stamps

FOR A

Sample copy of that paper and a beautiful

Calendar for 1888

Size 4x6 1/2 inches.

Or send names and addresses of one or more  
Presbyterians of different families who do  
not now take the paper, and receive the Cal-  
endar and sample copy free. Send at once.  
Mention name of church and pastor, and say  
where you live. Address  
HERALD AND PRESBYTER,  
175 ELM STREET, CINCINNATI, O.

Sol Bailey was in Chicago Mon-  
day.

Go to Mart Testison's for oysters  
and crackers.

Little Ella Baker has been quite  
sick this week.

Mell Bishop has his new building  
nearly enclosed.

Frank Smith has gone to Angola  
to attend school.

No. 9 was over five hours late on  
Monday. Cause: wreck.

Charles Meek was quite sick last  
week, so says the Avilla News.

J. D. Lighty received a large in-  
voice of new goods this week.

We issue a two page supplement  
this week which contains some inter-  
esting reading matter.

The W. C. T. U. will meet at the  
residence of Mrs. Ed White, on Dec.  
15th, at 2:30 o'clock. All are re-  
spectfully invited to attend.

The ladies of the Lutheran church  
will give a supper, in Bishop's new  
hall, on Christmas eve. Further  
particulars will be made known  
later on.

Mrs. G. W. Thayer, of Minnesota,  
arrived here this week, on a visit to  
her parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Leigh-  
ty, and other friends. Charles Thayer  
returned with her.

A. Bequilliard, Merchant Tailor of  
Hicksville, was in town yesterday.  
He has opened up a fine Merchant  
Tailoring establishment in the Correll  
Block, and solicits the patronage of  
our citizens. Call and see him.

Rev. J. A. Thomas will fill his reg-  
ular appointment here on Sunday  
evening.

What makes a boy a finer Christ-  
mas present than a pair of skates?  
Case & Olds have a good supply.

Several of our Nimrods are down  
at the big woods this week, wasting  
powder and having a general good  
time.

The meetings held at Widney's  
school house by Rev. Langley, are  
well attended and good is being ac-  
complished.

E. W. Draggoo, of Valentine, Ind.,  
is visiting relatives and friends in  
this vicinity, and will teach classes  
in penmanship during the winter.

Peter Draggoo of Allen Creek,  
Mich., a nephew of Samuel Lawhead,  
is visiting his many relatives in this  
vicinity, where he will probably re-  
main until spring.

Esquire Ables and Notary Public  
Lambert were both kept busy  
Monday, seeing which could make  
out the most pension vouchers.  
They both come out ahead—in  
pocket.

If commercial traveling men, fre-  
quently called "Mummers," but some-  
times "hammers," were paid salaries  
as large as some of the stories they  
tell, they would get pretty big  
wages.

Mrs. James Ables has been visit-  
ing at Hicksville for a few days and  
the "Squire" has been all torn up.  
She is tickled as a boy with his first  
pair of pants.

While at Michigan last week, M.  
T. Bishop, our popular lumber mer-  
chant, bought over two hundred thou-  
sand feet of lumber, and several car-  
loads of shingles. That means low  
price for those who want to build  
DIX.

Monday was the first wedding, an-  
niversary of Mr. and Mrs. Rich Cal-  
bertson, who celebrated the occasion  
by inviting in a large number of their  
friends. A pleasant time was had  
and the bride and groom received a  
number of presents.

For the first time in many a Sun-  
day there was no preaching in this  
place last Sunday. We don't know  
whether the ministers thought that  
the citizens of St. Joe were good  
enough without preaching, or whether  
some other poor souls needed it  
worse than we did.

Christmas is near at hand, and in  
consequence, the attendance at the  
Sunday schools is on the increase.  
Even O. H. Widney was out last  
Sunday, and we heard him getting  
off something or other about it be-  
ing near Christmas, and he thought  
perhaps the teacher was going to  
give the scholars in the bible class  
each a present.

The prices asked for gas at An-  
burn are as high, if not more so,  
than it cost to burn wood. Eighteen  
dollars is the price charged for an  
ordinary cook stove for a year. We  
pay here, one dollar a cord for wood,  
and there are very few stoves that  
burn eighteen cords of wood in a  
year. Unless the price is reduced  
gas isn't such very cheap fuel after  
all.

The Courier correspondent from  
Spencerville last week pitches into  
the Dispatch correspondent from that  
place and the St. Joeites for poking  
fun at their town, and especially their  
prospects for a gas well. This  
certainly must be a mistake so far as  
our citizens are concerned, for Spen-  
cerville is the father of this town,  
and surely, St. Joeites were too well  
raised to poke fun at their poor old  
dad, in his declining years.



## "To-morrow"

We shall place on exhibition our  
stock of Holiday Novelties. We  
don't begin to have room enough in  
this space to tell you all about them  
but ask you to call and see them.  
We have an endless assortment of  
5 and 10 cent Christmas bargains.  
Remember the place.

## Case & Olds.

### Baltimore & Ohio R. R.

Trains leave St. Joe as follows:

#### WEST BOUND.

No. 9 Mail and Express 10:55 A. M.  
17 Accommodation 4:12 P. M.  
50 Cargo Express 11:00 P. M.  
12 Local Freight 5:47 P. M.

#### EAST BOUND.

No. 10 Express and Mail 2:04 P. M.  
16 Accommodation 10:25 A. M.  
11 Morning Express 4:21 A. M.  
32 Local Freight 7:13 A. M.

W. I. McKee, Agent.

### ST. JOE MARKETS.

CORRECTED EVERY FRIDAY.

Wheat	78 cts.
Oats	30 cts.
Corn	35 cts.
Butter	16 cts.
Eggs	18 cts.
Tallow	10 cts.
Lard	10 cts.
Potatoes	80 cts.

### Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

THE BEST SALVE in the world for Cuts,  
Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever  
Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains,  
Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and posi-  
tively cures Piles, or no pay required.  
It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfac-  
tion or money refunded. Price 25 cents  
per box. For sale by W. C. Patterson.

Read the advertisements this week  
and see where to go to buy your holi-  
day goods.

Uncle Dave Grill was confined to  
the house last week, with rheumatism.  
Too much gas, perhaps.

The Anchor Mill at Hicksville,  
is a Complete and Full Roller Mill,  
and not a botched up concern.

The Y. P. T. L. A. will meet at  
the residence of Miss Sake Wineland,  
on Wednesday evening, December,  
14th, 1887.

According to the weather prophets  
yesterday was to have been the  
stormiest day of the season, but as  
usual, they missed their guess.

# The Anchor Mills,

FULL ROLLER.

In every particular, and the far-  
mers reliable place to get their grists  
ground. We guarantee satisfaction.  
We keep constantly on hand a supply  
of mill feed. Our trade is booming,  
and customers continue to come from  
far and near to the Anchor.

Full Roller Mills,  
HICKSVILLE, OHIO.

## For Sale.

A good one and a half story dwell-  
ing and lot, situated in St. Joe, for  
sale at a bargain. For particulars  
call on or address

A. M. Richards, Hicksville, O.

## For Sale.

A yoke of well-broke oxen, com-  
ing four years, old next spring. Will  
sell cheap for cash.

Henry Melton, Concord, Ind.

C. J. TANNERHILL,

## DENTIST,

HICKSVILLE, O.

Teeth extracted without pain. Fill-  
ing teeth with gold or other material,  
carefully and promptly done. All  
kinds of artificial teeth made to or-  
der and warranted. Rooms over  
Miller & Jeffries' Hardware, in Cas-  
beer's Block, Hicksville, Ohio.

### THEIR BUSINESS BOOMING

Probably no one thing has caused  
such a general revival of trade at W.  
C. Patterson's Drug Store as their  
giving away to their customers of so  
many free trial bottles of Dr. King's  
New Discovery for Consumption.  
Their trade is simply enormous.  
This valuable article, from the fact  
it always cures and never disappoints  
Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Bronchitis,  
Croup, and all throat and lung dis-  
eases quickly cured. You can test  
it before buying by getting a trial  
bottle free, large size \$1. Every  
bottle warranted.



Sum tyme 'eggo our readers will  
remember we advertized sum "Hold-  
over" chickens fur sale, an bragged  
a gude deel about ther settin and  
staying qualities, but I want to tell  
yu that last Munda them chickens  
tuke sick and hav ben feeling bad  
ever sine. We hav about cum tu  
the conclushun that the "Holdover"  
breed aint a very gude chicken  
tu bet on.

Barcus Q. Hippenhammer.

It acts a little like being an open  
winter.

St. Joe is well supplied with holi-  
day goods, and cordially invites the  
people of the surrounding country to  
come in and see them.



## "IS THINE HEART RIGHT?"

Sunday Morning Services in the Brooklyn Tabernacle.

Dr. Talmage Makes a Spiritual Diagnosis—Our Nature All Atwist and Askew and Unjoined—The More We Think About Heavenly Things the Better.

BROOKLYN, Dec. 4.—This is sacramental day in Brooklyn Tabernacle. The more than 4,000 communicant members and many strangers from all parts of the world make it a memorable scene. New members were received and some of them were baptized this morning.

The congregation, led by organ and cornet, sang:

Dear dying Lamb, thy precious blood  
Shall never lose its power  
Till all the ransomed church of God  
Be saved to sin no more.

The Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D. D., preached. His subject was "Salvation from the Chariot," and his text II. Kings x. 15: "Is thine heart right?"

With mettled horses at full speed, for he was celebrated for fast driving, Jehu, the warrior and king, returns from battle. But seeing Jehonadab, an acquaintance, by the wayside, he shouts "Whoa! whoa!" to the lathered span. Then, leaning over to Jehonadab, Jehu salutes him in the words of the text: "Is thine heart right?"

Is thine heart right? I should like to hear of your physical health. Well myself, I like to have everybody else well; and so might ask: Is your eyesight right, your hearing right, your nerves right, your lungs right, your entire body right? But I am busy to-day taking diagnosis of the more important spiritual conditions.

I should like to hear of your financial welfare. I want everybody to have plenty of money, ample apparel, large storehouse, and comfortable residence. And I might ask: Is your business right, your income right, your worldly surroundings right? But what are these financial questions compared with the inquiry as to whether you have been able to pay your debts to God; as to whether you are running yourself by the long-credit system of the soul? I have known men to have no more than one loaf of bread at a time, and yet to own a government bond of Heaven worth more than the whole material universe.

The question I ask you to-day is not in regard to your habits. I make no inquiry about your integrity, or your chastity, or your sobriety. I do not mean to stand on the outside of the gate and ring the bell; but coming up the steps I open the door and come to the private apartment of the soul; and with the earnestness of a man that must give an account for his day's work, I cry out, O man, O woman immortal: Is thine heart right?

I will not insult you by an argument to prove that we are by nature all wrong. If there be a factory explosion and the smoke-stack be upset, and the wheels be broken in two, and the engine unjoined, and the ponderous bars be twisted, and a man should look in and say that nothing was the matter, you would pronounce him a fool. Well, it needs no acumen to discover that our nature is all atwist and askew and unjoined. The thing doesn't work right. The biggest trouble we have in the world is with our souls.

Men sometimes say that though their lives may not be just right, their heart is all right. Impossible! A farmer never puts the poorest apples on top of his barrel; nor does the merchant place the meanest goods in the show-window. The best part of us is our outward life. I do not stop to discuss whether we all fell in Adam, for we have been our own Adam, and have all eaten of the forbidden fruit, and have been turned out of the paradise of holiness and peace; and though the flaming sword that stood at the gate to keep us out has changed position and comes behind to drive us in, we will not go.

The Bible account of us is not exaggerated when it says that we are poor and wretched and miserable and blind and naked. Poor: the wretch that stands shivering on our doorstep on a cold day is not so much in need of bread as we are of spiritual help. Blind: why, the man whose eyes perished in the powder blast, and who for these ten years has gone feeling his way from street to street, is not in such utter darkness as we. Naked: why, there is not one rag of holiness left to hide the shame of our sin. Sick: why, the leprosy has eaten into the heart and the hands and the feet, and the marasmus of an everlasting wasting away has already seized on some of us.

But the meanest thing for a man to do is to discourse about an evil without pointing a way to have it remedied. I speak of the thirst of your hot tongue only that I may show you the living stream that drops crystalline and sparkling from the Rock of Ages, and pour a river of gladness at your feet. If I show you the tents in your coat, it is only because the door of God's wardrobe now swings open, and here is a robe, white with the fleece of the Lamb of God, and of a cut and make that an angel would not be ashamed to wear. If I snatch from you the black, moldy bread that you are munching, it is only to give you the bread made out of the finest wheat that grows on

the celestial hills, and baked in the dew of the cross, and one crumb of which would be enough to make all Heaven a banquet. Hear it, one and all, and tell it to your friends when you go home, that the Lord Jesus Christ can make the heart right.

First we need a repenting heart. If for the last ten, twenty, or forty years of life we have been going on the wrong way, it is time that we turned around and started in the opposite direction. If we offend our friends we are glad to apologize. God is our best friend, and yet how many of us have never apologized for the wrongs we have done Him!

There is nothing that we so much need to get rid of as sin. It is a horrible black monster. It polluted Eden. It killed Christ. It has blasted the world. Men keep dogs in kennels, and rabbits in a warren, and cattle in a pen. What a man that would be who would shut them up in his parlor. But this foul dog of sin, and these herds of transgression, we have entertained for many a long year in our heart, which should be the cleanest, brightest room in all our nature. Out with the vile herd! Begone, ye benefactors of an immortal nature! Turn out the beasts and let Christ come in!

A heathen came to an early Christian who had the reputation of curing diseases. The Christian said: "You must have all your idols destroyed." The heathen gave to the Christian the key to his house, that he might go in and destroy the idols. He battered to pieces all he saw, but still the man did not get well. The Christian said to him: "There must be some idol in your house not yet destroyed." The heathen confessed that there was one idol of beaten gold that he could not bear to give up. After a while, when that was destroyed, in answer to the prayer of the Christian the sick man got well.

Many a man has awakened in his dying hour to find his sins all about him. They clambered up on the right side of the bed, and on the left side, and over the headboard, and over the footboard, and horribly devoured the soul.

Repent: the voice celestial cries.

Nor longer dare delay;

The wretch that scorns this mandate dies.

And meets a fiery day.

Again, we need a believing heart. A good many years ago a weary one went up one of the hills of Asia Minor, and with two logs on his back cried out to all the world, offering to carry their sins and sorrows. They pursued him. They slapped him in the face. They mocked him. When he groaned they groaned. They shook their fists at him. They spit on him. They hounded him as though he were a wild beast. His healing of the sick, his sight giving to the blind, his mercy to the outcast silenced not the revenge of the world. His prayers and benedictions were lost in that whirlwind of execration. Away with him! Away with him!

Ah! it was not merely the two pieces of wood that he carried; it was the transgressions of the race, the anguish of the ages, the wrath of God, the sorrows of hell, the stupendous interests of an unending eternity. No wonder his back bent. No wonder the blood started from every pore. No wonder that he crouched under a torture that made the sun faint, and the everlasting hills tremble, and the dead rush up in their winding sheets as he cried, "If it be possible, let this cup pass from me." But the cup did not pass. None to comfort.

There he hangs! What has that hand done that it should be thus crushed in the palm? It has been healing the lame and wiping away tears. What has that foot been doing that it should be so lacerated? It has been going about doing good. Of what has the victim been guilty? Guilty of saving a world. Tell me, ye heavens and earth, was there ever such another criminal? On that hill of carnage, that sunless day, amid those howling rioters, may not your sins and mine have perished? I believe it.

Oh, the ransom has been paid. Those arms of Jesus were stretched out so wide that when he brought them together again they might embrace the world. Oh that I might, out of the blossoms of the spring, or the flaming foliage of the autumn, make one wreath for my Lord! Oh, that all the triumphal arches of the world could be swung in one gateway, where the King of Glory might come in! Oh, that all the harps and trumpets and organs of earthly music might, in one anthem, speak His praise!

But what were earthly flowers to Him who walketh amid the snow of the white lilies of Heaven! What were arches of earthly masonry to Him who hath about His throne a rainbow spun out of everlasting sunshine! What were all earthly music to Him when the hundred and forty and four thousand on one side, and the cherubim, and seraphim, and archangels stand on the other side, and all the space between is filled with the doxologies of eternal jubilee—the hosanna of a redeemed earth, the hallelujah of unfallen angels, song after song rising about the throne of God and of the Lamb. In that pure, high place, let Him hear us. Stop! harps of Heaven, that our poor cry may be heard.

Oh, my Lord Jesus, it will not hurt Thee for one hour to step out from the shining throng. They will make it all up when Thou goest back again. Come hither, O Blessed One, that we may kiss Thy feet. Our hearts, too long withheld, we now surrender into Thy keeping. When Thou goest back, tell it to all the immortals that the lost are found, and let Thy Father's

Louise ring with the music and the dance.

They have some old wine in Heaven, not used except in rare festivities. In this world those who are accustomed to use wine on great occasions bring out the beverage and say, "This wine is thirty years old," or "forty years old." But the wine of Heaven is more than eighteen centuries old. It was prepared at the time when Christ trod the wine-press alone. When such grievous sinners as we come back, methinks the chamberlain of Heaven cries out to the servants, "This is unusual joy! Bring up from the vaults of Heaven that old wine. Fill all the tankards. Let all the white-robed guests drink to the immortal health of those new-born sons and daughters of the Lord Almighty." There is joy in Heaven among the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth; and God grant that that one may be you!

Again, a right heart is an expectant heart. It is a poor business to be building castles in the air. Enjoy what you have now. Don't spoil your comfort in the small house because you expect a larger one. Don't fret about your income when it is \$3 or \$4 per day, because you expect to have after a while \$10 per day, or \$10,000 a year, because you expect it to be \$20,000 a year. But about heavenly things, the more we think the better. Those castles are not in the air, but on the hills, and we have a deed of them in our possession. I like to see a man all full of Heaven. He talks Heaven. He sings Heaven. He prays Heaven. He dreams Heaven. Some of us in our sleep have had the good place open to us. We saw the pinnacles in the sky. We heard the click of the hoofs of the white horses on which visitors rode, and the clapping of the cymbals of eternal triumph. And while in our sleep we were glad that all our sorrows were over, and burdens done with, the throne of God grew whiter, whiter, and whiter, till we opened our eyes and saw that it was only the sun of the earthly morning shining on our pillow. To have a right heart you need to be filled with this expectancy. It would make your privations and annoyances more bearable.

In the midst of the city of Paris stands, or did stand, a statue of the good, but broken-hearted Josephine. I never imagined that marble could be smitten into such tenderness. It seems not lifeless. If the spirit of Josephine be disembodied, the soul of the empress has taken possession of this figure. I am not yet satisfied that it is stone. The puff of the dress on the arm seems to need but the pressure of the finger to indent it. The figure at the bottom of the robe, the ruffle at the neck, the fur lining on the dress, the embroidery of the satin, the cluster of lily and leaf and rose in the hand, the poise of her body as she seems to come sailing out of the sky, her face calm, humble, beautiful, but yet sad—test the genius of the sculptor and the beauty of the heroine he celebrates. Looking up through the rifts of the coronet that encircles her brow, I could see the sky beyond, the great Heavens where all women's wrongs shall be righted, and the story of endurance and resignation shall be told to all the ages. The rose and the lily in the hand of Josephine will never drop their petals. The children of God, whether they suffer on earth, in palaces or in hovels, shall come to that glorious rest. Oh, Heaven, sweet Heaven! at thy gate we set down all our burdens and griefs. The place will be full. Here there are vacant chairs at the hearth, and at the table, but there are no vacant chairs in Heaven. The crowns all worn; the thrones all mounted.

Some talk of Heaven as though it were a handsome church, where a few favored spirits would come in and sit down on finely-cushioned seats all by themselves and sing psalms to all eternity. No, no. "I saw a great multitude that no man could number standing before the throne. He that talked with me had a golden rod to measure the city and it was 12,400 furlongs"—that is, 1,500 miles in circumference. Ah! Heaven is not a little colony at one corner of God's dominion where a man's entrance depends upon what kind of clothes he has on his back and how much money he has in his purse, but a vast empire. God grant that the light of that blessed world may shine upon us in our last moment.

The roughest time we had in crossing the ocean was at the mouth of Liverpool harbor. We arrived at nightfall and were obliged to lie there till the morning waiting for the rising of the tide before we could go up to the city. How the vessel pitched and writhed in the water! So sometimes the last illness of the Christian is a struggle. He is almost through the voyage. The waves of temptation toss his soul, but he waits for the morning. At last the light dawns and the tides of joy arise in his soul and he sails up and casts anchor within the veil.

Is thy heart right? What question can compare with this in importance?

It is a business question. Do you not realize that you will soon have to go out of that store; that you will soon have to resign that partnership; that soon among all the millions of dollars' worth of goods that are sold in New York you will not have the handling of a yard of cloth, or a pound of sugar, or a pennyworth of anything; that soon if a conflagration should start at Central Park and sweep everything to the Battery, it would not disturb you; that soon, if every cashier should abscond, and every insurance company should fail, it would not affect you? What are the questions

that stop this side the grave compared with the questions that reach beyond it? Are you making losses that are to be everlasting? Are you making purchases for eternity? Are you jobbing for time when you might be wholesaling for eternity? What question of the store is so broad as the base and so altitudinous and so overwhelming as the question, "Is thy heart right?"

Or is it a domestic question? Is it something about father, mother, or companion, or son, or daughter, that you think is comparable with this question in importance? Do you not realize that by universal and inexorable law all these regulations will be broken up? Your father will be gone, your mother will be gone, your companion will be gone, your child will be gone, you will be gone; then this eternal question will begin to harvest its chief gains, or deplore its worst losses, roll up into its mightiest magnitude, or sweep its vast circles. What difference now does it make to Napoleon III. whether he triumphed or surrendered at Sedan? whether he lived at the Tuileries or at Chislehurst? whether he was Emperor or exile? They laid him out in his coffin in the dress of a field marshal. Did that give him any better chance for the next world than if he had been laid out in a plain shroud? And soon to us what will be the difference whether in this world we rode or walked, were bowed to or maltreated, were applauded or hissed at, were welcomed in or kicked out, while laying hold every moment of the great future and burning in all the splendor of grief and overarching and undergoing all time and all eternity is the plain, simple, practical, thrilling, agonizing, overwhelming question, "Is thy heart right?" Have you within you a repenting heart, an expectant heart? If not I must write upon your soul what George Whitefield wrote upon the window-pane with his diamond ring. He tarried in an elegant house over night, but found that there was no God recognized in that house. Before he left his room in the morning with his ring he wrote upon the window-pane, "One thing thou lackest." After the guest was gone the housewife came up and looked at the window and saw the inscription and called her husband and her children, and God, through that ministry of the window glass, brought them all to Jesus. Though you may to-day be surrounded by comforts and luxuries, and feel you have need of nothing, if you are not the children of God, with the signet ring of Christ's love, let me inscribe upon your souls, "One thing thou lackest." I pray you that, whatever else you may miss, you may not miss Heaven. It is too bright a home to lose. Your soul has been bought at too dear a price. I preach to you of the flood that cleanseth from all sin. Casting all your sins behind you, I beg of you to start this morning for the kingdom. "Yes," you say, "I will start, but not now." William III. made proclamation, when there was a revolution in the north of Scotland, that all who came and took the oath of allegiance by the 31st of December should be pardoned. Maclean, a chieftain of a prominent class, resolved to return with the rest of the rebels, but had some pride in being the very last one that should take the oath. He postponed starting for this purpose until two days before the expiration of the term. A snow storm impeded his way, and before he got up to take the oath and receive a pardon from the throne the time was up and past. While the others were set free, Maclean was miserably put to death. He started too late and arrived too late. In like manner some of you are in prospect of losing forever the alms of the Gospel. Many of you are going to be forever too late. Remember the irreparable mistake of Maclean!

### The Place to Have Fun.

There lives in Chicago a comical-looking old negro, who drives an express wagon.

"Do you like this part of the country as well as you do Kentucky?" he was asked the other day.

"Oh, yas, sah, er heep better. Dar ain't much fun fur er nigger in Kentucky."

"Why so?"

"Well, de white men down dar is so 'wise. Dey won't let er nigger fool wid em. Tain't that way heah. Wy, sah, wen I don't feel well up heah I cusses dese folks—I cusses 'em powerful, but da won't let yer do dat in Kentucky. Oh, yas, sah, dis is de place fur er nigger ter hab fun!"—Arkansas Traveler.

### Tobogganing Made Easy.

Among the features at Parlor Rock this winter will be two huge toboggan slides. Besides the exhilarating exercise of sliding down hill, tobogganers can experience the sensation of sliding up again. A hydraulic belt or chain, running continually, will be used to attach to the ascending toboggans and slowly draw them and their occupants up to the top of the slides. The water power of the lake will be used to run these elevators, as well as to run the dynamo machines for electric lighting.

—New Haven Register.

Doctor's pills, like the marriage contract, are for better or for worse.



## SOME STRANGE CONFESSIONS.

Several Good Stories Which Convey Very Needful Morals.

The Rochester (N. Y.) Union reports having this dialogue with an eminent physician:

"Can you cure a cold for me?"  
"I dare say; where is it?"  
"Do you treat yourself for colds?"  
"That depends on how bad they are. I had one last week and fixed myself up a dose, but I didn't dare take it. I kept it over night and gave it to a 'deadhead' patient the next day!"  
"Then you don't dare take your own medicine?"

"No! I don't dare, and I have no family physician."

A gentleman, a short time ago, consulted his physician about a severe rheumatic attack. As he was leaving, the doctor said:

"Should my prescription afford any relief, let me know it, as I am suffering from an affection similar to yours, and for the last twenty years have tried in vain to cure it!"

The best of physicians now have the frankness to admit that the schools have not yet mastered all there is to know about the causes of disease, and the best methods of cure. There has been a great advance, no doubt, in medical science, in the last fifty years. Doctors themselves do not take their own physic, even though they may saturate the systems of their patients with poisonous drugs, nor do they bleed, blister, and torture, as formerly.

Byron died, it is claimed, because of over-bleeding by his physicians. Washington met the same fate!

Scientific investigation shows that most ailments proceed from derangement of primary organs, of which the kidneys are the most important. Every drop of blood coursing through the system passes through these organs, and if they are deranged, the blood speedily becomes impure, and carries the seeds of disease to every part of the body. If we keep the organs regulated by the use of a simple vegetable compound like Warner's safe cure, which Prof. Lattimore, New York State Board of Health Analyst, of the Rochester University, says: "I find entirely free from mercury and all poisonous and deleterious substances"—there is little danger of bright's disease, apoplexy, rheumatism, or any of the common ailments, nearly all of which originate in or are made fatal by diseased (though unsuspected) kidneys. This great remedy has the reputation, which seems well founded, of curing more diseases than any one other remedy ever known. It restored the son of the Danish vice-consul Schmidt of 69 Wall street, New York, from Bright's disease, and Gen. Christiansen, of Provost, Morgan & Co., Bankers of New York, who knew of the case, pronounced it a wonderful remedy.

As appropriate to the doctors who give to their patients what they will not take themselves, we quote this story:

"Oh, Mr. Smith, help me out," exclaimed a young lady at a church fair. "I've sold a tidy lot for \$15 that only cost 15c. What percentage is the profit?"

"Percentage, madam?" exclaimed the lawyer with merriment. "That transaction is beyond percentage—it is simple larceny!"

The professional man who takes one's money when he can do one no equivalent service will understand the moral.

### California's Biggest Orchard.

California has some big orchards, and the largest is in the Suisun Valley, and is owned by A. T. Hatch, President of the California Fruit Union. Mr. Hatch has 200 acres in pear trees, 130 in peaches, 70 in apricots, 10 in nectarines, 210 in almonds; 40 in cherries, 100 in plums and prunes, besides 40 acres of currants and gooseberries, and hundreds of lemon and orange trees. Of these acres, 300 bore fruit this season to the amount of 2,000 tons, which brought the owner \$100,000. He calculates that when the whole orchard is in full bearing it will produce 8,000 tons of fruit, worth \$400,000. — Chicago News.

"We all have our burdens to bear," said the minister. "There are many trials in this life." "Yes, I suppose there are," said the poor lawyer, ruefully; "but I don't seem to have much luck at getting mixed up in 'em."

### Chronic Coughs and Colds.

And all diseases of the Throat and Lungs, can be cured by the use of Scott's Emulsion, as it contains the healing virtues of Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites in their fullest form. Is a beautiful creamy Emulsion, palatable as milk, easily digested, and can be taken by the most delicate. Please read: "I consider Scott's Emulsion the remedy par excellence in Tuberculous and Strumous Affections, to say nothing of ordinary colds and throat troubles."—W. R. S. CORNELL, M. D., Manchester, Ohio.

THE orderly of the day is very frequently and disrespectfully the disorderly of the night. — Washington Critic.

PRICKLY ASH BITTERS warm up and invigorate the stomach, improves and strengthens the digestive organs, opens the pores, promotes perspiration, and equalizes the circulation. As a corrector of disordered system there is nothing to equal it.

It's curious how affection and confession seem to harmonize.

### Consumption Surely Cured.

To the Editor:—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above-named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their Express and P. O. address. Respectfully,

T. A. SLOCUM, M. C., 181 Pearl St., N. Y.

### How to Select a Wife.

Good health, good morals, good sense, and good temper are the four essentials for a good wife. These are the indispensable. After them come the minor advantages of good looks, accomplishments, family position, etc. With the first four, married life will be comfortable and happy. Lacking either, it will be in more or less degree a failure. Upon good health depends largely good temper and good looks, and to some extent good sense also, as the best mind must be affected more or less by the weaknesses and whims attendant on frail health. Young man, if your wife is falling into a state of invalidism, first of all try to restore her to health. If she is troubled with debilitating female weaknesses, buy Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It will cure her.

It isn't called high maces on account of steep pew rents; that is a mistaken idea. — Merchant Traveler.

### A Family Jewel.

DOCTOR DAVID KENNEDY, the famous surgeon and physician, of Rondout, N. Y., has sent us a copy of his book, "How to Cure Kidney, Liver and Blood Disorders," a work of great intrinsic merit, apart from many elegant life illustrations of rare beauty. We find on examination that it is a work of exceeding merit, one which should be kept and read in every home. In addition to the studied and valuable medical lessons inculcated by the Doctor, there are two articles from the widely known author, Col. E. Z. C. Judson (Ned Buntline), which add to the interest of the work. The printed price of this book is only 25 cents, but any one inclosing this notice with the name of the paper from whence it is taken, with 2-cent postage stamp, will receive the book free by mail.

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### THE LEADING FEATURES

Of the YOUTH'S COMPANION Announcement for 1888, just published, are its six illustrated Serial Stories, by Trowbridge, Stephens, and others, its two hundred Short Stories and Tales of Adventure, its articles by eminent writers, including the Right Hon. Wm. E. Gladstone, Professor Tyndall, Gen. Lord Wolseley, Louisa M. Alcott, Gen. George Crook, and one hundred other popular authors. THE COMPANION has two Million Readers a week. Every family should take it. By sending your subscription now, with \$1.75, you will receive it free to Jan. 1, 1888, and a full year's subscription from that date.

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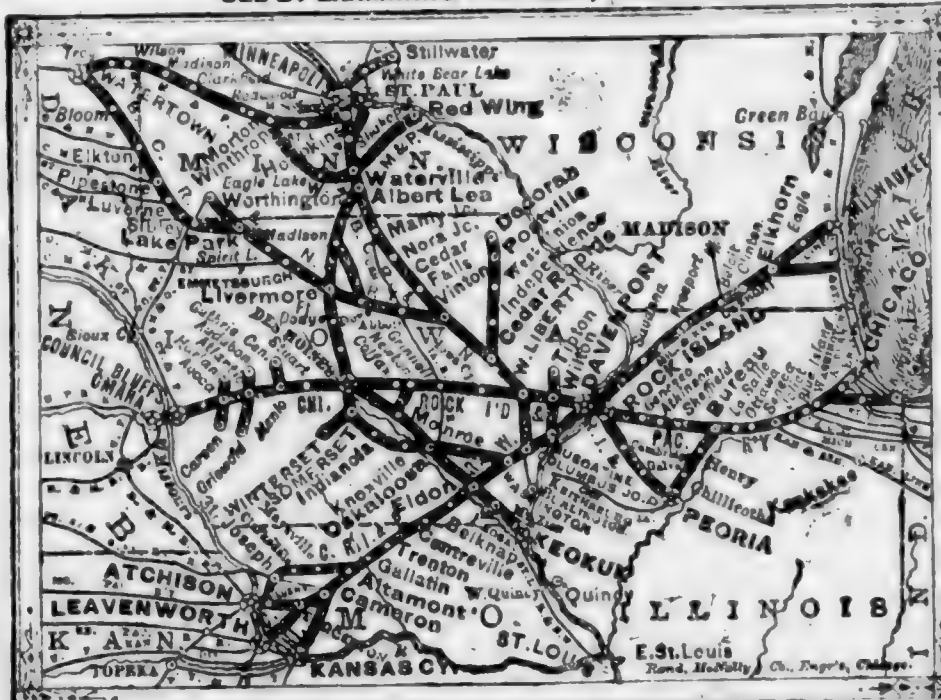
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## MECHANICAL.

It is a mistake often made to assume that an old worn-out boiler is "good enough for heating," says *Iron*. While it is true that a boiler which may not be strong enough to run at eighty pounds pressure will answer very well to run at a somewhat lower pressure, we do not think it quite safe to use for heating, or any other purpose, a superannuated or worn-out boiler. In many cases it is not the steam pressure itself which is alone to be considered, but the strains resulting from conditions use, to which every boiler is subject, without regard to the actual pressure carried. If the boiler has been used for a long period, and there is the slightest ground for thinking the plates unsound and brittle, it should be rejected for all kinds of work. It is a mistake to suppose that no serious explosion can occur if the pressure does not exceed twenty to twenty-five pounds per square inch. Many very destructive explosions have occurred at these pressures, and will continue to occur so long as unsound boilers are used.

It may be of interest to your readers to have the methods which an old engineer employs in handling his fire, says a writer in *Power*. My method is to run as heavy a fire as my firebox will allow to be kept under the bridge wall, and not to disturb it more than once in a ten-hour run, then clean out with care and as speedily as possible, dress light and let it come up and get ready to bank. In banking make sure to have an even fire, as deep as bridge wall will allow. Then I shut my dampers and let it lie. In the morning I open and govern by the dampers. I do not touch my fire until 3:30 or 4 o'clock in the afternoon, and then proceed to clean as before. In order to do the work in this way it is necessary to have boiler enough to do the work easily, and not have to drive the fire, and, another thing, it is necessary also to have the boiler set right to begin with. The one I have is thirty-two inches from the grate bar to the under side of the shell, and is running twenty-horse power by measurement. I am burning 800 pounds of screenings per day, or four pounds per horse power per hour. If this is not a good showing, I would like some of your readers to get up a better one.

Drop oil is collected in many mills and factories to be cleaned and used again. A little apparatus has been constructed for this purpose, which, it is reasonable to suppose, is patented. It may be described as follows: The apparatus is a box-like concern, of several "stories," the interior either lined with or else consisting entirely of lead. Above it has a shoulder like a funnel, into which is poured the oil to be cleaned. The purified oil passes off through an escape pipe in the bottom. The different shelves or "stories" are perforated, and covered to a height of about two inches with raw, loose cotton, through which the oil must percolate. The cotton serves as a filter, and retains all kinds of contaminations. After the oil has in this manner passed through the several shelves, it is nice and clean and drops into a vessel underneath. The dirty cotton is occasionally replaced by clean. This is about the most inexpensive way of effecting it that I know of. It is also necessary to add that the apparatus must stand in a warm place. The cleaning of the oil with chemicals is both a tedious and a doubtful process, because even after thorough washing it may still retain traces of acids, rendering it unfit for lubricating purposes.

## Saved Himself.

Several men who were leaving a barbecue heard some one groaning, and, looking about them, they found an old fellow wallowing under a tree.

"What is the matter?" one of the men asked.

"Go on an' let me alone. Oh, Lord, what a fool your servant has been."

"You seem to be suffering greatly. Perhaps I can help you."

"Lord, there is not a bigger fool on earth than thy servant."

"Come, tell us what is the matter."

The old fellow sat up and leaned against a tree. "Gentlemen," said he, "I have been to the barbecue. For several days I saved myself up for this here occasion. I wouldn't eat nothin' at home, for I wanted to do justice to this barbecue. I got here this mornin' as hungry as a wolf. I went down to the pits where they was cookin' their meat, and the scent of it made me so

hungry that I could have chawed a pair o' saddlebags. Oh, Lord, I wish now that I had. It peared to me like they would never git ready to eat, an' I got so weak that I had to lean agin a tree. Airtir while they got ready an' give the word. I made a break for the table an' gethered up a hunk o' sheep, a quarter o' shoat, a chunk o' beef, an' a pone o' co'n light bread, an' went off an' sot down on a log. Oh, Lord, let thy servant have better sense, or kill him right here."

"Don't you think we'd better take you to somebody's house?"

"No. A man that hain't got no mo' sense than I have don't need nothin'. Go on an' let me alone. Oh, Lord, thy servant has n't got enough sense to skin a squirrel." He fell over with a groan and the men rode away and left him. —*Arkansaw Traveler*.

## Kara Fatma, the Amazon.

People in Constantinople are interested in the presence among them of Kara Fatma, the redoubtable female warrior of Kuadistan, who has come on a brief visit to the Turkish Capital. Her deeds of prowess date back to the beginning of the Crimean War, when she led a large body of Kurdish Volunteers, who fought with singular daring for Turkey. The Ottoman Government remembers her services, and requites these by a monthly pension of \$5,000 piasters—a sum that in her own frugal home allows her to live with ease. She is tall, thin, with a brown, hawk-like face; her cheeks are the color of parchment, and seamed with scars. Wearing the national dress of the sterner sex, she looks like a man 40, not like a woman who will never again see 75. Slung across her shoulder in Cossack fashion is her long saber, with its jeweled hilt; decorations shine and sparkle on her breast, while the stripes across her sleeves show her to be a Captain in the Ottoman Army. Watching this interesting figure pass along the streets of Stambul, one is reminded of an episode in the campaign of Gen. Lespinasse in the Dolrudja some little time before the allied armies landed in the Crimea. While smoking and chatting one day in his tent with several of his brother officers, the General heard at a far distance a strange music, a medley of drums and clarinets, tomtoms, and piercing human cries. Whence came this weird minstrelsy? All the men in camp turned out to listen to it and discern its origin, when from over the hills they saw a band of some 300 horsemen approaching them at full gallop. At their head rode a brown-faced woman, with flashing eyes and lissome limbs; the very picture of an Amazon. Vaulting from her saddle she gravely saluted Gen. Lespinasse, and through an interpreter told him that she had come to fight the Russians, both she and her brave Kurds being completely at his service. That night her men were quartered in camp with the French troops; but they were ill-pleased to be so billeted. They wanted their independence, and not even their mistress and leader should barter it away for them. By daybreak they were in their saddles, riding off across the hills to meet the dawn, to the sounds of that weird, strident music which had proclaimed their approach. —*Fall Mail Gazette*.

## The Fate of Worlds.

The earth, says Flammarion was born; it will die. Its will die when its vital elements have been spent, or perhaps by the extinction of the sun, in whose rays its existence is suspended. It may die by the shock of a celestial body which it might meet in its path, but this end of the world is the most improbable of all. It may die, we say, by the slow absorption of its elements. In truth, it is probable that the water and the air are diminishing. The ocean, like the atmosphere, appears to have been much more considerable than at present. The crust of the earth is penetrated by the waters, which combine chemically with the rocks. It is almost certain that the interior temperature of the globe at ten kilometers (about six miles) of depth reaches the boiling point and impedes a further descent of the waters; but the absorption will continue with the cooling of the globe. The oxygen, nitrogen, and carbonic acid, which compose our atmosphere, appear to suffer likewise a slow absorption. —*Arkansaw Traveler*.

We carry all of our neighbors' crimes in sight, and throw all of our own over our shoulders.

## Sleeping Apartments.

Some great writer has remarked: "It must not be forgotten that we spend a considerable portion of our lives in the bed-chamber, and, therefore, its healthfulness cannot fail to have a very important bearing upon our physical well-being." Everybody, indeed, who is actuated by a due regard for health and real comfort, will consider an equal degree of attention necessary in giving attention to the size, situation, temperature, and cleanliness of the apartment he occupies during the hours of repose, as of the parlor, drawing-room, or any other apartment; and yet how very often do we find families crowded at night into obscure and confined chambers, of dimensions scarcely more ample than those of an old-fashioned closet, while perhaps, in the majority of instances, the best rooms in the whole house are set apart for the sole purpose of ostentatious display. Now it is very important that the largest and most elevated room, or rooms, upon the second floor of the dwelling, be appropriated for the purposes of sleeping, and that the same be properly ventilated during the day-time and during all seasons of the year.

There are few houses the rooms of which are so situated as to render good ventilation impossible, and the influence of this practice upon the health of inmates is too important to permit being neglected from any slight cause. A bed-chamber should be divested of all unnecessary furniture, and unless of considerable size, should never contain more than one bed. There cannot be a more pernicious custom that that pursued by some, indeed by many families, of having their children sleep in small apartments, with two and sometimes with three beds crowded into the same room. It is scarcely necessary to observe that cleanliness, in the most extensive signification of the term, is, if possible, even more necessary with reference to the bed-chamber than with almost any other apartment in the whole house. The practice of sleeping in a room which is occupied during the daytime is extremely unwise. Perfect cleanliness and sufficient free ventilation cannot, under such circumstances, be preserved, especially during cold weather; hence the atmosphere becomes constantly more vitiated, and altogether unfit for respiration. While too great a degree of caution cannot be observed to avoid sleeping in damp rooms, beds, or clothing, the temperature of the bed-chamber, if possible, should never be increased, under the ordinary circumstances of health, by artificial means. As this apartment is to be reserved solely for sleep, a fire is never necessary, excepting, possibly, during extreme cold weather, and, even then, the temperature ought not to exceed fifty degrees.

A sleeping apartment in which a heavy fire has been kept for several hours prior to retiring, may to some persons, at first thought, offer great comfort. But, right here, great danger is very liable to occur, since by heating the room to such an extent as has been referred to the system becomes greatly enervated, creating an increased susceptibility to the influence of the cold air, and thus the way is opened to the attack of some of the most serious diseases, especially of the throat and lungs. Happy, indeed, should those persons esteem themselves whose means forbid an indulgence in this form of luxury! A person accustomed to undress in a room without a fire, and to seek repose in a cold bed, will not experience the least inconvenience, even in the severest of winter weather. The natural heat of the body will very speedily render a person, under such circumstances, even more comfortable than he or she will be who sleeps in a heated apartment, as experience has amply verified. But this is not all. The constitution of the one accustomed to sleeping in a room which is not artificially heated will be rendered more robust and strong, and far less susceptible to the influence of artificial vicissitudes, than that person who is not so accustomed to sleep. —*Good House-keeping*.

In 70, Jerusalem was razed and plowed over by the Roman Emperor, Titus, in order to obliterate and make unrecognizable spots venerated by Christians. It was refounded, as a heathen city, by the Emperor Hadrian, A. D. 140.

The light of friendship is like the light of phosphorus—seen plainest when all around is dark.

M. T. BISHOP,

—DEALER IN—

LUMBER, LIME,

—LATH,—

SHINGLES,

MOULDING &c.

Large Stock and Low Prices. Yard  
Near Depot, St. Joe, Ind.

J. F. WALKER,

MAKER AND DEALER IN

Harness, Collars,

WHIPS, HARNESS OIL &c.

ST. JOE, IND.

Repairing done promptly. Prices as  
low as the lowest. Call and see.



WILLIAM CURIE,

PROPRIETOR OF

MEAT MARKET

ST. JOE, IND.

Highest market price paid for Hides,  
Tallow &c. Give me a call.

F. A. ZEIGLER,

MAKER AND DEALER IN

HARNESS

COLLARS, WHIPS,

Fly Nets and Dusters,

HARNESS OIL &c.

Prices the Lowest. All work guar-  
anteed. Call and see me.

Blacksmith

AND

Repair Shop.

Having secured the services of an experienced workman, I am now prepared to do all kinds of Blacksmithing and Repairing in a first-class manner. Special attention given to repairing machinery. Give me a call. Prices reasonable.

A. W. Hall, St. Joe.



# Supplement to the St. Joe News.

VOL. 1.

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 9, 1887.

No. 9.

Buy your School Crayons at the St. Joe Drug Store.

The pleasant weather this week has made trade quiet.

Wineland's feed and chop mill is kept busy all the time.

The Lutheran Sunday school will have a revolving tree on Christmas eve.

Case & Olds have an elegant assortment of Neck Mullers. Call and see them.

Ben Zimmerman, of Spencerville, is turning out some fine Cabinet Photographs at \$2.25 per dozen.

Those who want lots of smoke for a little money, should call at John Hull's and get one of those mammoth ten cent cigars.

All kinds of itch cured in thirty minutes with Wolford's Sanitary Lotion, for sale at the St. Joe Drug Store at \$1.00 per bottle.

Any one desirous of taking a good Church and home paper, should send for a sample copy of the Herald and Presbyterian, published at Cincinnati, Ohio. Send five one cent stamps to their address, and get a handsome Calendar for 1888.

Several persons from this place attended the surprise party held at the residence of Levi Showalter, north of Concord, on Friday evening, in honor of the birthday of Miss Jennie. She was just sweet seventeen; so says George Shuler, and he ought to know.

Friday was Free Zeigler's birthday, and several of the grown-up boys took advantage of the occasion to carry him out in the street and take a full length impression of his form in the beautiful snow. Free resisted as best he could, but finally went without much coaxing. Who wouldn't go, when six or eight big men got hold of him.

The following from a prominent attorney of this state, will explain a matter in which some of our citizens are interested. "So many people ask me to learn if royalty paid on the driven well can be recovered back, and I take this method to say that it can not. The patent law is not peculiar in this respect. The law is universal that money paid on an unfounded claim, under threat of suit, cannot be recovered back. The party makes himself his own judge and decides against himself, and the law lets his decision against himself stand. Honor would demand a repayment, but that characteristic is scarce among these driven well patent owners.

## Christmas Presents.

Perhaps you are wondering what to buy for Christmas presents, and we'll help you out of the trouble, by suggesting that you go to Ben Zimmerman at Spencerville, and get some pictures taken and present them to your friends. They will make a beautiful, appropriate and lasting present. From now until Christmas, he will furnish Cabinet size Photographs at \$2.25 per dozen. Usual price \$4.00. This is a rare chance to get photographs at a very low price. Come early and avoid the rush. Work guaranteed equal to any.

Ben Zimmerman, Spencerville, Ind.

## NEW MERCHANT TAILOR

HICKSVILLE, OHIO.

I desire to call the attention of the citizens of St. Joe and vicinity, to the fact that I have opened up a Merchant Tailoring Establishment in the Center Room of the Correll Block, with a full line of

## FINE PIECE GOODS,

which will be made up in the very latest and best style. Call and examine goods and get prices. With first-class goods, number one workmen, and low prices, we expect to please you all without fail.

Remember I Guarantee a Perfect Fit in Every Particular.

A. BEQUILLIARD,

CORRELL BLOCK, : : HICKSVILLE, OHIO.



## COUNT YOUR BLESSINGS.

COMPOSED BY MRS. MARGARET E. TIBBITS, A BLIND SISTER OF MORT MILLIMAN, OF COBURNTOWN.

A childish affliction filled my heart  
with care;  
My cross seemed more than I could  
bear;  
My mother placed her hand on my  
head,  
Count your blessings, my child, she  
said.

Every heart has it's burden of care—  
You must learn to bear your share;  
Deeper trials in the future may come,  
Bravely try to bear this one.  
Little trials, bravely borne, in time  
you will know,  
Gives strength to bear some heavier  
blow.

There never was a storm so dark and  
wild,  
But the sun, shown after, my child;  
Think of the thousands, who's bless-  
ings are less,  
And in time I am sure you will  
confess,  
'Tis well when trouble racks the  
brain,  
To count the blessing that yet re-  
main.  
Think of naught but your troubles,  
and they'll grow,  
Higher than mountains, capped with  
snow,  
Count your blessing oft, you will find  
by counting,  
Your trouble is but a hill, by bless-  
ing's mountain.

I might wish you a life, like one long  
bright day,  
But 'tis not for me to say;  
Whether the future for you doth hold  
More joy, than sorrow, can not be  
told;  
The trials now given, may be to pre-  
pare,  
Your heart for a life of sorrow and  
care,  
But ever remember, the same strong  
arm,  
That send the sunshine, rules the  
storm;  
But whether your life be sad or  
bright,  
Trust God, in time, to make it right.  
Since then, thirty years on the wings  
of time,  
Have brought joy and sorrow to me,  
and mine;  
When the dark hours to me have  
come,  
And the bright hopes vanished, one  
by one;  
When the bitter tear I've shed,  
Oft I have fancied my mother's hand  
on my head;  
Bidding me let reason rule the brain,  
And count the blessings that yet re-  
main.  
Ever when thus I have comfort  
sought,  
Sweet peace to me the practice  
brought;  
Giving a feeling of thankfulness,  
For the blessings that to me were  
left.

## THE HICKSVILLE MILLS, FULL ROLLER SYSTEM.

Our Mill is now fitted out with the most complete Roller Process  
and we cordially solicit the patronage of the public. We

—GUARANTEE SATISFACTION—

in every particular. Call and see us; we are always glad to see our friends  
and have a chat with them. Mill near B. & O. Depot

## Daniels, Wilson & Kagey.

## ARTHUR JAMES,

CAN SUPPLY YOU WITH

## HOLIDAY PRESENTS,

GOLD WATCHES,

SILVER WATCHES,

CLOCKS, SILVERWARE,

FINE JEWELRY &c.

My prices are so low that they are bound to sell, and I will not be  
undersold. Call and see me and get my prices. Watches, Clocks,  
and Jewelry repaired in a workman-like manner.

REMEMBER THE PLACE,

## ARTHUR JAMES, SPENCERVILLE, IND.

# THE ST. JOE NEWS.

VOL. I.

ST. JOE, IND., FRIDAY, DECEMBER 16, 1887.

NO. 47.

## Churches.

### DISCIPLE.

SERVICES every alternate Sunday evening, in the Lutheran church. Cottage prayer meeting every Friday evening.

J. A. THOMAS, PASTOR.

### METHODIST PROTESTANT.

SERVICES every alternate Sunday at 10:30 A. M. Prayer meeting every Tuesday evening. Sunday School at 9:30 A. M.

J. M. LANGLEY, PASTOR.

### EVANGELICAL LUTHERAN.

SERVICES every Sunday, one Sunday in the morning at 10:30, and the following Sunday in the evening. Prayer meeting every Thursday evening. Sunday School at 9:30 A. M.

S. P. FRYBERGER, PASTOR.

## Societies.

### G. A. R.

REGULAR meetings on Saturday evening on or before the full moon of each month, at their hall over Leighty's store.

O. H. WIDNEY, COMMANDER.

J. M. MILLIMAN, ADJUTANT.

## Business Notices.

H. W. BOWMAN, M. D., Physician and Surgeon, St. Joe, Ind. Office opposite the Drugstore.

ST. JOE HOTEL, Wm. Leighty, proprietor. Special attention given to furnishing teams for commercial men.

B. S. SHEFFER, M. D., Physician and Surgeon, St. Joe, Ind. Prompt and careful attention to all business entrusted to his care.

ST. JOE BARBER SHOP, one door west of hotel, Will Gee, proprietor. Satisfaction guaranteed. Your patronage is solicited.

FILLEY, LOUNSBERRY AND SHULER, proprietors of the St. Joe Saw and Planing Mill. All work promptly done. Cash paid for Oak Logs.

CITY BARBER SHOP, St. Joe, Ind., John Hull, proprietor. Shaving, Hair Cutting &c. done in the best of style. Come and see me. Two doors west of Kinsey's Furniture Store.

SIMON WINELAND, proprietor St. Joe Handle and Feed Mills. Feed grinding a speciality. Highest prices paid for second growth White Ash. Enquire at the mill for full particulars.

## INDIANA STATE NEWS.

—John O. Snyder, the man who has had the walking mania for several years past, died at his home, near Millgrove. Snyder could not be induced to cease walking, and when his friends tried to stop him he would be taken with convulsions and suffer intensely. He walked night and day, and could get no rest except in walking. He would eat, sleep, and shave himself while walking, and if he stopped he would go into convulsions until put onto his feet and started upon his walk. Scientific men have come hundreds of miles to investigate the case, but failed to give any theory why he acted in this strange manner. He was on exhibition in the museums in Chicago and Cincinnati, but he kept up the incessant tramp with no relaxation whatever. He was brought home about four weeks ago, with his limbs badly swollen, yet he kept on walking, although two men were required to walk with him to keep him from going into convulsions. His limbs swelled to enormous proportions, but if they could move, as if walking, he found some relief and ease. At last, overcome with weakness, he took to his bed. This is one of the most mysterious freaks of nature on record, and no solution of the problem has so far been given.

—A tremendous explosion occurred in Stevenson Brothers' at Cutler, recently. Giant powder, in oyster cans, had been placed under the building, and over the cans were piled heavy stones. Great pieces of granite were sent crashing through the building, tearing window-frames from the walls. The saloon floor was completely uplifted. The sides of the building were forced out four feet at the bottom, and sleepers two by ten were twisted and torn to splinters like pine shingles. The large stove was forced through the ceiling, and not a bottle on the show bar was left unsmashed. The loss will exceed \$500.

—Miss Alice Reed, daughter of ex-Commissioner A. J. Reed, of Clark County, recently returned from her home in Ness County, Kansas, where she went a few years since and pre-empted a farm of 160 acres. Since then she has continued to reside in an adobe house on the land without any companion, except her pony. She says that she has never had any occasion to be afraid of anything, and has always received the kindest of treatment.

—Jerry Balay, a young man of Green Township, Morgan County, while out rabbit-hunting, accidentally shot himself, causing instant death. He was in company with a young man named Horgan, and looking for a rabbit. He was standing on top of a fence, with his gun resting at his feet, the muzzle pointing upward. The gun slipped so that the hammer struck the fence, and both barrels were discharged, the contents passing through his heart.

—Mrs. Margaret Twibell, a wealthy widow, near Montpelier, while blacking a stove got a considerable quantity of the polish on her right hand. The hand began to swell, became very painful, and developed into a bad case of poisoning. The hand is in bad shape, and Mrs. Twibell's general health is affected by the poisoned member. Amputation may be necessary.

—The farmers of Washington Township, Hendricks County, are considerably excited over the appearance in that locality nearly two weeks ago, of two large eagles, which have remained in that section ever since. They are very bold in their attacks upon young pigs and poultry. A number of attempts have been made to kill the birds, but none have proved successful.

—Michael Sullivan and Adam Schoner, section-hands on the Vandalia Railroad, while making repairs on the road at the crossing of the Vandalia and Pittsburgh,

Fort Wayne and Chicago railroads, near Plymouth, were run down by the Fort Wayne accommodation train. Sullivan was instantly killed and Schoner fatally injured. Both have large families.

—Ida, the 6-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. David May, of Decoto, a small town five miles northeast of Muncie, was burned to death while trying to extinguish the flames in a cradle, in which a baby was sleeping. A spark from a stove caused the fire. Mrs. May had only left the house a few minutes, to go to a neighbor's. The baby was not injured.

—The cases of John B. Park, passenger conductor, and John Dorsey, freight engineer, of the Chicago and Atlantic Railroad, charged with involuntary manslaughter in the Kouts disaster, will be called December 28 in the Porter County Circuit Court. Their bail has been fixed at \$5,000 each. Park has been arrested and has given bail.

—At Swanington, Nelson Dillbeck, a brakeman on the C., I., St. L. & C. Railroad, got his foot caught in a guard rail while uncoupling cars, and was run over before the train could be stopped. He was taken to Fowler, where he died. The cars ran across his body, mangling him terribly.

—The Commissioners of Scott County have been arrested, charged with a violation of the statutes in that they employed Hon. Charles L. Jewett as an attorney to attend to legal business that the law requires the Prosecuting Attorney to look after.

—Gov. Gray has appointed John H. Bass, of Fort Wayne; Clem Studabaker, of South Bend, and Antonio Meayer, of Terre Haute, honorary commissioners of the State of Indiana for the coming centennial celebration at Cincinnati.

—Mrs. Charles Mee, of Elkhart, has entered suit against the Elkhart Street Railway Company in the sum of \$20,000 damages, for several broken ribs, received recently by falling from a car.

—Amboy claims to have the largest gas well in Miami County. Pipes have been laid, and nearly every resident of the town is supplied with the fuel. Free fuel will be furnished for five years to anybody who will erect a roller flouring-mill.

—Jesse Loar, miner, aged 40 years, and married, was crushed by falling slate in the Campbell mine, at Brazil. His back was broken and other injuries sustained that will result fatally.

—John Cantner was caught in the belt of a large drive-wheel in a saw-mill at New Lancaster and horribly mangled.

—The President has granted the application for pardon in the case of Columbus Houchin, convicted of passing counterfeit money, and sentenced in December, 1883, to seven years' imprisonment in the Indiana State Prison.

—John Christie, a young unmarried man, working on the farm of Mr. T. A. Peden, two miles west of Spencer, had the first three fingers of his right hand cut off in a large cutting-box.

—Levi A. Heard, of Cambridge City, who shot Clio Smith, has had a bill returned against him by the grand jury for murder in the first degree.

—Frederick Creon, aged 15, was caught by a mine car in the Gartscherrie mine No. 1, near Knightsville, and instantly killed. His father was killed in the Bartlett mine four years ago.

—S. F. Kyle's dry goods store, at La-Joga, was broken into and robbed of \$2,000 worth of plush wraps, velvets, silks, and dress goods.

—The second gas well at New Castle proves to be a gusher, and the inhabitants are jubilant.

—The woman suffragists have perfected an organization in the Third Congressional District.

# MONEY

# TO

# LOAN

## On Farm Property

IN SUMS OVER \$200.

Interest only once a year. We charge no commission. You can pay any part or all of the loan at any time. You can keep the money as long as you please if the interest is promptly paid. For further particulars call on or address

W. C. Patterson,  
ST. JOE, IND.

## Ho for Arkansas!

### Cheap Homes for Everybody!

In a high, healthy, rich land country. On the 15th of September and the 1st of October there will be excursions from this place to that point at a very low rate of fare. For full information in regard to these excursions call on A. B. Coburn, Real Estate Agent, St. Joe, Ind. Office with Dr. Sheffer, one door east of Drugstore.

GO to the News Office, St. Joe for all kinds of Printing. All work done promptly, and at the lowest prices. Give us a call.

G. E. EMANUEL, M. D., Physician and Surgeon, Spencerville, Ind. Office in J. Emanuel & Son's Drug Store. All calls promptly answered.

HOUSE PAINTING, Graining, Glazing Paper Hanging and Ceiling Decorating a specialty. All work guaranteed. B. A. Woodcox. Call and see me, or leave orders at the St. Joe Drugstore.



## TABERNACLE SERVICES.

Straining at a Gnat and Swallowing a Camel.

Dr. Talmage Says There Are a Thousand Scoundrels Outside the Church to One Inside of It—Why the Law Taxing Income Was Revealed.

BROOKLYN, Dec. 11.—To-night the Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, D. D., preached at the Tabernacle, this city, on "Too Much Ado About Small Things." His text was: "Ye blind guides, which strain at a gnat, and swallow a camel." Matt. xxiii, 24. The eloquent preacher said:

A proverb is compact wisdom, knowledge in chunks, a library in a sentence, the electricity of many clouds discharged into one bolt, a river put through a mill race. When Christ quotes the proverb of the text, he means to set forth the ludicrous behavior of those who make a great bluster about small sins and have no appreciation of great ones.

In my text a small insect and a large quadruped are brought into comparison—a gnat and a camel. You have in museum or on the desert seen the latter, a great awkward, sprawling creature, with back two stories high, and stomach having a collection of reservoirs for desert travel, an animal forbidden to the Jews as food, and in many literatures entitled "the ship of the desert." The gnat spoken of in the text is in the grub form. It is born in pool or pond, after a few weeks becomes a chrysalis, and then after a few days becomes the gnat as we recognize it. But the insect spoken of in the text is in its very smallest shape, and it yet inhabits the water—for my text is a misprint and ought to read "strain out a gnat."

My text shows you the prince of inconsistencies. A man after long observation has formed the suspicion that in a cup of water he is about to drink there is a grub or the grandparent of a gnat. He goes and gets a sieve or strainer. He takes the water and pours it through the sieve in the broad light. He says, "I would rather do anything almost than drink this water until this larva be extirpated." This water is brought under inspection. The experiment is successful. The water rushes through the sieve and leaves against the side of the sieve the grub or gnat. Then the man carefully removes the insect and drinks the water in placidity. But going out one day, and hungry, he devours a "ship of the desert," the camel, which the Jews were forbidden to eat. The gastronomer has no compunction of conscience. He suffers from no indigestion. He puts the lower jaw under the camel's forefoot, and his upper jaw over the hump of the camel's back, and gives one swallow and the dromedary disappears forever. He strained out a gnat and swallowed a camel.

While Christ's audience were yet smiling at the appositeness and wit of his illustration—for smile they did in church, unless they were too stupid to understand the hyperbole—Christ practically said to them, "That is you." Punctilious about small things; reckless about affairs of great magnitude. No subject ever withered under a surgeon's knife more bitterly than did the Pharisees under Christ's scalpel of truth. As an anatomist will take a human body to pieces, and put them under a microscope for examination, so Christ finds his way to the heart of the dead Pharisee and cuts it out and puts it under the glass of inspection for all generations to examine. Those Pharisees thought that Christ would flatter them and compliment them, and how they must have writhed under the red-hot words as He said, "Ye fools, ye whitened sepulchers, ye blind guides, which strain out a gnat and swallow a camel."

There are in our day a great many gnats strained out and a great many camels swallowed, and it is the object of this sermon to sketch a few persons who are extensively engaged in that business.

First: I remark that all those ministers of the Gospel are photographed in the text who are very scrupulous about the conventionalities of religion, but put no particular stress upon matters of vast importance. Church services ought to be grave and solemn. There is no room for frivolity in religious convocation. But there are illustrations and there are hyperboles like that of Christ in the text that will irradiate with smiles any intelligent auditor. There are men like those blind guides of the text who advocate only those things in religious service which draw the corners of the mouth down, and denounce all those things which have a tendency to draw the corners of the mouth up, and these men will go to installations and to presbyteries and to conferences and to associations, their pockets full of fine sieves to strain out the gnats, while in their own churches at home every Sunday there are fifty people sound asleep. They make their churches a great dormitory, and their somniferous sermons are a cradle, and the drawled-out hymns a lullaby, while some wakeful soul in a pew with her fan keeps the flies off unconscious persons approximately. Now, I say it is worse to sleep in church than to smile in church, for the latter implies at least attention, while the former implies the indifference of the hearers and the stupidity of the speaker. In old age, or from physical in-

firmity, or from long watching with the sick drowsiness will sometimes overpower one; but when a minister of the Gospel looks off upon an audience and finds healthy and intelligent people struggling with drowsiness, it is time for him to give out the doxology or pronounce the benediction. The great fault with church services to-day is not too much vivacity, but too much somnolence. The one is an irritating gnat that may be easily strained out; the other is a great, sprawling, sleepy-eyed camel on the dry desert. In all our Sabbath-schools, in all our Bible-classes, in all our pulpits we need to brighten up our religious messages with such Christ-like vivacity as we find in the text.

I take down from my library the biographies of ministers and writers of past ages, inspired and uninspired, who have done the most to bring souls to Jesus Christ, and I find that without a single exception they consecrated their wit and their humor to Christ. Elijah used it when he advised the Baalites, as they could not make their god respond, telling them to call louder as their god might be sound asleep or gone a-hunting. Job used it when he said to his self-conceited comforters, "Wisdom will die with you." Christ not only used it in the text, but when He ironically complimented the putrefied Pharisees, saying, "The whole need not a physician," and when by one word He described the cunning of Herod, saying, "Go ye and tell that fox." Matthew Henry's commentaries, from the first page to the last, corruscated with humor as summer clouds with heat lightning. John Bunyan's writings are as full of humor as they are of saving truth, and their is not an aged man here who has ever read "Pilgrim's Progress" who does not remember that while reading it he smiled as often as he wept. Chrysostom, George Herbert, Robert South, John Wesley, George Whitefield, Jeremy Taylor, Rowland Hill, Nettleton, George G. Finney, and all the men of the past who greatly advanced the kingdom of God consecrated their wit and their humor to the cause of Christ. So it has been in all the ages; and I say to these young theological students who cluster in these services Sabbath by Sabbath, sharpen your wits as keen as cineters, and then take them into this holy war.

It is a very short bridge between a smile and a tear, a suspension bridge from eye to lip, and it is soon crossed over, and a smile is sometimes just as sacred as a tear. There is as much religion, and I think a little more, in a spring morning than in a starless midnight. Religious work without any humor or wit in it is a banquet with a side of beef, and that raw, and no condiments, and no dessert succeeding. People will not sit down at such a banquet. By all means remove all frivolity and all bathos, and all lightness and all vulgarity—strain them out through the sieve of holy discrimination; but, on the other hand, beware of that monster which overshadows the Christian church to-day, conventionality, coming up from the Great Sahara desert of ecclesiasticism, having on its back a hump of sanctimonious gloom, and vehemently refusing to swallow that camel.

Oh, how particular a great many people are about the infinitesimals while they are quite reckless about the magnitudes. What did Christ say? Did he not exhort the people in his time who were so careful to wash their hands before a meal but did not wash their hearts? It is a bad thing to have unclean hands; it is a worse thing to have an unclean heart. How many people there are in our time who are very anxious that after their death they shall be buried with their feet toward the east, and not at all anxious that during their whole life they should face in the right direction so that they shall come up in the resurrection of the just whichever way they are buried. How many there are chiefly anxious that a minister of the Gospel shall come in the line of apostolic succession, not caring so much whether he comes from Apostle Paul or Apostle Judas. They have a way of measuring a gnat until it is larger than a camel.

Again, my subject photographs all those who are abhorrent of small sins while they are reckless in regard to magnificent thefts. You will find many a merchant who, while he is so careful that he would not take a yard of cloth or a spool of cotton from the counter without paying for it, and who if a bank cashier should make a mistake and send in a roll of bills \$5 too much would dispatch a messenger in hot haste to return the surplus, yet who will go into a stock company in which after a while he gets control of the stock, and then waters the stock and makes \$100,000 appear like \$200,000. He only stole \$100,000 by the operation. Many of the men of fortune made their wealth in that way. One of those men, engaged in such unrighteous acts, that evening, the evening of the very day when he watered the stock, will find a wharf rat stealing a newspaper from the basement doorway, and will go out and catch the urchin by the collar, and twist the collar so tightly the poor fellow cannot say that it was thirst for knowledge that led him to the dishonest act, but grip the collar tighter and tighter, saying: "I have been looking for you a long while; you stole my paper four or five times, haven't you? you miserable wretch." And then the old stock gambler, with a voice they can hear three blocks, will cry out, "Police, police!"

That same man, the evening of the day in which he watered the stock, will kneel with his family in prayers and thank God for the prosperity of the day, then kiss his children good night with an air which seems to say, "I hope you will all grow up to be as good as your father." Prisons for sins insectile in size, but palaces for crimes dromedarian. No mercy for sins animalcule in proportion, but great leniency for mastodon iniquity. A poor boy slyly takes from the basket of a market woman a choice pear—saying some one else from the cholera—and you smother him in the horrible atmosphere of Raymond street jail or New York Tombs, while his cousin, who has been skillful enough to steal \$50,000 from the city, you will make him a candidate for the New York Legislature!

There is a great deal of uneasiness and nervousness now among some people in our time who have gotten unrighteous fortune, a great deal of nervousness about dynamite. I tell them that God will put under their unrighteous fortunes something more explosive than dynamite, the earthquake of his omnipotent indignation. It is time that we learn in America that sin is not excusable in proportion as it declares large dividends and has outriders in equipage. Many a man is riding to perdition, position ahead and lackey behind. To steal one copy of a newspaper is a gnat; to steal many thousands of dollars is a camel. There is many a fruit dealer who would not consent to steal a basket of peaches from a neighbor's stall, but who would not scruple to depress the fruit market; and as long as I can remember we have heard every summer the peach crop of Maryland is a failure, and by the time the crop comes in the misrepresentation makes a difference of millions of dollars. A man who would not steal one peach basket steals 50,000 peach baskets. Go down in the summer time into the Mercantile library, in the reading rooms, and see the newspaper reports of the crops from all parts of the country, and their phraseology is very much the same, and the same men wrote them, methodically and infamously carrying out the huge lying about the grain crop from year to year and for a score of years. After a while there will be a "corner" in the wheat market, and men who had a contempt for a petty theft will burglarize the wheat bin of a nation and commit larceny upon the American corn-crib. And some of the men will sit in churches and in reformatory institutions trying to strain out the small gnats of scoundrelism, while in their grain elevators and their storehouses they are fattening huge camels, which they expect after awhile to swallow. Society has to be entirely re-constructed on this subject. We are to find that a sin is inexcusable in proportion as it is great.

I know in our time the tendency is to charge religious frauds against good men. They say: "Oh, what a class of frauds you have in the church of God in this day," and when an elder of a church, or a deacon, or a minister of the Gospel, or a superintendent of a Sabbath-school turns out a defaulter, what display heads there are in many of the newspapers. Greatly exaggerated. Five-line pic: "Another Saint Absconded." "Clerical Scoundrelism." "Religion at a Discount." "Shame on the Churches," while there are a thousand scoundrels outside the church to where there is one inside the church, and the misbehavior of those who never see the inside of a church is so great it is enough to tempt a man to become a Christian to get out of their company. But in all circles, religious or irreligious, the tendency is to excuse sin in proportion as it is mammoth. Even John Milton in his "Paradise Lost," while he condemns Satan, gives such a grand description of him you have hard work to suppress your admiration. Oh, this straining out of small sins like gnats, and this gulping down great iniquities like camels.

This subject does not give the picture of one or two persons, but is a gallery in which thousands of people may see their likeness. For instance, all those people who, while they would not rob their neighbor of a farthing, appropriate the money, and the treasure of the public: A man has a house to sell, and he tells his customer it is worth \$20,000. Next day the assessor comes around and the owner says it is worth \$15,000. The Government of the United States took off the tax from personal income, among other reasons because so few people would tell the truth, and many a man with an income of hundreds of dollars a day made statements which seemed to imply that he was about to be handed over to the overseer of the poor. Careful to pay their passage from Liverpool to New York, yet smuggling in their Saratoga trunk ten silk dresses from Paris and a half dozen watches from Geneva, Switzerland, telling the custom-house officer on the wharf, "There is nothing in that trunk but wearing apparel," and putting a \$5 gold piece in his hand to punctuate the statement.

Described in the text are all those who are particular never to break the law of grammar, and who want all their language an elegant specimen of syntax, straining out all the inaccuracies of speech with a fine sieve of literary criticism, while through their conversation go slander and innuendo, and profanity and falsehood larger than a whole caravan of camels, when they might better fracture every law of the language and shock intellectual

taste, and better let every verb seek in vain for its nominative, and every noun lose its way in the sentence, and adjectives and participles and pronouns get into a grand riot worthy of the Fourth ward on election day, than to commit a moral inaccuracy. Better swallow a thousands gnats than one camel.

Such persons are also described in the text who are very much alarmed about the small faults of others, and have no alarm about their own great transgressions. There are in every community and in every church watchdogs who feel called upon to keep their eyes on others and growl. They are full of suspicion. They wonder if that man is not dishonest, if that man is not unclean, if there is not something wrong about the other man. They are always the first to hear of anything wrong. Vultures are always the first to smell carrion. They are self-appointed detectives. I lay this down as a rule without any exception, that those people who have the most faults themselves are the most merciless in their watching of others. From scalp of head to sole of foot they are full of jealousies and hypercriticisms. They spend their life in hunting for muskrats and mud turtles, instead of hunting for Rocky Mountain eagles, always for something mean instead of something grand. They look at their neighbors' imperfections through a microscope, and look at their own imperfections through a telescope upside down. Twenty faults of their own do not hurt them so much as one fault of somebody else. Their neighbors' imperfections are like gnats and they strain them out; their own imperfections are like camels and they swallow them.

But lest some might think they escape the scrutiny of the text, I have to tell you that we all come under the divine satire when we make the question of time more prominent than the question of eternity. Come, now, let us all go into the confessional. Are not all tempted to make the question, Where shall I live now? greater than the question, Where shall I live forever? How shall I get more do-lars here? greater than the question, How shall I lay up treasures in Heaven? the question, How shall I pay my debts to man? greater than the question, How shall I meet my obligations to God? the question, How shall I gain the world? greater than the question, What if I lost my soul? the question, Why did God let sin come into this world? greater than the question, How shall I get it extirpated from my nature? the question, What shall I do with the twenty, or forty, or seventy years of my sublunary existence? greater than the question, What shall I do with the millions of cycles of my post-terrestrial existence. Time, how small it is! Eternity, how vast it is! The former more insignificant in comparison with the latter than a gnat is insignificant when compared with a camel. We dodged the text. We said, "That doesn't mean me, and that doesn't mean me," and with a ruinous benevolence we are giving the whole sermon away.

But let us all surrender to the charge. What an ado about things here! What poor preparation for a great eternity! As though a minnow were larger than a blemish, as though a swallow took wider circuit than an albatross, as though a nettle were taller than a Lebanon cedar, as though a gnat were greater than a camel, as though a minute were longer than a century, as though time were higher, deeper, broader than eternity. So the text which flashed with lightning of wit as Christ uttered it is followed by the crashing thunders of awful catastrophe to those who make the questions of time greater than the questions of the future, the oncoming, overshadowing future. Oh, eternity! eternity! eternity!

### A Cultured Guest.

"I desire to retire," said a Boston guest to the proprietor of a hotel in Arkansas.

"You wish?" asked the dazed man.

"I desire to retire."

"You what?"

"I desire to retire."

"Well—I—I—I'll be darned if I b'lieve we've got it in the house, mister."

"Got what?" said the amazed guest.

"I didn't ask for anything."

"Well, say it agin an' see if I kin ketch on."

"It is strange you cannot understand plain English. I simply said I desire to retire, that is I wish to go to my room."

"Oh—aw—oh! That's hit? You wauter turn in, eh? Why n't you say so? We don't know nothin' 'bout 'desirin' to retire' here in Arkansas. We just put off to bed."

And when he came down stairs he said to his wife, "If that's the way they talk in Boston it ain't no wonder there's so many fools there. 'Desire to retire' Well, I'll be darned!"—*Tid Bits.*

THE English national debt was established at the revolution which drove James II. from the throne and made William III. King of Enola.



## THE AUTHOR OF ONE POEM.

(Milwaukee Sentinel.)

There died at Bath, Steuben County, New York, not long ago, at the age of 58, a man who wrote one celebrated poem, and, as far as the public know, never did anything else that was remarkable. His death has not attracted as much notice in the press as would that of a second-class variety show actress. Indeed the first mention we have seen of it is not in a newspaper, but in the New York *Critic*, a literary journal, which copies an article on the subject of the local Bath paper. The man was Judge G. H. McMaster, and his one poem, doubtless familiar to many readers of the *Sentinel*, since it is included in many of the current collections of verse, is as follows:

CARMEN BELLICOSUM,  
In their ragged regimentals  
Stood the old Continentals,  
Yielding not,  
While the grenadiers were lunging,  
And like hail fell the plunging  
Cannon-shot;  
When the files  
Of the isles,  
From the smoky night-encampment, bore the  
Banner of the rampant  
Union;  
And grimmer, grimmer, grimmer, rolled the  
Roll of the drummer,  
Through the morn!  
  
Then with eyes to the front, all,  
And with guns horizontal,  
Stood our sires;  
While the balls whistled deadly,  
And in streams flashing redly  
Blazed the fires;  
As the rear  
On the shore  
Swept the strong battle-breakers o'er the green  
Sodded acres  
Of the plain;  
And louder, louder, louder, cracked the black  
Gunpowder,  
Cracking again!  
  
Now like smiths at their forges  
Worked the red St. George's  
Cannoners;  
And the villainous salt-peter  
Kang a fierce, discordant meter  
Round our ears;  
As the swift  
Storm-drift,  
With hot sweeping anger, came the horse-  
guards' clangor  
On our flanks.  
Then higher, higher, higher, burned the old-  
fashioned fire  
Through the ranks!  
  
Then the bare-headed Colonel  
Galloped through the white infernal  
Powder-cloud;  
And his broad sword was swinging,  
And his brazen throat was ringing  
Trumpet loud;  
Then the blue  
Bullets flew,  
And the trooper jackets reddened at the touch of  
the leaden  
Rifle-breath;  
And rounder, rounder, rounder, roared the iron  
six-pounder,  
Hurling death.

Of this poem Edmond Clarence Stedman wrote in the *Galaxy Magazine*, many years ago: "There is nothing like it in our language; 'tis the ringing, characteristic utterance of an original man. There is a perfect blending of sense to sound, and of both to the spirit of the theme. To include a picture often ruins a song; but here we have the knot of patriots clustered upon a battle-hillside, the powder cracking again, the old-fashioned Colonel galloping with drawn sword, and as Rounder, rounder, rounder, roars the iron six-pounder, Hurling death,

it seems a heavier piece of ordnance, and charged with weightier issues, than the whole park of artillery in a modern armament. This song will last with the memory of revolutionary days. It was written when the author was but 20 years old and first appeared in the *Knickerbocker Magazine* for February, 1849, under the signature "John Mac-Grom." McMaster became a lawyer, and at one time was county judge of Steuben County. It is strange that a man who at 20 was capable of writing a poem so original and striking that it was at once recognized as a masterpiece should have never made a further venture in literature.

### Mr. Clay as a Pugilist.

The skill which Mr. Clay learned in boyish encounters was of use to him afterward, for statesmen in Kentucky were addicted to fistfights. The Hon. James C. Sprigg, a member of the Kentucky Legislature, and afterward elected to Congress, had been very fortunate in such affairs. He once, when in his cups, had communicated to Mr. Clay the secret of his success. It was to advance upon his enemy with a pleasant expression of countenance, and, having thus thrown him off his guard, to strike him a heavy blow in the face, and keep at it until he was beaten. Messrs. Clay and Sprigg afterward quarreled, and met by accident at the hotel, in a room occupied by a number of the members. "As soon," says Mr. Clay, "as Sprigg, who was evidently awaiting my arrival, saw me,

he advanced past all these gentlemen toward me, with a pleasant look, without speaking. I remembered his methods, and when he got within reach, without a word on either side, I gave him a severe blow in the face and brought him staggering to the floor." As often as Mr. Sprigg would rise Mr. Clay would repeat the blow, and thus easily beat his antagonist. Mr. Clay speaks of this as comic; most of his affairs, however, with knife and pistol, were of a tragic order.—*The Argonaut*.

### Old Newspapers.

The Stuart brothers undertook in 1788 the printing of the *Morning Post*, which, having been in very low water for some time, made a fresh start, with new type and promise of other improvements. "Newspapers," wrote the editor, whoever he may have been, in terms more applicable to the *Post* than to any other journal, "have long enough estranged themselves in a manner totally from the elegancies of literature and dealt only in malice, or at least in the prattle of the day. On this head, however, newspapers are not much more to blame than their patrons, the public. But it is a blame out of which the *Morning Post* is resolved to struggle, and for that end plans are now settling with a number of literary gentlemen, and particularly with one whose name would do our paper the highest honor were we at liberty to announce it. The period is not far distant when the *Morning Bell* will be as necessarily sought after, not only for the purpose of learning the fashionable intelligence and the best authenticated accounts of foreign and domestic occurrences which it now possesses, but that the lovers of literature and taste may thoroughly peruse it and store it up for future information and many a future reading." Those were vain yet prophetic words. The "number of literary gentlemen" and the one particularly honorable among them were not procured by Tattersall, the proprietor at that time, who knew more about horses and sport than about the "elegancies of literature," and Dr. Wolcott, as Peter Pindar, continued to be the chief writer on the *Post*, which, besides his clever verses, gave much information about affairs of the prize ring and kindred amusements. At length, in July, 1792, Tattersall had to pay £4,000 damages for an especially gross libel on Lady Elizabeth Lambert, and, though he was not ruined, the *Post* suffered considerably. It derived a large revenue from advertisements of carriages and horses, but in 1795 its average daily circulation was only 350, and Tattersall was glad to sell it to Daniel Stuart, and some friends from whom Stuart soon afterward bought their shares, for £500, that price including the house in Catherine street, Strand, and all the plant, as well as the copyright.—*Gentleman's Magazine*.

### Toddy and Toddy-Drawers.

The drink called "toddy" is the juice extracted from the cocoanut palm, and is collected in earthenware pots called "chatties," into which the sap runs during the night from an incision made in the spathe. In the morning the "toddy-drawer," connecting his two feet by a piece of rope, swarms up the smooth trunk of a tree with which he intends commencing operations, and, having reached the lofty summit, he empties the contents of the chatty into a vessel attached to his waist. In order to save himself the fatigue of descending each tree and ascending the next in succession he passes from one to another by means of two ropes, one of which his bare feet rest, while with his hands he holds on to the other.

These ropes, in course of time, become untrustworthy from exposure to weather and have to be occasionally changed. But too often the unfortunate rope-walker, grown careless by long immunity from accident, neglects to renew his perilous bridge and the snapping of either rope causes his death. Were the lower rope to break there might be still hope of clinging to the other and so working his way along; but, should the upper one break, obviously there is little chance of his saving himself, even though the other remained sound. From this comes the proverb: "If the supporting-rope breaks one's mainstay is gone."—*All the Year Round*.

No man can be provident of his time who is not prudent in the choice of his company.—*Jeremy Taylor*.

### Buying Slaves in Morocco.

We often visited the slave market, which is, I think, the most interesting sight in Morocco, writes a correspondent. We had all of us read the fearful accounts which the press of Tangier is so fond of repeating, of the terrible doings of slavery in Morocco, and I must confess were most pleasantly surprised. We went very often to the market, but never saw such sights as children separated from their parents, though we saw both sold together in the "lot." Nor did we see many other things of which we have read; in fact, the slaves were a wonderfully contented, even cheerful, expression while the sale was proceeding. We were much amused at watching one young lady—who, by the way, was rather handsome—alter her expression from sulkiness when an old Moor was looking at her to cheerfulness when a handsome young man began his inspection. So there is coyness even in the wild deserts from which these slaves come. In fact, far from being a painful sight—for by the accounts we have of those who have seen it before they all left "with our eyes full of tears"—we found it rather amusing than otherwise, and I do not know that we are more hard-hearted than the general-ity of mankind. This I will say, that I would far rather be a slave in Morocco than a peasant. From what, too, I saw of slaves out of the market they appear not to have such a bad time of it, and in many houses enjoy more liberty than paid servants. Of course, there is truth in many of the fearful stories we hear of ill-treatment, but, again, I know an old Moor on whose death all the property goes by will to his slaves. It is not slavery that is so bad; it is the kidnapping that slavery necessitates and the terrible long journey over the scorching desert; but, of course, to put down this kidnapping he must aim at slavery direct. The market is mostly supplied from the Soudan—not the "Soudan" as we call Nubia, but the Soudan that lies south of the Sahara and east of Senegambia, an enormous district of sand—but it is not at all an uncommon sight to see white slaves in the market—Moors and Arabs. The prices average about £3 to £5 a head for all varieties, though we saw one elderly female knocked down for about 22 shillings, much to her own disgust.—*London News*.

### American Dentists.

There are no people like the Americans for having their mouths kept in order. No one else is willing to pay what our people do for their work, consequently they don't get such good work done.

I met an English surgeon yesterday who said: "I will admit that there is one thing that you excel us in, and that is dentistry. Our people have their teeth extracted when they pain them, but they haven't the patience to get them stopped with gold, as you do it over here, nor will they submit to the enormous expense necessary to gold stopping. Why, the housemaids in America have enough gold in their mouths to astonish a duchess."

A lady from the United States traveling in England had occasion to visit a dental office.

As soon as the man looked in her mouth he said: "You come from America."

"How do you know?" asked the lady.

"Why, no one else has gold in their teeth like this."

Needing some work done, she was amazed to find that the dentist lacked some of the most necessary instruments for a simple gold filling.

Some English ladies "stop" their own teeth with a sort of cement furnished by the druggist. Britishers who have once had work done here will travel 300 miles to reach an American dentist, and so great has our fame in that line become that young men come over to Philadelphia and Ann Arbor and Cincinnati to learn the art, and going back, charge immensely and get a handsome practice.

There is in Paris a doctor from a small town in Indiana who has amassed a great fortune by dentistry, and whose appointments date four or five months in advance. He can't speak a word of French, and transacts all his business through an interpreter. In dentistry the French show some lack of their usual spirit of premiership, though they do better dental work than any other foreign people.—*San Francisco Post*.

SUGAR is put into cement to increase its strength.

### Raising the Wind.

Moorish traders in camels seem to be no more honest than Yankee traders in horses have the reputation of being. A writer describes one of their tricks, which, according to his account only an expert is likely to detect. Such an ingenious method of "raising the wind" might put even the shrewdest American to blush. The story was told to the author by a Frenchman, who had traveled for some time in Algiers.

On one occasion, while in an Arab village, he declared his intention of buying a young camel. No sooner had his desire become known than at least twenty camels were brought for his inspection.

They were all fine looking animals, in excellent condition apparently. In fact, the only fault our Frenchman could perceive was that they were too fat. After a proper amount of deliberation and bargaining, he selected the one which appeared to be leanest, and paid the price agreed upon.

The next morning when he went to look at his fat camel, he found a living skeleton, on whose almost fleshless bones the skin hung in large folds, and whose best development was about the joints.

The method by which camels are suddenly "fattened" for the market is thus described:

An incision about an inch in length, is made in each ear, between the skin and flesh. Into this a small tube is fitted and secured by a silken cord. There it remains, hidden from the observation of all but the initiated and ready for use at any moment.

When a merchant who is not acquainted with the blowing-up trick comes to buy a camel the dealer takes two tubes, each a yard long, and inserting one end of each in the small tubes just described through the other ends, two Arabs blow with all their might until the animal has attained the requisite degree of plumpness. The inflating tubes are then withdrawn, and the air is prevented from escaping by means of a cork smeared with pitch.

The poor camel now becomes apparently lively and frisky, trying to throw itself upon the ground, or to press against a wall or tree, or whatever object may be at hand, so as to get rid of the wind. It is generally too well watched by the rascally Arab to succeed in accomplishing its purpose.

Sometimes, however, it manages to elude his vigilance; and then if the cork is not very securely fastened the wind escapes with a whistle like that of a steam engine, and the fine looking beast suddenly collapses into the miserable object it really is.—*Among the Arabs*.

### A Good Investment

Is that which yields large returns from a small outlay. Reader, the way is clear! No speculation, no chance, big returns! If you are like most of mankind you have somewhere a weakness—don't feel at all times just as you'd like to—headache to-day, backache to-morrow, down sick next week—all because your blood is out of order. A small outlay and what large returns! You invest in Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and soon pure, fresh blood courses through your veins, and you are another being!

### Weight of Burdett Coutts' Inheritance.

The late Duchess of St. Albans left Miss Burdett Coutts the regal sum of £1,800,000 or some \$9,000,000. The weight of this prodigious sum in gold, reckoning sixty sovereigns to the pound, is thirteen tons, seven cwt., three qrs., twelve lbs., and would require 107 men to carry it, supposing that each of them carried the solid weight of 298 pounds. This large sum may also be partially guessed by considering that counting at the rate of sixty sovereigns a minute for eight hours a day and six days in the week, it would take ten weeks, two days and four hours to accomplish the task. In sovereigns, by the most exact computation, each measuring in diameter seven-twentieths of an inch, and placed to touch each other, it would reach 24 miles and 250 yards; and in crown pieces, to 113 miles 280 yards.

### A Great Legacy

To bequeath to your children, is a strong, clean, pure constitution—better than wealth, because it will never prove a curse. You cannot give what you do not possess, but mothers will find in Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription a wonderful help—correcting all weaknesses, bringing their systems into perfect condition, so that their children, untainted, shall rise up to call them blessed!

There is not a druggist in all the land But always keeps a stock on hand.

AS FOR the ballet-girl, whatever enchantment there may be in viewing her is lent by distance.—*London Truth*.



MORT & WILE OLDS, PUBLISHERS.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:  
One Year, in advance ..... \$0.75  
Six Months ..... 50  
Three Months ..... 25

Entered at the Post Office at St. Joe as second-class matter.

FRIDAY DECEMBER 16, 1887.

## To Our Readers.

Next week we shall issue a double number, containing a beautiful illustrated Christmas supplement, filled with interesting reading matter. Extra copies can be obtained at three cents each. Send a copy to your friends.

Uncle Phillip Houck is very low with heart trouble.

The thing that a woman knows best is how some other woman's dress looks.

The Disciple Sunday school will give a Christmas Song Service on Sunday evening, Dec. 25, 1887.

Mrs. Nelson Tustison was called to Michigan this week on account of the serious illness of her sister, Mrs. Nichols.

Jonathan Bair, the mail carrier from the north, who has been very sick, has so far recovered as to be able to handle the mail bags again.

F. W. Draggo is conducting quite a successful writing school in this place. He teaches some parts of penmanship by the use of the violin.

It is rumored that several weddings will occur in this neighborhood during the holidays. We might mention a few names but it is better not.

There will be two oyster suppers in this place on Christmas eve. That's another evidence that St. Joe is growing. Only a few years ago it was a hard matter get out people enough to properly support one, but now there is no doubt but what both will receive a liberal patronage.

Last Saturday night, just as we were about to retire, we heard some discordant strains of horrible music just beneath our bed-room window. We listened, and found that we were being treated to a tin horn serenade, by some of our near and dear friends, who don't live more than forty blocks away. Just as the boys were soaring up on one of their high pitches, Barney's big watch dog came barking around the corner, and you ought to have seen those musicians "git." It was fun for us and the pup, but a little hard on the boys.

Wid Patterson can make pills and talk life insurance in pretty good shape, but when it comes to putting out a washing he is no good. His wife has been at Fort Wayne for some time, and he was afraid that he would run short of clean clothes, so he got out the washing paraphernalia and went at it last Monday morning bright and early. And such a washing! it would have done our lady readers good to have seen it. When he came to put them up, he didn't know which end of some of the garments to hang up first. Finally, he got them on the line, and the gentle breezes fanned them until they were dry, and in the evening twilight Bro. Patterson took them in.

## OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

SPENCERVILLE.

Becks Erick was at Fort Wayne Tuesday.

John Hobaugh went to Fort Wayne last week to sell his furs.

Superintendent Merica visited the schools this week.

Mr. Houck is entertaining his nephew, Mr. Walter, this week.

The Methodist Sunday school will have a concert and tree on Christmas eve.

The saw mill belonging to Smith, Steward & Co. has been re-roofed this week.

The young people will meet next Tuesday evening to organize a literary society.

A large crowd attended the spelling school Tuesday evening. Miss Etta Boger spelled the school down.

Some of the Methodist people went to Leo, Wednesday, to visit Rev. Curry and presented him with a donation.

Harvy Kimes had the misfortune to have his barn burned down last Friday evening. The entire contents excepting two horses were destroyed.

The saloon closed Wednesday. William Rhodes was paid the sum of \$25.00 agreeing never to open his saloon, or sell intoxicating liquors again at this place.

CONCORD.

Hefty's baby has been on the sick list for several days.

Grandma Baker entertained a few friends last Tuesday.

Lydia Wyatt has been sick for a few days past, but is now some better.

Quite a number of St. Joeites attended the Miller party last Wednesday evening.

Bill Baker is the man that flags the trains at the corners, but they pay no attention, but go right on.

Dora Miller gave a social party for her many friends last Wednesday evening. About ninety were present.

Ben Moffitt, of Jackson township, was in the neighborhood one day last week, making brief calls on his relatives.

Jake Baker thought he saw a coon up in a tree near his house last Friday evening, and shot it, and, Oh! horrors, he had killed his mother's cat.

Froat Melton has been quite unwell for several days, so much so that he is not able to work on the road. He is threatened with an attack of lung fever.

Grandma Baker received word last Saturday, that her daughter, Mrs. Nichols, now living near Lansing, is very sick and not expected to recover. Her sister, Mrs. Sue Tustison is with her at present and expects to remain for some time.

Sometime in November, Noah Morr and his cousin Joe Link, went to Michigan. Noah is very much taken up with the country, and writes back that his cousin shot six deer, and himself, shot two. Joe expects to make Michigan his future home.

The prevailing style now is, when you are invited out to dine, not to take any bread, and when the tea is passed to you, accept it, and set it down by your plate, but do not drink any. Also, (our preacher says,) to eat with your fork in the left hand.

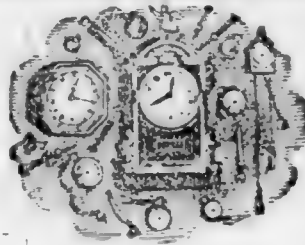
Fred Jenkins met with an accident at the party last Wednesday evening. As he was about starting home, some one with a team, backed into his sulky and smashed one of the wheels, or, as one of the girls said, "turned the wheel inside out." Fred said he did not care as much for the break, as he did the walking home in the mud.

## Leighty Invites You

to call and examine his large stock of Dress Flannels, at

40, 50, 60 and 75 cents

per yard. Also an elegant line of Passementeries and Fur Trimmings. Plushes at \$1 per yard.



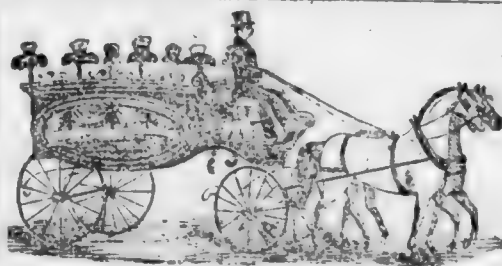
G. A. PATTERON.

at the St. Joe Drugstore, repairs Clocks, Watches and Jewelry. All work warranted and prices reasonable. Give me your work.

## Talk is Cheap

but the best place to buy Lemons, Oysters, Cranberries, Pickles, Onions, Candies, Canned Goods, Cigars, Tobaccoes &c., is at

## Mart Tustison's.



TRUTH IS MIGHTY AND WILL PREVAIL.

LOOK THIS WAY!

I keep on hand a fine line of Furniture, which I will sell for the next 60 days at prices that defy competition. Glass Cupboards \$8.50. Double Cane Seat and Back Rockers \$2. Dressing Case, with French Plate Glass \$12.00. Carpet Lounge \$6.50. Solid Comfort Beds for \$2.25. Undertaking a specialty.

August Kinsey, St. Joe, Ind.

## AN OPEN LETTER.

HICKSVILLE, OHIO,

Dec. 12th, 1887.

DEAR SIR: We wish to impress upon your mind a few facts, which we hope you will kindly consider, and which we are sure you will profit thereby. Since the 15th of June we have been steadily gaining a large patronage and to do this we have done every thing in our power to put out the best flour that could be made, and we may firmly say that we have the mill now in the best condition of any Full Roller Mill in north-western Ohio, and are prepared to meet all orders that are entrusted to us. Our Flour is a fast seller with all our home merchants as well as every merchant within the range of 20 miles, and all are perfectly satisfied in every respect. Our large increase in the milling business has compelled us to run on night time to fill our orders, which is an indication of how our work is appreciated. Hoping you will give us a trial, and thanking our old patrons for their patronage heretofore, we remain, Yours Respectfully,

Daniels, Wilson & Kagey.

## WORTH KNOWING.

Mr. W. H. Morgan, merchant, Lake City, Fla., was taken with a severe cold, attended with a distressing cough and running into consumption in its first stages. He tried many so-called popular cough remedies and steadily grew worse. Was reduced in flesh, had difficulty in breathing and was unable to sleep. Finally tried Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption and found immediate relief, and after using about a half dozen bottles found himself well and has no return of the disease. No other remedy can show so grand a record of cures, as Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption. Guaranteed to do just what is claimed for it.—Trial bottles free at W. C. Patterson's Drug Store.

## For Sale.

A good one and a half story dwelling and lot, situated in St. Joe for sale at a bargain. For particulars, call on or address

A. M. Richards, Hicksville, O.

## New Goods Arriving Daily!

CALL ON US FOR

## BIG BARGAINS.

FULL LINE OF

## LADIES CLOAKS AND WRAPS.

FINE STOCK OF CLOTHING ON HAND.

HEATING & COOK STOVES A SPECIALTY.

S. & F. BARNEY, ST. JOE, IND.



## W. C. Patterson

INVITES YOU TO COME AND  
SEE HIS STOCK OF

### HOLIDAY GOODS.

IF YOU WANT A NICE

Hanging Lamp,  
Stand Lamp,  
Silver Plated Knives  
and Forks  
Tea and Table Spoons,

HE CAN SUPPLY YOU AT  
POPULAR PRICES.

### PRESBYTERIANS

Who do not take the Herald and Free-  
byter, should

SEND  
Five Dollars  
FOR A  
Sample copy of that paper, and a beautiful  
stock-tablet.

### Calendar for 1888

Size 4x6 1/2 inches.  
Or send names and addresses of ten or more  
Presbyterians of different families who do  
not now take the paper, and receive the Cal-  
endar and sample copy free. Send at once.  
Mention name of church and pastor, and say  
where you saw this. Address  
HERALD AND FREEBYTER,  
178 Elm Street, Cincinnati, O.

### LOCALS.

You will soon have to write it  
1888.

Half fare on the B. & O. during  
the holidays.

Rev. Shaffer of Maysville was in  
town yesterday.

We have added several new sub-  
scribers to our list this week.

Nearly all the railroads are giving  
half fare rates during the holidays.

C. F. Mosier of the Bristol Ban-  
ner, made this office a pleasant call  
on Thursday.

Some correspondence from New-  
ville is crowded out this week for  
want of space.

Next year is leap year, and the  
girls and old maids can make all the  
mashes they want to.

Rich Culbertson and Frank White  
have been at Buffalo this week with  
two car load of sheep.

The ladies of the Methodist church  
will give an oyster supper in this  
place on Christmas eve.

Hogs are bringing as high as five  
cents per pound. What's the matter  
with that being a good price, when  
you can buy calico for three cents  
per yard.

Mrs. Zahner, who lives three miles  
south of this place, has the finest  
collections of plants and flowers in  
this part of the county. She has a  
lemon tree that has fruit on nearly  
ripe.

The boys at this place are doing  
a land office business in gathering  
coal along the railroad, and selling  
it. Ten cents a bushel is the price  
asked, but sometimes the boys jaw  
down a cent or two.

Hicksville has another severe  
attack of gas fever.

Joe Kuisley is laid up with a lame  
eye, caused by inflammation.

Hugh Nelson made a flying visit  
to this place on Friday of last week.

Another Institute will be held at  
this place in three weeks from next  
Saturday.

W. I. McKee, agent at this place,  
spent last Sunday at his home in  
Holgate Ohio.

Three car loads of hogs and one  
of sheep were shipped from this  
place last Saturday.

The railroad time table is left out  
this week for want of space. The  
trains will run just the same.

Dr. Rudolph and G. M. Reinhoel  
of Fairfield Center, were the guests  
of Al Weirick over last Sunday.

Just received, at Bishop's Lumber  
Yard, 100,000 Good Cedar Shingles.  
Examine them before you do any  
roofing.

Lafayette Doane of Waaseon, O.,  
has been visiting Wm. Draper for  
the past week. He was on his way  
to Minnesota.

The G. A. R. Post of this place  
will meet at their hall to-morrow  
evening, at which time the election  
of officers will take place.

The Teachers Reading Circle in  
this township is in a flourishing con-  
dition, and can not help but be of  
great benefit to the members.

The Methodist people bought of  
Brown & Culbertson, of Auburn,  
this week, a fine church organ; some-  
thing they were badly in need of.

Mrs. W. C. Patterson and daugh-  
ter, Bessie, have been visiting her  
sister at Fort Wayne for the past week.  
Williard has been keeping "batch,"  
and he thinks it is a lonesome way  
to live.

P. Bishop of Spencerville, issued  
a very neat little paper last week  
called the News. It was sort of a  
holiday advertisement, and yet con-  
tained a good deal of interesting lo-  
cal matter.

Ben Harper, who has been staying  
at Mack Leighty's for some time,  
and who is commonly known as  
"Ben," says he is a hoosier-prohibi-  
tion-democrat. Rather a strange  
combination of politics.

Case & Olds have no space for an  
advertisement in this issue, but they  
have the Holiday Goods just the  
same, and cordially invite the read-  
ers of the News to call and see them  
before making their purchases.

Willie Fales, in trying to climb  
over a freight train that was stand-  
ing on the track at this place one  
day last week, fell and hurt himself  
quite seriously. He will be able to  
do the same thing over again in a  
few days.

One morning last week some of  
our citizens were awakened at rather  
an early hour, by a loud report,  
which sounded like the bursting of a  
boiler or something of that kind.  
It was found upon inquiry, that a  
cylinder head in an engine standing  
on the side track had blowed out.

There seems to be some mystery  
in regard to the burning of Harve  
Kimes' barn last Friday evening.  
Several persons in the neighborhood  
heard a loud report just before the  
blaze was discovered, which seems  
difficult to account for; but is thought  
to have been caused by the explo-  
sion of some combustible material.  
This is the third barn that has been  
burned in that neighborhood, in the  
last few years, and it looks a little  
as if some one had a hand in it.

### IF YOU WISH

To know what the  
Prohibition Party is  
Doing in the State  
Of Ohio and also  
Of its work in  
All parts  
Of the  
U. S.

Should Read  
THE  
New Era  
Published every week  
\$1 a year; 8 pages, 48 col-  
umns. A First-class Family  
Weekly. Sample Copies Free.  
Address New Era Co., Springfield, O.

### NEW

THE BEST OF FITS.

### Merchant Tailor,

AT THE LOWEST PRICE.

Hicksville, Ohio.

I have opened a Merchant Tailor  
Establishment in the Center Room  
of the Cogrell Block, and solicit the  
patronage of the citizens of St. Joe  
and vicinity. I have a fine line of

### FINE PIECE GOODS.

and I invite you to call and see  
them. With good goods, first-class  
workmen and low prices, I hope to  
please all. Remember I guarantee  
a perfect fit in every particular.

A. Bequilliard,

HICKSVILLE, OHIO.

### D. W. & K.,

That stands for Daniels, Wilson  
& Kasey, proprietors of the Hicks-  
ville Full Roller Flouring Mills; one  
of the most complete mills in the  
state. They guarantee satisfaction  
in every instance. Their old friends  
as well as all others, will be sure  
to give them a call when they go to  
Hicksville.

Daniels, Wilson & Kasey,

### For Sale.

A yoke of well-broke oxen, com-  
ing four years old next spring. Will  
sell cheap for cash.

Henry Melton, Concord, Ind.

### Bucklen's Arnica Salvo.

THE BEST SALVE in the world for Cuts,  
Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever  
Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains,  
Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and pos-  
itively cures Piles, or no pay required.  
It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfac-  
tion, or money refunded. PRICE 25 cents  
per box. For sale by W. C. Patterson.

### REDEWS HER YOUTH.

Mrs. Phoebe Chesley Peterson, Clay  
Co., Iowa, tells the following remark-  
able story, the truth of which is vouch-  
ered for by the residents of the town:  
"I am 73 years old, have been trou-  
bled with kidney complaint and lame-  
ness for many years; could not dress  
myself without help. Now I am free  
from all pain and soreness, and am  
able to do all my own housework. I  
owe my thanks to Electric Bitters,  
for having renewed my youth, and  
removed completely all disease and  
pain." Try a bottle, 50 cents and  
\$1. at W. C. Patterson's Drug Store.

## The Anchor Mills,

### FULL ROLLER,

In every particular, and the far-  
mers reliable place to get their grists  
ground. We guarantee satisfaction.  
We keep constantly on hand a supply  
of mill feed. Our trade is booming,  
and customers continue to come from  
far and near to the Anchor

Full Roller Mills,

HICKSVILLE, OHIO.

C. V. TANNEHILL,

## DENTIST,

HICKSVILLE, O.

Teeth extracted without pain. Fill-  
ing teeth with gold or other material,  
carefully and promptly done. All  
kinds of artificial teeth made to or-  
der and warranted. Rooms over  
Miller & Jeffries Hardware, in Case-  
beer's Block, Hicksville, Ohio.

### THE TOWNSHIP INSTITUTE.

The Institute was called to order  
by County Superintendent Merica.  
The teachers of the township were  
all present except four. First les-  
son. Numbers: the first and second  
year's work. The Superintendent  
showed the necessity of being  
thorough in addition and multiplica-  
tion; showing very clearly that  
thorough work at first was by far the  
shortest and easiest method. He  
also showed the necessity of teaching  
what the pupils must use in practi-  
cal life, and not for class recitation  
only. Second lesson. Reading:  
first and second year's work. Illus-  
trating by class, how to have the pu-  
pils read natural and avoid the  
"school boy drawl," also the impor-  
tance of having them thoroughly ac-  
quainted with every word before at-  
tempting to read. He instructed the  
teachers not to pronounce words for  
pupils in reading; the teacher is to  
make the pupils familiar with the  
difficult words in the lesson, when it  
is given out, and not to pronounce  
a word in the reading lesson. After  
recess the Reading Circle work was  
taken up, and the subject of Psy-  
chology was discussed. The teach-  
ers formed into a class, with the Su-  
perintendent as teacher, who showed  
the importance of the study of Psy-  
chology, whether we wish to follow  
teaching or not. This lesson, with  
the Supt. as teacher, and Mr. John  
Bills to suggest leading thoughts  
(both having had experience in mind  
study and thinking,) proved to be  
one of the very best lessons ever  
given to the teachers of Concord  
township, and it was fully appreciat-  
ed by all present. This lesson was  
continued after the noon intermis-  
sion. The teachers of Concord town-  
ship have the sincere thanks of the  
trustee, for the interest shown in the  
Reading Circle, every teacher in the  
township having joined the work.  
The trustee is also thankful for the  
interest taken in the Institute, it be-  
ing a very disagreeable day, but  
nearly all were present.

SECRETARY.

The biggest 5 and 10 cent Christ-  
mas presents in St. Joe, are to be  
found at Case & Olds.

J. H. Conrad has kalsomined his  
store-room recently, and fitted the  
shelves with hardware boxes.

The children are anxiously looking  
forward to Christmas, and even the  
big folks are glad that it is so near  
at hand.



# The St. Joe News.

ST. JOE, INDIANA.

MORT & WILL OLDS, PUBLISHERS.

## EVENTS OF A WEEK.

### THE OLD WORLD.

—A cable dispatch from Paris says: "M. Grevy on Sunday formally informed M. Rouvier of his resolution to resign the Presidency, and said that he would send a message to the Senate and Chamber of Deputies on next Thursday. M. Rouvier proceeded at once to the residence of M. Floquet to announce the resignation of the President."

—Every move made by Russia is closely scrutinized by the Germans, and some excitement has been created at Berlin by a report that the Czar is concentrating a military force along the Austrian frontier.

—The congress of the Senators and Deputies at Versailles, France, elected M. Sadi-Carnot to succeed President Grevy. The successful candidate is a Republican who has been prominent in politics ever since the downfall of Louis Napoleon, but his influence in his party has been far inferior to that of his principal rivals for Republican support in the contest for the Presidency. A Paris cablegram says:

The ministry have formally tendered their resignations, and President Sadi-Carnot has requested them to remain in office for the present for the dispatch of public business. The President stated that it was his intention, after the new ministry was formed, to at once close the present session of parliament until after the coming senatorial elections. Probably the result of the election is the best thing that could have happened for France. M. Sadi-Carnot is the second best known economical writer in France, and has had practical public experience far superior to M. Leroy Beaulieu, the most famous economical writer. He is under 50; a Republican without being radical or visionary. He is a distinguished engineer, having headed his class at the Ecole Polytechnique, instead of being a lawyer, which in itself is a great thing; he is rich, and lives like a gentleman. He is not religious, but his wife is a Catholic. He has a 23-year-old son in the army. He is a free-trader. The newspapers of Paris generally approve the election of M. Sadi-Carnot and consider it an augury of peace. The telegrams from the provinces, without exception, testify to the satisfaction felt at the result of the election. The news created an excellent impression at the principal European capitals.

—Mr. Pyne, the member of Parliament who is defending himself from the police in Lisburn castle, says a Dublin dispatch, has been joined by Mr. Gilhooly, the member from Cork, who is also a fugitive from justice.

—Lord Mayor Sullivan, who has been serving his sentence in Dublin, has been removed to the jail at Tullamore to prevent his holding daily levees, as has been his custom since his imprisonment.

### POLITICAL POINTS.

—Third Assistant Postmaster General Harris holds that the practice of newspaper publishers in sending papers directly to the trains is not a sufficient compliance with the law. He will issue an order that such papers must be sent to the local postoffice.

—The prohibition leaders in St. Louis are preparing a petition to have the question of license or no license submitted to the voters under the Wood local-option law.

—The United States Supreme Court has rendered a decision sustaining the State in the Kansas prohibition case. The effect of this opinion is to declare valid the prohibition laws of the State of Kansas, and is of course a decided victory for the prohibitionists. The decision is very important, and likely to be far-reaching in its consequences. The judgment of the court was pronounced in a long and elaborate opinion by Mr. Justice Harlan:

The Justice said it had been held repeatedly that the right of a State to regulate the sale of liquor did not invade the constitutional rights of the citizen. It was contended, however, he said, that no State Legislature had a right to prohibit any person from manufacturing liquor for his own use or for export, for the reason that it was an invasion of the personal liberty inherent in citizens. It must be observed, however, he said, that the right to manufacture drink for one's own use was subject to the restriction that it should not injuriously affect the public. The right to determine what was injurious had to exist somewhere, and the right of determining what measures were necessary for the preservation of the public morals, health and safety had heretofore been vested in the States by the constitutional right given them under the police power to regulate their own internal concerns. While this police power could not be a used and must only be exercised for objects of real merit, this court would certainly not say that the liquor traffic was not one which the State could lawfully prohibit, because it was well known that the abuse of intoxicants was productive of pauperism and crime. The next ground of content on, the Justice said, was, that as the breweries had been erected prior to the passage of the prohibition law, and, as they were of little use except for breweries, their property was taken without due process of law in violation of the Constitution. But all property under our form of government, he held, was subject to the obligation that it should not be used so as to injuriously affect the rights of the community, and thereby become a nuisance. The State of Kansas had a right to prohibit the liquor traffic. It did not thereby take away the property of brewers. It simply abated a nuisance. The property was not taken away from its owners; they were only prohibited from using it for a specific purpose, which the Legislature declared to be injurious to the community.

Justice Field concurred in the opinion so far as it related to the two cases in which the State of Kansas was defendant.

He agreed, he said, to so much of the opinion as sustains the validity of the act of Kansas prohibiting the sale of intoxicants which are manufactured in the State after the passage of the act. He was not prepared, however, to say that the prohibition of the manufacture of such liquors, if intended for exportation, can be sustained, nor that the State can forbid the sale under proper regulations for the protection of the health and morals of the people of any article which Congress may authorize to be imported. He was not ready to admit that New York or any other State can thus defeat an act of Congress. Neither could he concur in the validity of the thirteenth section of the prohibition act of Kansas, because he believed it authorized the destruction of property without due process of law. He could not see upon what principle the Legislature, after closing the brewery, can order the destruction of liquor, which it admits may be valuable for medicinal or mechanical purposes; nor could he see why the protection of the morals of the State required the destruction of bottles and other utensils after the liquor had been emptied from them.

—The case of the imprisoned officials of Virginia has been decided by the United States Supreme Court in their favor, the State being sustained at all points. The court declares, in substance, that a State cannot be sued or coerced in the Federal courts, whether the action be brought against it by name or against its officials in their official capacity. Judge Harlan's was the only dissenting opinion.

—Chicago is to have the next republican Convention, the National Committee having so decided at its meeting held in Washington to determine the question. Three ballots were necessary. The first vote was viva voce, and Chicago led, with Omaha a close second. The first formal ballot placed Chicago well to the front, the principal strength of the opposition going to Cincinnati and Minneapolis. The final vote stood: Chicago 25, Cincinnati 13, Minneapolis 8, Omaha 1. Says a Washington special:

The rival smaller Western cities were very persistent, very demonstrative, very anxious and little disposed to compromise; and they had for advocates some of the most experienced workers and most influential men in the party. They were earnest and determined; and they could make a most excellent showing for their respective cities. Minneapolis was here like an army with banners. The long white silk badges of the delegation were seen everywhere, and the delegates would listen to no suggestions of possible defeat. They had in their favor a great many things, and to those who were insisting upon the choice of Cincinnati or St. Louis, the suggestion that the climate of Minnesota is delicious at that season of the year came to the many who have not forgotten the discomforts which have attended political conventions in Cincinnati and St. Louis. The suggestion of Minneapolis to them was like a cool breeze from the north to those who have suffered from the disease. Besides, Minneapolis offered an attraction in the form of specially reduced rates to the Yellowstone Park to all who would attend the convention. Omaha made a strong bid, and was rewarded, to the surprise, probably, of the delegates from that city, with the largest vote next to Chicago on the first ballot.

### DEPARTMENT REPORTS.

—The annual report of Attorney General Garland gives a full account of the business of the Department of Justice during the last fiscal year, together with statistics of crime against the United States:

The number of ordinary suits now pending in the Court of Claims is 1,110, involving the sum of \$13,250,000. The number of cases filed under the Homestead act is 1,745, involving about \$60,000,000. The petitions filed in French spoliation cases number 6,334, representing 2,483 vessels and about \$30,000,000. The amount reported in favor of claimants in eighty-one of these cases passed upon is about \$13,000, varying from \$3 to \$43,314. During the last fiscal year 1,777 civil suits were terminated. In 922 of these judgments were for the United States, in 104 for the defendants, 20 were appealed from the District to the Circuit Court, and 14 from the Circuit Court to the Supreme Court. There were pending July 1, 4,954 civil suits, in which the United States was a party. During the year there were 12,807 criminal prosecutions, mostly for violations of customs and internal revenue laws. The Attorney General calls attention to the suggestions and recommendations made by him in his last annual report in regard to matters calling for remedial legislation, and again urges the necessity of immediate action thereon. These subjects are as follows: Fees of Marshals in the Territories, pay of Deputy Marshals, revision of the fee bill, substitution of local for calendar year, protection to civil officers and witnesses, fees of witnesses and jurors, criminal procedure, perjury, and laws and juries in the District of Columbia.

—Contrary to usual custom, the annual report of the Secretary of the Treasury was not sent to Congress this year until the day after the President's message had been read. It is a very lengthy paper, and we have space for only a brief synopsis. The report shows that the receipts of the Government for the last fiscal year were \$371,403,277, and the expenditures \$315,835,428. There was an increase in the receipts of \$34,923,570 over those of the preceding year, and the expenditures were increased by \$25,449,441. The revenues for the present year are estimated at \$383,000,000, and the expenditures at \$316,817,785. The Secretary advises a reduction of the customs duties on the lines suggested in the President's message. The Secretary gives three ways in which the receipts and expenditures of the Government may be made about equal:

1. The purchase of the interest-bearing debt of the Government. 2. Larger expenditures by Government for other purposes than the purchase of bonds, so that they shall each year equal the taxation of that year. 3. Reduction of the revenue from taxation to the amount

actually required to meet necessary expenses. I cannot believe that Congress will adopt the second expedient, viz.: The enlargement of Government expenses simply to expend money raised by taxation when the public would do so not otherwise call for the expenditure.

As to the third plan, Mr. Fairchild says:

Reduction of the revenue from taxation is the only remedy for the evils which threaten the country. This may be accomplished in various ways. One is to reduce or abolish internal-revenue taxation. In favor of this is the fact that in a small part of the Southern States the internal tax on liquors and tobacco is thought to be oppressive and is odious to the people of those regions, and the further fact that by its reduction the expenses of its collection might be somewhat reduced. The chief cause for the prejudice against this tax seems to be that as there was no such tax before the war for the Union it is looked upon as a reminder of the measures adopted to raise money to carry on the war, and which ought not to be continued in time of peace. Taxation there must be. The choice is between kinds of taxation; each man can decide for himself, if he will examine the subject free from prejudice, which is the least burdensome for him, for his family, and for his neighbors, and which is in the end better for his whole country. That internal taxation of spirits and tobacco began during the war is not a reason why it should be done away with now, if it be in itself wise. To the fact that the rates of customs taxation were raised during the same war far higher than ever before in our history, and have been continued until now, ought not to determine the manner of their treatment, this should rather depend upon what is just and expedient at the present time. Neither passion, prejudice, nor sentimentality should have place in the consideration of questions of taxation. As to the expense of collecting the internal revenue, I suggest that an amalgamation of the customs and internal revenue systems is entirely feasible, and that thereby a large number of offices might be abolished, and that the expense of the whole system might be made not to exceed that of an efficient enforcement of the customs laws. But it is not well either to abolish or reduce internal-revenue taxation. It is a tax upon whisky, beer, and tobacco, things which are in very small measure necessary to the health or happiness of mankind. If they are necessary to an unfortunate man, they are far less necessary even to him than are a thousand other articles which the Government taxes. This tax is the least burdensome, the least unjust of all the taxes which the Government lays or can lay upon the people; it should not be abolished, nor should it be reduced if, with due regard to the existing conditions of labor and capital, sufficient reduction can be made in the taxation of necessary articles which are in the daily use of all the people.

The report shows that the circulation of the standard silver dollar is growing in popularity, having increased \$10,044,955 during the past year.

—From the annual report of Secretary of War Endicott, which is a very lengthy document, we glean the following points:

The expenditures of the department for the last fiscal year amounted to \$11,890,153, while the estimates for the next fiscal year will aggregate \$13,338,310. An increase is demanded on account of public works, including river and harbor improvements, and for the military establishment and the army and military academy. The Secretary strongly approves of the recommendation contained in General Bristolia's report touching the extension of all possible aid by the General Government to the national guard of the different States, and suggesting a system of national encampment for State militia at the entire expense of the National Government. Attention is called to the fact that the Pacific coast is destitute of fortifications, guns and armament of every description, while San Francisco is without a single gun which can be fired with safety with the present charges of powder and modern projectiles. Favorable endorsement is also given to the Lieutenant General's recommendation that the present strength of the navy be increased by 5,000 men; and particular attention is called to the importance of an increase of the artillery. In concluding his report the Secretary says: "The result of the examinations for promotion under the civil-service regulations which were applied to the war department in May were satisfactory. The total number of clerks examined was 1,014, of whom 903, or 89 per cent., passed, and of this number 333, or 33 per cent., obtained an average above 90 per cent.; fifty-one, or 5 per cent., failed to pass, their average being less than 75 per cent."

—From Secretary Whitney's annual report we glean that—

Appropriations for the Navy Department for the last fiscal year amounted to \$13,180,000, and the balance available at the end of that period was \$281,800, which had been reduced by Dec. 1 to \$164,500. The appropriations for the current fiscal year amount to \$21,150,000, and the estimates for the year ending June 30, 1891, to \$23,420,000. All the unarmored vessels authorized by Congress are completed or in course of construction. They and the contract cost of their hulls and machinery are: The dispatch vessel Dolphin, \$315,000; the protected cruiser Boston, \$619,000; the protected cruiser Atlanta, \$617,000; the protected cruiser Chicago, \$689,000; the protected cruiser Charleston, \$1,017,000; the protected cruiser Baltimore, \$1,323,000; gunboat No. 1 (cruiser), \$555,000; gunboat No. 2 (cruiser), \$247,000; the protected cruiser Newark, \$1,248,000; protected cruiser No. 4, \$1,330,000; protected cruiser No. 5, \$1,445,000; gunboat No. 3 (cruiser), \$400,000; gunboat No. 4 (cruiser), \$400,000; dynamite cruiser (including dynamite guns, etc.), \$350,000; first-class torpedo boat, \$27,730. Of the two armored vessels authorized by Congress one is now being built by William John in England. The completion of the double-turreted monitors will be delayed until the Bethlehem plant can furnish the armor. Of coast and harbor defense, for which Congress appropriated \$2,000,000, the Secretary says little has been done. The Secretary does not believe in repairing the single-turreted monitors and using them for coast defense. "An examination of their characteristics," he says, "shows that outside of the ships in our own navy no antagonist could probably stand for a moment. They were good vessels for their time, but are entirely obsolete," and he adds: "It would be little less than murder to send men in these at the present time to encounter any recently built ironclad. I appreciate fully that it is only as a temporary expedient that it is suggested, and with the thought that in the absence of anything else, these might be better than nothing. This has been the theory upon which over \$30,000,000, and probably \$75,000,000, has been spent since the close of the war. It is time to stop it and be content only with the best. If every dollar is made to count upon something of real value, waste will stop, and not before."

### A Good Story From China.

The ship was still three days from Hong Kong, the first place at which the prisoner could be handed over to the proper authorities. To avoid a certain disturbance among the Chinamen forward the quarter-deck deliberations resulted in an announcement fore and aft the ship that the execution, with all due form and ceremony as practiced under the English flag, would take place at noon the next day, and the sentence was communicated impressively to the prisoner through an interpreter in presence of all his countrymen, who demonstrated most cordial approval.

As the hour approached next day preparations went forward solemnly round the forebath. The butcher's block was laid amidships, the carpenter's broad ax by its side, stages for spectators rigged, the first-class passengers, numbering about a hundred, assembled on the bridges, boats, and houses near, with all the ship's people. The fore rigging and all the fore part of the deck swarmed with Chinamen eager for vengeance. At noon the ship's bell began to toll. Shortly after the prisoner was led out between two quartermasters; when near the block he was made to stand while the purser, in a surplice, read out the first verse of "The Wearing of the Green," which was then sung by 200 voices, yet, though knowing his time had come, the culprit showed no remorse or repentance. Our victim's countenance remained impassive and inscrutable as though molded in putty. The last service over, three quartermasters flung down the Chinaman on his face, his head on the center of the broad butcher's block. One man seized his cue while two held his feet, pulling with all their strength against one another. The poor wretch's neck was stretched till it went "crick." The chief officer raised the ax, flourished it round and round his head, threatening to bring it down time after time, until suspense had worked onlookers up to the pitch of agony. Suddenly down swept the broad blade, a rasp and thud; to the opposite side of the deck flew the man who had been extending the body. The ax had severed the Chinaman's tail an inch from his head. A prolonged, disgusted exclamation of "Hi-i-i!" went up from the crowd forward, expressing supreme contempt for the skill of our executioner and our national manner of performing, which even the prisoner seemed to share, for the sneer with which he regained his feet was the first indication of interest he had displayed. In the confusion following the prisoner was led back to confinement. Not much difficulty was experienced in convincing the others that, by English law, two attempts to execute the same man could not be made on the same day.

So convinced of the bona fide character of the exhibition had they been that they gave no more trouble, and ultimately—taking into consideration that the loss of the tail is so much more calamitous than the loss of the head—they consented to the man being given over to the law in Hong Kong, where he was dealt with in a way less preferable than death to him, being compelled to live a convict without a tail. —J. Keane's "Mere Shavings."

### Savagery of Boyhood.

Those persons who are not in a position to come in contact with the children of to-day need only to recall to memory the scenes of their childhood in order to find repeated episodes in which a suffering kitten or puppy was the central and unpitied figure. The callousness of the children of one's own circle will be made evident after a few minutes spent in such clarifying (though, to sensitive people, rather annoying) introspection, and what is true of one circle in this regard is approximately true of all. My own conviction is that healthy boys under 15, feel very little compassion for any suffering but that of their near relatives, their close friends, and occasionally their pet animals. Not only do they evince little compassion, but they often show more than an entire apathy, even an actual pleasure, at the sight of pain inflicted upon animals, and some, with whom we need not now concern ourselves, take a delight that to grown people seems almost fiendish in tormenting their weaker play-fellows. —Popular Science Monthly.

The first window glass ever manufactured in this country was at Pittsburgh, Pa., in 1795.







## THE UBIQUITOUS JEW.

His Adaptability to All Climates and Conditions.

[The Jewish World.]

It has been frequently remarked that the Jewish race has a wonderful power of adaptation to all climates. Jews are found in all parts of the globe, and seem to possess a remarkable facility for acclimatization, even under the most unfavorable circumstances. Mesopotamia is considered the mother country of the Abrahamic family, as well as the cradle of the human race. Some years ago a small colony of Jews were found in the ancient city of Sennar, in the south of Mesopotamia, and in the vicinity of ancient Babylon. Of the seventy families composing the colony, one claimed to be descended from King Joachim, the rest from the house of Levi. A colony of Jews appear to have settled in China about the beginning of the third century of the Christian era, under the dynasty of Han. In 1704 Father Gonzani, a Roman Catholic missionary, found seven Jewish families near Pekin.

In 1686 a Portuguese Jew of Amsterdam, named De Pavia, discovered a sect of Jews in Cochin China. According to a tradition preserved among them, they were descended from a tribe of Jews who had quitted Palestine on the destruction of the second temple. From their long residence in Cochin they had become completely bronzed. These are not the same as the Malabar Jews. The Jewish traveler Benjamin, sometimes called Benjamin II., discovered a colony of Jews, evidently of Persian origin, in Hindostan. They were known as "Babylonian Jews," on account of their having migrated from Babylonia. They observed the essential rites of Judaism, and strictly avoided intermarriage with other sects. In the beginning of the seventh century a Jewish colony settled in Cayenne, in the West Indies, one of the most inhospitable climates in South America.

Cayenne was subsequently conquered by the French, who made it a penal settlement, and the Jewish colony was forced to retire to Surinam. Notwithstanding frequent persecutions Jews are still found in Persia, more especially to the south of the Caspian Sea, where the soil is very fertile but the climate very unhealthy. The principal city is Balprosh, where about 150 families reside in almost complete isolation. They trade with their brethren in Great Tartary, and are engaged in the wool and silk trade or in the sale of citrons. They, too, trace their origin from the Babylonian captivity, for, according to a tradition still possessed among them, their ancestors settled in Persia in the time of Nebuchadnezzar, and did not respond to the appeal of Ezra to return to Palestine. Their mode of life resembles that of the Persians in general. They hold the beard in high esteem, and wear long, flowing robes. They have several synagogues, and obtain scrolls of the law from Bagdad. The celebrated African traveler, Mungo Park, found a colony of Jewish families in the heart of Africa, about eight hundred miles from the coast. It is no doubt this peculiarity of the Jewish race which induced a French writer on "Medical Geography" to express the opinion that: "It is questionable whether the crossing of human varieties confers on the issue constant advantages in relation to the species; for the Jewish race seems in a wonderful manner capable of adapting itself to every change of the climate, while others are scarcely able to bear the least change."

### AMERICAN INVENTIONS.

Fifteen of the greatest inventions of the age are American: 1, the cotton gin; 2, the planing machine; 3, the grass mower and reaper; 4, the rotary printing press; 5, navigation by steam; 6, the hot air engine; 7, the sewing machine; 8, the India rubber industry; 9,

the machine manufacture of horseshoes; 10, the sand blast for carving; 11, the gauge lathe; 12, the grain elevator; 13, artificial ice making on a large scale; 14, the electric magnet and its practical application; 15, the telephone.

### MYSTERY OF A SLEEPING CAR.

"Queerest thing happened on my car to-day that I ever heard of," said a sleeping-car conductor on the New York Central. "Coming into the city we were a little late, and didn't reach town until 7:30 p. m., when we should have been in by 6. One of my passengers was a rather elderly and infirm woman, with long, fallow face, dull, sunken eyes, a languid air and tawny hair that was too straight to be pretty. She was plainly dressed and too homely and common to attract any attention from the drummers who sat near her. All the afternoon she kept inquiring if we would get into New York on time and appeared very nervous about it. Finally I told her we couldn't get in till 8 o'clock, and then she said she wanted the use of the state-room for about half an hour and didn't want to be disturbed. Well, I didn't pay any more attention to her for some time, but just before we arrived at the Central station, I passed through the car, and sitting there in the seat where the old woman had been, was a girl—as pretty and bright a girl as I ever saw in my life, with a round, creamy face, bright eyes and golden ringlets, and she was beautifully dressed.

"Something wrong here," says I to myself, 'and I'm going to find out what it is.' So I approached her and asked her to let me see her train check. She showed it to me and it was all right.

"Do you know what has become of the old party who had this birth last night?" I inquired.

"I don't know anything about any old party," she snapped out as I went away.

"Some mystery here," says I to myself. 'There's been a murder or disappearance, or an attempt to ride two people on one ticket, or something, and I'm going to find out what it is.' I haunted all through the car and even went forward into the passenger coaches, but no trace could I get of my old woman passenger. By this time I was thoroughly excited, and as the train drew into the station I called the company's detective, pointed the young woman out to him and told him the strange facts.

"Look it up," says I to him. 'There's been foul play of some sort, sure.'

"The detective accompanied the young woman to a carriage, and I saw him talking to her. She laughed showed a rosy mouth and pearly teeth, and then he laughed until I thought he would fall to pieces.

"What's the trouble," says I, as her carriage drove away.

"Trouble!" echoed the detective. "There's no trouble, except that you are a confounded idiot. Can't a pretty young ballot dancer make her toilet on your car, when she's pushed for time, and has to get right from the train to the theater, without you suspecting her of murder and insulting her?"—*Drake's Traveler's Magazine.*

"You will be asked to make the presentation speech when we give the watch to Simpkins, you know," said a down-town man to the President of the club. "Well, now, really, I can't. My mind is a blank on such things." "That needn't make any difference. The presentation won't be until after dinner, and all our minds will be in the same fix."—*Hartford Post.*

GRATITUDE is properly a virtue, disposing the mind to an inward sense and an outward acknowledgment of a benefit received, together with a readiness to return the same, or the like, as the occasions of the deed shall require, and the abilities of the receiver extend to.—*South.*

### A DELINQUENT ELEPHANT.

Shortly before our arrival one of the animals had greatly disgraced himself by refusing to carry a certain of goods weight which had been piled on his back. There is the regulation weight, and the beasts know to an ounce what they ought to carry, and if any of the mahouts attempt to put a surplus amount on his or their backs it is immediately shot onto the ground. The animal in question had been duly laden with a weight which was under the regulation scale; but although it had been twice weighed, as Mrs. Gamp would say, before his own eyes, he still refused to carry it. This was too much for even his indulgent driver, so he accordingly reported, and just as we arrived he was about to be tried for his extraordinary and obstinate conduct. Several elephants were led out into a large court-yard, forming a kind of circle round the delinquent, who seemed already to feel his position acutely, for he glanced anxiously from time to time at his mahout, who was visibly affected, and who stood by his head. A karen presided over the court-martial and read aloud the indictment against the offender, the elephants which constituted the jury apparently listening with great attention. After the statement was finished and the mahout examined, who, by the way, gave his evidence with great reluctance, the karen decided that the case had been distinctly proved, and the culprit was adjudged the punishment of twenty strokes. Upon the announcement of the verdict the jury marched in a most solemn manner to a distant part of the yard and returned with a switch about as large as a fair-sized scaffold-pole. In the meantime the mahout had been addressing the offender, who was now weeping copiously, large drops of tears falling from his eyes, and occasionally a shrill and peculiar sound issued from his capacious throat. The executioners of the law were at hand, and stood about twelve to fourteen feet apart, each balancing with peculiar nicety in his trunk the aforesaid switch. The culprit was led up to the place, and as he passed number one there was a sound heard which resembled somewhat a sharp clap of thunder; it was the first blow delivered by the dread myrmidons of the law. The blow was followed by a sharp, shrill scream, although there was evidently an attempt on the part of the culprit to suppress any exhibition of pain. This punishment continued until the whole of the sentence had been carried out. Although I felt considerable sympathy with the unfortunate delinquent I was at the same time intensely amused with the thorough business-like air with which these ministers of justice carried out the sentence. There were no light blows delivered; but, as a matter of fact, each elephant determined to administer a heavier blow than his neighbor, and the sly twinkle in the eye as the blow was delivered was a sight to see.—*Primrose Magazine.*

### IT KEEPS THE TROUSERS FROM BAGGING.

Omaha Youth—Yes, I guess my sister will go to Church with you if you ask her. You are both Episcopalians, I believe.

New York Youth—Er—no, I never attend that church any more. I go to the Presbyterian.

"Well, well! What caused that change in you?"

"The—er—Presbyterians do their praying standing up and that keeps a fellow's Sunday trousers from bagging at the knees, don't you know?"—*Omaha World.*

GENIUS without religion is only a lamp on the outer gate of a palace. It may serve to cast a gleam of light on those that are without, while the inhabitants sit in darkness.—*Hannah Moore.*

M. T. BISHOP,

—DEALER IN—

LUMBER, LIME,

—LATH—

SHINGLES,

MOULDING &c.

Large Stock and Low Prices. Yard Near Depot, St. Joe, Ind.

J. F. WALKER,

MAKER AND DEALER IN

Harness, Collars,

WHIPS, HARNESS OIL &c.

ST. JOE, IND.

Repairing done promptly. Prices as low as the lowest. Call and see.



WILLIAM CURIE,

PROPRIETOR OF

MEAT MARKET

ST. JOE, IND.

Highest market price paid for Hides, Tallow &c. Give me a call.

F. A. ZEIGLER,

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COLLARS, WHIPS,

Fly Nets and Dusters,

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Prices the Lowest. All work guaranteed. Call and see me.

Blacksmith

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Repair Shop.

Having secured the services of an experienced workman, I am now prepared to do all kinds of Blacksmithing and Repairing in a first-class manner. Special attention given to repairing machinery. Give me a call. Prices reasonable.

A. W. Hall, St. Joe.



# THE ST. JOE NEWS.

VOL. I.

ST. JOE, IND., FRIDAY, DECEMBER 23, 1887.

NO. 48.

## Churches.

### DISCIPLE.

SERVICES every alternate Sunday evening, in the Lutheran church. Cottage prayer meeting every Friday evening.

J. A. THOMAS, PASTOR.

### METHODIST PROTESTANT.

SERVICES every alternate Sunday at 10:30 A. M. Prayer meeting every Tuesday evening. Sunday School at 9:30 A. M.

J. M. LANGLEY, PASTOR.

### EVANGELICAL LUTHERAN.

SERVICES every Sunday, one Sunday in the morning at 10:30, and the following Sunday in the evening. Prayer meeting every Thursday evening. Sunday School at 9:30 A. M.

S. P. FRYBERGER, PASTOR.

## Societies.

### G. A. R.

REGULAR meetings on Saturday evening on or before the full moon of each month, at their hall over Leighty's store.

O. H. WIDNEY, COMMANDER.  
J. M. MILLMAN, ADJUTANT.

## Business Notices.

H. W. BOWMAN, M. D., Physician and Surgeon, St. Joe, Ind. Office opposite the Drugstore.

ST. JOE HOTEL, Wm. Leighty, proprietor. Special attention given to furnishing teams for commercial men.

B. S. SHEFFER, M. D., Physician and Surgeon, St. Joe, Ind. Prompt and careful attention to all business entrusted to his care.

ST. JOE BARBER SHOP, one door west of hotel, Will Gee, proprietor. Satisfaction guaranteed. Your patronage is solicited.

FILLEY, LOUNSBERRY AND SHULER, proprietors of the St. Joe Saw and Planing Mill. All work promptly done. Cash paid for Oak Logs.

CITY BARBER SHOP, St. Joe, Ind., John Hull, proprietor. Shaving, Hair Cutting &c. done in the best of style. Come and see me. Two doors west of Kinsey's Furniture Store.

SIMON WINELAND, proprietor St. Joe Handle and Feed Mills. Feed grinding a specialty. Highest prices paid for second growth White Ash. Enquire at the mill for full particulars.

## INDIANA STATE NEWS.

—There have been docketed for trial at the next term of the Porter County Circuit Court the following suits against the Chicago and Atlantic Railway, growing out of the Kouts disaster. An administrator's suit to recover \$10,000 for the deaths of several members of the Miller family; a guardian's suit to recover \$10,000 for Hermann Miller, the injured boy who was the only member of the Miller family saved from the wreck; a suit of the Kouts hotel proprietor to recover compensation for the care of the Miller boy. An indictment for involuntary manslaughter against John B. Park and John Dorsey, who are held responsible for the Kouts disaster, will come up; also, a suit brought by Annie Burkhardt against the New Albany and Chicago Railway to recover \$10,000 for the death of Andrew Burkhardt, her husband, who was killed on the road of that company.

—Near Mt. Pleasant, Crawford County, Joseph Longest, aged 21 years, was waylaid and robbed by two highwaymen of \$2,600. He was carrying the money from Mt. Pleasant to the residence of Mr. T. C. Stalcup, to whom it was to be paid. After standing him up and taking the money from him young Longest was allowed to go on his way, the highwaymen mounting their horses, which they had tied near the roadside, and escaping. An hour later, the alarm being widely circulated, one hundred mounted and armed men were in pursuit of the highwaymen, but at last accounts they had eluded arrest. The bold and daring robbery has created intense excitement in the neighborhood, and if the highwaymen are taken they will speedily dangle at the end of a rope.

—Patents have been granted Indiana inventors as follows: Eli Beghtel, Huntington, portable sawing machine; Marvin Campbell, South Bend, hammock stretch; Wm A. Krag, Indianapolis, coffee pot; Darins Patterson, Richland, combined hame hitch and collar fender; James J. Turner, assignor to himself and J. F. Miller, Richmond, device for actuating signals, switches, etc.; Wm. M. Waltman, Bean Blossom, mole trap.

—A new military company at Crawfordsville, numbering fifty, were mustered into the State service by J. W. Romsey, who was authorized to do so by G. W. Koontz, Adjutant-general. The following are the officers: Captain, Geo. W. Lamb, First-lieutenant, M. V. West; Second-lieutenant, Joe McDaniel; Orderly-sergeant, W. H. Morrison. Twenty-seven of the company belong to McPherson Post, G. A. R.

—The Governor has remitted a forfeiture of \$500 against Frank Hulse and Harris E. Pattison. The bond was given for the appearance of John, who was to appear before the Pulaski County Court to answer a charge of rape. The indictment was nolleed for want of evidence, and remittance was requested by the judge, prosecuting attorney and others.

—While John C. Kallmeyer, a Columbus plumber, was connecting some water-main joints in a ditch six feet deep the bank gave way and buried his lower limbs. It was after considerable work that he was dug out and hauled home, where he has suffered a great deal, and his physicians say that it may be months before he can be out again.

—The stockholders of the Montgomery County Fair Association met and elected the following officers, who are to serve for the ensuing year: President, Jasper N. Davidson, of Whitesville; Vice-Presidents, W. H. Durham and J. L. Davis; Treasurer, Joe Grubb; Secretary, F. L. Snyder; Superintendent, J. J. Insley; Chief Marshal, R. B. Snyder.

—It is currently, and said to be truthfully, reported that the body of John Owen Snyder, the famous pedestrian, was resurrected by "saw-bones" for some college at

Cincinnati. It is asserted that physicians near Hartford City were the resurrectionists, but they enter a general denial.

—McClellan Barlow, a young man residing at Moscow, five miles west of Milroy, got into a dispute over the weight of a hog with Allen Fuller, when Fuller raised an old musket he had in his hands and shot Barlow in the throat, seriously, if not dangerously wounding him.

—A new bank has been organized at Ladoga, under the State law. W. M. Henry is President; I. N. Miller, Vice-president; G. E. Grimes, Cashier; Chas. Goodbar, Book-keeper. This will make two banks at Ladoga, and a total of seven in Montgomery County.

—While at work in a saw-mill at New Lisbon, seven miles southeast of New Castle, James Lamb was caught in the saw and his right arm and side frightfully mangled, rendering amputation of the arm necessary. His injuries are very severe and will prove fatal.

—Mrs. Francis Perdue, a widow, who resides four miles south of Muncie, was instantly killed while walking along the Port Wayne, Cincinnati and Louisville tracks. She was thrown fully fifty feet, and every bone in her body was broken. She was a deaf mute.

—Hurburt Bunch, the 9-year-old son of ex-Clark L. T. Bunch, of Tipton, was thrown from a runaway wagon, and badly hurt. His right arm was broken in two places, the bone protruding about three inches. He also received internal injuries.

—Wm. Bebee, charged with robbing James Sanderson, of Monticello, during the month of August, was tried in the Cass Circuit Court. The jury found him guilty of petit larceny and he was sentenced to the penitentiary for two years.

—Emily McCuehan, aged 26, of Goshen, was found dead in bed. The Coroner's inquest resulted in the decision that she came to her death through an overdose of tansy, a bottle of which was found nearly empty by the bed.

—At Hammond, a cow-boy named Claude Kimball, got an idea that he was out on the range and careered through a crowd shooting off a 44-caliber revolver. Peter Perdy, a saloon-keeper, was fatally shot.

—A Mrs. Burney, of Burney's Station, fell down a stairway and received injuries which will doubtless prove fatal on account of her age.

—Hon. Max Clark, a prominent merchant of Madison, was killed at Hardinburg, near Seymour, while alighting from an O. & M. train.

—A bomb was found in a box of holiday goods sent from Chicago to Al Quaeley, of Logansport. It caused considerable excitement, and people flocked in great numbers to see the deadly machine.

—Charles Alexander, a brakeman on the Midland Railroad, fell from a train near Gadsden, and was run over. His left leg was cut off and his head badly bruised. He is not expected to recover.

—Mrs. M. Spangler, of Elkhart, has brought suit against the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern Railroad for \$10,000, her husband having been killed on the road some time ago.

—A gas explosion in a building belonging to the Consolidated Tank-line Company, at Muncie, did damage to the amount of \$500.

—Adam Stine was fatally injured at Nappanee, by falling on a buzz-saw.

—Mary Schoolcraft, of Madison, aged 24, committed suicide by shooting.

—AN exchange says that racing men do not care much for reading. Then why are they bookmakers?—Texas Siftings.

—The missing links will arrive when the sausage season opens.

—In this world joy is measured by the cup; trouble by the peck.

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## WHOLESOME RECREATION.

Discourse by Dr. Talmage in the Brooklyn Tabernacle.

The Gymnasium as a Means of Recuperating Mental and Physical Energies. Music a Source of Limitable Recreation and Amusement.

BROOKLYN, Dec. 18.—At the Tabernacle this morning the whole congregation sang the hymn beginning

The hill of Zion yields  
A thousand sacred sweets  
Before we reach the heavenly fields  
Or walk the golden streets.

The Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D. D., preached on "Recreations Good and Bad," taking two texts: I Cor. vii, 31: "They that use this world, as not abusing it;" and Judges xvi, 25: "And it came to pass, when their hearts were merry, that they said, Call for Samson, that he may make us sport. And they called for Samson out of the prison house; and he made them sport." Dr. Talmage said:

We are entering the gayest season of the year. The winter opens before us the gates of a thousand amusements, some of them good and some bad. One of my texts will show you that amusements may be destructive, my other text will show you that amusements may be under the divine blessing and direction.

There were 3,000 people assembled in the temple of Dagon. They had come to make sport of eyeless Samson. They were all ready for the entertainment. They began to clap and pound, impatient for the amusement to begin, and they cried, "Fetch him out! fetch him out!" Yonder I see the blind old giant coming, led by the hand of a child into the very midst of the temple. At his first appearance there goes up a shout of laughter and derision. The blind old giant pretends he is tired, and wants to rest himself against the pillars of the house; so he says to the lad who leads him, "Show me where the main pillars are." The lad does so. Then the strong man puts his right hand on one pillar and his left hand on another pillar, and, with the mightiest push that mortal ever made, throws himself forward until the whole house comes down in thunderous crash, grinding the audience like grapes in a wine press. "And so it came to pass, when their hearts were merry, that they said, Call for Samson, that he may make us sport. And they called for Samson out of the prison house; and he made them sport."

In other words: There are amusements that are destructive, and bring down disaster and death upon the heads of those who practice them. While they laugh and cheer, they die. The 3,000 who perished that day in Gaza are as nothing compared with the tens of thousands who have been destroyed by sinful amusements.

But the other text I have read implies that there is a lawful use of the world as well as an unlawful abuse of it, and the difference between the man Christian and the man un-Christian is, that in the former case the man masters the world, while in the latter case the world masters him. For whom did God make this grand and beautiful world? For whom this wonderful expenditure of color, this gracefulness of line, this mosaic of the ground, this fresco of the sky, this glowing fruitage of orchard and vineyard, this full orchestra of the tempest, in which the tree branches flute, and the winds trumpet, and the thunders drum, and all the splendors of earth and sky come clashing their cymbals? For whom did God spring the arched bridge of colors resting upon buttresses of broken storm clouds? For whom did He gather the upholstery of fire around the window of the setting sun? For all men; but more especially for His own dear children.

If you build a large mansion, and spread a great feast after it to celebrate the completion of the structure, do you allow strangers to come in and occupy the place while you thrust your own children in the kitchen or the barn or the fields? Oh, no. You say: "I am very glad to see strangers in my mansion, but my own sons and daughters shall have the first right there." Now God has built this grand mansion of a world, and He has spread a glorious feast in it; and while those who are strangers to His grace may come in, I think that God especially intends to give the advantage to His own children, those who are the sons and daughters of the Lord Almighty, those who through grace can look up and say, "Abba, Father." You cannot make me believe that God gives more advantage to the world than He gives to the church bought by His own blood. If, therefore, people of the world have looked with dolorous sympathy upon those who make profession of religion, and have said, "Those new converts are going down into privation and into hardship. Why did not they tarry a little longer in the world, and have some of its enjoyments and amusements and recreations?" I say to such men of the world, "You are greatly mistaken," and before I get through I will show that those people who stay out of the kingdom of God have the hardships and self denials, while those who come in have the joys and the satisfaction.

This morning, in the name of the King of Heaven and earth, I serve a writ of

ejection on all the sinful and polluted who have squatted on the domain of earthly pleasure as though it belonged to them, while I claim, in behalf of the good and the pure and the true, the eternal inheritance which God has given them.

Hitherto, Christian philanthropists, clerical and lay, have busied themselves chiefly in denouncing sinful recreations; but I feel we have no right to stand before men and women in whose hearts there is a desire for recreation amounting to positive necessity, denouncing this and that and the other thing, when we do not propose to give them something better. God helping me this morning, and with reference to my last account, I shall enter upon a sphere not usual in sermonizing, but a subject which I think ought to be presented at this time. I propose now to lay before you some of the recreations which are not only innocent, but positively helpful and advantageous.

In the first place, I commend, among indoor recreations, music, vocal and instrumental. Among the first things created was the bird, so that the earth might have music at the start. This world, which began with so sweet a serenade, is finally to be demolished amidst the ringing blast of the archangel's trumpet, so that another was music at the start, there shall be music at the close. While this heavenly art has often been dragged into the uses of superstition and dissipation, we all know it may be the means of high moral culture. Oh, it is a grand thing to have our children brought up amidst the sound of cultured voices and amidst the melody of musical instruments. There is in this art an indescribable fascination for the household. Let all those families who have the means to afford it, have flute or harp, or piano or organ. As soon as the hand is large enough to compass the keys, teach it how to pick out the melody. Let all our young men try this heavenly art upon their nature. Those who have one into it fully have found in it limitable recreation and amusement. Dark days, stormy nights, seasons of sickness, business disasters, will do little toward depressing the soul which can gallop off over musical keys or soar in jubilant lay. It will cure pain. It will rest fatigue. It will quell passion. It will revive health. It will reclaim dissipation. It will strengthen the immortal soul. In the battle of Waterloo, Wellington saw that the Highlanders were falling back. He said, "What is the matter there?" He was told that the band of music had ceased playing, and he called up the pipers and ordered them to strike up an inspiring air; and no sooner did they strike the air than the Highlanders were rallied, and helped to win the day. Oh, ye who have been routed in the conflicts of life, try by the force of music to rally your scattered battalions.

I am glad to know that in our great cities there is hardly a night in which there are not concerts, where, with the best musical instruments and the sweetest voices, people may find entertainment. Patronize such entertainments when they are offered you. Buy season tickets if you can, for the "Philharmonic," and the "Handel and Haydn" societies. Feel that the \$1.50 or \$2.00 that you spend for the purpose of hearing an artist play or sing is a profitable investment. Let your Steinway Halls and your Academies of Music roar with the acclamation of appreciative audiences assembled at the concert or the oratorio.

Still further: I commend as worthy of their support the gymnasium. This institution is gaining in favor every year, and I know of nothing more free from dissipation, or more calculated to recuperate the physical and mental energies. While there are a good many people who have employed this institution, there is a vast number who are ignorant of its excellencies. There are men with cramped chests and weak sides, and despondent spirits who, through the gymnasium, might be roused up to exuberance and exhilaration of life. There are many Christian people despondent from year to year who might, through such an institution, be benefitted in their spiritual relations. There are Christian people who seem to think that it is a good sign to be poorly; and because Richard Baxter and Robert Hall were invalids they think that by the same sickness they may come to the same grandeur of character. I want to tell the Christian people of my congregation that God will hold you responsible for your invalidism if it is your fault, and when, through right exercise and prudence, you might be athletic and well. The effect of the body upon the soul you acknowledge. Put a man of mild disposition upon the animal diet of which the Indian partakes, and in a little while his blood will change its chemical proportions. It will become like unto the blood of the lion or tiger or the bear, while his disposition will change, and become fierce, cruel, and unrelenting. The body has a powerful effect upon the soul.

There are good people whose ideas of Heaven are all shut out with clouds of tobacco smoke. There are people who dare to shatter the physical vase in which God has put the jewel of eternity. There are men with great hearts and intellects in bodies worn out by their own neglect—magnificent machinery capable of propelling a Great Eastern across the Atlantic, yet fastened in a rickety North River propeller. Martin Luther was so mighty for God, first, because he had a noble soul, and secondly, because he had a muscular

development which would have enabled him to thrash any five of his persecutors, if it had been Christian so to do. Physical development, which merely shows itself in fabulous lifting, or in perilous rope-walking, or in pugilistic encounter, excites only our contempt; but we confess to great admiration for the man who has a great soul in an athletic body, every nerve, muscle, and bone of which is consecrated to right uses. Oh, it seems to me outrageous that men, through neglect, should allow their physical health to go down beyond repair. A ship which ought, with all sail set and every man at his post, to be carrying a rich cargo for eternity, employing all its men in stopping up leakages! When you may, through the gymnasium, work off your spleen and your querulosity and one-half of your physical and mental ailments, do not turn your back upon such a grand medicament.

Still further: I commend to you a large class of parlor games and recreations. There is a way of making our homes a hundred fold more attractive than they are now. Those parents cannot expect to keep their children away from outside dissipations unless they make the domestic circle brighter than anything they can find outside of it. Do not, then, sit in your home surly and unsympathetic, and with a half condemnatory look, because of the sportfulness of your children. You were young once yourself; let your children be young. Because your eyes are dim and your ankles are stiff, do not denounce sportfulness in those upon whose eyes there is the first luster, and in whose foot there is the bounding joy of robust health. I thank God that in our drawing-rooms and in our parlors there are innumerable games and sports which have not upon them the least taint of iniquity. Light up all your homes with innocent hilarities. Do not sit down with the rheumatism, wondering how children can go on so. Rather thank God that their hearts are so light, and their laughter is so free, and that their expectations are so ruddy, and that their cheeks are so radiant. The night will come soon enough, and the heart-break, and the pang, and the desolation—it will come soon enough for the dear children. But when the storm actually clouds the sky, it will be time enough for you to haul out your reef tackles. Carry, then, into your homes not only the innocent sports and games which are the inventions of our own day, but the games which come down with the sportfulness of all the past ages, chess, and charades and tableaux; and battledore and calisthenics and lawn tennis, and all those amusements which the young people of our homes know so well how to contrive. Then there will be the parlor socialities—groups of people assembled in your homes, with wit and mimicry and joviality, filling the room with joy from the door to the mantel, and from the carpet to the ceiling. Oh, is there any exhilaration like a score of genial souls in one room, each one adding a contribution of his own individual merriment to the aggregation of general hilarity?

Suppose you want to go abroad in the city, then you will find the panorama and the art gallery and exquisite collections of pictures. You will find the Metropolitan Museum and the Historical Society rooms full of rare curiosities, and scores of places which can stand plainly the test of what is right and wrong in amusements. You will find the lecturing hall, which has been honored by the names of Agassiz in natural history, Doremus in chemistry, Boynton in geology, Mitchell in astronomy, John B. Gough in moral reform, and scores and hundreds of men who have poured their wit and genius and ingenuity through that particular channel upon the hearts and consciences and imaginations of men, setting this country fifty years farther in advance than it would have been without the lecture platform.

I rejoice in the popularization of outdoor sports. I hail the croquet ground and the fisherman's rod and the sportsman's gun. In our cities life is so unhealthy and unnatural that when the census taker represents a city as having 100,000 inhabitants, there are only 200,000, since it takes at least two men to amount to one man, so depleting and unnerving and exhausting is this metropolitan life. We want more fresh air, more sunlight, more of the abandon of field sports. I cry out for it in behalf of the church of God as well as in behalf of secular interests. I wish that this winter our ponds and our rivers and our Capitoline grounds might be all aqua with the heel and the shout of the swift skater. I wish that when the warm weather comes the graceful our might dip the stream, and the evening tide be resonant with boatman's song, the bright prow splitting the crystalline billow. We shall have the smooth and grassy lawn, and we will call out people of all occupations and professions, and ask them to join in the ball player's sport. You will come back from these outdoor exercises and recreations with strength in your arm, and color in your cheek, and a flash in your eye, and courage in your heart. In this great battle that is opening against the kingdom of darkness we want not only a consecrated soul, but a strong arm and stout lungs and mighty muscle. I bless God that there are so many recreations that have not on them any taint of iniquity; recreations in which we may engage for strengthening of the body, for the clearing

of the intellect, for the illumination of the soul.

There is still another form of recreation which I commend to you, and that is the pleasure of doing good. I have seen young men, weak and cross and sour and rebellious in their disposition, who by one heavenly touch have awakened up and become blessed and buoyant, the ground under their feet and the sky over their heads breaking forth into music. "Oh," says some young man in the house to-day, "I should like that recreation above all others, but I have not the means." My dear brother, let us take an account of stock this morning. You have a large estate, if you only realize it. Two hands, two feet. You will have, perhaps, during the next year at least \$10 for charitable contribution. You will have 2,000 cheerful looks, if you want to employ them. You will have 5,000 pleasant words, if you want to speak them. Now what an amount this is to start with!

You go out to-morrow morning, and you see a case of real destitution by the wayside. You give him 2 cents. The blind man hears the pennies rattle in his hat, and he says: "Thank you, sir; God bless you." You pass down the street, trying to look indifferent; but you feel from the very depth of your soul a profound satisfaction that you made that man happy. You go on still farther, and find a poor boy with a wheelbarrow, trying to get it up on the curbstone. He fails in the attempt. You say: "Stand back, my lad; let me try." You push it up on the curbstone for him and pass on. He wonders who that well-dressed man was that helped him. You did a great joy to your own soul. You will not get over it all the week.

### Antiquity of Telegraphy.

A correspondent of the French journal, *Cosmos*, states that in a curious old work printed at Paris in 1622 there occurs a remarkable passage, in which the following is a translation: "We may also tell you of this great and wonderful secret, which a certain German has shown to King Henry, and who, by his industry and dexterity, is able to speak with those who are far away, and this by means of the magnet. He first rubs together two needle magnets, and then places them each separately upon two clock dials, around which are engraved the twenty-four letters of the alphabet. If, then, they wish to speak together, or make each other understood what they would desire, they move one hand around until it has pointed to the letters which are necessary to make the words and sentences that they would say, and as they turn one needle so also the distant needle turns, making always the same movement. The king seeing this wonderful secret forbade him to divulge it, fearing that thus would be opened very dangerous communication between the armies of his enemies and their besieged towns." The title page of the work in which the above passage is said to occur (on the 247th page) is as follows: "*L'incroyable et mescreance du sortilege plaine-ment convaincue Par P. de l'Ancre, conseiller du Roy en son conseil d'Estat a Paris. Chez Nicholas Buon, rue Saint-Jacques, a l'enseigne Saint Claude et de P' Homme Sauvage. MDCXXII.*" The notion that two magnetic needles by being rubbed together would afterwards move in sympathy find a place in more than one book of marvels of the seventeenth century, but the above date is, we believe the earliest to which it has yet been traced.—*Electrician*.

### White Hair in Samoa.

Upon my first visit to Apia, the capital of Samoan Islands, in 1878, I was surprised to see so many men walking about with what I first believed to be snow-white hair, but upon closer examination I learned that the natives apply a whitish clay similar to our white-wash to their hair. This they use instead of pomade or hair-oil, and apply it in a thick mass until the hair becomes thoroughly hardened and white. The men continue this process of bleaching their hair until it loses its former black color and with time turns to a brownish red. A rather peculiar taste, but the men feel proud of their success to color their hair. Quite often women go through the same performance, but they are compelled to wear their hair short, as long hair cannot so easily be discolored. Natives of Samoa, as a rule, regard work as unnecessary, and all the work done on the plantations owned by Europeans is performed by Kanakas imported from other islands.—*New York World*.

Our "jeans pants" are nearly worn out, and we hope some thoughtful subscriber will come to the rescue.—*Campbell County (Ga.) News*.



## TASTES.

They Differ with People in Physical, Intellectual and Moral Things.  
(London Queen.)

"Do you love books?" said a Franciscan friar to Southey.

"Yes," was the reply.

"And I," added the honest friar, "love eating and drinking!"

There is no saying more common and none truer than that tastes differ. In the matter of food this contrariety of tastes is familiar to every one. There are people to whom eggs are poison, and turtle soup an abomination; men who cannot touch wine or spirits, and men, unfortunately, who, like Fallstaff, prefer sack to bread. If brandy, as Dr. Johnson said jokingly, is the drink of heroes, it is to be feared that there are a good many heroes of the spirit-loving order in England. The total abstainer—and for that matter, every temperate man who is an abstainer—enjoys the cup that cheers and does not inebriate; but John Wesley implored his followers to avoid tea, and many a doctor will tell you that half the dyspepsia so common in our day is due to that grateful beverage. Who shall decide when doctors disagree? But even your learned physician is but mortal, and it is an open secret that what he likes best himself he is apt to recommend to his patients.

Tastes, it is said, can be acquired, and this may be true with regard to bodily appetites. Charles Lamb said, and it must have been in his youthful days, that he toiled after smoking as a man toils after virtue. There are smokers infatuated enough to prefer a cigar or pipe to their dinner; but I never met with a smoker yet who found his first pipe a luxury. It is difficult, however, to say how far intellectual and moral tastes are acquired. There are some rare souls born into the world who seem to reject, as by a divine instinct, all that degrades humanity, and to love only the things that are lovely and of good report. They follow, almost without knowing it, the Apostolic injunction and, abhorring what is evil, cleave to that which is good. There are others who, despite good example and good education, go astray from their birth. Their tastes are all low, they yield without fighting, they fall at the first suggestion of evil and say, as Milton's Satan says: "Evil, be thou my good!" This propensity to low tastes and bad ways is found in children whose friends or relatives have been distinguished, whether justly or not, for extraordinary excellence. Precision produces reaction, and the stern severity of a father may create in his son a taste for dissipation.

"The oldest of Cromwell's sons," says Mr. Green, "made small pretensions to religion. Milton's nephews, though reared in his house, were writing satires against Puritan Hypocrisy and contributing to collections of filthy songs. The two daughters of the great preacher, Stephen Marshall, were to figure as actresses on the infamous stage of the Restoration."

Taste is scarcely an accurate word to apply to morality, although immorality is invariably associated with bad taste. It was witty of Sheridan to cry out that he was Wilberforce when the Constable found him in the gutter; but it was execrable taste in a statesman to be so drunk that he was forced to lie there! And when a Prime Minister in the last century entered the presence of his Queen in a state of intoxication, his gross want of taste made a sensation even in that age of grossness.

### UTILIZING AN OLD CRATER.

Auckland, New Zealand, is a lively and enterprising city of 70,000 inhabitants. It is situated near the crater of a large extinct volcano, which, according to scientists, may resume active operations at any moment. The Aucklanders, however, are not terrified at

the prospect, and, in fact, are going to cement the bottom of the crater and use it as a reservoir for their water supply.

### DON'T MARRIAGE CHANGES A MAN.

It does look as if after a man got married he lost all capability for looking after himself. How is it that a man who as a bachelor is the pink of neatness, the glass of fashion, and mold of form, when he gets a wife never seems to be able to do anything in the way of dressing himself without his wife's assistance? This young man was at one time a notorious flirt. He had the best cut coats, the most beautiful boots, the most elegant neckties in town. He has been married several years, and he hardly knows how to button his collar now, and would wear his coat inside out if his wife didn't keep an eye on him. Is it natural coarseness? Just a desire to give his wife all the work and worry he can, or is it a psychological phenomenon attributable to domesticity? He had a lucid moment once, this young man, in which he noticed his boots were pretty well worn. It lasted long enough for him to say to his wife:

"Haven't I got any other boots I can wear? These are awful."

"Yes," she said, "there is a pair of side button boots in the closet there."

He fetched them out.

"How does it come that I've had those boots all this time and been wearing these worn-out ones?" Then he put them on. "Yes, I knew there must be something the matter with the blamed boots. They didn't fit me at all. I can't walk in them." And he made faces as he stamped up and down the room. "They are not my boots, yet they are a man's boots. Madam, who is so familiar in this house as to have a pair of boots—"

"Well, dear, they'll perhaps be more comfortable if you'll put the right boot on the right foot."—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

### HOW DO SEA BIRDS QUENCH THEIR THIRST.

The question is often asked, "Where do sea birds obtain fresh water to slake their thirst?" But we have never seen it satisfactorily answered until a few days ago. An old skipper with whom we were conversing on the subject said that he had frequently seen these birds at sea; far from any land that could furnish them water, hovering around and under a storm cloud, clattering like ducks on a hot day at a pond, and drinking in the drops of rain as they fell. They will smell a rain squall a hundred miles or even further off, and send for it with almost inconceivable swiftness.

How long sea birds can exist without water is only a matter of conjecture, but probably their powers of endurance during thirst are increased by habit, and possibly they go without water for many days, if not for several weeks.—*Golden Days.*

### WOLVES AND CHILDREN.

A correspondent of *Chambers' Journal* alleges that recently in Melbourne, with his wife and two children, aged 2 and 4, he went to see the animals in the Royal Park, and that four wolves sleeping in a cage paid no attention to himself and his wife and the oldest child; but the moment the younger one toddled up they sprang to their feet and made for the corner of the cage nearest to her, where they stood against the bars, pushed their paws through, barked constantly and seemed wild to get at her; not viciously, however, but as a dog might have run to play with her. When the child spoke their efforts were doubled. On a subsequent visit the same thing occurred. From which the correspondent concludes that wolves have a very strong maternal instinct and love children.—*New York Sun.*

LITTLE maids, like weakest liquors, are sooner soured.

## Popular Education.

We sympathize with the feeling which often leads citizens to boast that no child born in this country need grow up in ignorance, and yet it is a fact that many people who have learned to read and write have never taught themselves to think. A man who suffered from catarrh, consumption, bronchitis, scrofula, or "liver complaint," might read, till his eyes dropped out, how these and many other diseases have been cured by Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, but if he did not take the lesson to himself and test the virtues of this great medicine, his time would be thrown away.

### The Salon in American Society.

There is a growing ambitious desire in American social life for the revival of the salon, an institution which is sadly understood in this country. Now that the leaders of the social world are no longer among the younger set, it seems necessary for them to look about for some occupation more suitable to mature years and intellect than the cotillon, and as a natural consequence they fall back quite naturally on the salon as affording a chance for the exercise of their talents. That this hybrid social plant needs certain conditions of soil in which to thrive the very certain, and only amid such encouraging environments can a healthy growth be looked for. To start it into life requires much tact and knowledge of human nature as it exists in Boston circles of brains and fashion. To so bring together the two cliques as to make them mix successfully is something that a Ulysses might quail at, but it must be remembered that Ulysses was but a man after all, and the new social movement, if accomplished at all, will be accomplished by woman. There is wit and beauty enough for many a "salon" in the material at hand, and if Boston cannot yet boast such another coterie as gayly bandied wit and repartee in the salons on the Faubourg St. Germain, it can at least furnish a near approach to it.—*Boston Post.*

The first iron boat is said to have been built in 1777 on the River Foss, in Yorkshire. It was fifteen feet long and made of sheet iron.

Dr. SAGE'S Catarrh Remedy cures when every other so-called remedy fails.

Is this world joy is measured by the cup; trouble by the peck.

## PRICKLYASH BITTERS

IT IS A PURELY VEGETABLE PREPARATION CONTAINING PRICKLYASH BARK AND PRICKLYASH BERRIES SENNA-MANDRAKE-UCHU AND OTHER EQUALLY EFFICIENT REMEDIES. Seit der Zeit seines Bestehens ist der Prickly Ash Bitters als ein Unterstutzmittel zum Heilen des Blutes, zur Straffung der Leber, Galle, Nieren und des Magens bekannt.

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**ELY'S CREAM BALM**  
Is the best remedy for children suffering from COLD IN HEAD, SNUFFLES OR CATARRH.  
Apply Balm into each nostril.  
ELY BROS., 235 Greenwich St., N. Y.

## HOW THEY FALL BEHIND.



There is really no profit in recommending the worthless, for the reaction in the mind of those who buy and are deceived is pointedly against everything sold by such a dealer.

Hence, the force of the following voluntary letter, which is based upon the conscientious conviction formed from the long and cautious experience of a leading drug house of Boston, represents in every line a most important and valued revelation: "Boston July 11, 1887.—The Charles A. Vogeler Co.—Gentlemen: Many preparations are placed before the public, and for a time at least they have a large but temporary sale—large, because of the extensive advertising; temporary, because the suffering class soon realize that the compound possesses but little merit. Not so with St. Jacob's Oil. Its success has been constant from the start, and to-day we regard it as one of those standard remedies that our trade consider as absolutely essential to always carry in their stock. Personal experience and the good words of the druggists of New England all tend to prove that each year will add to its sale and well deserved popularity. Signed, Doolittle & Smith." Taking the many cases of cure, published by the proprietors, examples are given of its unvarying effects in the worst chronic cases, and there is nothing in trade which can approach its efficacy.

## KIDDER'S

## DIGESTYLIN

A SURE CURE FOR INDIGESTION and DYSPEPSIA.  
Over 5,000 Physicians have sent us their approval of DIGESTYLIN, saying that it is the best preparation for Indigestion that they have ever used.  
We have never heard of a case of Dyspepsia where DIGESTYLIN was taken that was not cured.

**FOR CHOLERA INFANTUM.**  
IT WILL CURE THE MOST AGGRAVATED CASES. IT WILL STOP VOMITING IN PREGNANCY. IT WILL RELIEVE CONSTIPATION.  
For Summer Complaints and Chronic Diarrhea, which are the direct results of imperfect digestion, DIGESTYLIN will effect an immediate cure.  
Take DIGESTYLIN for all pains and disorders of the stomach; they all come from indigestion. Ask your druggist for DIGESTYLIN (price 10¢ per bottle). If he does not have it, send one dollar to us and we will send a bottle to you, express prepaid. Do not hesitate to send your money. Our house is reliable. Established twenty-five years.  
W. M. F. KIDDER & CO.,  
Manufacturing Chemists, 23 John St., N. Y.

## I CURE FITS!

When I say cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office. H. G. ROOT, M. D., 153 Pearl St., New York.

## FREE! A SPECIMEN COPY OF THE TOLEDO BLADE!

(NASEY'S PAPER.)  
THE BEST WEEKLY IN THE WORLD!  
Send Postal, asking for it to THE BLADE, Toledo, O.

*Better THAN THE BEST*  
Is the Grand Rapid Business College and Practical Training School. (Established 1865.) Send for College Journal. Address, C. C. SWENBERG, Grand Rapids, Mich.

**AGENTS WANTED** to sell NOVELTY RUG PATTERNS, for making Rugs, Pillows, Caps, Mittens, etc. Machines sent by mail for \$1. Send for latest reduced price list. F. LOSS & CO., Toledo, Ohio.

## CATARRH FREE

So great your faith we can cure you, dear sufferer, we will mail enough to convince. See R. A. LACKEY & Co., Newark, N. J.

## PATENTS

R. A. & A. P. LACKEY, Patent Attorneys, Washington, D. C. Inventions and suggestions as to patentability FREE. 17 years' experience.

## GO TO FLORIDA

and escape colds, free guide books, maps or truth about land, write O. M. CROSBY, 30 Franklin St., N. Y.

## HOME STUDY

Bookkeeping, Business English, Penmanship, and Arithmetic. Short-hand, etc., thoroughly taught by mail. Circulars free. BRYANT'S BUSINESS COLLEGE, Buffalo, N. Y.

## A NEW NOVEL

complete in each number; also stories and poems. \$10 per year. Send 10 cents for sample copy to LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE, Philadelphia.

## PENSIONS

Amateur and Professional Artists. Address: M. B. STEVENSON, 111 Metropolitan Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

## OPIUM FREE

newly discovered Habit Cured in 10 to 25 days. No pay till cured. Dr. J. Stephens, Lebanon, Ohio.

## \$250 A MONTH

Agents wanted. 10 best-selling articles in the world. 1 sample FREE. Address JAY BRONSON, Detroit, Mich.

## \$5

to \$5 a day. Samples worth \$150. FREE. Lines not under the horse's feet. Write Brewster Safety Razor Holder Co., Holly, Mich.

## PENSIONS

Collected and Increased by Fitzgerald & Powell, Indianapolis, Ind. Old cases reopened. Send for copy of Laws, free.

## PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION

to Soldiers and Heirs. L. RINGHAM, A. U. F. Washington, D. C. (OLD) is worth \$500 per pound. Pettit's Eye Salve (\$1.00), but is sold at 25 cents a box by dealers.



MORT & WILL OLDS, PUBLISHERS.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:

One Year, in advance ..... \$0.75  
Six Months ..... 50  
Three Months ..... 25

Entered at the Post Office at St. Joe as second-class matter.

FRIDAY DECEMBER 23, 1887.

We wish our readers a Merry Christmas, and a happy and prosperous New Year; and while we do this, we can not refrain from expressing our grateful thanks, for the many kind words and liberal patronage, that has been extended toward our little paper during the year. We have made no boasts that it has been anything more than a small local sheet, devoted to the interests of St. Joe and vicinity, and for the dissemination of home news. As such, we have every reason to believe that it has been appreciated.

We have a few extra copies of the News left this week. Send one to your friends.

Agent McKee has a sign on the door to the office at the depot, which reads: "Stay out." But they don't stay all the same.

The Spencerville Owl last week, says, "people generally spend their money where they get it." That's the point, exactly. Now will the Owl please tell us where most of the people through this country, market their grain, hogs and produce, and get their money?

The Edgerton Observer issued a sixteen-page pamphlet supplement last week, called "Our Christmas Chimes," which contained a number of advertisements, besides some interesting original miscellany. The Observer man is certainly doing his part toward booming the town.

W. C. B. Harrison, of the Hicksville Independent, jerked the latch string to our sanctum on Monday, and made us a very pleasant call. We have always been under the impression that an editor usually wore poor clothes, but Bro. Harrison was roged up like a Wall street banker.

Phillip Houk, died at his home, west of this place, Tuesday morning, Dec. 20th, 1887, at the age of 74 years. Several years ago while he was a resident of this place, his horse ran away, throwing him out on the hard ground, and seriously injuring him internally. Since that time his health has gradually been on the decline, until Tuesday morning, when he passed away. He was a christian in the fullest sense of the term, and at the time of his death was an elder in the Lutheran church at this place.

**ELECTRIC BITTERS.**—This remedy is becoming so well known and so popular as to need no special mention. All who have used Electric Bitters sing the same song of praise. A purer medicine does not exist and it is guaranteed to do all that is claimed. Electric Bitters will cure all diseases of the Liver and Kidneys, and will remove Pimples, Boils, Salt Rheum and other affections caused by impure blood. Will drive Malaria from the system and prevent as well as cure all Malarial fevers. For cure of Headache, Constipation and Indigestion try Electric Bitters. Entire satisfaction guaranteed, or money refunded. Price 50 cents and \$1. per bottle at W. C. Patterson's Drug Store.

OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

CONCORDTOWN.

Cap Andrews has bought seven acres off the corner of his father's farm, and will build on it soon.

I am anxious to know who is going to give me a Christmas present. Will except one from any body.

That trade between Arthur Platter and Josiah Koch has fell through. There was a baby in the way, as there frequently is.

Marion Dermott has bought forty acres of the old Tiffany farm of Fremont Nelson. We didn't learn the price paid for it.

Jack Allen has built an addition to his house, which adds very much to the looks of it, besides it gives Jack more room to spread himself.

R. G. Coburn claims that he has chopped more wood this winter so far, than any other man in Coburntown, and he is not quite sixty-three years old yet.

Any one wanting hogs shot, will please call on Wills Beaber, as he is a crack shot. If he can't hit them in the head, he will hit them some where else. For particulars ask Mort.

There was a chopping-bee at Ann Abel's last Wednesday, and for some cause there was a poor turnout, but all who were there worked like beavers, and got her up a nice lot of wood.

The Coburntown band boys will meet at the north school house in the future, instead of St. Joe, as they have been doing. St. Joe is no good.

SPENCERVILLE.

Arthur James was at Hicksville Sunday.

Mrs. Ben Springer has been seriously ill.

Dr. Murphy, of Leo, was in town Tuesday.

The debate was decided in favor of the negative.

E. Zimmerman, of Auburn, was in town Thursday.

The photograph gallery is doing an extensive business.

G. A. Bishop spent a couple of days at Kendallville this week.

The last No. of Vol. 1, of the Owl appeared in a colored coat last week.

There will be a Masonic Installation of officers next Tuesday evening.

Mrs. Z. T. Kagey and son George, of Hicksville, spent Sunday at this place.

Michael Vesper will spend the holidays at his old home near Ashland, Ohio.

Ben Zimmerman, the photographer has on exhibition a pet mouse. Come and see it.

George Smith got a little off this week, and came home Tuesday instead of Friday.

The Literary Society will meet next Monday evening. At which time the installation of officers will take place.

We have rope swings, we have seen pole swings, and we have heard of swings that go round and round, but Jake Baltz has the swing for kickers.

The ladies of the Lutheran church will hold a Bazaar at Walters' hall, Saturday afternoon, December 24th. Any person wishing to purchase Christmas presents, will do well to call on them, as there will be for sale many fancy articles such as the ladies of that church are capable of making. The Sunday school will have a tree at the church in the evening.

CONCORD.

Grandma Scott is quite sick.

Sabria Miller has been quite sick for several days.

Leighty Invites You

to call and examine his large stock of Dress Flannels, at

40, 50, 60 and 75 cents

per yard. Also an elegant line of Passementeries and Fur Trimmings. Plushes at \$1 per yard.

Emma Knight expects to visit in LaGrange during the holidays.

Harlo Ulm and wife, of near St. Johns, are visiting in the neighborhood for a few days.

Frank White, wife, and daughter Emma, of St. Joe, attended the Gibford party last Saturday.

George Draggoo has not forgotten how to hug the girls yet, as he proved at the Gibford party.

Ab Miller and wife, of East Springfield, were the guests of Henry Melton and family last Sunday.

The young people held their weekly party at the residence of Chris Keller last Monday evening.

Maggie Koch has been seriously afflicted with rheumatism, for some time past, but is getting better.

John Smith and family expect to start to Ohio next Friday evening, to see a sister of his wife's, who is very sick.

Mrs. Josie Morr's wood-chopping was well attended, and the men did a good work in getting up such a nice lot of winter wood.

The Sabbath school was reorganized last Sunday, with a full corps of efficient officers and teachers, and we predict a successful year of Sunday school work.

Dave and Dan Butler, Frank Wise and Charley Rhodes with their wives, and Mrs. Bowman, of Spencerville, came out to the birthday party of James Gibford, last Saturday.

Grandfather Houk died at his residence, last Monday night at 12 o'clock, after a long and painful illness. His remains were interred in the Spencerville cemetery last Wednesday.

They came from near and from afar, and gave James Gibford a genuine surprise last Saturday, in honor of his forty-third birthday. The house was crowded from "garrett to cellar," and all seemed to enjoy themselves quite heartily.



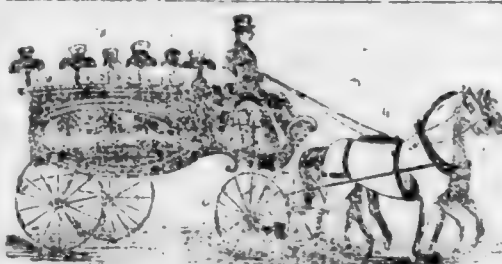
G. A. PATTERSON.

at the St. Joe Drugstore, repairs Clocks, Watches and Jewelry. All work warranted and prices reasonable. Give me your work.

Talk is Cheap

but the best place to buy Lemons, Oysters, Cranberries, Pickles, Onions, Candies, Canned Goods, Cigars, Tobaccos &c., is at

Mart Tustison's.



TRUTH IS RIGHT AND WILL PREVAIL.

LOOK THIS WAY!

I keep on hand a fine line of Furniture, which I will sell for the next 60 days at prices that defy competition. Glass Cupboards \$8.50. Double Cane Seat and Back Rockers \$2. Dressing Case, with French Plate Glass \$12.00. Carpet Lounge \$6.50. Solid Comfort Beds for \$2.25. Undertaking a specialty.

August Kinsey, St. Joe, Ind.

New Goods Arriving Daily!

CALL ON US FOR

BIG BARGAINS.

FULL LINE OF

LADIES CLOAKS AND WRAPS.

FINE STOCK OF CLOTHING ON HAND.

HEATING & COOK STOVES A SPECIALTY.

S. & F. BARNEY, ST. JOE, IND.



At the Drugstore.

Have you seen those elegant Dressing Cases? Those fine Silk Plush Albums; those elegant Ladies' Lace Pins; those fine Silver Plated Castors; all at prices that defy competition. Call and see for yourself.

At the Drugstore.

#### LOCALS.

Did you ever try to get your work all arranged in apple-pie order, and then at the last moment, have something happen to spoil it all? That was just the fix we were in last week. We were all ready to run off our edition, but through some hook or crook, the patent side of our paper was missent, and we did not receive it until Tuesday of this week. We are sorry it happened so, but are sure that our readers were no more disappointed than we were, that the News was not out on time.

Dr. Bowman was at Fort Wayne, yesterday.

Plenty of Fresh Tub Oysters just received at Tustison's.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Coughanour will spend Christmas at Hicksville.

F. W. Draggoo will begin a writing school at the Hay school house after the holidays.

Squire Abels and wife are anticipating a trip to Chicago to-morrow, to visit their daughter.

James Abels Esq., was called to Huntington this week, to attend to some legal business.

The pay car loomed up on Wednesday, and furnished the railroad boys the where-with to stock up for Christmas.

The W. C. T. U. will meet at the residence of Mrs. Mahlon Baker, Thursday, Dec. 29th, at 2:30 o'clock. We desire each member present.

County Superintendent Merica has been visiting the schools in this part of the county, this week. He reports them all in a flourishing condition.

We issue a handsome Christmas supplement this week. It cost us extra money, but we propose to give our readers the worth of their seventy-five cents.

Rev. Langley will begin a series of meetings at the Methodist church in this place next week. It is reported that a lady evangelist will assist in the work.

A genuine blizzard struck the town Wednesday morning, and has been putting in full time ever since. Such weather could be endured with a greater degree of comfort, if we only had good sleighing.

J. D. L. was in K. on Wednesday.

Filey, Lounsbury & Shuler shipped two car loads of lumber this week.

Take advantage of the low rates offered by the railroads and go to see your friends.

A car load of coal that was ordered three or four months ago for use in this place, just arrived yesterday.

Remember it is more blessed to give than to receive, and make your friends happy by giving them appropriate Christmas presents.

Some of the Hicksville business men have advertised that their places of business will be closed on Christmas. Of course they will; it comes on Sunday.

S. S. Shutt dropped in the other day to inquire how our gas well was getting along. Well, just moderately. We haven't reached Trenton rock yet.

Eleven new members were added to the Methodist church at this place last Sunday, as the result of the protracted meeting just closed at Widney's school house.

C. H. Brown and family visited friends in this place over last Sunday. C. H. has sold his interest in the Auburn Church Furniture Co., and is now looking up a new location. We do not know what kind of business he thinks of engaging in, but wish that he could be induced to stop in St. Joe.

J. W. Platter, the new commissioner from this district, made the News office a pleasant call on Friday. Mr. Platter takes to the work of a commissioner like a duck does to water, and the stand he took in refusing to grant a whiskey license to Meek, at Waterloo, is conclusive evidence that he has a mind of his own, and that he proposes to use it in his official duties.

Several of our citizens went to Maysville, Sunday evening, to hear Mrs. Mershon, a lady evangelist, preach. She is one of the sensational kind of preachers, who are traveling over the country, and it is said that right in the midst of some of her sermons she goes into a trance and remains in that condition for some ten or twenty minutes. She is a good talker, and large crowds flock to hear her.

There's nothing small about Spencerville, judging from the big words that the Dispatch correspondent from that place used last week, in regard to an article that appeared in the Courier the week before. He says: "The caricatum at the head of the article fairly represents the propoundety of the writer's ability." In what part of Webster do you find the words, "caricatum" and "propoundety?" We merely ask for information.

Mrs. F. Buchanan was visiting at one of her neighbors the other day, and when she came to leave, and had got as far as the gate, she found that she had forgotten something, and setting her hand-bag down, ran back into the house after it. Just like a woman, when she got in the house, she got to talking, and instead of staying a minute, she was gone nearly a half hour. Upon coming out she found the hand-bag gone, and as there was quite a sum of money in it, you can imagine that she was considerably alarmed. After a long search, it was found quite a distance from the house, where it had been carried by a mischievous dog. Ladies can learn a valuable lesson from this little incident; and that is, that when they go away for a minute, they ought to make it a point not to be gone longer than six or eight hours, at the farthest.

## NEW

0000000 THE BEST OF FITS. 0000000

## Merchant Tailor,

0000000 AT THE LOWEST PRICE. 0000000

### Hicksville, Ohio.

I have opened a Merchant Tailor Establishment in the Center Room of the Correll Block, and I solicit the patronage of the citizens of St. Joe and vicinity. I have a fine line of

#### FINE PIECE GOODS.

and I invite you to call and see them. With good goods, first-class workmen and low prices, I hope to please all. Remember I guarantee a perfect fit in every particular.

### A. Bequilliard,

HICKSVILLE, OHIO.

## D. W. & K.,

That stands for Daniels, Wilson & Kagey, proprietors of the Hicksville Full Roller Flouring Mills; one of the most complete mills in the state. They guarantee satisfaction in every instance. Their old friends as well as all others, will be sure to give them a call when they go to Hicksville.

### Daniels, Wilson & Kagey,

### For Sale.

A yoke of well-broke oxen, coming four years old next spring. Will sell cheap for cash.

Henry Melton, Concord, Ind.

### For Sale.

A good one and a-half story dwelling and lot, situated in St. Joe, for sale at a bargain. For particulars call on or address

A. M. Richards, Hicksville, O.

### Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

THE BEST SALVE in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by W. C. Patterson.

At a meeting of the John C. Carnes Post, G. A. R., held at their hall in this place, last Saturday evening, the following officers were elected to serve the ensuing year:

Commander, John A. Provines,  
S. V. Commander, W. M. Ables,  
J. V. " Joseph Koeh,  
Chaplain, S. P. Fryberger,  
Officer of the Day, Mahlon Baker,  
Quarter-Master, H. Hull,  
Officer of Guard, H. H. Meek,  
Surgeon, Wm. DeMaranville,  
Adjutant, O. H. Widney,  
Sergeant-Major, P. P. Shuler,  
Q. M. Sergeant, James Draggoo.

The schools of this place will not dismiss during the holidays.

Heavy snows have fallen in the west this week, causing considerable inconvenience to railroad travel.

The Y. P. T. L. A. will meet at the residence of Miss Sake Bartlett, on Wednesday evening, December, 28th, 1887.

## The Anchor Mills,

### FULL ROLLER.

In every particular, and the farmers reliable place to get their grists ground. We guarantee satisfaction. We keep constantly on hand a supply of mill feed. Our trade is booming, and customers continue to come from far and near to the Anchor.

### Full Roller Mills,

HICKSVILLE, OHIO.

### C. V. TANNEHILL,

## DENTIST,

HICKSVILLE, O.

Teeth extracted without pain. Filling teeth with gold or other material, carefully and promptly done. All kinds of artificial teeth made to order and warranted. Rooms over Miller & Jeffries' Hardware, in Casebeer's Block, Hicksville, Ohio.

### IS CONSUMPTION INCURABLE?

Read the following: G. H. Morris, Newark, Ark., says: "Was down with Abscess of Lungs, and friends and physicians pronounced me an incurable Consumptive. Began taking Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, am now on my third bottle, and able to oversee the work on my farm. It is the finest medicine ever made."

Jesse Middlewart, Decatur, Ohio, says: "Had it not been for Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption I would have died of Lung Troubles. Was given up by doctors. Am now in best of health." Try it. Sample bottles free at W. C. Patterson's Drug Store.

Prof. Chaney of Sedan, was in town on Friday of last week.

The ladies of the Lutheran church at Spencerville, will hold a Holiday Bazaar during next week.

Why are the church bells of this place like a woman's tongue? Because they are always on the go.

J. M. Shutt, editor-in-chief of the Maysville Breeze, was in town Friday, and favored the News office with a call.

Wort Langley talks of writing a book. We suggest that he take for a subject, "The Rise and Fall of the Moustache."

The Waterloo Press wants to know what constitutes a good moral man? We'll give it up Bro. Willis. Ask us something easy.

The western bound fast line ran into a freight at Fostoria, last Friday night, wrecking both trains and killing a fireman and one passenger, besides injuring several others.

One night last week, while some one was ringing the Methodist bell, the frame on which it was hung, not being properly fastened, spread out, leaving the bell down. Fortunately, it did not fall with force enough to break through the floor beneath, or considerable damage might have resulted.

We have heard it intimated that some persons at Spencerville claim that the business men of this town were particularly anxious to have the saloon at that place closed, in order to bring more trade to St. Joe. What nonsense! Just as if a saloon brought any additional trade to a town. To the contrary, rather, for if there was no place where men could spend their money for liquor, it would be paid out for the real necessities of life, and thus increase the amount of trade.



# The St. Joe News

ST. JOE, INDIANA.

MORT & WILL OLDS, PUBLISHER.

## EVENTS OF A WEEK.

### THE OLD WORLD.

Chinese papers received at San Francisco give details of the destruction of the city of Ching-Chow and ten other populous cities, in the province of Honan, and the flooding of the entire country, Sept. 28, by the Yellow River overflowing its banks. The loss of life and property is described as appalling, but no figures are given. Millions of Chinese are homeless and starving. Where recently there were eleven densely populated cities and a rich plain, there is now a wide lake from ten to thirty feet deep, while the former bed of the river is now dry. The present lake was the bed of the river centuries ago. Thomas Hutton, an American missionary, writing from Honan province under date of Oct. 28, says:

The newly gathered crops, houses, and trees are all swept away, involving a fearful loss of life. "Bread, bread," is the cry of thousands who are on the river bank. Benevolent people go in boats and throw bread among the masses here and there, but it is nothing compared with what is required. The mass of people is still being increased by continual arrivals. There they sit, stunned, hungry, and dejected, without a rag to wear or a morsel of food. Mat huts are being erected for them, but what it will be in two months I cannot conceive. The misery is increased owing to the bitter cold weather.

The extent of ground swept over by the overwhelming flood is over seven thousand square miles, and the land thus submerged formed a part of one of the richest and most densely populated plains of Northern China.

While M. Carnot's election is looked upon as a victory for the peace-loving bourgeois and peasant proprietor element, and while a tone of mild satisfaction has characterized the utterances of the German press at his elevation, the baffled promoters of disturbance are no less active than before, says a Paris dispatch. France does not for a moment relax her endeavors to place her army upon an effective footing, as if a war was to be daily expected, and work upon the forts around Toul is being hurried night and day, as if in answer to the German augmentation of the defenses at Metz. Railways between the various forts at Toul are nearly constructed, making a great saving of time and labor in transporting men and material from place to place. On the Italian frontier strong works will be at once commenced.

The war between Austria and Russia is still raging fiercely in the newspapers.

A drastic bill authorizing the expulsion from the country of such socialists as have incurred penalties for violating the anti-socialist law has been introduced into the Reichstag at Berlin, under the terms of which most of the socialistic members of that body may be expelled.

Aubertin, the assailant of Ferry, was arraigned, but while the examination was in progress he was attacked with dementia, and had to be removed to a mad-house.

At a military council, presided over by the Emperor Francis Joseph, in Vienna, it was determined to devote a large sum of money to the purchase of equipments and the construction of huts for troops in Galicia, but not to increase the forces unless there should be some further aggressive movement on the part of Russia. The two powers keep on strengthening their positions along the frontier, while giving profuse explanations that they entertain the most friendly feelings toward each other.

### PERSONAL NOTES.

A Hallowell (Me.) dispatch announces the death of Gov. Bodwell. His death was caused by congestion of the lungs, due to exposure and overwork. Gov. Joseph R. Bodwell was a native of Maine, being born in Lawrence in 1818. When but 8 years old he was thrown on his own resources. When a young man he settled in Hallowell, in that State, and for many years was the President of the Hallowell Granite Company. By shrewd management and honest dealings he accumulated a fortune of several millions of dollars. The citizens of Hallowell have twice honored him with the Mayoralty of the city, and twice elected him to the General Assembly of Maine before he was chosen Governor.

The poet Whittier celebrated the eightieth anniversary of his birth at his home in Danvers, Massachusetts, on Dec. 17. Many distinguished people called upon him during the day to offer their congratulations.

An Omaha dispatch announces the death of S. P. Rounds, President of the Omaha Republican Company. He was at first attacked with pneumonia, followed by pleurisy, but had so far recovered as to be considered out of danger, when he was seized with heart

trouble, an old affection, which was the direct cause of his death.

Starling Parker Rounds was a native of Vermont and was born in June, 1828. He learned the printer's trade in Buffalo, after which he went to Racine, Wis., where he started a weekly paper. He was married in Racine Dec. 8, 1854, and has three sons and two daughters living. One daughter is the wife of O. H. Rothaker, the journalist. After his marriage Mr. Rounds removed to Milwaukee and started the *News* as a weekly paper. He afterward went to Chicago and opened a large job printing office on State street, in company with James J. Langdon. They were burned out by the fire, but opened an office soon after on Monroe street, where they continued business until their failure five years later. In 1882 Mr. Rounds was appointed public printer by President Garfield, and held the office until the incoming of the present administration. A year ago in September he bought the *Omaha Republican*, and has lived there since. His father is still living at Eureka, Wis. He has a brother in Milwaukee and a sister at Aurora, Ill.

The father of Congressman Weaver of Iowa, died at Atchison, Kan., at the age of 84 years.

### FINANCIAL AND INDUSTRIAL.

Scarle, Van Niman & Co., Philadelphia, jobbers of notions and white goods, have made an assignment. Their liabilities are estimated at \$265,000. The firm of D. De Castro & Co., shipping and commission merchants, of New York, have failed. Their assets and liabilities are estimated at from \$750,000 to \$1,000,000.

The business failures during the week numbered for the United States 254, for Canada 31, or a total of 285, as against 254 the preceding week, and 288 for the corresponding week of last year. R. G. Dun & Co., of New York, in their weekly review of trade, say:

No lack of money checks speculative activity; on call the supply is abundant, and the large demand for money on time is now fairly met. Interests reports all indicate less monetary pressure, though the market at some points is still close. Complaints of slow collections continue, but are less general; past pressure is reflected, however, in an unusually large number of failures. Foreign trade improves. Though the figures and the course of foreign exchanges indicate that foreign capital still moves to this country, rather than out of it, the stock market has declined on the average about 70 cents per share and grows dull. There is clear, though moderate, improvement in the commercial and industrial outlook, mainly due to a growing confidence that Congress will finally do nothing prejudicial to business interests. At the same time it is observed that uncertainty in regard to the action of Congress tends to restrict purchases, and contributes to the weakness in some markets. Monetary anxieties diminish and speculation in products abates.

A large and extensive cotton-mill at Charleston, South Carolina, is likely to shut down because of the difficulty the managers have experienced in their attempts to secure white labor.

Several thousand men have been thrown out of employment by the closing of the Edgar Thompson steel-works at Baddock, Pennsylvania.

### POLITICAL POINTS.

Postmaster Joseph Manley, of Augusta, Me., in an interview at New York, said:

I have no question but Mr. Blaine will be nominated at Chicago, and by acclamation, because Republicans in every section of the land regard his nomination as the strongest one that can be made. Of course I do not know what Mr. Blaine will do, but I believe he is too much of a patriot and too good a Republican, whatever his private wishes and desires may be, to decline such a call made upon him.

There were 1,333 delegates present at the convention of Republican clubs which met in Chickering Hall, New York, Dec. 16, and 350 clubs were represented. Seventy-five additional clubs were accredited but not represented. The early proceedings of the convention were presided over by Temporary Chairman Daniel J. Ryan. As the roll of the clubs was called, the names of the old party leaders were cheerfully called, especially the name of Blaine, although it was noticeable that the Ohio delegation did not join in this demonstration. Resolutions favoring coast defenses and the distribution of the tobacco and whisky taxes among the States were offered and referred. A resolution offered by Mr. Grosvenor, of Ohio, denouncing L. Q. C. Lamar, and declaring that he ought not to be elevated to the Supreme bench, caused a sensation. Senator Evans was made permanent Chairman.

Both branches of the South Carolina Legislature passed a bill pensioning the Confederate soldiers. The expense will amount to \$50,000 per year.

The Convention of Republican Clubs completed its labors on Saturday, the 17th inst., and adjourned. Mr. James P. Foster, President of the New York Republican Club, was elected President of the newly created National League. The resolution against the confirmation of Mr. Lamar was tabled.

### FIRES AND ACCIDENTS.

A square of business buildings at Shelbyville, Tenn., was burned, creating a loss of over \$100,000, with insurance approximating \$75,000.

Fire destroyed the Excelsior mill factory and the starch mills at Elkhart, Ind. The loss is estimated at \$110,000. By the burning of the Hope cracker and biscuit works at

Pittsburg a loss of \$50,000 was incurred. The greater part of Pocauntas, Tenn., was burned, the loss aggregating \$17,000, with no insurance.

J. M. Hummel's agricultural warehouse, at Sandwich, Ill., was burned, entailing a loss of \$25,000, with about \$10,000 insurance.

Near Mechanicsville, Iowa, two freight trains on the Chicago and Northwestern Railroad collided, killing a brakeman named Kelly, of Clinton, injuring the engineers and firemen of both trains, and demolishing thirty cars.

An incendiary fire destroyed the business portion of Mapleton, D. T. The loss is \$34,000, and the insurance \$13,250.

The art store of J. C. Iverson & Co., of Milwaukee, was destroyed by fire, the loss amounting to over \$100,000.

### THE CRIMINAL RECORD.

A St. Louis dispatch says: "Advices from Tamaulipas, Mexico, state that there was much trouble there and a riot during the election Sunday. One of the parties opened the polls, when the others began to fight. At each of polls there was a pitched battle, and the ballot-boxes were overturned or destroyed. Eight men were killed and over forty wounded. The result is that the old Mayor will hold over for another term."

Henry S. Ives, of the defunct banking firm of H. S. Ives & Co., was arrested at New York on a charge of grand larceny made by Julius Dexter, President of the Cincinnati, Hamilton and Dayton Railroad Company, and was released on \$25,000 bail. Ives' sister furnishing the bond. The "Napoleon of finance" is charged with stealing a draft for \$100,000 which had been intrusted to him as trustee.

As a result of the feud between the Adams and Cawwell factions in Rock Castle County, Kentucky, seven men have been killed within a week, many others wounded and several houses burned.

A Quitman (Ga.) special reports that a large band of masked men entered the town and demanded the jail keys for the purpose of getting John Porter, a negro who had been imprisoned the day before for an assault upon a white lady. The jailer stoutly resisted, when several shots were fired at him, one of them taking effect. The jail door was battered down, the prisoner secured, and the party disappeared. The following morning at a point three miles from town the body of the negro was found hanging from a tree limb. Over a hundred bullet holes were pierced through it.

### MISCELLANEOUS NOTES.

It is reported from Eldorado, Kan., that a raid upon the Oklahoma district is being secretly organized in three States, the arrangement being that the way to open the Indian Territory to settlement is to open it. One hundred thousand men, it is said, are prepared to invade the Territory at a given date.

The most important measures passed by the Mexican Congress, which has just adjourned, were two bills, one authorizing a new loan of \$10,500,000, and the other providing for compulsory education in the federal district and territories.

Lying in the vault at Waldheim Cemetery for five weeks, under the constant guard of those who knew them when living, sentiment being, says a Chicago special, the bodies of the five anarchists, August Spies, George Engel, Adert R. Parsons, Adolph Fischer, and Louis Lingg, were on Sunday consigned to the great Mother Earth. All of the most noted anarchists of the city were present on the train, and also a large number of equally prominent labor-leaders of unpronounced anarchist type. The speakers of the day were Capt. William P. Back, Paul Grottkau of Milwaukee, Albert Curtin of St. Louis, and Joseph R. Buchanan. The features of the dead all looked as if but little marred by the lapse of time since life had departed from them, with the exception of Lingg's, around whose eyes were broad purplish-red rings. The grave or vault was open at the top, its sides and floor being made of solid masonry. Its width is that of the length of a coffin, and its length just sufficient to contain the coffins packed close side by side. The five coffins having been lowered into this curious vault, an immense flag-stone was lowered down over it, covering the vault entirely, the stone being lowered down into its place with the aid of a derrick. During all the ceremonies excellent order was preserved, and the only show of a want of reverence for the occasion was the use of the word "Bravo" by several of the auditors during the progress of Grottkau's speech.

Mr. Perry C. Smith, of New Jersey, is to succeed Mr. Higgins as chief of the appointment division of the Treasury Department. He is at present employed in the Postoffice Department, and is a cousin of Secretary Fairchild.

### THE KING OF MOTORS.

A level-headed writer in the *Milling Engineer* says: "The steam engine is first, last, and all the time the king of motors, and holds the throne against all comers. The water wheel is disappearing into the back settlements, and is no longer used where active competition demands the fullest facilities for manufacturing. Electricity is a possible rival to the steam engine for small powers, but is only a secondary power as yet, the prime mover being the steam engine."

"Now, steam being still king, why should not those who live by attending to it learn something of the master they serve? No doubt many are desirous of doing so, and the very first step toward gaining a knowledge of steam and the steam engine is to read what others have discovered about it. Young men, especially, must remember that the day of a squirt-can engineering has gone by, and the demand is for men who can run engines understandingly, or with some knowledge of the principles involved. This demand may be less in some sections than in others, but the day is not far off when engineers will have to be such, in fact, not in name. Men will not be tolerated who cannot show a better record than: 'This certifies that John Smith is a sober man,' etc. Now there are no books which teach engineering pure and simple. There never was a book and there never will be one which can make an engineer out of a tramp or a handy man who happens along. An engineer is the product of time, experience, and study—that covers him in all lines. It takes time to get experience, and when one gets it he must get that of others also; he must get his facts correctly from the fountain head, and not from gadabouts around a threshing machine engine. The place to get facts about steam engines is in a common philosophy, for the steam engine is controlled by laws written in every book on physics. There are no chapters on it therein; there is no part which says one must turn this cock or open that valve; nothing in a common philosophy tells one when a boiler is going to burst in so many words, but in the laws of heat, of atmospheric action, in the behavior of water under certain conditions, the engineer finds instruction which he cannot do without, and which enables him to get over difficulties which floor others."

### "TICK TO YOUR LAST."

This phrase, though seemingly referring to the disciples of St. Crispin, is accepted as of general application. The enormously rich Zadock Pratt was a tanner by trade—a man of quaint manners and speech and strong common sense. A speculator was once showing him a new method of tanning, by the use of which, he argued, great sums of money might be made. Pratt told him he had no reason to doubt his assertion but he was making money enough; and that he (the speculator) had better find some one who was not doing so well. He made it an invariable rule to resist all attempts to lure him from his legitimate business, and by this undeviating application rolled up a splendid fortune.

The well-known story of Plautus, the Roman comic writer, is an apt though ancient illustration of the rule of sticking to your business. He acquired a handsome fortune by his comedies. He was afterward tempted to embark in trade, and met with such severe losses that he was reduced to the necessity of working in a mill as a day laborer.

Does any man wound thee? Not only forgive, but work into thy thought intelligence of the kind of pain, that thou mayest never inflict it on another spirit.

REPENTANCE without amendment is like continual pumping in a ship without stopping the leaks.







### The Model Aspect of a Good Dinner.

There is a certain class of persons who seem to think they show their superiority by affecting an indifference to the pleasures of a good table, says the New York Tribune. We hear people boastfully saying: "We live as plainly as possible. We have no time to devote to cooking." A daintily served, well-cooked dinner may be just as much a proof of the superior refinement and culture of the individual as any intellectual task. The hiring hand can never take the place of the mistress. It is utterly futile to expect a crude servant will cook and serve a dinner properly. The difference between a family of healthy children and a family of sickly children, the difference between despondency and hope, often lies in the hands of the cook, and yet some mothers relegate this responsibility to a "green girl." The entire life is sometimes wrecked by ill-health and health is often wrecked by poorly cooked food or poorly selected food or some ignorance of a fundamental law of food supply. It is not enough to supply "plain food" if this means a monotonous diet of bread and butter, meat and potatoes. There are other articles that offer variety that are just as inexpensive. It is the housekeeper's duty to see that there is a variety on her table. The appetites of her household should never flag or be cloyed with sameness. Every one who sits at the dinner-table of the true housewife "respects her dinner" if he is a healthy individual and has not been spoiled by dyspepsia. A housewife has no reason to scorn her work because it is not intellectual. It is senseless for her to neglect her mission at home as of minor importance. No housekeeper can provide the proper food and a variety of it without giving fully one-half her time to her task. The increase of saloons in our great cities is due without doubt to the miserably cooked food of the poorer tenement districts. In the districts whose living facilities are worst does the saloon flourish most successfully. Men with their bodies weakened by insufficient food or unwholesome food and their minds inflamed by stimulants easily become desperate, dangerous individuals. In the country where the air is pure, the food supply fresh, and the cooking even among the poorer people is done with more care, there are no anarchists and comparatively little intemperance. Unless the body is kept strong and healthy the mind becomes prone to eccentricities of various kinds. A well-balanced mind is always a mind which is nourished by a healthy body.

"Sir, respect your dinner, idolize it, enjoy it, and you will bet many hours in the week, many weeks in the year, and many years in your life happier."

### Tell-Tale Footprints.

In a letter to his friend Mr. Morrill, of Rokeby Park, Sir Walter Scott tells of a somewhat curious method which was employed in Galloway for the arrest of a man who had put to death a young woman. The crime had been committed in a wayside cottage, and the only possible clue was a footprint on the clay floor of the humble residence.

Suspicion, however, fell upon a certain individual, a young man living in the same village. But on mere suspicion only no arrest could be made. The local minister, therefore, advertised from the pulpit that the girl would be buried on a certain day, and that all persons in the neighborhood were invited to attend the funeral to show their detestation of the crime, as well as to evince their own innocence. He calculated that by adopting this course he would be able to gather together every one in the locality.

When the people had assembled in the kirk the doors were locked by the Sheriff's order, and the shoes of all the men were examined. By this plan the murderer—who was observed to display great nervousness and fear—was detected, a peculiarity in his shoe exactly corresponding to a mark in the footprint. Afterward the wretched man confessed.

Footprints, indeed, have led to many arrests. Very few persons have feet of the same shape, and unless a man be wearing a new pair of boots it is probable that he would leave a footprint with peculiarities of its own.—London Exchange.

GOVERNMENT is the creature of the people, and that which they have created they surely have a right to examine.—Robert Hall.

### A Shorn Lamb.

Farmer Grind drew a long, deep sigh and stood it up against a slanting sunbeam which came into the barn through a crack in the big door where he was at work. It was just as well to preserve it, for sighs were not as fresh and bright with him as they used to be in days before he had the asthma, so he thought it best to lay it by for future use; in fact, Farmer Grind laid every thing by for future use that he could.

It was really sad to see this white-haired old man, this weather-beaten green stump of the forest, bowed down with grief, and the pitiful tears came into his eyes and trickled down to the end of his nose, from which he ever and anon wiped them with the back of his gnarled and brawny hand.

"You seem under the influence of a heavy sorrow, Brother Grind," remarked the young parson, who had entered unperceived, and seated himself on an upturned horse bucket, while the farmer was stuffing another bunch of straw into the cutter.

The farmer looked up from his work with a weary smile of recognition and replied, after he had changed his quid to the other cheek:

"Yes, brother, the hand of misfortune has rested heavily upon me. I try to bear it like a Christian, but it's mighty hard, parson, and it goes powerful agin the grain to be resigned."

"I hope so, my afflicted brother, and trust that I may offer the consolations of religion," said the parson, sympathetically; "but in what way have you been bereaved?" I hope your wife—

"Oh, Betsy is all right," interrupted the farmer.

"And the children? I had not heard. You have not lost any of the children?" and the parson grew more animated in his interest.

"Not as I know of," said the farmer. "not a blamed kid; the children are all doing well enough."

"Where, then, has the blow fallen, brother? At what sacred place in the family circle has the dread shaft of the Death angel been turned to bring sadness into a once happy home? The wind, I trust, will be tempered to the shorn lamb."

"The family circle is all serene, parson, but as for misfortune, I should rather think I've had my share since I saw you. You know that colt—that ornary plug that uster run in the calf-lot that?—Well, sir, last spring I—I— At this point the old man completely broke down, sobbed audibly, and gritted his teeth. "I sold him to Gabe Cummins for \$30 and an old hair bridle."

"Seems to me that was a fair price," said the parson.

"Seemed to me, at the time, that it was, but this is a weary world, parson, and we never know what trials is in store for us. I know, parson, you'll pardon my emotion when I tell you the news that I heard only this morning. What do you think, but that that do-blamed fool colt, that I sold for \$30 and an old hair bridle, made a mile last Monday in 2:20, and beat Silvertown Maid on a \$500 bet. Gabe Cummins raked in all that wealth. There isn't much temperin' of the shorn lamb to the wind in that. I'm the worst shorn lamb you ever see, parson, and I tell you this seems to be a mighty cold day fur lambs."

Under the shadow of his great misfortune the old man bowed his hoary head over the straw cutter, and dropped a tear and a large gob of grief into its depths. Some sorrows are too sacred to be gazed on by strange eyes. The parson felt that even the consolation of religion would be inadequate in this case, and he tiptoed out of the barn and left the old man with his heart so sorrowful.—Texas Siftings.

### A Zoological Loss.

A famous sea anemone—a specimen of *Actinia mesembryanthemum* has just succumbed to parasitic disease in the Royal Botanical Gardens of Edinburgh, after sixty years of captivity. From its great age, and its more than 600 immediate offsprings, it had become familiarly known as "Granny." This interesting creature is pictured in several scientific works, and was visited by many eminent scientific men and travelers in addition to the usual sight-seers. It was fed regularly once a fortnight with half a mussel, and was supplied with fresh water after each of these meals.

Let your character be as firm as granite and the shafts of your enemies cannot harm it.

### FITH AND POINT.

WHEN a singer's throat is raw, you can't expect her song to be well done.

A DOCTOR who speaks only one language may yet understand a great many tongues.

THERE is a good deal said about the failure of the potato crop, but it is mostly rot.

A FELLER dot have a mind on his head, must gif dot mind some bread and butter to keep it lively.—Cari Pretzel.

It was a church mouse shot full of holes that gave rise to the expression, "As porous as a church mouse.—Texas Siftings.

"THE sphere of woman is to elevate man," says a writer. True, no doubt, yet the same might be said of whisky and dynamite.

A CIRCUS performer was once knighted in England, says an exchange. Did he become Lord Summerset?—Texas Siftings.

EVEN if a boy is always whistling "I want to be an angel," it is just as well to keep the preserved pears on the top shelf.—Texas Siftings.

WIFE—O doctor, Benjamin seems to be wandering in his mind? Doctor (who knew Benjamin)—Don't trouble about that,—he can't go far.

A WESTERN chiropodist announces his entrance into a town by a bill with the caption, "See the corn-cutting hero comes."—Yonkers Statesman.

A MAN who has been hanged can very properly be used to point an argument for prohibition. It is a clear case of "a drop too much."—Boston Globe.

TWO MAMMOTH'S teeth have been dug out of a sand-pit in Omaha. They haven't been claimed yet. Everybody seems to be waiting for Hank White to do it.

BLOOMSON says that Dumpsey is one of the most generous men he ever saw. He gives himself away almost every time he opens his mouth.—Burlington Free Press.

"YES," said Mrs. Bascom to her neighbor, Mrs. Ponsonby, "I always did admire Deacon Samuela. He is the most dignified looking man when he is asleep that I ever saw."

AN English medical journal has offered a prize to any one who discovers the cause of baldness. We do not know how it is in England, but in this country baldness is generally caused by a loss of hair.—Arkansas Traveler.

A VENERABLE Methodist minister is authority for the statement that no camp-meeting can be successful in a location where there is fishing. The average pious fisherman is so given to lying about his luck it is of no use for him to pray and shout between the intervals of going out to the "shoals."—Martha's Vineyard Herald.

ONCE in a while those severe Bostonians will make a joke that has a decidedly Wild Western flavor about it. The other day two gentlemen were discussing the recent appointment of Mr. George W. Cable as a Bible instructor in Boston. "It is strange," said one, "that a novelist should be invited to point out the road to righteousness." "Not so strange nowadays," replied the other; "Cable roads are becoming very common."—New York Tribune.

### STORY OF THE BUSTLE.

Her ma said her boots were too high in the heel.

But no other style she would wear.

One day while out walking she stepped on a peel

Of banana, and uttering an ear-piercing squeal,

She frantically clutched at the air.

Her bustle was rubber, inflated, of course,

The fashion prevailing to meet;

And it turned out to be of her safety the source

For when she sat down on the sidewalk with force

She bounded right back to her feet.

In the foregoing maidens who stylish boots wear

This moral will easily find:

When sidewalks are icy or out of repair

A bustle of rubber, inflated with air,

Is handy to carry behind.

—Boston Courier.

### Too Well Reconciled.

"My brother," said the pastor, laying his hand tenderly upon the shoulder of the weeping man, "I know not how to comfort you. You have lost the best and dearest friend in all this world, but the Bible teaches you resignation."

"Never!" howled the stricken postmaster, springing to his feet—"never! I'll hold on to the end of my term, and you haven't got enough influence in your whole party to put me out! Don't come around talking resignation to me!"—Burdette.

M. T. BISHOP,

—DEALER IN—

LUMBER, LIME,

—LATH,—

SHINGLES,

MOULDING &c.

Large Stock and Low Prices. Yard  
Near Depot, St. Joe, Ind.

J. F. WALKER,

MAKER AND DEALER IN

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Harness, Collars,

0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0

WHIPS, HARNESS OIL &c.

ST. JOE, IND.

Repairing done promptly. Prices as  
low as the lowest. Call and see.



WILLIAM CURIE,

PROPRIETOR OF

MEAT MARKET

ST. JOE, IND.

Highest market-price paid for Hides,  
Tallow &c. Give me a call.

F. A. ZEIGLER,

MAKER AND DEALER IN

HARNESS

COLLARS, WHIPS,

Fly Nets and Dusters,

HARNESS OIL &c.

Prices the Lowest. All work guar-  
anteed. Call and see me.

Blacksmith

AND

Repair Shop.

Having secured the services of an experienced workman, I am now prepared to do all kinds of Blacksmithing and Repairing in a first-class manner. Special attention given to repairing machinery. Give me a call. Prices reasonable.

A. W. Hall, St. Joe.



# THE ST. JOE NEWS.

VOL. I.

ST. JOE, IND., FRIDAY, DECEMBER 30, 1887.

NO. 49.

## Churches.

### DISCIPLE.

SERVICES every alternate Sunday evening, in the Lutheran church. Cottage prayer meeting every Friday evening.

J. A. THOMAS, PASTOR.

### METHODIST PROTESTANT.

SERVICES every alternate Sunday at 10:30 A. M. Prayer meeting every Tuesday evening. Sunday School at 9:30 A. M.

J. M. LANGLEY, PASTOR.

### EVANGELICAL LUTHERAN.

SERVICES every Sunday, one Sunday in the morning at 10:30, and the following Sunday in the evening. Prayer meeting every Thursday evening. Sunday School at 9:30 A. M.

S. P. FRYBERGER, PASTOR.

## Societies.

### G. A. R.

REGULAR meetings on Saturday evening on or before the full moon of each month, at their hall over Leighty's store.

O. H. WIDNEY, COMMANDER.  
J. M. MILLIMAN, ADJUTANT.

## Business Notices.

H. W. BOWMAN, M. D., Physician and Surgeon, St. Joe, Ind. Office opposite the Drugstore.

ST. JOE HOTEL, Wm. Leighty, proprietor. Special attention given to furnishing teams for commercial men.

B. S. SHEFFER, M. D., Physician and Surgeon, St. Joe, Ind. Prompt and careful attention to all business entrusted to his care.

ST. JOE BARBER SHOP, one door west of hotel, Will Gee, proprietor. Satisfaction guaranteed. Your patronage is solicited.

FILLEY, LOUNSBERRY AND SHULER, proprietors of the St. Joe Saw and Planing Mill. All work promptly done. Cash paid for Oak Logs.

CITY BARBER SHOP, St. Joe, Ind. John Hull, proprietor. Shaving, Hair Cutting &c. done in the best of style. Come and see me. Two doors west of Kinsey's Furniture Store.

SIMON WINELAND, proprietor St. Joe Handle and Feed Mills. Feed grinding a specialty. Highest prices paid for second growth White Ash. Enquire at the mill for full particulars.

## INDIANA STATE NEWS.

—Patents have been granted Indiana inventors as follows: George E. and M. H. Baker, Elkhart, fire kindler; John B. Cleveland, Indianapolis, wire-stretcher; Albert H. Gleason, Wabash, button fastening machine; Spencer Lewis, Boundary, assignor to Lake Huron Stone Company, Detroit, grindstone frame; Nathan H. Long, Muncie, automatic gate; John Murray, Fort Wayne, device for working upright folding-beds; John G. Shafer, Clay City, kitchen cabinet; Marmaduke M. M. Slatery, Woburn, Mass., assignor of one-half to Fort Wayne Electric Light Company, Fort Wayne, cut-out for electrical distribution apparatus.

—The old gas well on the DePauw property, in Harrison County, is being cased with galvanized iron piping, the old pipe having rusted out by the action of the salt water. It is estimated that there is now a 300-pound pressure of gas at the well, and it is thought that arrangements will be made to utilize the gas in the manufacture of salt, as there is an abundant supply of brine, the intention being to utilize the gas for fuel.

—The tenth well drilled at Marion for natural gas developed an immense flow of oil, the flow being accelerated by the force of the gas. The oil is thrown to the height of eighty feet, and the adjacent territory is drenched. The well will be allowed to spout until it is ascertained whether or not the flow is permanent. From five hundred to a thousand barrels is the estimate of the flow.

—The State Board of Health has received a communication from Dr. Moore, health officer of Warren County, stating that George W. Brown, of Thomas Station, in that county, has recently died of glanders. He had some horses that were affected with the disease, and took it from them. The matter is exciting much anxiety in the neighborhood, as many horses have been exposed.

—A sickening accident occurred near St. John, a hamlet in Warrick County, which resulted in the death of Reginald Fellow. Fellow was engaged in hauling sawlogs, and while driving through the woods one of the front wheels of the wagon went into a hole, throwing him and the log rolled over him, crushing his form into an almost shapeless mass.

—A team of horses owned by D. R. McKinney was killed at Marion under peculiar circumstances. One of the natural-gas arches was torn down by a passing load of straw, and the electric light wire, which was attached, dropped to the street. McKinney's team, following a few minutes later, stepped on the charged wire and both horses fell dead from the shock.

—A new bank, to be known as the German National Bank, will be opened in Vincennes soon. The principal movers are Messrs. Christian Hoffman, E. Bierhaus & Sons, Edward Watson, Wm. and Ernest Baker, Louis Meyer, Dr. G. R. Alsop, A. S. Heinekamp, Selman Gimbel, and Gerard Reiter.

—The funeral of the late J. F. Studebaker was the largest ever held in South Bend, notwithstanding the excessively cold weather. The factories all closed for the day out of respect to the memory of the deceased, who was the youngest of the four Studebaker brothers comprising the great wagon firm.

—Jack Macy, a brakeman, was killed at Danville, while attempting to step from a coal car to a flat. A lump of coal turned under his foot and he was thrown between the moving cars, the wheels of the flatcar passing over him and almost severing his head from his body. Macy lives at Terre Haute.

—James Longsdorf, a farmer living four miles east of Valparaiso, who

home on the track of the Fort Wayne Railroad, was struck by a passenger train and so badly injured that he is thought to be dying. He leaves a wife and several children in comfortable circumstances.

—A Board of Trade has been organized at Hartford City, having for its object the up-building of the city and the accumulation of substantial manufactures. Fifteen leading citizens of the city were elected as a Board of Directors, and the organization started upon a substantial basis.

—Willie Hapner, aged 6 years, son of William P. Hapner, living at Union City, fell into the steaming vat at Hook Bros. Butter-tub Factory, and before he could be rescued he was so badly scalded that he died soon afterward. He was literally cooked alive.

—Peter Apgar, freight conductor of the Louisville, New Albany and Chicago Railroad, fell dead of heart disease in the yard at New Albany. He was going to order his train out, when he dropped dead. Deceased was 45 years old, and leaves a widow.

—Rev. M. B. McKinsey, of Frankfort, who has been holding a revival at Mt. Olivet Church, near Crawfordsville, baptized two young ladies, twins, at the same time, one with his right hand, and one with his left. This was the request of the young ladies.

—In 1848 a perpetual charter was given to the Council Grove Minute Men by the Legislature, and the meetings are still held yearly. Council Grove is in the southwestern part of Tippecanoe County, near Shawnee Mound.

—The 3-year-old son of Riter Bill, living near Tipton, fell into a kettle of boiling lye, and was burned in a horrible manner. He was a mass of unrecognizable flesh when taken from the kettle, and died in fearful agony.

—The Coroner's jury at Vincennes has rendered a verdict in the case of the tragic death of Miss Standfield, to the effect that she suicided by shooting.

—The Madison County Orphan Home has been found to be more of a prison than a protection. The unfortunate children are tortured worse than criminals, and the people have begun an investigation.

—Peter Cordeway was found near Columbia City, in the woods, dying from a gun-shot wound accidentally received while hunting rabbits.

—The body of Oliver Cardwell, who committed suicide at Indianapolis, has been stolen from the grave in Greenlawn Cemetery.

—While Frank Ray was rabbit-hunting on his farm, seven miles north of Fort Wayne, his shotgun was accidentally discharged and his face and head were so terribly injured that it is thought he must die.

—The barn of W. A. Cover, located one mile east of Birmingham, was burned. The live stock was saved, but hay, grain, and implements of the value of \$2,200 were destroyed.

—The third floor of the wholesale house of O. W. Pierce & Co., at Lafayette, gave way, killing one man and seriously injuring another.

—At a regular session of the Seymour City Council, recently, a franchise for the construction and operation of water-works was granted to the Seymour Water-works Company.

—Lewis Berry, a miner at Brazil, was killed by falling slate.

PUT a man in prison and you've got him where the hair is short. The prison barber sees to that.—St. Joseph Gazette.

THE pass that railroad stockholders unanimously object to is the passing of a dividend.—Boston Commercial.

A CORSET is nothing more than a waist basket without any poetry in it.

MONEY

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LOAN

On Farm Property

IN SUMS OVER \$200.

Interest only once a year. We charge no commission. You can pay any part or all of the loan at any time. You can keep the money as long as you please if the interest is promptly paid. For further particulars call on or address

W. C. Patterson,  
ST. JOE, IND.

Ho for Arkansas!

Cheap Homes for Everybody!

In a high, healthy, rich land country. On the 15th of September and the 1st of October there will be excursions from this place to that point at a very low rate of fare. For full information in regard to these excursions call on A. B. Coburn, Real Estate Agent, St. Joe, Ind. Office with Dr. Sheffer, one door east of Drugstore.

GO to the News Office, St. Joe for all kinds of Printing. All work done promptly, and at the lowest prices. Give us a call.

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# The St. Joe News.

ST. JOE, INDIANA.

MORT & WILL OLDS, PUBLISHERS.

## EVENTS OF A WEEK.

### THE OLD WORLD.

—A London dispatch says the fight between Kilrain and Smith was the gamest of recent years.

In the fifteenth round Kilrain dealt his adversary a terrific blow on the mouth with his right, which knocked Smith clean off his feet. This was the first knock-down, and when Smith went to his corner it was seen that his lip was split. After this round Kilrain had things pretty much his own way, hitting wherever he pleased, and knocking his man down repeatedly. Smith did everything he could to avoid punishment, and with this end in view went down so frequently as to call forth hisses from some of the spectators. In the eighteenth round Kilrain struck Smith a terrific blow on the left ear, causing a swelling as large as a hen's egg. The Englishman went down like a log. After that Smith was merely a chopping block for the American. Toward the close of the fight he became very groggy, and at one time looked as though he would faint from loss of blood. He never failed, however, to respond gamely to the call of time, but as soon as Kilrain rushed at him went down to avoid punishment. His seconds, too, did everything in their power to delay the fight until darkness should arrive and save their man from defeat. The American contingent urged that the fight be continued by candle-light in a barn near by, but the referee would not consent. Smith's ears were badly cut and swollen, and the right side of his face was terribly bruised. Kilrain had a lump on his forehead and his left eye was nearly closed, but otherwise he was in good shape.

John L. Sullivan has challenged Smith or Kilrain to fight for \$5,000 a side.

—A Vienna dispatch says: "It is officially announced that no communications whatever have been exchanged by the Austrian and Russian governments concerning the present situation in Bulgaria, nor has Russia given any information regarding the movements of her troops on the frontier. It is considered still possible to arrange for the resignation of Prince Ferdinand and for the subsequent appointment of a regent in Bulgaria who will be agreeable to Russia."

### POLITICAL POINTS.

—Secretary Fairchild has sent the following instructions to Collector Magone, of New York:

COLLECTOR OF CUSTOMS, New York: It is reported that the coal operators of the Lehigh region are about to import two thousand Belgian miners to take the places of the miners now on strike in that section. You are requested to be vigilant and see that no violations of the alien labor contract law are committed.

C. S. FAIRCHILD, Secretary.

—Major J. M. Wright, of Louisville, Ky., has been appointed Marshal of the United States Supreme Court in place of Colonel J. G. Nicolay, who has held that position about fifteen years.

—The administration tariff bill, which will go before the Ways and Means Committee, with the endorsement of Speaker Carlisle after the holiday recess, as the basis of revenue reform, contemplates a reduction of \$62,000,000 of annual revenue, says a Washington special to the Chicago Herald.

Of this amount \$50,000,000 is to come from reductions of duties, chiefly on manufactures, and \$12,000,000 from adding wool, salt, lumber, coal, etc., to the free list. The bill aims at a very extensive revision of the present methods of administering the tariff law, and at remedying inconsistencies and inequalities in the law, as well as a general reduction of the high rate of tariff taxes. It proposes the substitution of specific for ad valorem rates, where the latter are difficult of enforcement. In the chemical, earthen and glassware schedules numerous judicious reductions are proposed. In metals material reductions on iron and steel are recommended. In the wool and woollens schedule, raw wool being made free, the rates on woolen fabrics are so reduced as to take away about \$10,000,000 upon the basis of last year's importations. Inconsistencies as to rates on worsted and woolen cloths are corrected, and here occur some of the most important changes proposed in the bill. The bill embraces the schedules prepared for Congress last winter by Secretary Fairchild, substituting specific for ad valorem duties on silks, gloves, and embroideries. It also includes the Hewitt plan for reform of the customs administrative service, with some changes and additions suggested by Treasury experience since Mr. Hewitt's bill was first introduced. The measure, it is said, is the result of inestimable labor and care, and is the outgrowth of years of study and experience on the part of Treasury experts.

—Maj. J. M. Wright of Louisville, Ky., has been appointed Marshal of the United States Supreme Court to succeed John G. Nicolay, who retires to devote himself to literary work. The position is a life one with a salary of \$3,000 a year. Maj. Wright is a graduate of West Point, and was at one time on Gen. Buell's staff. He was for some time an editorial writer on the Courier-Journal. Afterwards he was made Superintendent of the Board of Trade, and later President of the Southern Exposition Company.

### FINANCIAL AND INDUSTRIAL.

—Owing to a water famine and the shortage in the corn crop, the farmers in the vicinity of Clinton, Ill., are disposing of their stock as

rapidly as possible at remarkably low figures.

—In their weekly review of the condition of trade, R. G. Dun & Co., of New York, say:

Business throughout the country is active for the season, and though collections at some points are slow, and credits are strained, the reports are generally satisfactory. But uncertainty and hesitation affect important branches of production, and the industrial outlook does not improve. Currency is generally in good supply, even where payments are slowest and credits most strained. Speculation has been less active, and the general level of prices, though higher than a week ago in most speculative markets, has on the whole declined a little. Since July 1 the average prices in speculative markets has advanced 15 1/2 per cent., with the tendency still upward, while the average advance in all other prices has been 6 1/2 per cent. with the later tendency downward. These facts indicate activity in trading, rather than satisfactory relations of supply and demand. It is an encouraging fact that singularly little disturbance has yet appeared in regions where real-estate speculation was active, and the payments of interest on mortgages do not yet seem unusually delayed, even when crops have been short.

—The total value of the imports of merchandise into the country during the present year is placed at \$712,084,918, and the exports have amounted to \$727,460,625.

—A real estate company is said to have secured a title to 55,000,000 acres of land in eleven States of Mexico, which will be offered to immigrants upon very advantageous terms. The Government favors the enterprise, which it is thought will bring in many settlers from this country and Europe.

—A number of capitalists of New York and Chicago who do a large telegraph business have agreed to build lines between the two cities for their own use. A joint-stock company will be formed, with a capital of \$500,000. The expenses of operating will be about \$100,000 yearly, and this divided among the fifty stockholders will make the cost to each \$2,000. The Western Union charges \$15,000 for a wire.

### FIRES AND ACCIDENTS.

—A number of lives were lost by the blizzard which swept over Kansas and Nebraska last week. A Lincoln, Neb., dispatch says:

In the recently organized county of Perkins the death of a man and a boy is reported. They were attempting to make their ranch, twenty miles from Olathe, when the storm overpowered them. Both were frozen to death. Another man named John Grant, who had been on railroad construction work on the Black Hills extension of the Burlington & Missouri River Road, was found dead a mile out from camp. On the Kansas line no dead have been discovered, although suffering is reported as very severe.

A Kansas City dispatch says:

Reports from Leavenworth, Kas., indicate much suffering in the West from lack of fuel. The demands on the mines are far greater than can be filled, and messages come in hourly demanding and appealing for fuel. Similar reports come from Parsons and Topeka. Farmers are burning corn, furniture, and parts of their houses to keep from freezing. Great distress is reported from Mead and Clark counties, where several persons have been frozen to death. At Dighton a mother and three children sought refuge at a neighbor's, and were frozen to death while crossing the prairie.

—The residence of James Loudy, of Lima, Ohio, was blown to pieces by an explosion of natural gas, and Loudy, his wife, and three children fatally injured. The house had just been piped, and the gas, leaking, ignited, with the terrible result mentioned above.

—By the explosion of a naphtha tank in the office of the New Jersey Gas Light Company, Bryan, N. J., the office boy was killed and two clerks injured, one of them dangerously. The office was shattered.

—A St. Paul dispatch says that a passenger train on the St. Paul and Duluth Road was derailed below Mahtowa, the engine, baggage car, and one coach going down a twenty-foot embankment. Engineer Thomas, of St. Paul, was killed, and these hurt: Mike Lynch, fireman; left hip broken. R. A. Gray, of Duluth, a lumberman; head and hand badly hurt. G. A. Lundborg, of Duluth, side and groin injured. G. E. Kerr, of Titusville, Pa., chest and arm bruised and head cut. H. B. Goetche, of Titusville, Pa., back and leg hurt. A. G. Cattell, member of the New York produce exchange, nose broken, left side hurt, and hurt internally. Paymaster Coleman, head slightly hurt.

—Ed Johnson, colored, living near Cincinnati, placed some dynamite cartridges in the oven of his stove to thaw. Soon after a terrific explosion took place, nearly destroying his house, killing his 18-year-old daughter, an infant 1 year old, and seriously injuring Johnson and his wife.

—The freight steamer San Vincente, plying between San Francisco and Santa Cruz, took fire off Pigeon Point, about four miles south of the Golden Gate, and burned to the water's edge. The crew consisted of nineteen officers and men, eleven of whom lost their lives. When the fire was discovered the men became panic-stricken. Most of them jumped into one of the boats and before it could be lowered the tackle which held it burned away and the boat fell, throwing the men into the water.

—An accidental discharge of fourteen thousand gallons of naphtha into one of the Rochester (N. Y.) main sewers produced a remarkable disaster.

The heavy stone covering of a man-hole of the Platt street sewer was blown off by a terrific explosion, and almost immediately another explosion occurred beneath the Clinton flouring-mill on Mill street. The upheavals were followed by a huge line of flame that burst out with great fury, and belched sixty feet high. The Clinton mill, owned by J. H. Foote, took fire first, and the flames spread quickly to the Washington mill, owned by J. H. Hines & Co., and the Jefferson mill, owned by J. G. Davis & Co. These three mills and contents were destroyed, involving a loss of over \$200,000. The first explosion was followed quickly by others along Mill and Platt streets, and at several points on West avenue, making over forty in all, and extending along four miles of sewer. In each case the manholes were all blown to pieces, and in many places flames shot up and continued to burn fiercely for several minutes. The explosions were so violent as to hurl rock into buildings and against pedestrians, causing a panic throughout the whole region traversed by the sewers. An immense crowd of people was attracted by the unusual occurrence, and they were no sooner forced to flee for their lives from one street to another than they were followed by explosions that spread terror everywhere. Horses ran away, women fainted in the streets, and street cars were thrown from the tracks. The casualties caused by the explosions number three dead and over a dozen injured, some of them fatally, it is thought.

—A terrible disaster happened near Freeport, Ill., to a Minnesota and Northwestern train, en route for the East with a large excursion party bound for Canadian points. The train encountered a broken rail, and the cars, seven in number, were all hurled down a twelve-foot embankment on either side. One of the cars was thrown fully fifty feet and turned completely over endways. All the other cars but one were thrown over on their sides down the bank. There were nearly 150 passengers on board the train, upward of thirty of whom were injured more or less seriously. Two, it is thought, were fatally hurt. One of the coaches caught fire, but the flames were extinguished by the train men before they gained any headway. Twelve physicians were summoned from Freeport by special train, and ministered to the needs of the injured.

—In an accident which occurred on the Wisconsin Central near Fidelity, Wis., one man was killed. His name was M. Montie. He got on the train at Bapturnut, Wis., and attempted to get out of a window when he felt the uneven motion of the train, but he was caught under the car and crushed to a jelly. Conductor C. H. Greenfield, who was passing through the train, was caught in the shower of falling debris, and held a prisoner between two timbers. He was released, but is thought to be fatally hurt.

### CONGRESSMAN MOFFATT DEAD.

—Representative Seth C. Moffatt, of Traverse City, Mich., died at Providence Hospital, in Washington, on the 21st of December. Mr. Moffatt died almost alone and unattended. It was so late when his friends at the capital realized his condition that Mrs. Moffatt was



not sent for in time to get there before her husband's death. His colleagues of the Michigan delegation hardly seemed to be aware that he was ill, and Congressman Wade, of Missouri, was almost the only one of his associates in the House who looked after his comfort at the Providence Hospital.

Seth C. Moffatt was born at Battle Creek, Mich., and was 46 years old. Physically he was a slight man, with sharp features and a somewhat straggling and wiry black beard. He was a man of much energy, and by reason of much legislative experience was a valuable member of Congress. He had been very successful in political life, and had been favored with prominent public positions throughout his entire manhood. In the fall of 1880 he entered the literary department of Michigan University, afterward changing to the law department, from which he graduated immediately after leaving the University he removed to the then remote northern parts of the State and began his public career at the age of twenty-five as Prosecuting Attorney and Circuit Court Commissioner of Leelanaw County, which office he held four years. He was State Senator from 1870 to 1873; member of a commission to revise the Constitution in 1873; Register of the Traverse City Land Office from 1874 to 1878; Prosecuting Attorney of Grand Traverse County until 1881. He was a member and Speaker of the State House of Representatives of 1881 and 1882, a delegate to the Republican National Convention of 1884, and was serving his second term in Congress.

### A Stranger in the Supreme Court at Washington.

"The apparel oft proclaims the man," said Polonius. "He was judicious in not substituting always for 'off.' It has been found that the finest bird is not always the one that wears the finest feathers."

Years ago the staid citizens of Washington were surprised one morning at the appearance of a strange figure in their streets. He dressed in a pair of old corduroys, ripped at the ankle for convenience in rolling up, a drab overcoat, much the worse for wear, with several capes, worn out, untied shoes, and a "shocking hat."

Solemnly he walked the streets, six feet in height, leading a little back rough-haired mare, her tail matted with burs. A pair of small saddle-bags hung over the saddle, in which were stuffed papers and crackers and cheese. Stopping at an obscure hotel, he put up his mare and relieved himself of his "top coat." Into one of the pockets of a short gray linsey roundabout he stuffed his lunch and into the other a bundle of law papers, tied with a hemp string. Inquiring the way to the supreme court, he walked forth, the wonder of the negroes and idle boys. Arrived at the court-room, he sauntered within the bar, took a seat, and began munching his bread and cheese. The lawyers and spectators smiled at the awkward countryman on his first visit to the capital. Soon a case was called which seemed to interest the countryman. It involved the title to a large tract of land lying in the "Green River Country," of Kentucky.

A Mr. Taylor, of Virginia, a leading lawyer, began his argument by a statement of facts. All at once the countryman stopped munching, and tapping the counsel on the back, corrected one of his "facts." The lawyer paused, frowned at the busybody, and went on. The countryman resumed eating, and in a few moments again corrected the counsel: "I beg the court to protect me from the impertinence of that person," said Taylor, showing much irritation. Taylor finished his powerful argument, and, then, to the amazement of the spectators, the bar, and the judge, the stranger rose to reply. His manner was wholly changed. He stood as if he had practiced in that court all his professional life. His argument was so clear and forcible, and his reply to the opposing counsel so masterly that the bar and court looked as though they doubted their ears and eyes. Mr. Taylor appeared paralyzed. The perspiration rolled from his forehead and face in great drops. The rustic he had sneered at seemed a legal giant. Every one asked, "Who is he?"

It was Joe Daviess, one of the best lawyers and most eloquent orators of Kentucky, as eccentric as he was gifted. Scarcely one present knew him personally, but all had heard of his brilliant reputation.

### Where the Moonshiners Work.

The Walkup brothers, Tolbert and Thomas, whom we arrested next, had the best illicit still I have yet seen. It was located in a room of about the dimensions of 60 by 40 feet. It was dug in the ground at the head of a ravine. The opening was covered with chestnut stanchions, and over these was placed the earth from the excavation. The mouth was covered with brush, which made the concealment complete, save for the smoke arising above it through a rent. The still was of recent construction, and if the Walkups had not been molested they would have gotten rid of the tell-tale smoke by piping it to their kitchen, about one hundred yards distant, and running it out through the chimney. They had completed their plans and were on the point of putting them into execution when we interrupted operations. There was a third party in the conduct of the still, but he got away with the first product the night before our arrival. We found 1,500 gallons of beer and unbroken mash for about 500 gallons more, besides 120 gallons of singlings, or low wines. They were hurrying their product by high temperature, and claim that they would have had fifty gallons of a salable article in a few days.—Collector Lindsay, in Louisville Post.

SELM L, Emperor of the Turks, conquered Egypt in 1517, and by that conquest the latter became a tributary State of the former, and so has remained with some modifications, to the present time.



## RUSSIAN WEDDING CUSTOMS.

Ceremonies Regarded by the Bride, Groom, and Their Guests.

In the higher circles, almost immediately after the betrothal, workmen begin to make the trousseau. According to an old Russian rule, the bridegroom makes his bride a present of a wedding costume, as well as jewelry. The dowry of a Russian maiden will consist of a full wardrobe, household linen, kitchen utensils, china, furniture, and a piano. The latter is said to be indispensable. They do not care for plated articles, but require that everything shall be of solid silver. People in very moderate circumstances begin early to lay by something for the dowry of their daughters. Wedding presents are seldom given by friends. Should a young wife die without leaving any children behind, her dowry can be lawfully claimed by her parents. The husband can retain only the bed and the picture with which his deceased wife was ceremonially blessed.

Sometimes young ladies form parties to help the intended bride make her clothes. It is said to be a popular belief that if any part of the trousseau forming the dowry be unpicked the young couple will pick quarrels when they are tied together.

The month of May is supposed to be an unlucky month for marrying. The name of the month resembles in sound the Russian verb "to worry," hence, in part, the superstition. A more likely explanation is this, that as the winter breaks up in May and the snow melts, leaving much garbage and filth to fester in the hot sun, a great amount of sickness is prevalent, and the month comes to be regarded as unlucky and trying.

The guests are far more numerous at a Russian than an English wedding. They are invited to be "assistants" at a wedding. The witness, who is generally the grandest of the "connections" of the family, is the most important person. He pays the priest's fees. Then comes the ladies of honor and the bridesmaids. The latter have to purchase sweetmeats for the bridesmaids. The "boyarin," who carries the sacred picture of Christ in silver and gilt, is generally a little boy. When the party arrives at the church, it is his duty to hand the two pictures to the "reader," who places them behind the "royal gates" or leaning against the altar screen.

The old nurse, or housekeeper, superintends the carrying of the dowry from the house of the bride to that of her future husband, and arranges everything for the use of the bride. There is no law as to the number of bridesmaids or their costumes, and their dresses are not all alike.

On the eve of the wedding-day sometimes a "farewell girls' party" is given. No gentlemen attend this. All those present must be from the unmarried. They sing chorusses, chase each other in the garden and romp to their heart's content. They devour any amount of tea, icecream, lemonade, and sweetmeats. After supper they say farewell, and leave the intended bride very exhausted in view of the ceremonies of the following day. The old custom is for the betrothed pair to fast (eat nothing) on the day of their marriage until the ceremony, which, in the family of a noble, always takes place in the evening. This makes the day most tiresome to a girl. The bride distributes her cast off girlish toys, ribbons, and jewelry to her companions. These things are called "maiden beauty." The peasant girls cut up and divide among their companions on their wedding day the long ribbons which are fastened at the end of the plait of hair which hangs down the back. The peasants, immediately after their marriage, have the hair braided in two plaits and wound around the head, then covered

with a sort of tight cap tied behind, or with a cotton or silk handkerchief. When at Pargola, in Finland, I often saw the unmarried girls trooping along in the eventide, hand in hand, singing their weird melodies, and friends told me to notice the difference in the style of the hair of the unmarried and married. The married women have in addition, under the invariable handkerchief, a little piece of linen, a lappet about the size of a florin, hanging over the center of the forehead. This is more evident proof of marriage than wearing a wedding ring.

When the women begin to braid up they sing part of a wedding song:—

"Ah! my braid, my braid of maiden hair;  
Ah! soon it shall be divided in two!"  
—Cassell's Family Magazine.

### THE GINGER VICE.

Few people are aware of the extent of a peculiar kind of dissipation known as ginger drinking, says a writer in the *Brooklyn Citizen*. The article used is the essence of ginger, such as is put up in several proprietary preparations known to the trade, or the alcoholic extract ordinarily sold over the druggist's counter. Having once acquired a liking for it, the victim becomes as much a slave to his appetite as the opium eater, or the votary of cocaine. In its effect it is much the most injurious of all such practices; for in the course of time it destroys the coating of the stomach, and dooms its victim to a slow and agonizing death. The druggist who told me about the thing says that all ginger essence contains about one hundred per cent. alcohol, and whisky less than fifty per cent., the former is therefore twice as intoxicating. In fact, this is the reason why it is used by hardened old toppers whose stomachs are no longer capable of intoxicating stimulation from whisky. They need the more powerful agency of the pure alcohol in the ginger extract. He told me he had two regular customers, one a woman, who had contracted the habit through employing the ginger on several occasions for stomach pains. The relief it afforded her was so grateful that she took to it upon any recurrence of her trouble. She found, too, that the slight exhilaration of the alcohol banished mental depression. In this way she got to using it regularly, and finally to such excess that she was often grossly intoxicated. Large doses produce a quiet stupor; additional doses induce a profound lethargic slumber, which lasts in some cases for twenty-four hours. His other customer was a pedler, who came at a certain hour every morning, bought a four-ounce bottle, and drank its contents by noon. The man craved the stuff so ardently that he was unable to go about his business until he had set the machinery of his stomach in operation, and started the circulation of the blood by means of the fiery draught. He says that the habit is well known to the drug trade.

APROPOS of the phonograph, a story is current that is good enough to be true—we will not say too good, since a clergyman is its author. The lords of the admiralty have been down to Portsmouth inspecting the Vernon. The phonograph was turned on for their edification, and the first words this treasure of vocal sound yielded to the eager ears of the naval lords were: "We want more pay; we want more pay." Upon investigation it was discovered that this was the bottled up voice of the lieutenants. If, as we believe, the phonograph is still too far from perfect to disclose the identity of the particular voice that confides its secrets to it, this mode of petitioning for favors beats the round robin. The demand for phonographs will probably improve after this. —*London Daily News*.

THE treaty of Westphalia, which was made in 1648, is one of the most important compacts of its kind in the history of Europe, including as it did the great Thirty Years' War.

### Is This What Ails You?

Do you have dull, heavy headache, obstruction of the nasal passages, discharges falling from the head into the throat, sometimes profuse, watery, and acrid; at others, thick, tenacious, mucous, purulent, bloody and putrid; eyes weak, watery, and inflamed; ringing in the ears, deafness, hacking or coughing to clear the throat, expectoration of offensive matter, together with scabs from ulcers; voice changed and nasal twang; breath offensive; smell and taste impaired; is there a sensation of dizziness, with mental depression, a hacking cough and general debility? If you have all, or any considerable number of these symptoms, you are suffering from Nasal Catarrh. The more complicated your disease has become, the greater the number and diversity of symptoms. Thousands of cases annually, without manifesting half of the above symptoms, result in consumption, and end in the grave. No disease is so common, more deceptive and dangerous, or less understood, or more unsuccessfully treated by physicians. The manufacturers of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy offer, in good faith, a reward of \$500 for a case of this disease which they cannot cure. The Remedy is sold by druggists, at only 50 cents.

### A Remarkable Octogenarian.

"Mr. Editor, I hear that you are publishing the pictures and biographies of pioneer settlers of the State?"

"I have been doing so, but I've exhausted the materials. All the representative citizens have been noticed."

"Well, I'd like to have you say a few words about my father."

"How old is he?"

"Eighty-five."

"Aha! I suppose he is as lively and energetic as he was forty years ago?"

"No, he isn't. He's as weak as a cat."

"Sir? Do you speak truth? Can it be that he doesn't chop down large trees unaided, walk twenty miles before breakfast, or break the wildest horse?"

"Certainly he doesn't. He never leaves his chair."

"And can it be that his vision is not as keen as a hawk's?"

"He's almost blind."

"But his mental faculties are surely unimpaired?"

"No, sir, he's quite simple and is in his dotage."

"My dear sir, send me a large photograph of him that I may have a steel plate made from it; and I will engage the editor of *The Century* to write his biography. A man like that deserves some honor. So he never chops down trees? Well, well." —*Nebraska State Journal*.

THE religion of Bramah was introduced into India about 2000 B. C., and Buddhism about 950 B. C.

TAKE care of the pence and the absconding cashier will take care of the pounds. —*Puck*.

### In General Debility, Emaciation,

Consumption, and wasting in children, Scott's Emulsion of Pure Cod Liver Oil with Hypophosphites is a most valuable food and medicine. It creates an appetite for food, strengthens the nervous system, and builds up the body. Please read: "I tried Scott's Emulsion on a young man whom physicians at times gave up hope. Since he began using the Emulsion his cough has ceased, gained flesh and strength, and from all appearances his life will be prolonged many years." —*JOHN SULLIVAN, Hospital Steward, Morganza, Pa.*

"ALL I want," said the opera-singer, "is notes for notes; large notes for high notes."

If a cough disturbs your sleep, take Pisco's Cure for Consumption, and rest well.

## Rheumatism

We doubt if there is, or can be, a specific remedy for rheumatism; but thousands who have suffered its pains have been greatly benefited by Hood's Sarsaparilla. If you have failed to find relief, try this great remedy. It corrects the acidity of the blood which is the cause of the disease, and builds up the whole system.

"I was afflicted with rheumatism twenty years. Previous to 1883 I found no relief, but grew worse, until I was almost helpless. Hood's Sarsaparilla did me more good than all the other medicine I ever had." —*H. T. BALCOM, Shirley Village, Mass.*

### Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. \$1; six for \$5. Made only by C. L. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

FOR ALL DISORDERS OF THE

## Stomach, Liver

## and Bowels

## PACIFIC LIVER PILLS

STRICTLY VEGETABLE.

Cure Constipation, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Piles, Sick Headache, Liver Complaints, Loss of Appetite, Biliousness, Nervousness, Jaundice, etc. For Sale by all Druggists. Price, 25 Cents. PACIFIC MANUFACTURING CO., ST. LOUIS, MO.

The Original  
**Pierce's Pleasant LITTLE Purgative LIVE! PILLS.**

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS. ALWAYS ASK FOR DR. PIERCE'S PELLETS, OR LITTLE SUGAR-COATED PILLS.

Being entirely vegetable, they operate without disturbance to the system, diet, or occupation. Put up in glass vials, hermetically sealed. Always fresh and reliable. As a laxative, alternative, or purgative, these Little Pellets give the most perfect satisfaction.

## SICK HEADACHE.

**Bilious Headache, Dizziness, Constipation, Indigestion, Bilious Attacks, and all derangements of the stomach and bowels, are promptly relieved and permanently cured by the use of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets.** In explanation of the remedial power of these Pellets over so great a variety of diseases, it may truthfully be said that their action upon the system is universal, not a gland or tissue escaping their sanative influence. Sold by druggists, 25 cents a vial. Manufactured at the Chemical Laboratory of the WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N. Y.

**\$500 REWARD**

is offered by the manufacturers of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy, for a case of Chronic Nasal Catarrh which they cannot cure.

**SYMPTOMS OF CATARRH.**—Dull, heavy headache, obstruction of the nasal passages, discharges falling from the head into the throat, sometimes profuse, watery, and acrid, at others, thick, tenacious, mucous, purulent, bloody and putrid; the eyes are weak, watery, and inflamed; there is ringing in the ears, deafness, hacking or coughing to clear the throat, expectoration of offensive matter, together with scabs from ulcers; the voice is changed and has a nasal twang; the breath is offensive; smell and taste are impaired; there is a sensation of dizziness, with mental depression, a hacking cough and general debility. Only a few of the above-named symptoms are likely to be present in any one case. Thousands of cases annually, without manifesting half of the above symptoms, result in consumption, and end in the grave. No disease is so common, more deceptive and dangerous, or less understood by physicians. By its mild, soothing, and healing properties, Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy cures the worst cases of Catarrh, "cold in the head," Coryza, and Catarrhal Headache. Sold by druggists everywhere; 50 cents.

### "Untold Agony from Catarrh."

Prof. W. HAUSNER, the famous mesmerist, of Ithaca, N. Y., writes: "Some ten years ago I suffered untold agony from chronic nasal catarrh. My family physician gave me up as incurable, and said I must die. My case was such a bad one, that every day, towards sunset, my voice would become so hoarse I could barely speak above a whisper. In the morning my coughing and clearing of my throat would almost strangle me. By the use of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy, in three months, I was a well man, and the cure has been permanent."

### "Constantly Hawking and Spitting."

THOMAS J. RUSHING, Esq., 2201 Pine Street, St. Louis, Mo., writes: "I was a great sufferer from catarrh for three years. At times I could hardly breathe, and was constantly hawking and spitting, and for the last eight months could not breathe through the nostrils. I thought nothing could be done for me. Luckily, I was advised to try Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy, and I am now a well man. I believe it to be the only sure remedy for catarrh now manufactured, and one has only to give it a fair trial to experience astounding results and a permanent cure."

### Three Bottles Cure Catarrh.

ELI ROBBINS, Runyan P. O., Columbia Co., Pa., says: "My daughter had catarrh when she was five years old, very badly. I saw Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy advertised, and procured a bottle for her, and soon saw that it helped her; a third bottle effected a permanent cure. She is now eighteen years old and sound and hearty."

**JONES**  
PAYS THE FREIGHT  
5 Ton Wagon Scales,  
1000 Lb. Scales, 500 Lb. Scales,  
Tare Beam and Beam for  
\$60.  
Every size Scale, for free price list  
mention this paper and address  
**JONES OF BINGHAMTON,**  
BINGHAMTON, N. Y.

**PISCO'S CURE FOR**  
CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.  
Best Cough Syrup. Tastes good. Use  
in time. Sold by druggists.  
**CONSUMPTION**

**Better THAN THE BEST**  
Is the Grand Rapids Business College and Printing  
Business School. (Notab. 1868.) Send for College Journal.  
Address, C. G. SWENBERG, Grand Rapids, Mich.

**AGENTS WANTED** to sell NOVELTY RUG  
MACHINES and RUG  
PATTERNS, for making Rugs,  
Tidies, Caps, Mittens, etc. Machine sent by mail for \$1. Send  
for late reduced price list.  
E. ROSS & CO., Toledo, Ohio.

**PILES**  
Dr. Williams' Indian File Ointment  
is a sure cure for blind, bleeding or  
itching piles. Cure guaranteed.  
Price 50c and \$1. At druggists or  
mailed by Wm. H. Allen & Marvin, Wholesale  
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**FREE**  
TO EVERYBODY. A specimen  
copy of the Best and Cheapest Family  
Story Paper in the United States. Send  
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CHICAGO LEDGER, Chicago, Ill.

**KIDDER'S PASTILLES**  
Sure relief  
Price 36c. ASTHMA.  
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Six Months ..... 50  
Three Months ..... 25

Entered at the Post Office at St. Joe as second-class matter.

FRIDAY DECEMBER 30, 1887.

Frank and Joe Scholes, of Fort Wayne, spent Christmas under the parental roof.

Stanley Van Fleit was at home over last Sunday. He is now night operator at Alida, a station near Chicago, and is doing well.

Levi Deam, of Denmark, Ohio, is now visiting his daughter, Mrs. Dan Baker. Mrs. Baker had not seen her father for fifteen years.

Owing to the series of meetings now in progress at the Methodist church, Rev. Fryberger will preach in the Lutheran church at 2 o'clock next Sunday afternoon, instead of in the evening.

You have heard of the man who cut out a limb to save it off, and we all limb felt, as a natural consequence, he came down with it. That was about the fix Mr. Van Fleit was in the other day. He was sawing in the river, and stood on a cake of ice. He sawed it off, and then took a plunge into the river. It was a cold day for a bath.

DEMOCRAT'S MONTHLY for January is ready. The New Year with the same enterprise that has so marked its progress during the past year. We would advise all of our lady readers to investigate the merits of this thorough Family Magazine, which contains as much instruction and amusement as a dozen ordinary magazines. Published by W. Jenning, Democrat, 15 East 14th Street, New York City.

DON'T BLAME ME.—You cannot afford to waste time in experimenting when your lungs are in danger. Consumption always seems at first only a cold. Do not permit any dealer to impose on you with some cheap imitation of Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds, but be sure you get the genuine. Because he can make more profit he may tell you he has something just as good, or just the same. Don't be deceived, but insist upon getting Dr. King's New Discovery, which is guaranteed to give relief in all Throat, Lung, and Chest affections. Trial bottles free at W. C. Patterson's Drug Store.

A sly wedding occurred at this place Sunday evening, and although it had been whispered about for some time, that such an event was likely to take place, yet it was all done so on the quiet, that it really took everybody by surprise. It was the marriage of two of St. Joe's most popular young people, Mr. Don Van Fleit to Miss Josie Smith. The ceremony was performed by Rev. J. A. Thomas, at the residence of the bride's mother, on Christmas evening, Dec. 25, 1887, at eight o'clock. The happy couple took the eleven o'clock train for Chicago, where they have been this week. The News wishes them a whole world full of happiness, with an occasional squall to remind them that life is not all sunshine, but that clouds and adversities will arise, which afterward often break away, into a brighter happier day.

OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

CONCORD.

G. W. Draggoo has a sick horse. Misses Mandy and Ida Koch were at Hicksville Thursday.

The Concordites have put up a larger stove in the church.

Dan Baker and family are made happy over the arrival of a daughter.

J. B. White was agreeably surprised last Saturday, it being his birthday.

Josephus Shilling presented his wife with a fine organ, Christmas morning.

Tom Draggoo of Michigan, called upon his relatives in this vicinity one day last week.

John Smith and family, and James Smith started to Ohio last Saturday morning. They expect to be gone eight or ten days.

A debating society has been organized at the Hay school house, with James Johnson as president. Last Tuesday evening after the society adjourned, and all left for home, Jim locked the door, with his little boy in the house fast asleep, and he did not miss him until he got down to the corners, and then he went back and found the boy just climbing out of the window, wrathful enough, to think he had been left.

SPENCERVILLE.

Our mill is turning out an excellent quality of flour.

The boys are enjoying a fine run of skating on the river.

John Reams and wife started on a trip to Ohio last Sunday.

Our merchants have quite a few holiday goods left to "hold over."

Charley Kagey, of Hicksville, has been spending the week with his grandparents.

Sam Bair and wife, of Tiffin, are visiting friends and relatives in and near this place.

Misses Minnie and Lena Zimmerman, of Auburn, have been visiting here this week.

Several couples from this place were entertained by Mrs. J. D. Leighty, of St. Joe, on Wednesday.

The ladies of the Methodist church will hold a social in Walters' hall, Saturday evening, Dec. 31st, 1887.

Mrs. Webb and Miss Lizzie Johnson, of Fort Wayne, have been the guests of Mrs. J. W. Dills a part of this week.

The Missionary Society, of the Lutheran church, will meet at the home of Mrs. Eli Fales, Thursday at 10 A. M. All are cordially invited to attend.

The debate at the school house last Monday evening, was highly interesting and the addresses showed that each disputant understood his subject perfectly.

Flornce Smith and Miss Edith Oberholtzer, were united in marriage on Christmas, at Maysville, by Rev. Shaffer. The Spencerville correspondent extends congratulations.

Mrs. W. B. McClaran, of Sturgis, stopped off at this place Monday night, on her way home from North Baltimore, where she had been to attend the funeral of her husband's father.

Last Tuesday evening the Masonic lodge installed their officers for the ensuing year. Quite a number of invited guests were present at the installation, after which a Banquet was given at the hotel.

Willis Carey and William Lake returned home from Valparaiso last Saturday, to spend their holiday vacation. We understand that Willis Carey will not return, but will teach a school in Allen county.

Leighty Invites You

to call and examine his large stock of Dress Flannels, at

40, 50, 60 and 75 cents

per yard. Also an elegant line of Passementeries, and Fur Trimmings. Plushes at \$1 per yard.

PRESBYTERIANS

Who do not take the Herald and Presbyterian, should

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Five One-Cent Stamps

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Sample copy of that paper and a beautiful steel-engraved

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Size 4 1/2 x 6 1/2 inches.

Or send names and addresses of ten or more Presbyterians of different families who do not now take the paper, and receive the Calendar and sample copy free. Send at once. Mention name of church and pastor, and say where you saw this. Address

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Baltimore & Ohio R. R.

Trains Leave St. Joe as follows:

WEST BOUND.

No. 9 Mail and Express 10:55 A. M.  
17 Accommodation 4:12 P. M.  
3 Chicago Express 11:00 P. M.  
33 Local Freight 5:47 P. M.

EAST BOUND.

No. 10 Express and Mail 2:04 P. M.  
16 Accommodation 10:25 A. M.  
4 Morning Express 4:21 A. M.  
32 Local Freight 7:13 A. M.

W. I. McKee, Agent.

ST. JOE MARKETS.

CORRECTED EVERY FRIDAY.

Wheat	82 cts.
Oats	31 cts.
Corn	35 cts.
Butter	16 cts.
Eggs	18 cts.
Tallow	4 cts.
Lard	10 cts.
Potatoes	80 cts.

Mrs. F. Buchanan has come to Auburn, to visit with friends for a few days.

W. A. PAT.

at the St. Joe Drug Clocks, Watches and Jew work warranted and reasonable. Give me your

Talk is Cheap

but the best buy Lemons, Oranges, Cranberries, Pears, Onions, Caudies, Canned Goods, Cigars, Tobacco &c.

Mart Tustison's



TRUTH IS SWEET AND WELL DESERVED.

LOOK THIS WAY!

I keep on hand a fine line of Furniture, which I will sell for the next 60 days at prices that defy competition. Glass Cupboards \$5.00. Double Cane Seat and Back Rockers \$2.00. Dressing Case, with French Plate Glass \$12.00. Carpet Lounge \$6.50. Solid Comfort Beds for \$2.25. Undertaking a specialty.

August Kinsey, St. Joe, Ind.

New Goods Arriving Daily!

CALL ON US FOR

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FINE STOCK OF CLOTHING ON HAND.

HEATING & COOK STOVES A SPECIALTY.

S. & F. BARNEY, ST. JOE, IND.

At the Drugstore.

Have you seen those elegant Dressing Cases? Those fine Silk Plush Albums; those elegant Ladies' Lace Pins; those fine Silver Plated Cases; all at prices that defy competition. Call and see for yourself.

At the Drugstore.

#### For Sale.

Good one and a half story dwelling and lot, situated in St. Joe, for sale at a bargain. For particulars address M. Roberts, Hicksville, O.

#### For Sale.

Good one and a half story dwelling and lot, situated in St. Joe, for sale at a bargain. For particulars address M. Roberts, Hicksville, O.

**PROHIBITION**

Should Read THE New Era

Published every week. \$1 a year; 3 pages, 48 columns. A First-class Family Weekly. Sample Copies Free. Address New Era Co., Springfield, O.

#### LOCALS.

Jud Davis is now working in Ohio.

Half fare rates on all the railroads tomorrow.

The girls are already arranging a leap year party.

F. W. Draggoo's writing school closed last evening.

Swearing-off time on New Years; quit all of your meanness.

M. T. Bishop unloaded four car loads of lumber this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Don Van Fleit returned from Chicago, yesterday.

John Furgerson, wife and children are visiting friends near Kendallville this week.

It is said that an engineer on the B. & O. was discharged the other day for running his train in on time.

Married—Dec. 25th, 1887, at the residence of the bride's parents, in St. Joe, Ind., by the Rev. S. P. Fryberger, George Arnold, of Avilla, to Miss Cora White.

Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Leighty entertained a party of friends on Wednesday.

Both of the oyster suppers were fairly well attended last Saturday evening, and a handsome little profit was netted to each society.

A gentleman inquired at the Drugstore the other day for a left-handed moustache cup. The question now arises, did he want it for a left-handed man, or a man with a left-handed moustache.

If some of our good friends who think that a saloon is a benefit to a town, had been in the vicinity of Washler's model saloon on Saturday night, we think they would have changed their minds in regard to the matter.

W. B. McClaren, formerly agent at Hicksville, passed through here on Tuesday, on his way home from the burial of his father, Dr. McClaren, of North Baltimore, Ohio. He was a prominent physician of that place, and died suddenly on Friday of last week, the funeral occurring on Sunday afternoon. W. B.'s many friends in St. Joe will be sorry to hear of his sad bereavement.

Last week's Auburn Courier contained the following complimentary item in regard to the schools of this place: "Supt. Merica is visiting the schools of Concord township this week. He finds them in excellent condition, especially the village school at St. Joe. He regards the new principal there as one of the most earnest and energetic workers we have." He is an Ohio man, but admits that Indiana has the best school system.

The Christmas festivities at this place passed off pleasantly, and peace and good will prevailed. The Methodist Sunday school had a ship so large, that at a given signal, it sailed into the presence of the children, all freighted down with the nicest of presents for everybody. The singing, which, for a change, proved to be a pleasant success, and was quite a curiosity for the little ones, whose eyes fairly sparkled with delight at the sight of so many beautiful presents. The Disciples had a very interesting song service on Sunday evening, which was well attended.

We were four days late in getting out last week's edition of the News, and while we had a good reason for the delay, it wasn't equal to the following excuse which a western editor gave, for getting his paper out late:

"Our paper is two days late this week, owing to an accident to our press. When we started to run the edition Wednesday night, as usual one of the guy-ropes gave way, allowing the forward gilder-fluke to fall and break as it struck the flunker flopper. This, of course, as any one who knows anything about a press will readily understand, left the gang-plank with only the dip-flap to support it, which also dropped and broke off the wrapper-check. This loosened the fluking from between the ramrod and the flibbersnatcher, which caused the trouble. The report that the delay was caused by over-indulgence in intoxicating stimulants by ourself, is a tissue of falsehoods; the peeled appearance of our right eye being caused by our going into the hatchway of the press in our anxiety to start it, and pulling the coupling after the slap-bang was broken, which caused the dingus to rise up and welt us in the optic. We expect a brand-new gilder-fluke on the early afternoon train."

## JUST NOW

we will sell

### LADIES' WRAPS AT ACTUAL COST.

\$6 Wraps Reduced to \$4.  
\$7 Wraps Reduced to \$5.  
\$8 Wraps Reduced to \$6.  
\$10 Wrap Reduced to \$8.

Only a few left, and they must be sold

Case & Olds, St. Joe.

#### NEW

### Merchant Tailor,

Hicksville, Ohio.

I have opened a Merchant Tailor Establishment in the Center Room of the Correll Block, and I solicit the patronage of the citizens of St. Joe and vicinity. I have a fine line of

#### FINE PIECE GOODS.

and I invite you to call and see them. With good goods, first-class workmen and low prices, I hope to please all. Remember I guarantee a perfect fit in every particular.

A. Bequilliard,

HICKSVILLE, OHIO.

### D. W. & K.,

That stands for Daniels, Wilson & Kagey, proprietors of the Hicksville Full Roller Flouring Mills; one of the most complete mills in the state. They guarantee satisfaction in every instance. Their old friends as well as all others, will be sure to give them a call when they go to Hicksville.

Daniels, Wilson & Kagey,

#### Bucklor's Arnica Salvo.

THE BEST SALVE in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. PRICE 25 cents per box. For sale by W. C. Patterson.

#### A SOUND LEGAL OPINION.

E. Bainbridge Munday Esq., County Atty., Clay Co., Tex. says: "Have used Electric Bitters with most happy results. My brother also was very low with Malarial Fever and Jaundice, but was cured by timely use of this medicine. Am satisfied Electric Bitters saved my life."

D. I. Wilcoxson, of Horse Cave, Ky., adds a like testimony, saying: "He positively believes he would have died, had it not been for Electric Bitters. This great remedy will ward off, as well cure all Malaria Diseases, and for all Kidney, Liver and Stomach Disorders stands unequalled. Price 50c. and \$1. at W. C. Patterson's Drug Store.

### The Anchor Mills.

#### FULL ROLLER

In every particular and more reliable place of grinding flour on ground. We guarantee satisfaction. We keep constantly on hand a supply of mill feed. Our mill is clean and customers comfortable. We are far and near to the best flour.

#### Full Roller Mills.

#### HICKSVILLE, OHIO.

#### C. F. TINKER, DENTIST.

### DENTIST

#### HICKSVILLE, OHIO.

Teeth extracted with- ing teeth with gold or other ma carefully and promptly de kinds of artificial teeth made to der and warranted. Resi Miller & Jones, beer's Block, Hicksville, Ohio.



Sum fokes talk a gude deal about justice being slow, but I ter ya ther aint ana thing the least bit slow about Sant Jo korts. The other nite at the salune in this place ther was sum kind ov a row, ov korse it seems strange that ther shud be a row in a reel nice quiett peacebel salune but ther was awl the saim, an the got so loud with ther racket, that Constabel Walker had tu bea cauled in, an he take the fellow that was the mane kaws ov the disturbance and waltzed him down tu the justice's office, but it happened that the squier had gone to Chicago, an so Constabel Walker take the matter in hand himself an says: "I hearby fine yu sixteen Shillings, and ef yu eva du it agin I'll maik it a strate five doller greenback." The fine was promptly paid, the prisoner decharged and kort adjourned, awl in the short space ov about fore minets and ahalf. I caul that purty slick work, especshally whare one man has tu act as justice, constabel, jury, clerk and awl.

Barcus Q. Hippenhammer.



## NATIVITY OF CHRIST.

Rev. Dr. Talmage's Christmas Sermon at the Tabernacle.

It Was Not Accident That Christ Was Born in a Stable—The Alleviator of Brutal Suffering as Well as the Redeemer of Man.

BROOKLYN, Dec. 25.—Services to-day at the Brooklyn Tabernacle were jubilant. Professors Browne and Ali, with organ and cornet, were unusually powerful, and Mrs. Florence Rice-Knox sang three solos. The thousands of people who packed the church and all the approaches seemed to join in the great chorus:

He shall reign from pole to pole  
With limitless sway;  
He shall reign when, like a scroll,  
Yonder heavens have passed away.

Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D. D., took as the subject of his sermon, "The Barn and Its Surroundings." His text was taken from Luke ii, 15: "The shepherds said one to another, let us now go even unto Bethlehem and see this thing which is come to pass." Dr. Talmage said:

One thousand years of the world's existence rolled painfully and wearily along, and no Christ. Two thousand years, and no Christ. Three thousand years, and no Christ. Four thousand years, and no Christ. "Give us a Christ," had cried Assyrian and Persian and Chaldean and Egyptian civilizations, but the lips of the earth and the lips of the sky made no answer. The world had already been affluent of genius. Among poets had appeared Homer and Theopis and Aristophanes and Sophocles and Euripides and Alexis and Eschylus, yet no Christ to be the most poetic figure of the centuries. Among historians had appeared Herodotus and Xenophon and Thucydides, but no Christ from whom all history was to date backward and forward—B. C. and A. D. Among conquerors Camillus and Manlius and Regulus and Xantippus and Hannibal and Scipio and Pompey and Caesar, yet no Christ who was to be conqueror of earth and heaven.

But the slow century and the slow year and the slow month and the slow hour at last arrived. The world had had matins or concerts in the morning and vespers or concerts in the evening, but now it is to have a concert at midnight. The black window shutters of a December night were thrown open, and some of the best singers of a world where they all sing stood there, and putting back the drapery of cloud chanted a peace anthem, until all the echoes of hill and valley applauded and entered the hallelujah chorus.

At last the world has a Christ, and just the Christ it needs. Come, let us go into that Christmas scene as though we had never before worshipped at the manger. Here is a Madonna worth looking at. I wonder not that the most frequent name in all lands and in all Christian centuries is Mary. And there are Marys in palaces and Marys in cabins, and though German and French and Italian and Spanish and English pronounce it differently, they are all namesakes of the one whom we find on a bed of straw with her pale face against the soft cheek of Christ in the night of the Nativity. All the great painters have tried on canvas to present Mary and her child and the incidents of that most famous night of the world's history. Raphael in three different masterpieces celebrated them. Tintoret and Guirlandio surpassed themselves in the "Adoration of the Magi." Correggio needed to do nothing more than his "Madonna" to become immortal. The "Madonna of the Lily," by Leonardo da Vinci, will kindle the admiration of all ages. Murillo never won greater triumph by his pencil than in his presentation of the "Holy Family." But all the galleries of Dresden are forgotten when I think of the small room of that gallery containing the "Sistine Madonna." Yet all of them were copies of St. Matthew's "Madonna" and Luke's "Madonna," the inspired Madonna of the Old Book, which we had put into our hands when we were infants and that we hope to have under our heads when we die.

Behold, in the first place, that on the first night of Christ's life God honored the brute creation. You cannot get into that Bethlehem barn without going past the camels, the mules, the dogs, the oxen. The brutes of that stable heard the first cry of the infant Lord. Some of the old painters represent the oxen and camels kneeling that night before the new born babe. And well might they kneel. Have you ever thought that Christ came among other things to alleviate the sufferings of the brute creation? Was it not appropriate that he should, during the first few days and nights of his life on earth be surrounded by the dumb beasts whose moan and plaint and bellowing have for ages been a prayer to God for the arresting of their tortures and the righting of their wrongs? It did not merely "happen so" that the unintelligent creatures of God should have been that night in close neighborhood. Not a kennel in all the centuries, not a bird's nest, not a worn-out horse on towpath, not a herd freezing in the poorly built cow-pen, not a freight car in summer time bringing the beaves to market without water through 1,000 miles of agony, not a surgeon's room witnessing

the struggles of fox or rabbit or pigeon or dog in the horrors of vivisection but has an interest in the fact that Christ was born in a stable surrounded by brutes. He remembers that night, and the prayer he heard in their pitiful moan. He will answer in the punishment of those who maltreat the dumb brutes. They surely have as much right in the world as we have.

In the first chapter of Genesis you may see that they were placed on the earth before man was, the fish and fowl created the fifth day, and the quadruped the morning of the sixth day, and man not until the afternoon of that day. The whale, the eagle, the lion, and all the lesser creatures of their kind were predecessors of the human family. They have the world by right of possession. They have also paid rent for the places they occupied. What an army of defense all over the land are the faithful watch dogs. And who can tell what the world owes to horse, and camel, and ox for transportation? And robin and lark have by the cantatas with which they have filled orchard and forest, more than paid for the few grains they have picked up for their sustenance. When you abuse creatures of God you strike its creator, and you insult the Christ who, though He might have been welcomed into life by princes, and taken His first infantile slumber amid Tyrian plush and canopied couches, and rippling waters from royal aqueducts dripping into basins of ivory and pearl, chose to be born on the level with a cow's horn, or a camel's hoof, or a dog's nostril, that He might be the alleviator of brutal suffering as well as the redeemer of man.

Standing then, as I imagine now I do, in that Bethlehem night, with an infant Christ on the one side and the speechless creatures of God on the other, I cry: Look out how you strike the rowl into that horse's side. Take off that curbed bit from that bleeding mouth. Remove that saddle from that raw back. Shoot not for fun that bird that is too small for food. Forget not to put water into the cage of that canary. Throw out some crumbs to those birds caught too far north in the winter's inclemency. Arrest that man who is making that one horse draw a load heavy enough for three. Rush in upon that scene where boys are torturing a cat or transfixing butterfly and grasshopper. Drive not off that old robin, for her nest is a mother's cradle and under her wing there may be three or four prima donnas of the sky in training. And in your families and in your schools teach the coming generation more mercy than the present generation has even shown in this marvelous Bible picture of the Nativity, while you point out to them the angel, show them also the camel, and while they hear the celestial chant let them also hear the cow's moan. No more did Christ show interest in the botanical world when he said, "Consider the lilies," than He showed sympathy for the ornithological when he said, "Behold the fowls of the air," and the quadruped world when he allowed himself to be called in one place a lion and in another place a lamb. Meanwhile, may the Christ of the Bethlehem cattle-pen have mercy on the suffering stock yards that are preparing diseased and fevered meat for our American households.

Behold also in this Bible scene how on that Christmas night God honored childhood. Christ might have made His first visit to our world in a cloud, as He will descend on His next visit in a cloud. In what a chariot of illuminated vapor He might have rolled down the sky, escorted by mounted cavalry with lightning of drawn sword. Elijah had a carriage of fire to take him up; why not Jesus a carriage of fire to fetch Him down? Or, over the arched bridge of a rainbow the Lord might have descended. Or Christ might have had His mortality built up on earth out of the dust of a garden, as was Adam, in full manhood at the start, without the introductory feebleness of infancy. No, no! Childhood was to be honored by that advent. He must have a child's light limbs and a child's dimpled hand, and a child's beaming eye, and a child's flaxen hair, and babyhood was to be honored for all time to come, and a cradle was to mean more than a grave. Mighty God! May the reflection of that one child's face be seen in all infantile places. Enough have all those fathers and mothers on hand if they have a child in the house. A throne, a crown, a scepter, a kingdom under charge. Be careful how you strike him across the head, jarring the brain. What you say to him will be centennial and millennial, and 100 years and 1,000 years cannot stop the echo and re-echo. Do not say "it is only a child;" rather say "it is only an immortal." It is only a masterpiece of Jehovah. It is only a being that shall outlive sun and moon and star, and ages quadrillions. God has infinite resources, and can give presents of great value, but when He wants to give the richest possible gift to a household He looks around all the world and all the universe and then gives a child. The greatest present that God ever gave our world He gave about 187 years ago, and He gave it on a Christmas night, and it was of such value that Heaven adjourned for a recess and came down and broke through the clouds to look at it. Yes, in all ages God has honored childhood. He makes almost every picture a failure unless there be a child either

playing on the floor, or looking through the window, or seated on the lap gazing into the face of its mother. It was a child in Naaman's kitchen that told the great Syrian warrior where he might go and get cured of the leprosy, which at his seventh plunge in the Jordan, was left at the bottom of the river. It was to the cradle of leaves in which a child was laid, rocked by the Nile, that God called the attention of history. It was a sick child that evoked Christ's curative sympathies. It was a child that Christ sat in the midst of the squabbling disciples to teach the lesson of humility. We are informed that wolf and leopard and lion shall be yet so domesticated that a little child shall lead them. A child decided Waterloo, showing the army of Blucher how they could take a short cut through the fields, when, if the old road had been followed, the Prussian General would have come too late to save the destinies of Europe. It was a child that decided Gettysburg, he having overheard two Confederate Generals in a conversation in which they decided to march for Gettysburg instead of Harrisburg, and this, reported to Gov. Curtin, the Federal forces started to meet their opponents at Gettysburg. And the child of to-day is to decide all great battles, make all the laws, settle all destinies, and usher in the world's salvation or destruction. Men, women, nations, all earth and all Heaven, behold the child! Is there any velvet so soft as a child's cheek? Is there any sky so blue as a child's eye? Is there any music so sweet as the child's voice? Is there any plume so wavy as a child's hair?

Behold also in that first Christmas night that God honored the fields. Come in, shepherd boys, to Bethlehem and see the child. "No," they say; "we are not dressed good enough to come in." "Yes, you are, come in." Sure enough, the storms, and the night dew, and the brambles have made rough work with their apparel, but none have a better right to come in. They were the first to hear the music of that Christmas night. The first announcement of a Saviour's birth was made to those men in the fields. There were wisacres that night in Bethlehem and Jerusalem snoring in deep sleep, and there were salaried officers of the government who, hearing of it afterwards, may have thought that they ought to have had the first news of such a great event, some one dismounting from a swift camel at their door and knocking till at some sentinel's question, "Who comes there?" the great ones of the palace might have been told of the celestial arrival. No; the shepherds heard the first two bars of the music, the first in the major key and the last in the subdued minor: "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will to men." Ah, yes; the fields were honored. The old shepherds with plaid and crook have for the most part vanished, but we have grazing—on our United States pasture fields and prairie—about 45,000,000 sheep, and all their keepers ought to follow the shepherds of the text, and all those who toil in fields, all wine dressers, all orchardists, all husbandmen. Not only that Christmas night but all up and down the world's history God has been honoring the fields. Nearly all the messiahs of reform, and literature, and eloquence, and law, and benevolence, have come from the fields. Washington from the fields; Jefferson from the fields; the Presidential martyrs, Garfield and Lincoln, from the fields; Henry Clay from the fields; Daniel Webster from the fields; Martin Luther from the fields; and before this world is right the overflowing population of our crowded cities will have to take to the fields. Instead of ten merchants in rivalry as to who shall sell that one apple, we want at least eight of them to go out and raise apples. Instead of ten merchants desiring to sell that one bushel of wheat, we want at least eight of them to go out and raise wheat. The world wants more hard hands, more bronzed cheeks, more muscular arms. To the fields! God honored them when He woke up the shepherds by the midnight anthem, and He will, while the world lasts, continue to honor the fields. When the shepherd's crook was that famous night stood against the wall of the Bethlehem kahn, it was a prophecy of the time when thrasher's flail, and farmer's plow, and woodman's ax, and ox's yoke, and sheaf binder's rake shall surrender to the God who made the country as man made the town.

Behold also that on that Christmas night God honored motherhood. Two angels on their wings might have brought an infant Saviour to Bethlehem without Mary's being there at all. When the villagers, on the morning of Dec. 26, awoke by divine arrangement and in some unexplained way, the child Jesus might have been found in some comfortable cradle of the village. But no, no! Motherhood for all time was to be consecrated, and one of the tenderest relations was to be the maternal relation, and one of the sweetest words "mother." In all ages God has honored good motherhood. John Wesley had a good mother. St. Bernard had a good mother, Samuel Budgett had a good mother, Doddridge a good mother, Walter Scott a good mother, Benjamin West a good mother. In a great audience, most of whom were Christians, I asked that all those who had been blessed of Christian mothers arise, and almost the entire assembly stood up. Don't you see how important it is that all motherhood be consecrated? Why did Titian, the Italian

artist, when he sketched the Madonna, make it an Italian face? Why did Rubens, the German artist, in his Madonna, make it a German face? Why did Joshua Reynolds, the English artist, in his Madonna, make it an English face? Why did Murillo, the Spanish artist, in his Madonna, make it a Spanish face? I never heard, but I think they took their own mothers as the type of Mary, the mother of Christ. When you hear some one in sermon or oration speak in the abstract of a good, faithful, honest mother your eyes fill up with tears while you say to yourself, that was my mother. The first word a child utters is apt to be, "mother," and the old man in his dying dream calls, "Mother! mother!" It matters not whether she was brought up in the surroundings of a city, and in affluent home, and was dressed appropriately with reference to the demands of modern life, or whether she were the old-time cap, and great round spectacles, and apron of her own make, and knit your socks with her own needles seated by the broad fireplace with great back-logs ablaze on a winter night. It matters not how many wrinkles crossed and recrossed her face, or how much her shoulders stooped with the burdens of a long life, if you painted a Madonna hers would be the face. What a gentle hand she had when we were sick, and what a voice to soothe the pain, and was there any one who could so fill up a room with peace and purity and light? And what a sad day that was when we came home and she could greet us not, for her lips were forever still. Come back, mother, this Christmas day, and take your old place, and as ten, or twenty, or fifty years ago, come and open the old Bible you used to read, and kneel in the same place where you used to pray, and look upon us as of old when you wished us a Merry Christmas or a Happy New Year. But no! That would not be fair to call you back. You had trouble enough, and aches enough, and bereavements enough while you were here. Tarry by the throne, mother, till we join you there, your prayers all answered, and in the eternal homestead of our God we shall again keep Christmas jubilee together. But speak from your thrones, all you glorified mothers, and say to all these, your sons and daughters, words of love, words of warning, words of cheer. They need your voice for they have traveled far and with many a heart-break since you left them, and you do well to call from the heights of Heaven to the valleys of earth. Hail, enthroned ancestry! We are coming. Keep a place for us right beside you at the banquet.

Now footed years! More swiftly run  
Into the gold of that unsetting sun.  
Homelick we are for thee,  
Calm land beyond the sea.

### Stephenson's Machine.

George Stephenson began his experiences as an inventor with the perpetual motion problem, for which he constructed a machine. His biographer describes it as consisting of a "wooden wheel, the periphery of which was furnished with glass tubes filled with quicksilver; and as the wheel rotated the quicksilver poured itself down into the lower tubes, and thus a sort of self-acting motion was kept up in the apparatus, which, however, did not prove to be perpetual."

Kattorfalte, the engineer, exhibited a perpetual motion machine in the last century. So recently as 1860, Sir John Trotter Bethune took out a patent for "improvements in the production of motive power by application of the dead weight of liquids, and with the apparatus connected therewith."

Indeed, not a year passes but some new enthusiast lodges at the Patent Office the specifications of some machine for perpetual motion. This is not in itself considered evidence of insanity but it is unquestionably regarded by some as proof of mechanical aberration.

Only one fatality is known in connection with the pursuit of perpetual motion, and that is the case of Hartmann of Leipsic, who hanged himself in despair and mortification at having spent the best part of his life in prosecuting this hopeless aim.—*Cassell*.

### A Female Surplised Choir.

A female surplised choir is an innovation in an English church that is creating something of a sensation. The singers wear surplises not unlike an M. A. gown, and purple velvet caps. There is a choir of the same kind in Melbourne, Australia, whence the freak was imported to England. Canon Liddon heartily disapproves of it, and pronounces it irreverent and grotesque. An unprejudiced looker-on, however, finds it difficult to see why there should not be girl choristers, and wherein lies the objection to their wearing surplises any more than boys.—*Chicago News*.

ITALY ceased to be the center of the Roman world with the removal of the capital from Rome to Byzantium (Constantinople) by Constantine, in the fourth century.



When fragile woman sighs, deploring  
The charms that quickly fade away.  
What power, the bloom of health restoring  
Can check the progress of decay?  
The only aid that's worth attention  
For pains and ills of such description  
Thousands of women gladly mention  
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Large bottles \$1. Six for \$5.

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"I'm sorry to tell you, Mr. Brown,  
that coffee's gone up since you bought  
that last pound," said the grocery man  
who was serving him.

"Drat it all," was the sharp rejoinder;  
"wish I'd a-took two pounds the last  
time I was down. I s'pose it's all the  
fault of them blamed speculators who  
are allus cornerin' things that poor  
folks hes to hev."—*Detroit Free Press.*

The earliest coinage for America was  
made in 1612 for the Virginia Com-  
pany. Massachusetts made the first  
colonial coins in 1652.

"Brown's Bronchial Troches"  
are excellent for the relief of Hoarseness or  
Sore Throat. They are exceedingly effective.  
—*Christian World, London, Eng.*

FOREIGNER—Ah! cher monsieur, I for-  
get ze yourre name, eet iz so queer and  
strange— He—My name is Smith.—  
*Town Topics.*

PRICKLY ASH BITTERS WASHES UP AND INVIG-  
orates the stomach, improves and strengthens  
the digestive organs, opens the pores, pro-  
motes perspiration, and equalizes the circula-  
tion. As a corrector of disordered system there  
is nothing to equal it.

The world may expect more from an in-  
dustrious tool than an idle genius.—  
*Arkansas Traveler.*

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that the CHICAGO, ROCK ISLAND AND PACIFIC  
RAILWAY will issue another magnificent suc-  
cessor for the Christmas and New Year season  
of 1888, which surpasses in many respects  
anything of the kind heretofore published.  
"Coal and Coke" is the title of the work, and  
the subject has been exhaustively treated. It  
is written in a captivating colloquial style,  
embodying a vast amount of information in  
regard to coal strata; their relative position  
in the earth's crust; where deposits occur,  
their nature and extent; the different pro-  
cesses of underground mining; how coal is  
converted into coke, and some of its varied  
and multiple uses.

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world.

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South, and men of much or moderate means,  
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are now settling, viz: Jackson, Tennessee; Ab-  
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J. F. MERRY, Gen. West. Pass. Agt.

#### The Popular Thoroughfare.

The Wisconsin Central Line, although a  
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tem of the Northwest, has acquired and en-  
joyed popularity. Through careful attention to  
details, its service is as near perfection as  
might be looked for. The train attendants  
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property and as a result the public is served  
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ukee, St. Paul, and Minneapolis with Pullman's  
best and unequalled dining-cars; it also runs  
through, solid sleepers between Chicago, Ash-  
land, Duluth, and the famous mining regions  
of Northern Wisconsin and Michigan.

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A clergyman, after years of suffering from  
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trying every known remedy, at last found a  
prescription which completely cured and  
saved him from death. Any sufferer from this  
dreadful disease sending a self-addressed  
stamped envelope to Prof. J. A. Lawrence, 212  
East Ninth street, New York, will receive the  
recipe free of charge.

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The news was received with the utmost sat-  
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rorized; but the arrest of a disease that is  
stealing away a loved and valued life is an  
achievement that should inspire heart-fel-  
gratitude. Chills, cold extremities, de-  
pressed spirits, and extremely miserable sen-  
sations, with pale, wan features, are the re-  
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the cause at once by taking Dr. Pierce's  
Golden Medical Discovery. It is a purely  
vegetable detective, that will ferret out and  
capture the most subtle lung or blood disor-  
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The trouble with the big girl is that every  
pair of scales she steps on gives her a weigh.  
—*Texas Siftings.*

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Symptoms—No sture; intense itching and  
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If allowed to continue tumors form, which  
often bleed and ulcerate, becoming very sore.  
Swayne's Ointment stops the itching and  
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Son, Proprietors, Philadelphia. Swayne's  
Ointment can be obtained of druggists, or by  
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hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I  
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FREE to any of your readers who have consump-  
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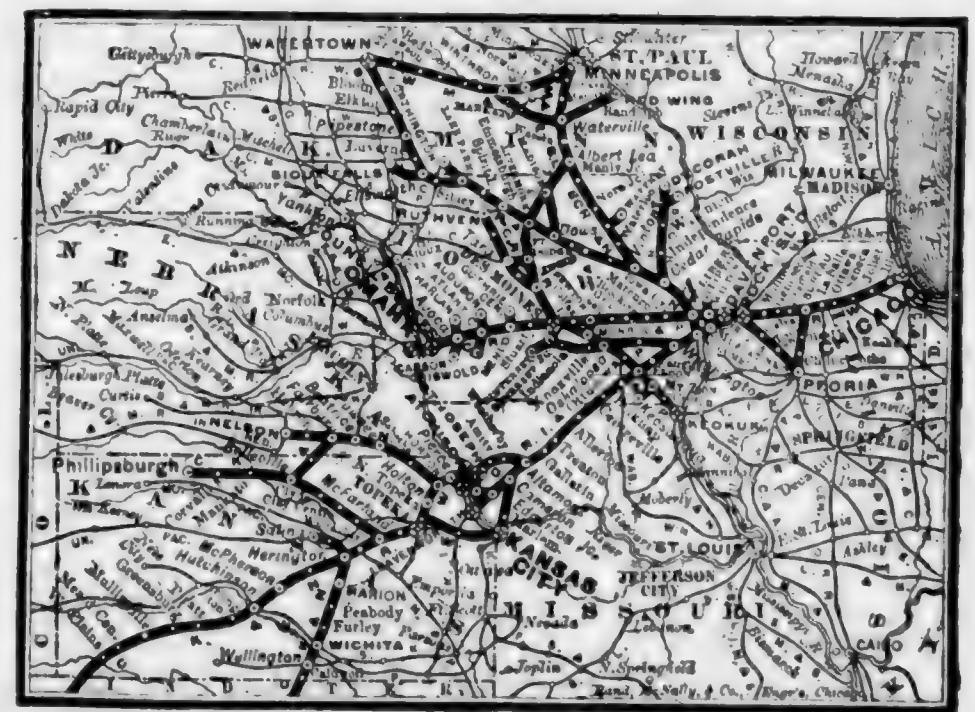
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## REMINISCENCES OF PUBLIC MEN.

BY BEN PERLEY POORE.

Mr. Lincoln was much troubled when he learned that his "sailor dragoon," Gen. Nelson, had been shot by Gen. Davis in a hotel at Louisville. Gen. Nelson was over six feet in height, weighed over 250 pounds, and was notoriously strong, while Gen. Davis was a quiet little gentleman, who never troubled any one.

Senator Morton, with Gen. Nelson and Davis, were conversing together, when Nelson became excited, and deliberately slapped Davis in the right cheek. Davis and Morton stepped back, and Morton gave Davis a pistol. Davis advanced toward Nelson, leveled the pistol, and fired. At the puff of the revolver Nelson put his hand on his heart, and when the bystanders ran up they heard him say: "I'm a dead man." Send for an Episcopal clergyman.

His friends carried him into a little room under the stairs. They opened his clothes and found near the heart a little blue mark, about the size of a buckshot, and that was all. The wound had closed; no blood was running; you would hardly notice that it was a wound. By good luck there was an Episcopal clergyman, a man with whom Nelson was intimate, in the house. He was sent for and came immediately, and when he entered the room all others withdrew. In about ten minutes we were told that Nelson was dead.

Quite a number came running up at the sound of the shot, and among them a policeman, who arrested Davis. Davis went with him quietly, but upon Gen. Buell being informed of it, he made a demand upon the Mayor for the delivery of Davis to him, which, after a momentary hesitation, was done. No notice was taken of the affair. Everybody felt sorry that Nelson was killed, but they understood that Davis could not do anything else than what he did do. He had been struck, and if he hadn't resented it he would have been disgraced, and compelled to leave the army. He could not resent it any other way.

The Maryland women, who at first ruled society here, have always been more noted for the graces and charms that adorn society and make home happy than for the intellectual and worldly qualities which seek for recognition outside of the domestic circle. The ceremonious formality of the last century has given place to a graceful ease. The stately and solemn minuet passed away with the ruffs and brocades; the lively and dashing racket is better suited to the light and lovely toilets of the present day. Though their manners have changed from the pompous and ceremonious stateliness of their grandmothers, the Maryland ladies of the present day are well described in the lines of Austin Dobson:

Purity doth hedge her  
Round with delicate divinity.

The final session of the Thirty-ninth Congress was opened on the 3d of December, 1866. A caucus of the Republican Representatives, held on the Saturday evening previous, had evinced an earnest hostility toward the President, with a determination to restrict his patronage and power. On Monday night a welcome banquet was given to the Republican Congressmen in a temporary structure which had been erected for a mechanics' fair. Gen. Walbridge presided. Speaker Colfax responded to his speech of welcome, and Gov. Yates followed in an eloquent arraignment of President Johnson.

Mr. Sumner was enlisted by a friend who had won his affections by having an edition de luxe of one of his speeches printed in New York, in the support of a New Jersey railroad, gotten up in opposition to the Camden and Amboy monopoly. A lobby manager of the interests of the latter, wishing to kill off the New Jersey road scheme, offered to secure enough votes to pass a constitutional amendment then pending, if the New Jersey road bill could be smothered. Finally the proposition was made to Mr. Sumner, who had the New Jersey bill in charge, but who was very anxious that the constitutional amendment should be enacted. Instead, however, of acquiescing in the bargain, the Massachusetts Senator rose from his seat before his library-table, and exclaimed in his deepest tone: "I forbid the ban. Both measures are right, and both shall pass!" The bargain was nevertheless made, the constitutional amendment was

passed, and the Camden and Amboy monopoly was not troubled by a rival.

Oakes Ames died at his home in North Easton, Mass., on Thursday, May 8, 1873, from the effects of a stroke of paralysis by which he was attacked on the Monday previous. The paralysis first affected the right side of his face and right arm and leg. For a few moments he was unconscious, and continued speechless up to his death. His death was attributed to over-anxiety and care, and the excitement of the Credit Mobilier business. Until this last illness Mr. Ames had not been confined to his bed by sickness in forty years.

Mr. Ames was born in Easton, Bristol County, Mass., January 10, 1804, and was consequently in his 70th year. He was engaged all his life in manufacturing. In 1862 he was elected a Representative from Massachusetts to the Thirty-eighth Congress, and continued to hold a seat in the House down to the close of the Forty-second Congress. Benjamin W. Harris was elected to succeed him in the Forty-third Congress.

Mr. Ames was a man of indomitable physical energy, steady habits, and methodical ways. Though much of ill was said of him in the last days of his busy life, growing out of his connection with the building of the Union Pacific Railroad and other railroad enterprises, now that he was gone there was found a side to his character that was bright, and around which were found to cluster many virtues. Beyond the exterior of indifference which he wore before the Credit Mobilier committees, and under the smile that he returned to the poisoned barbs of Congress hall, press, and pulpit, he concealed a nature that was wounded to the quick and wounded to the death. I believe he was followed altogether too relentlessly, that he was judged with small measure of charity, and, above all, that he was cruelly deserted by men who were too cowardly to tell the truth.

### The Lady of Lyons.

An impression prevails among some people that the Lady of Lyons was a circus woman who went into the lion's cage and performed there. Such was not the case. She was a wealthy young lady of Lyons, N. Y., who moved in the best circles. She was strolling in the garden one day when the gardener's son, who was weeding an onion bed, saw her and immediately fell in love with her. He thought there never was such a woman as Pauline, though he couldn't make his pa lean that way, nor his ma. Hearing of the young man's infatuation, a couple of Pauline's discarded lovers put up a job on her. They dressed Claude in fine clothes and introduced him to her as a Count. He was no 'count as a simple gardener, but as a supposed titled man he rose in the social scale very greatly. He pictured to her in glowing colors his home by the lake of Como, with its fruits of gold, nickel-plated bananas, etc., and she expected to be conveyed to it in a palace car, four sections to themselves.

Judge then of her vexation and disgust on being conveyed in a bob-tailed horse-car and landed at his mother's humble lodgings on the sixth floor of a cheap tenement building. She thereupon denounced Claude and his deception, and he went off to fight Indians. He got an appointment as an Indian agent, amassed a handsome fortune in a short time and came back to claim his bride. Everything was explained, except how he came to get so much money, and Claude and Pauline were reunited. —Texas Siftings.

### The Majesty of the Law.

A tall, slender, majestic policeman stood on the bridge, on a recent afternoon, as an elevated train drew up for Brooklyn. One arm rested on the end of the iron railing, the left foot gracefully crossed the right, toes downward, the expression of the face was peaceful, and the general tout ensemble dignified and impressive.

In essaying to board the train a gentleman ventured to touch the outstretched arm.

"Do odder side, young feller," said the policeman, glaring a hole through the gentleman.

"The other side of what?"

"De odder side of MR." — Tid-Bits.

CHLOROFORM was discovered by Samuel Guthrie of Sackett's Harbor, N. Y., in 1831, and independently by Liebig in 1832.

## KEEPING RELICS.

Singular Effect It Has on Mankind.

[London Spectator.]

While thus arguing that in our day one of the chief feelings connected with relics of the great dead is the hunger for a sense of reality in connection with the men of the past, which can only be satisfied by some material link—of which a portion of the actual body is the most perfect—we must not, of course, leave out of sight the fact that in all probability the feeling that the human body is in itself sacred has a good deal to do with the sense of religion which attaches to relics of the dead. If we have an instructive feeling toward the preservation of the human body generally, this feeling is no doubt intensified in the case of those whom we reverence from any cause; and thus the desire to keep relics of the great dead, which still at this day survives much cynicism, is probably dimly connected, though in a way not recognized, with other religious feelings. The manner in which this instinct for preserving the body seems to have grown up in the human mind is curious. In its most intense form we find it among Egyptians. It is not too much to say that in the valley of the Nile half the energy of the living was devoted to the preservation of the dead. The Egyptians were possessed of an active belief in the existence of the soul after death. The ultimate prospects of immortality depended, however, on whether or not the body could be preserved. After death the soul passed a vast period of time in expiatory journeys in the nether world. These journeys over it returned to occupy the body before abandoned. An imperative necessity was thus cast upon all those who valued an after life to prepare means of embalming so perfect and tombs so secure, that when the body was again required, the soul might find it ready. To the Greeks and Romans, to whom the nether world was but a land of shadows, the preservation of the body was not a necessity; and accordingly, like the Hindoos, they burnt their dead. With Christianity came the idea of the resurrection of the body, and so of its sacredness and the necessity of its preservation from destruction. Though the spiritual application which the idea soon received—that of continuous identity in a non-material state—prevented the notion from having the effect it had in Egypt, there can be no doubt that in the earlier centuries of Christian history it had much to do with the growth of the worship and preservation of relics. If we turn from the more restricted theme of the relics of the dead to relics of the past in general, it is curious to notice how deeply they have often affected men's minds. The First Napoleon, who never neglected any means by which he might influence human nature, so as to make it more pliable for his purposes, recognized very clearly the sentimental influence which could be exercised in this way. For instance, before setting out for Boulogne to arrange for the invasion of England he had the Bayeux tapestry brought to Paris and exposed to view in the Palace Royal, in order that the people of Paris might be inspired by the sight of the tapestry made to commemorate what he chose with a fine disregard of history and ethnology to regard as a previous conquest of England by France. Not content with this, he professed, while encamped at Boulogne, to have found a coin of Julius Caesar and the arms of one of William the Conqueror's followers. It is grotesque to read of, but Napoleon did right not only to rely upon his soldiers' credulity, but upon the effect of touching their imaginations. It was the best possible means of bringing home to his men the lesson he desired to teach them—that France had conquered England before and would conquer her again—to show them the arms which one of the conquerors had left on the very spot from which a successful invasion had actually been made. The restoration of Napoleon's body to France helped to revive the Napoleonic cult as no other incident did, and all Germany feels the stronger and fuller of continuous life because the Emperor addresses his Parliament from the throne pressed by the feet of Charlemagne. Plenty of other instances might be given of how great has been the effects of relics on mankind.

The first cotton factory in America was established at East Bridgewater, Mass., in 1787.

M. T. BISHOP,

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LUMBER, LIME,

—LATH,—

SHINGLES,

MOULDING &c.

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MAKER AND DEALER IN

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WHIPS, HARNESS OIL &c.

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Repairing done promptly. Prices as  
low as the lowest. Call and see.



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PROPRIETOR OF

MEAT MARKET

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Tallow &c. Give me a call.

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A. W. Hall, St. Joe.

JANUARY



# THE ST. JOE NEWS.

VOL. I.

ST. JOE, IND., FRIDAY, JANUARY 6, 1888.

NO. 50.

## Churches.

### DISCIPLE.

SERVICES every alternate Sunday evening, in the Lutheran church. Cottage prayer meeting every Friday evening.

J. A. THOMAS, PASTOR.

### METHODIST PROTESTANT.

SERVICES every alternate Sunday at 10:30 A. M. Prayer meeting every Tuesday evening. Sunday School at 9:30 A. M.

J. M. LANOLEY, PASTOR.

### EVANGELICAL LUTHERAN.

SERVICES every Sunday, one Sunday in the morning at 10:30, and the following Sunday in the evening. Prayer meeting every Thursday evening. Sunday School at 9:30 A. M.

S. P. FRYBERGER, PASTOR.

## Societies.

### G. A. R.

REGULAR meetings on Saturday evening on or before the full moon of each month, at their hall over Leighty's store.

O. H. WIDNEY, COMMANDER.  
J. M. MILLIMAN, ADJUTANT.

## Business Notices.

H. W. BOWMAN, M. D., Physician and Surgeon, St. Joe, Ind. Office opposite the Drugstore.

ST. JOE HOTEL, Wm. Leighty, proprietor. Special attention given to furnishing teams for commercial men.

B. S. SHEFFER, M. D., Physician and Surgeon, St. Joe, Ind. Prompt and careful attention to all business entrusted to his care.

ST. JOE BARBER SHOP, one door west of hotel, Will Gee, proprietor. Satisfaction guaranteed. Your patronage is solicited.

FILLEY, LOUNSBERRY AND SHULER, proprietors of the St. Joe Saw and Planing Mill. All work promptly done. Cash paid for Oak Logs.

CITY BARBER SHOP, St. Joe, Ind., John Hull, proprietor. Shaving, Hair Cutting &c. done in the best of style. Come and see me. Two doors west of Kinsey's Furniture Store.

SIMON WINELAND, proprietor St. Joe Handle and Feed Mills. Feed grinding a specialty. Highest prices paid for second growth White Ash. Enquire at the mill for full particulars.

## INDIANA STATE NEWS.

—Patents have been issued to Indiana inventors as follows: Charles Anderson, assignor to South Bend Iron-works, South Bend, plow and skeleton frame; Oliver Cassidy, White Lick, vehicle spring; William L. Evans, Jr., Logansport, hay rake and leader; Joshua O. Howe, assignor of one-third to S. B. Wylie, Bloomington, lighting device; Daniel R. Kerne, Kendallville, burglar alarm; Amos E. Kunderd, Corunna, cultivator attachment; William Lyon and J. B. Gorrell, La Otto, device for preventing the depression of railway joints; Robert E. Poindexter, Indianapolis, device for dressing the teeth of saws; William T. Vanvactor, Argos, plow; J. Morris Waldorf, South Bend, assignor to McCormick Harvesting Machine Company, Chicago, mowing machine.

—There are 463,134 able-bodied white male citizens in Indiana, between the ages 18 and 25, that are fit for military duty, so states the Adjutant General's annual report to the War Department at Washington. The report of the State militia service, just submitted, shows that there is an enrollment of about 1,000 in the Indiana Legion, comprising four infantry regiments and three artillery regiments. The military companies are all in first-class condition, having good uniforms and being equipped with Springfield breech-loading rifles. That the companies of the Indiana Legion are, as a rule, well drilled, is attested by their success in competitions with the military organizations of other States.

—Marion Grange celebrated its twenty-second anniversary by the election of the following officers: W. M., A. V. Rector; W. O., John Collins; Lecturer, F. J. L. Robinson; Secretary, G. P. Rector; Treasurer, G. W. Light. The Grange is composed of farmers of Lost Creek and Riley townships, Vigo County, and Posey and Perry townships, Clay County, and is in a flourishing condition. A fair exhibit is given each year, all racing being prohibited, and only farm products and live stock are admitted.

—The identity of a demented man who has been in the Orange County Poor-house since 1876 has just been established. His name is George W. Taylor, of Carlyle, Ill., who enlisted in Company G, Thirty-fifth Regiment, Illinois Volunteers, on Nov. 30, 1861, re-enlisted on March 24, 1864, and was mustered out on Dec. 8, 1865, being then a Corporal. In 1876 he was found in a school-house in Orange County, almost frozen to death. He will be sent to the Soldiers' Home.

—As Mr. James Ollom, one of the most promising young men in Muncie, was crossing the Bee Line Railroad, about one and one-half mile east of that city, the limited express, which was running at the rate of forty miles an hour, struck the buggy in which he was riding, killing him instantly. Mr. Ollom had an engagement with a young lady who resides near the scene of the accident, and was within fifty feet of the house when killed.

—A deplorable casualty occurred four miles west of Portland. James Richendollar, aged 50, took down his gun preparatory to going hunting, and placed his mouth over the muzzle and blow in it to see if it was loaded, when the gun instantly exploded, sending the ball crashing through his brain. His wife, who was the only witness to the terrible tragedy, said he never moved after he fell to the floor.

—Gov. Gray has remitted to Wilson L. Moncrief, of Decatur County, \$350 of a forfeited bond of \$400. He was surety for his son, who was indicted on the charge of petit larceny and failed to appear for trial. The remittance was granted, it is stated, because Mr. Moncrief is a crippled soldier and the payment of the sum would be a great hardship.

—State Veterinarian Pritchard, who went to Warren County to investigate a disease that was thought to be glanders among the horses there, and of which one man died, says while there was much sickness among the horses in that locality, nothing in the nature of glanders was discovered. The death of the man, George Brown, proved to be a case of blood poisoning.

—Dr. William H. Coover, aged 77, the oldest medical practitioner in Northern Indiana, died at Goshen, of chronic disorder of the stomach. He was unable to assimilate any food for weeks, and literally died of starvation. He was noted for his charitable acts, and leaves an estate valued at \$100,000.

—Frank Morris, a young man about 20 years old, residing at Spencer, shot himself, accidentally. He was loading his shot-gun to go hunting, when it discharged, lodging a full load of shot in his temple and face. He is still living, but he cannot recover.

—Natural gas was found at Amboy four feet in Trenton rock, with a strong flow. Further penetration will undoubtedly reveal a gusher equal to others in the immediate vicinity. This is the first find of the series of borings for use in Peru.

—Granville Hook was killed by a runaway team, near New Middletown, Harrison County. He was about 50 years of age, and had a family. Mr. Hook was at one time a member of the New Albany police force.

—Burglars in Indianapolis resisted and escaped from an officer by throwing a bomb that struck the latter on the head and exploded and fractured his skull, broke an arm, and otherwise injured him.

—Thomas Ayres, son of Lemuel Ayres, of La Porte, was found drowned in Clear Lake. He went skating, and was not known to have met his death until his body was found.

—Dennis Dean accidentally fell from a wagon near Corydon, and broke his neck.

—Charles Pruitt, of Edinburg, aged about 16 years, press-boy in the Vincennes News office, had his right hand badly mangled by being caught in a job press.

—James A. Smart attempted to board a moving freight train at Jeffersonville. He fell under the cars, both legs were crushed, and he died in three hours.

—The Union Labor party of Indiana have determined to hold a convention at Indianapolis, March 7, for the purpose of nominating a State ticket.

—Mrs. Sarah G. Ewing was attacked and killed by hogs near Shelbyville.

—John Leaby, an employee of the Sandford Fork and Tool Works, at Terre Haute, was caught in a belt and sustained injuries that may prove fatal.

—William Henry, of Indianapolis, brakeman on the Chicago Air-line, was killed by a freight train at Ockley. It was his first trip.

—Fire broke out in the Indiana penitentiary at Michigan City, entirely destroying the shoe department, with a loss of \$75,000.

—William Adams, aged 21, of Kokomo, was thrown against a circular saw recently, and was horribly mangled. He died.

—The miners in the coal regions at Brazil, have organized a mutual aid society, to provide insurance for its members.

—A fire gas well has been struck at Markleville, Madison County, at a depth of 946 feet, and twelve feet in Trenton rock.

—Irwin George, 15 years old, was skating on White River, at Columbus, when the ice gave way and he was drowned.

—Leonard Buche, of Edinburg, while hunting, was killed by the accidental discharge of his gun.

—Scarlet fever and diphtheria are raging among children at Kokomo.

## MONEY

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HOUSE PAINTING, Graining, Glazing Paper Hanging and Ceiling Decorating a specialty. All work guaranteed. B. A. Woodcox. Call and see me, or leave orders at the St. Joe Drugstore.



# The St. Joe News.

ST. JOE, INDIANA.

MORT & WILL OLDS, PUBLISHERS.

## EVENTS OF A WEEK.

### THE OLD WORLD.

—Fresh accusations have been made against M. Wilson in connection with the decorations scandal, which it is expected will lead to his rearrest.

—A Berlin dispatch says: "Notwithstanding the semi-official denials, it is again asserted here that Russia tried to arrive at an understanding with Austria on the Bulgarian question, but was refused to the Berlin treaty as the only basis upon which a settlement could be effected. A Munich correspondent states that workmen belonging to the Austrian reserves have been ordered to rejoin their regiments forthwith."

—The British mission that went to Abyssinia to induce King John to sue for peace was unsuccessful, and will return at once to Cairo.

—Mr. Gladstone arrived at Dover on the 27th of December on his way to the Continent. A number of roughs outside the depot threw snow-balls at him, none of which, however, struck him. A delegation of Kentish Liberals waited upon him at the Town Hall and presented him with an address. Mr. Gladstone will spend some weeks in Italy.

—The revolution in Guatemala has been completely put down as the result of a desperate battle between the Federal and revolutionary forces, in which the latter were defeated and almost annihilated and their Generals captured and shot.

### POLITICAL POINTS.

—Maj. J. M. Wright of Louisville, Ky., has been appointed Marshal of the United States Supreme Court to succeed John G. Nicolay, who retires to devote himself to literary work. The position is a life one with a salary of \$3,000 a year. Maj. Wright is a graduate of West Point, and was at one time on Gen. Buell's staff. He was for some time an editorial writer on the *Courier-Journal*. Afterwards he was made Superintendent of the Board of Trade, and later President of the Southern Exposition Company.

—A St. Paul paper publishes letters from a large number of the members of the present House upon the subject of the admission of Dakota, from which it appears that the sentiment of Congress is against division and in favor of the one-State idea.

### FINANCIAL AND INDUSTRIAL.

—The total value of the imports of merchandise into this country during the present year is placed at \$712,980,918, and the exports have amounted to \$727,460,625.

—A real estate company is said to have secured a title to 55,000,000 acres of land in eleven States of Mexico, which will be offered to immigrants upon very advantageous terms. The Government favors the enterprise, which it is thought will bring in many settlers from this country and Europe.

—A Philadelphia dispatch of Wednesday says: "The great strike on the Reading Road, which promised to develop into a long and bitter fight, 75,000 men out of work, and millions out of coal, has come to a sudden end. From what has transpired thus far it appears that the Knights of Labor have made an unconditional surrender. All the strikers have returned to work, and all business is going on as usual."

—Rand & Co.'s powder mill, at Pittsford, N. Y., was completely wrecked by an explosion, causing heavy loss.

### FIRES AND ACCIDENTS.

—A terrible disaster happened near Freeport, Ill., to a Minnesota and Northwestern train, on route for the East with a large excursion party bound for Canadian points. The train encountered a broken rail, and the cars, seven in number, were all hurled down a twelve-foot embankment on either side. One of the cars was thrown fully fifty feet and turned completely over endways. All the other cars but one were thrown over on their sides down the bank. There were nearly 150 passengers on board the train, upward of thirty of whom were injured more or less seriously. Two, it is thought, were fatally hurt. One of the coaches caught fire, but the flames were extinguished by the train men before they gained any headway. Twelve physicians were summoned from Freeport by special train, and ministered to the needs of the injured.

—A fire which broke out in Wakefield, Mich., burned the best part of the town. The total loss is estimated at \$100,000. The insurance

is small. The fire started in a variety of places, and was caused by a monkey which overturned a lamp.

—In an accident which occurred on the Wisconsin Central near Fifield, Wis., one man was killed. His name was M. Montie. He got on the train at Butternut, Wis., and attempted to get out of a window when he felt the uneven motion of the train, but he was caught under the car and crushed to a jelly. Conductor C. H. Greenfield, who was passing through the train, was caught in the shower of falling debris, and held a prisoner between two timbers. He was released, but is thought to be fatally hurt.

—The reports of suffering from cold and hunger which have been received from Kansas are said to have been greatly exaggerated.

—Eight persons were frozen to death in Carson county, Tex., during the recent cold spell.

### MISCELLANEOUS NOTES.

—Following was the visible supply of grain as compiled by the New York Produce Exchange: Wheat, 44,247,634 bushels, increase 1,016,625 bushels; corn, 5,759,407 bushels, increase 378,998 bushels; oats, 5,859,191 bushels, decrease 232,065 bushels; rye, 274,077 bushels, decrease 5,692 bushels; barley, 3,676,855 bushels, increase 76,049 bushels.

—It is reported from East Saginaw, Mich., that Thomas B. Barry must pay the judgment of \$29,018 taken against him for damages to the Hoyt estate in the great mill strike, or body execution will be issued against him and he will be imprisoned.

—A total of 3,534 miles of new railroad has been built in the Northwest during 1887, besides about 500 miles of road-bed made ready for the iron next year.

—After a careful examination by numerous scientists and experts, the gas recently discovered in the water-supply pipe of a Chicago brewery is pronounced to be natural gas.

—The Pacific Railway Company has been incorporated at Lincoln, Neb., with capital stock of \$6,000,000, to build an extension, it is thought, of the Missouri Pacific's Hastings branch.

### EX-SECRETARY MANNING DEAD.

—Ex-Secretary of the Treasury Daniel Manning died at the residence of his son James, in Albany, whether he had gone to spend the holidays. He passed away peacefully, surrounded by his family and near relatives.



Mrs. Manning received many tender telegrams of condolence, including the following from the President:

"Though in this hour of unutterable grief your sorrow is too sacred to be shared and too deep to be reached by earthly comfort, may I express to you my sincere and tender sympathy, saddened by my own affliction at the loss of a true and trusted friend and a loyal associate, who but lately stood at my side in the discharge, with patriotic zeal, of solemn public duty."

GROVER CLEVELAND.

The President caused an order to be issued directing that the flags on all public buildings in Washington be placed at half-mast, as a mark of respect to the memory of his dead ex-Minister.

Mr. Manning was born in Albany, N. Y., Aug. 16, 1831. His parentage was of Irish, English, and Dutch extraction. He was a poor boy, and his early opportunities for schooling were very limited. At 11 years of age he went to work as an office-boy at the establishment of the Albany Atlas, which was afterward merged into the Albany Argus, with which paper he was, in one capacity or another, connected until his appointment by President Cleveland as Secretary of the Treasury. In 1873 he assumed sole charge of the Argus and was elected President of the company. He was a member of the New York Democratic State convention of 1874 that nominated Samuel J. Tilden for Governor, and was a delegate to the St. Louis convention of 1876 that nominated Mr. Tilden for President. He was also a member of the New York Democratic State Committee since 1876, was its Secretary in 1879 and 1880, and was elected Chairman in 1881. He was warmly interested in the nomination of Mr. Cleveland for President at Chicago. Several months ago Mr. Manning's health compelled him to retire from the Cabinet. Mr. Manning was active and successful outside of journalism and politics.

—The funeral ceremonies over the body of the late ex-Secretary Daniel Manning were held at Albany, December 27, and it was placed in the mortuary chapel of the Rural Cemetery to await interment in the family lot next spring. Flags were hung at half-mast in the city out of respect for the memory of the dead statesman, and in accordance with the Mayor's request business was suspended during the time of the funeral. The President, all the members of the Cabinet, and many other prominent people were present.

### CONVALESCENTS.

Simple Rules Often Disobeyed by Patients with Fatal Results.

The diet should receive particular attention. Nothing that is difficult of digestion or in the least likely to disagree should be taken.

The convalescence from fever should be especially watched. When all danger of infection is at an end—the patient, we must suppose, has been isolated—the room he has occupied must be carefully cleaned, scrubbed, and disinfected. Not only should hot water and soap be used in washing woodwork, floors, etc., but carbolic acid must be added to the last water. Of course, the clothing and bedding should all be washed and mattresses taken to pieces and thoroughly teased and fumigated. Then, to finish up withal, brimstone should be burned in the room, the doors and windows being closed and the keyhole stuffed.

It would be well for those who have the care of any one during the state of convalescence from severe illness to treat their patient as if he were a nervous and growing youth. The weakened tissues of both nervous and muscular matter are undergoing repair, and this is analogous to growth. In the ordinary state of health a man does not require food to build up this frame, so to speak, but simply to repair the waste that is constantly taking place in work, or even in thought. After sickness it is different.

The appetite is sometimes almost voracious, but it should be remembered that the slightest over-indulgence is most dangerous. Little and often must be the rule as regards eating, and while the dishes are tempting and appetizing, they should be most nutritious, and at the same time easy of digestion. Frequent changes should be made, too. At first solid food will be injudicious, but gradually as the health and strength return they should be resorted to, and will be found far more staying and invigorating than spoon foods. The hours for meals should be regular. I need hardly add that excessive indulgence in stimulants may induce irreparable mischief.

The doctor must also prescribe the tonic. It should not be forgotten that tonics taken without judgment may do much harm. The safest are quinine and iron, in small doses, and cod liver oil.

The patient must be safeguarded from cold and damp, but this does not mean that he is to be kept in the house; quite the reverse, and the more hours spent out of doors in the sunshine the more speedy and perfect will his return to health be; only he is to wear warm underclothing, and warm but not heavy overclothing as well.

patient during convalescence may sometimes be peevish and discontented. This is by no means a good sign, and every care should be taken to keep his mind contented and easy. Amusement greatly tends to hasten the coming health. Outdoor exercise should be commenced early, but it must be of the gentle kind at first—riding in a Bath chair or pony carriage, for example, or little walks on level ground—sauntering in fact.

If he can afford it, he ought to seek for a change of climate. The place chosen should not be of an excitingly bracing character, and if by the seaside so much the better. Of course he will not start until able to bear the journey, or a relapse might be the consequence. A really good, quiet hotel is often better than a lodging house. It must be a hotel, however, where the cooking is as near to perfection as can be expected.

Next in importance to nutritious and well-cooked food is sleep. Sleep is Nature's sweet restorer to the convalescence. He ought to have long hours, and it will be well if supper is not taken within two hours of retiring.

A nap on the sofa or easy chair after

dinner will also be most refreshing. The exercise taken in the open air will usually be found to be the best narcotic; at any rate he is not to resort to the use of sleep producers, which he would only do at the greatest risk.

The sea bath is a very great restorative, and there are many ways of using it. At first, and while the patient is still far from strong, the warm sea water bath about three hours after breakfast will be best. At most seaside places there are establishments where these can be had. If not they can be taken in the bedroom.

The convalescent should not bathe in the sea before breakfast, and when he is strong enough to take the invigorating dip he should stop but a very short time in the water and rub himself thoroughly dry with a rough towel when he comes out; then dress slowly and go home. If drowsiness supervenes let him take a nap by all means on his return. By degrees, as strength is acquired, the usual occupations of life may once more be taken up, and this, so far from being injurious to the convalescent, will in reality complete his cure.—*The Family Doctor in Cassell's Family Magazine.*

### TARGETS FOR SATIRE.

Aunts are more gently dealt with by dramatists and writers of fiction, inasmuch as they are rarely represented as absolute criminals, but they come in very handy as butts for ridicule or targets for satire. We know, indeed, quite as well what the spinster aunt in the play or the novel will be as we do how the Irishman, or the bumpkin, or the sailor, or any other conventional character will comport himself. She is certain to be precise and methodical, to be of a skittish deportment toward men, and of a monitorial aspect in the presence of women; to possess a cat and a bird in a cage, and, as if she had been christened with a forecast of her future career, she is only allowed the use of such names as Barbara, or Ursula, or Priscilla. If she is not an absolute misanthrope, she is generally at the bottom of all mischief that is going about; and when the hero and heroine on the eve of their happiness have the cup dashed from their lips, we are generally safe in laying the cruel blow at the door of the spinster aunt. Fiction, however, is in this conventional portraiture strongly supported by fact. There are, of course, jovial old spinsters, just as there are crusty old bachelors; but the spinsters are no more jovial because they are spinsters than the bachelors are crusty because they are bachelors. At the same time, when a woman arrives at a certain age and finds herself still unmarried she would hardly be a representative of her sex if she did not look upon the world with somewhat jaundiced eyes. A man remains a bachelor generally because he chooses so to remain, the number of masculine hearts blighted forever by an early disappointment in love being infinitesimal; but very few spinsters could conscientiously say that they are so of their own free will.—*London Queen.*

### EDITORIAL AMENITIES IN ARIZONA.

Says the accomplished editor of the *Arizona Howler*: "This thing of New York editors calling each other 'Ananias' and 'Judas' makes us tired. Why rip up the record of these old parties when we've got much better ammunition right at our elbows? We don't do business that way. We have never yet called the rum-soaked galoot who helps his office boy to edit the *Ripsnorter* either an Ananias or a Judas. We can hurt the ornery old Jimplecute a great deal more by calmly telling him as we do now that he is a Fool from Foolville, Fool County, and that we are going to lick him the first time he shows himself in Al Blodgett's saloon. Whoopee! You hear us, old cuss; now come on."

CUSTOM doth make dotards of us all.—*Carlyle.*



## WONDERFUL CHANGES.

The Far Seeing Take Advantage of Them in Time.

Is this country unconsciously undergoing a wonderful change, is the change to take place before we are aware of the fact, and when it has taken place will we wonder why we did not see it before it was too late?

Those that see the changes early avail themselves early, and thereby receive benefit.

The shrewd iron man sees the iron interest transferred from Pittsburgh and Pennsylvania to Birmingham, Alabama, and in his far-sightedness sees the furnaces in Pennsylvania torn down and deserted for this new and profitable field.

We have seen the grain-growing centers of this country shifted to the West. We have seen the pork-packing industry flit from Cincinnati to Chicago, and from thence to Kansas City and Omaha. Southern cotton mills undersell New England and American markets, and challenge the world.

We have seen and are seeing all this take place before our eyes, and know that other changes are taking place equally as prominent, and we wonder as we behold them. Ten years ago the insurance companies required an analysis of the fluids only when they were taking insurance for very large amounts. Today no first-class company will insure any amount unless a rigid analysis is had of the fluids passed, and if any traces of certain disorders are apparent, the application is rejected. In their reports they show that the death of sixty of every 100 people in this country, is one either directly or indirectly to such disorders. The Brompton Hospital for Consumptives, London, England, reports that sixty of every 100 victims of consumption also have serious disorders of the kidneys.

Among scientists for the treatment of this dread malady the question is being discussed: "Is not this disorder the real cause of consumption?"

Ten years ago the microscope was something seldom found in a physician's office; now every physician of standing has one and seldom visits his patients without calling for a sample of fluids for examination.

Why is all this? Is it possible that we of the present generation are to die of diseases caused by kidney disorders? or shall we master the cause by Warner's safe cure, the only recognized specific, and thus remove the effects? It is established beyond a doubt that a very large percentage of deaths in this country are traceable to diseased kidneys. For years the proprietors of Warner's safe cure have been insisting that there is no sound health when the kidneys are diseased, and they enthusiastically press their specific for this terrible disorder upon public attention.

This means wonders! Cannot the proprietors of this great remedy, who have been warning us of the danger, tell us how to avoid a disease that at first is so unimportant, and is so fatal in its termination? Are we to hope against hope, and wait without our reward?

It was formerly thought that the kidneys were of very small importance; to-day, we believe, it is generally admitted that there can be no such thing as sound health in any organ if they are in the least degree deranged.

### Kerosene Cures Diphtheria.

A few years ago my little girl was very sick with diphtheria. The doctor did all he could, and so did I, but she grew worse, until one night we thought she could not live the night through. My husband saw a gentleman who told him to wet a cloth with kerosene and put it on the child's throat. I did so, using equal parts of kerosene and liquor. In less than an hour from the time I put it on she breathed better. I wet the cloth three or four times during the night. In the morning, when the doctor came, he said: "Your little girl is better this morning." I told him what I had done. He said that it was good, and he was glad I had used it. I write this that some mother's heart may be made light by using kerosene, as mine was, for it saved my child's life.—Housewife.

### Remarkable Surgery.

The science of surgery has made such wonderful progress in modern times that the most intricate and delicate operations are now undertaken and carried to a successful issue. There are now several well authenticated cases of what is known as pneumotomy—that is to say, the removal of diseased portions of the lungs in cases of consumption. While, however, this delicate operation has sometimes been successfully performed, the risks attending it are so great and the chances of recovery so slight that it is seldom resorted to. The safest plan in consumptive cases is to use Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. This will always cure the disease in its earlier stages, thoroughly arresting the ravages of the terrible malady by removing its cause, and healing the lungs.

The life of a Sultan is a harem-scarem existence at best.

### A Letter from the Pastor of the M. E. Church.

FRANKLIN, OAKLAND CO., MICH.,  
Dec. 2, 1887.

Rheumatic Syrup Company:  
DEAR SIRS—Mr. A. A. Rust, of this place, furnished me one bottle of your Rheumatic Syrup. Have taken about two-thirds of it. Before taking it the slightest change in the weather affected me very much. I am now almost entirely free from the awful twinges of rheumatism, and changes in the weather do not affect me.  
S. A. LONG,  
Pastor of Methodist Church, Franklin, Mich.

THERE is one good thing about violin-playing—it keeps up the dead cat market.—Puck.

"Yes; I shall break the engagement," she said, folding her arms and looking defiant; "it is really too much trouble to converse with him; he's as deaf as a post and talks like he had a mouthful of mush. Besides, the way he hawks and spits is disgusting." "Don't break the engagement for that; tell him to take Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. It will cure him completely." "Well, I'll tell him. I do hate to break it off, for in all other respects he's quite too charming." Of course it cured his catarrh.

### Gait and Character.

A Spanish student, Dr. Peracchira, has learned that bad men may be distinguished from good by their walk. In lawabiding people the right pace is longer than the left, the lateral separation of the right foot from the median line is less than that of the left. In persons predisposed to theft there is a pronounced widening of the base of support, together with a very long step; and in those of murderous intents the base of support is not as wide as it is in thieves, since the angle formed by the axis of the foot with the median line is less obtuse, but the peculiarity of their footprints is very marked.

**Sudden Changes of Weather** cause Throat Diseases. There is no more effectual remedy for Coughs, Colds, etc., than BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES. Sold only in boxes. Price 25 cts.

### A WELL-KNOWN detective—cloves.

#### Consumption Surely Cured.

To the Editor: Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above-named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy free to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their Express and P. O. address. Respectfully,  
T. A. SLOTT, M. D., 141 Pearl St., N. Y.

The best and surest Remedy for Cure of all diseases caused by any derangement of the Liver, Kidneys, Stomach and Bowels. Dyspepsia, Sick Headache, Constipation, Bilious Complaints and Malaria of all kinds yield readily to the beneficial influence of

# PRICKLY ASH BITTERS

It is pleasant to the taste, tones up the system, restores and preserves health. It is purely Vegetable, and cannot fail to prove beneficial, both to old and young. As a Blood Purifier it is superior to all others. Sold everywhere at \$1.00 a bottle.

### KIDDER'S

# DIGESTYLIN

### A SURE CURE FOR INDIGESTION and DYSPEPSIA.

Over 5,000 Physicians have sent us their approval of DIGESTYLIN, saying that it is the best preparation for indigestion that they have ever used. We have never heard of a case of Dyspepsia where DIGESTYLIN was taken that was not cured.

### FOR CHOLERA INFANTUM.

IT WILL CURE THE MOST AGGRAVATED CASES. IT WILL STOP VOMITING IN PREGNANCY. IT WILL RELIEVE CONSTIPATION.

For Summer Complaints and Chronic Diarrhea, which are the direct results of imperfect digestion, DIGESTYLIN will effect an immediate cure. Take DIGESTYLIN for all pains and disorders of the stomach; they all come from indigestion. Ask your druggist for DIGESTYLIN (price \$1 per large bottle). If he does not have it, send one dollar to us and we will send a bottle to you, express prepaid. Do not hesitate to send your money. Our house is reliable. Established twenty-five years.

WM. F. KIDDER & CO.,  
Manufacturing Chemists, 83 John St., N. Y.

### ELY'S CATARRH CREAM BALM

Suffered from catarrh 12 years. The droppings into the throat were nauseating. My nose bled almost daily. Since the first day's use of Ely's Cream Balm have had no bleeding, the soreness is entirely gone. D. G. Davidson, with the Boston Budget.

A particle is applied into each nostril and is agreeable. Price 50 cts. at druggists; by mail, registered, 60 cts. ELY BROS., 23 Greenwich St., New York.

### His Photo.

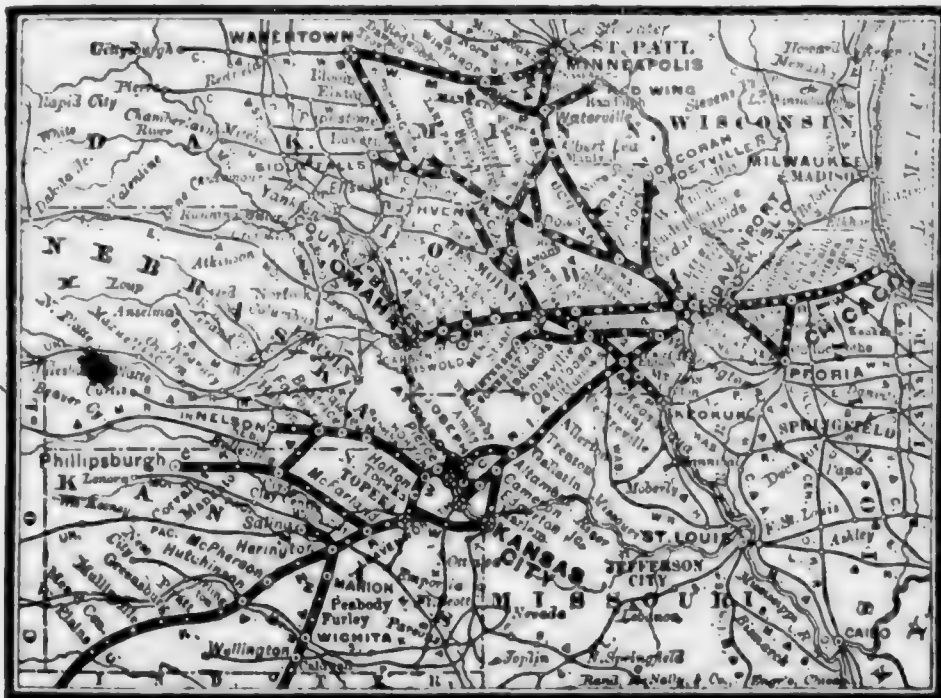


The venerable benefactor of mankind, intent upon his good works, is known as we see him here. His familiar face and form have become a trade mark, and the good he has done is illustrated in the following marvelous instance: Jan. 17, 1883, George C. Osgood & Co., druggists, Lowell, Mass., wrote: "Mr. Lewis Dennis, No. 133 Moody St., desires to recommend St. Jacobs Oil to any afflicted with rheumatism, and desires especially to say that Orrin Robinson, of Grantville, Mass., a boy of 12 years, came to his house in the summer of 1881 walking upon crutches, his left leg having been bent at the knee for over two months and could not be bent back. He could not walk upon it. Mr. Dennis had some St. Jacobs Oil in the house and gave it to him to rub on his knee. In six days he had no use for his crutches and went home well without them, and he has been well since St. Jacobs Oil cured him." In July, 1887, inquiry was made of the Messrs. Osgood to ascertain the condition of the little cripple, which brought the following response: "Lowell, Mass., July 9, 1887.—The poor cripple on crutches, Orrin Robinson, cured by St. Jacobs Oil in 1881, has remained cured. The young man has been and is now at work every day at manual labor. Dr. George C. Osgood, M. D." No other remedy can make the same showing.

**LADY AGENTS** can secure permanent employment at \$5 to \$10 per month selling Quaker City Supporters. Sample outfit free. Address Cincinnati Suspender Co., 11 E. Ninth St., Cincinnati, O.

# A MAN

UNACQUAINTED WITH THE GEOGRAPHY OF THE COUNTRY, WILL OBTAIN MUCH VALUABLE INFORMATION FROM A STUDY OF THIS MAP OF THE



### CHICAGO, ROCK ISLAND & PACIFIC R'Y.

Its central position and close connection with Eastern lines at Chicago and continuous lines at terminal points, West, Northwest, and Southwest, make it the true mid-link in that transcontinental chain of steel which unites the Atlantic and Pacific. Its main lines and branches include Chicago, Joliet, Ottawa, LaSalle, Peoria, Geneseo, Moline and Rock Island, in Illinois; Davenport, Muscatine, Washington, Fairfield, Ottumwa, Oskaloosa, West Liberty, Iowa City, Des Moines, Indianola, Winterset, Atlantic, Knoxville, Audubon, Harlan, Guthrie Centre and Council Bluffs, in Iowa; Gallatin, Trenton, Cameron, St. Joseph and Kansas City, in Missouri; Leavenworth and Atchison, in Kansas; Minneapolis and St. Paul, in Minnesota; Watertown and Sioux Falls in Dakota, and many other prosperous towns and cities. It also offers a CHOICE OF ROUTES to and from the Pacific Coast and intermediate places, making all transfers in Union depots. Fast Trains of fine DAY COACHES, elegant DINING CARS, magnificent PULLMAN PALACE SLEEPING CARS, and (between Chicago, St. Joseph, Atchison and Kansas City) restful RECLINING CHAIR CARS, seats FREE to holders of through first-class tickets.

### THE CHICAGO, KANSAS & NEBRASKA R'Y (GREAT ROCK ISLAND ROUTE)

Extends west and southwest from Kansas City and St. Joseph to Fairbury, Nelson, Horton, Topeka, Herington, Hutchinson, Wichita, Caldwell, and all points in Southern Nebraska, Interior Kansas, and beyond. Entire passenger equipment of the celebrated Pullman manufacture. Solidly ballasted track of heavy steel rail. Iron and stone bridges. All safety appliances and modern improvements. Commodious, well-built stations. Celerity, certainty, comfort and luxury assured.

### THE FAMOUS ALBERT LEA ROUTE

Is the favorite between Chicago, Rock Island, Atchison, Kansas City, and Minneapolis and St. Paul. The tourist route to all Northern Summer Resorts. Its Watertown Branch traverses the most productive lands of the great "wheat and dairy belt" of Northern Iowa, Southwestern Minnesota, and Eastern Central Dakota.

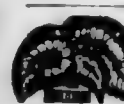
The Short Line via Seneca and Kankakee offers superior facilities to travel between Cincinnati, Indianapolis, Lafayette, and Council Bluffs, St. Joseph, Atchison, Leavenworth, Kansas City, Minneapolis, and St. Paul.

For Tickets, Maps, Folders, or any desired information, apply to any Coupon Ticket Office in the United States or Canada, or address

E. ST. JOHN,  
General Manager.

CHICAGO, ILL.

E. A. HOLBROOK,  
Gen'l Ticket & Pass'r Agent.



Everybody wants the earliest vegetables and largest farm crops and the way to get them is to plant Salzer's Seeds. 100,000 Roses and Plants. Send \$6 for sample Bonanza Oats (500 bu. per a.) and finest catalogue ever published. JOHN A. SALZER, LaGrange, Wis.

### WANTED!

Good Second-Hand Newspaper and Job Presses, Paper-Cutters, and other kinds of printing machinery in exchange for new printing material and paper stock. Give full particulars, and your address

FORT WAYNE NEWSPAPER UNION,  
55 & 57 E. Columbia St., Ft. Wayne, Ind.

## NORTHERN PACIFIC LOW PRICE RAILROAD LANDS & FREE Government LANDS.

SEVEN MILLIONS OF ACRES of land in Minnesota, North Dakota, Montana, Idaho, Washington and Oregon. Publications with Maps describing the Land now open to Settlers Sent Free. Address CHAS. B. LAMBORN, Land Commissioner, ST. PAUL, MINN.

## Celebrated Eye Water

This article is a carefully prepared physician's prescription, and has been in constant use for nearly a century, and notwithstanding the many other preparations that have been introduced into the market, the use of this article is constantly increasing. If the direct ones are followed it will never fail. We particularly invite the attention of physicians to its merits. John L. Thompson, News & Co., Troy, N. Y.

## I CURE FITS!

When I say cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office. H. G. ROOT, M. D., 183 Pearl St. New York.

### FOR SALE CHEAP!

One of Payne & Son's automatic ten-horse power engines. It has only been used about two years, and is in every respect as good as the day it came out of the shop. This engine is equal to twenty-horse power if required of it. Address: FORT WAYNE NEWSPAPER UNION, 55 & 57 Columbia St., Fort Wayne, Ind.

**CATARRH, SAMPLE FREE**  
No great sour faith we can cure you, dear sufferer, we will send enough to cure you. B. B. LAMBERT & Co., Newark, N. J.

\$250 A MONTH. Agents wanted. 10 best selling articles in the world. Sample FREE. Address JAY BRONSON, Detroit, Mich.



St. Joe News.

MORT & WILL OLDS, PUBLISHERS.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:  
One Year, in advance ..... \$0.75  
Six Months ..... 50  
Three Months ..... 25

Entered at the Post Office at St. Joe  
as second-class matter.

FRIDAY JANUARY 6, 1888.

Owing to the series of meetings now in progress at the Methodist church, Rev. Thomas will not preach next Sunday evening.

A brakeman, whose name we were unable to learn, was run over and killed by a freight train at Hicksville on Wednesday night.

The W. C. T. U. will meet at the residence of Mrs. R. A. Smith, on January 12th, at 2:30 o'clock. A cordial invitation is extended to all.

Found, near the gravel pit at this place, a ladies' leather hand bag. The contents are such as are usually used by ladies with small children. The owner can have same by calling at this office.

The Montpelier Democrat says: "During the year 1888 there will occur six eclipses—three of the sun two of the moon and one of the Republican party. The last will be witnessed by the people of all parts of the United States."

J. H. Conrad took his Sunday school class a sleigh ride Wednesday evening. They drove to his mother-in-law's, north of Concord, where they were treated to a fine supper. The boys enjoyed it hugely.

Thomas Draggoo, brother of Mrs. Samuel Lawhead, after a week's visit among his relatives and friends in this place and Concord, returned to his home at Allen Creek last Wednesday. He intends to stop off at Muskegon and visit a sister living at that place.

When M. T. Bishop gets his new hall finished up in shape, we may expect to have something occasionally in the way of entertainments. The Bell Ringers wrote for a date at this place, sometime ago, but as there was no hall to be had, they passed on to the next town.

One of our prominent citizens is quite a hand to snore, and of late his efforts in that direction have been more frequent and are increasing in volume of sound. The other night he and his good wife retired as usual, and after they had fallen into a sound sleep, he got off one of his extraordinary loud snores, which awaking his wife suddenly, and she raising up in bed and shaking him, said: "Jake, Jake, did you hear that explosion?" Of course he did, but never let on where it came from.

PERSONAL.—N. H. Frohlichstein, of Mobile, Ala., writes: I take great pleasure in recommending Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, having used it for a severe attack of Bronchitis and Catarrh. It gave me instant relief and entirely cured me and I have not been afflicted since. I also beg to state that I had tried other remedies with no good result. Have also used Electric Bitters and Dr. King's New Life Pills, both of which I can recommend.

Dr. King's New Discovery, for Consumption, Coughs and Colds, is sold on a positive guarantee. Trial bottles free at W. C. Patterson's Drug Store.

#### OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

##### CONCORD.

Mrs. M. E. Baker has been quite sick for several days.

Henry Milton and wife entertained friends last Saturday.

Misses Maggie and Ida Koch are visiting relatives in and near Hicksville.

John Baker and family have been visiting relatives in Ohio during the holidays.

James Johnson has been very much "under the weather" for several days.

Will Hilderbrand, of LaGrange, is visiting his friends and relatives in this place this week.

Frank Draggoo gave his first writing lesson at the Hay school house last Saturday evening.

Dan Wyatt lost a valuable cow the day before Christmas. The supposition is that she was poisoned.

##### SPENCERVILLE.

Mrs. O. W. Rummel is convalescent.

Rev. Curry is holding a series of meeting at this place.

Milt Downs returned to his home in Lansing, the first of the week.

W. W. Bishop, of Van Wert, Ohio, spent New Year's with his parents.

Mr. Keys, of Attica, Ohio, is visiting his daughter, Mrs. Dave Butler.

Miss Rallie Murphy, of Waterloo, spent a part of last week at this place.

Smith, Steward & Co. shipped a car load of ash lumber to Hicksville this week.

Mrs. E. Devilbiss, of Butler, is visiting her parents and friends in this vicinity.

Margaret Henderson slipped on the ice last Tuesday morning, and was seriously injured.

The Woman's Foreign Missionary Society will be entertained by Mrs. Allen, Saturday afternoon January 7th, 1888. All are cordially invited.

Every one should attend the debate next Monday evening, at the school house. The question is: Resolved that war is a greater evil than intemperance. It is sure to be interesting.

##### COBURN TOWN.

Mrs. Emma Abel will start for home next Tuesday. She has been visiting with relatives and friends here for several weeks.

Mr. Editor: I trust you have so far recovered from your attack of the "gimps," as to be able to get your paper out on time this week, so will send you a few items.

The viewers took the ninety-ninth view of the much contested road again Wednesday, in order to assess the damages, if any. We trust that road will be established ere long.

We just heard that William Coburn started for Bailey, Michigan, the first of the week, in answer to a telegram stating that his sister was not expected to live. Don't know if such is the case.

The band boys are having a good deal of trouble, to find a place to meet to practice, as the teachers of both schools have fired them out. The teacher of the north school because they broke a slate pencil, and they were shut out of the south house for spitting on the floor.

As none of Russ Coburn's friends saw fit to donate him a cow, to replace the one he lost, he got mad about it and went and bought a full blood prohibition cow of P. Shirts, and he thinks he has a good one too, and now he says if O. H. will send him over a few eggs from his "hold-over" chickens, he will have an old fashioned prohibition holdover custard pie for dinner.

## Leighty Invites You

to call and examine his large stock of Dress  
Flannels, at

40, 50, 60 and 75 cents

per yard. Also an elegant line of Passementerie,  
and Fur Trimmings. Plushes at \$1 per yard.

## PRESBYTERIANS

Who do not take the Herald and Presbyter, should

SEND

Five One-Cent Stamps

FOR A

Sample copy of that paper and a beautiful

Calendar for 1888

Size 4x6 1/4 inches.

Or send names and addresses of ten or more Presbyterians of different families who do not now take the paper, and receive the Calendar and sample copy free. Send at once. Mention name of church and pastor, and say where you saw this. Address: HERALD AND PRESBYTER, 175 ELM STREET, CINCINNATI, O.

C. V. TANNERHILL.

## DENTIST,

HICKSVILLE, O.

Teeth extracted without pain. Filling teeth with gold or other material, carefully and promptly done. All kinds of artificial teeth made to order and warranted. Rooms over Miller & Jeffries' Hardware, in Casebeer's Block, Hicksville, Ohio.

## The Anchor Mills,

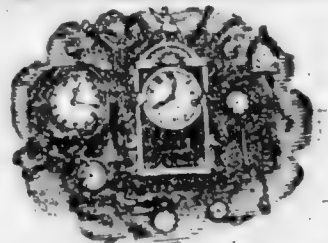
FULL ROLLER,

In every particular, and the farmers reliable place to get their grists ground. We guarantee satisfaction. We keep constantly on hand a supply of mill feed. Our trade is booming, and customers continue to come from far and near to the Anchor

Full Roller Mills,

HICKSVILLE, OHIO.

Saturday before Christmas was an unusually good day for trade all over the county.



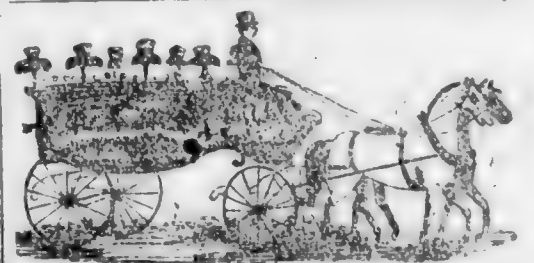
—W. A. PATTERSON—

at the St. Joe Drugstore, repairs  
Clocks, Watches and Jewelry. All  
work warranted and prices rea-  
sonable. Give me your work.

## Talk is Cheap

but the best place to  
buy Lemons, Oysters,  
Cranberries, Pickles,  
Onions, Candies, Can-  
ned Goods, Cigars,  
Tobaccos &c., is at

## Mart Tustison's.



TRUTH IS MIGHTY AND  
WILL PREVAIL.

LOOK THIS WAY!

I keep on hand a fine line of Fur-  
niture, which I will sell for the next  
60 days at prices that defy competi-  
tion. Glass Cupboards \$8.50. Pea-  
ble Cane Seat and Back Rockers \$2.  
Dressing Case, with French Plate  
Glass \$12.00. Carpet Lounge \$6.50.  
Solid Comfort Beds for \$2.25. Un-  
dertaking a specialty.

August Kinsey, St. Joe, Ind.

## New Goods Arriving Daily!

CALL ON US FOR

## BIG BARGAINS.

FULL LINE OF

## LADIES CLOAKS AND WRAPS.

FINE STOCK OF CLOTHING ON HAND.

HEATING & COOK STOVES A SPECIALTY.

S. & F. BARNEY, ST. JOE, IND.



## At the Drugstore.

A good Watch for \$5; worth \$7.  
A fine Stand Lamp for 98 cents; worth \$1.25.  
A fine Hanging Lamp for \$2.25; worth \$3.00.  
A few nice Books to close out at a bargain.  
A full line of Drugs and Medicines at bottom prices. Now is the time to buy and save money.  
School Books, Slates, Pens, Pencils and Inks at 10 and 20 per cent cheaper than other dealers offer.

## At the Drugstore.

### D. W. & K.,

That stands for Daniels, Wilson & Kagey, proprietors of the Hicksville Full Roller Flouring Mills; one of the most complete mills in the state. They guarantee satisfaction in every instance. Their old friends as well as all others, will be sure to give them a call when they go to Hicksville.

*Daniels, Wilson & Kagey,*

### WONDERFUL CURES.

W. D. Hoyt & Co., Wholesale and Retail Druggists of Rome Ga., say: We have been selling Dr. King's New Discovery, Electric Bitters and Bucklen's Arnica Salve for four years. Have never handled remedies that sell as well, or give such universal satisfaction. There have been some wonderful cures effected by these medicines in this city. Several cases of pronounced Consumption have been entirely cured by use of a few bottles of Dr. King's New Discovery taken in connection with Electric Bitters. We guarantee them always. Sold by W. C. Patterson's.

### LOCALS.

John Leighty returned to college Saturday.

John P. Widney is spending a few days in town.

Don Van Fleit was at Garrett on business, yesterday.

Treasurer John Davis of Auburn, was in town Wednesday.

Mrs. Jane Baker and children spent last week at Butler.

Mrs. Jones, of Garrett, is assisting in a revival meeting at Butler.

About thirty people enjoyed a good dinner at Ed White's last Wednesday.

A pleasant leap year party was held at the residence of Chris Curie, last evening.

The Teacher's Reading Circle will meet regularly every Wednesday evening, at the school house.

Gas well No. 2 at Auburn is being put down through difficulties. Sunday about 200 feet of dirt caved in on it, which will cause quite a delay in the work. The well is down about 800 feet.

St. Joe needs another good furniture store.

Miss Minnie Walters, of Auburn, visited friends in town last Saturday and Sunday.

Rev. Albright, of Maysville, was the guest of Rev. Langley on Friday of last week.

Mrs. Alex. Devilbiss, of Butler, visited with the family of M. T. Bishop last week.

Agent McKee and Weighmaster Baker have been busy the past week, settling up accounts with the old year.

They had a clothes pin social at Spencerville one night last week. About the next thing ought to be a wash-tub social.

Wash Askew has purchased an interest in a barber shop in Auburn. Wash can now say, "all aboard for the barber shop."

Alex. Donaldson and son Charley, visited friends in town last week. Mrs. Donaldson is visiting relatives in Pennsylvania.

The old folk's at the Hub, are arranging for their annual hop, which will take place on the evening of January 24th, 1888.

Edgerton has fifty-five stoves burning natural gas, and the consequence is that wood don't bring a very high price in that burg.

The Dispatch now burns gas for fuel, and they don't have the pleasure of drumming up delinquent subscribers to bring in a load of wood.

Several persons from this place attended the Royal Spanish Troubadours at Hicksville Friday evening. They report the entertainment to be first class.

Misses Nettie and Nellie Ackley, of Hicksville, and Mr. Harry Congdon, of Bristol, were the guests of Miss Prudie Lounsbury over last Sunday.

Agent McKee reports that holiday travel on the B. & O. has been large this year. On the Saturday before Christmas, he sold over one hundred dollars worth of tickets.

A series of revival meetings are in progress at Auburn. Surely if there is a town in the county that needs a general shaking up in that direction, it is Auburn. A little religion mixed with the gas will make it burn brighter.

Waterloo is going to bore for gas, and don't you forget it; and we would laugh clear down in our shirt sleeve, if they would strike a vein that would lay all others in the shade. In that case the Garrett Clipper could get off its old gag of Waterloo being a graveyard town.

Some good friend at Butler presented the Methodist choir at that place, with two pounds of caramels on Christmas. Just imagine a church choir with two pounds of caramels to "chaw" at. We venture there wouldn't be much singing done until they were got away with.

Rev. D. W. Parr, the Methodist minister at Waterloo, was presented with a handsome gold watch, last week, valued at \$75. He is an earnest worker in the cause, and it is largely through his efforts that a new church has been built in the place of the one that burned down last fall.

We received a letter from Mrs. Matilda Widney last week enclosing money, and requesting that the News be sent to her address regularly until she returns. She writes that, that part of Louisiana where she is stopping is a fine country, but that she would prefer to live where there are a few more white men, and not quite so many negroes.

## JUST NOW

we will sell

## LADIES' WRAPS AT ACTUAL COST.

\$6 Wraps Reduced to \$4.  
\$7 Wraps Reduced to \$5.  
\$8 Wraps Reduced to \$6.  
\$10 Wrap Reduced to \$8.

Only a few left, and they must be sold.

Case & Olds, St. Joe.

### NEW

0000000 THE BEST OF FITS. 0000000

## Merchant Tailor,

0000000 AT THE LOWEST PRICE. 0000000

### Hicksville, Ohio.

I have opened a Merchant Tailor Establishment in the Center Room of the Correll Block, and I solicit the patronage of the citizens of St. Joe and vicinity. I have a fine line of

### FINE PIECE GOODS.

and I invite you to call and see them. With good goods, first-class workmen and low prices, I hope to please all. Remember I guarantee a perfect fit in every particular.

### A. Bequilliard,

HICKSVILLE, OHIO.

### Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

THE BEST SALVE in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by W. C. Patterson.

### Hippenhammer takes a Trip up into Michigan.

Bi the tyme this letter reaches yu I shal bea wel on mi wa tu Kanady, not that I hav defrauded anabody, stolen ana munny or robbed ana hen-roosts, and am compelled to flea in order to avoid being arrestud, but merely that I am going up into the northern part ov Michigan, to viset frends fur a fue days. We left Sant Jo on Saturday befour Nue Years, and strange ez it ma seem, the trane was onli 30 minets late. The B. & O. tranes, however, ar awlways behind; in fact it seams to be against the rules ov the company to run a trane on tyme, and wen a cuckoocter finds he iz liabel to git into a stushun on shedule tyme, he generally pules off onto a siding sunayder and wates, so az knot to dispoint the passen-pars. Wel, az we sed befour, we left Sant Joe, and arriving at Awburn Junctionshun, we take the Lake Shore trane north. At Awburn we wer surprized to see so many peepel gitting on the trane; we coodnt imagine wher thy wer awl-bound fur, but az a majority ov them got off at Waterloo, we at one cum tu the conclushun that tha wer Awburn peepel going up tu Waterloo to trade, (fur

tha du sa Awburn is the deerest place in the kounty tu trade outside ov Garrit.) - Aftar leaving Waterloo we noticed a finely dressed, pompous looking individual sitting a fue seces in frunt ov us, talking in a sanktimonious wa, and cum tu find out it was Hu Culberson ov Awburn, tryng to pass himself off for a Metho diat preacher. We diddent say ana thing to give him awa, but we just luffed to ourself tu think how he'd swindel the pore farmers on machinera next summer. Our ride from Waterloo to Hillab, was unintersting; the severe cold that prevailed outside beet us, and the wind, so fearefully cold, that it muel ov a glance, and we wer so cold, which we wnt to say, that we had ana idee to get off fur th kountry iz so cold, and the best of the world, and the best of the world, had but coodnt. However, town, than 8 far it, that it, ly fur p, man w, kountry, then a sp, man, duckin, stop, ana peepel, ter at the, ing several, the hotel and, satisfying the, man and woman, (Mr. Mrs. Hippenhammer was with me,) we take stroll down town, to take in a fue ov the cites. Manchester is a town ov about a thousand inhabitants, moor or less; mostly germans, and the seemed to be a very fond by their, judging from the number ov salutes tu bea seen on exca land. Passing by a large church we noticed ther was servas being held and we went in. The services wer conducted in german by the preacher delievered a fine Nue Year's sermon; ov course we coodnt maik out a word he sed, but we kno it was splendid from the wh he was shuned with his hands. Wel, we had tu wate ther until the clock o'clock trane, an it was tegus waiting, especially wen yu dont hav anabody to talk tu but your wife. If it was sun body else's wife it woodnt bea so tedious; knot cheer. At last our trane came in and we got on board, and aftar a short run arrived at Hillab, our destinashun, wher we found our frends waiting fur us. What happened during the remainder ov our trip we quarely remembertym.



## THE COMING GLORY.

New Year's Sermon by the Rev. Dr. Talmage.

In This World We Get No Idea of the Extent and Glory of Heaven—Eye Hath Not Seen Nor Ear Heard Anything Like the Advancing Splendors.

BROOKLYN, Jan. 1.—At the Tabernacle this morning the Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D. D., announced that next Sabbath he will begin a course of sermons to the women of America, with practical hints for men, the following subjects among others:

"The Women Who Have to Fight the Battles of Life Alone," "Marriage for Worldly Success, without Reference to Moral Character," "Is Engagement as Binding as Marriage?" "Women Who Are Already Uncongenially Married," "Influences Abroad for the Destruction of Women," "Wifely Ambition Right and Wrong," "What Kind of Men Women Should Avoid," "Simplicity as Opposed to Affectation," "Reformation in Dress," "Plain Women," "The Female Skeptic," and "Christian Housewifery."

This morning Dr. Talmage's subject was: "The Coming Glory," his text, I Corinthians ii, 9: "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him." He said: "Eighteen hundred and eighty-eight. How strange it looks, and how strange it sounds! Not only is the past year dead but the century is dying. Only twelve more long breaths and the old giant will have expired. None of the past centuries will be present at the obsequies. Only the twentieth century will see the nineteenth buried. As all the years are hastening past, and all our lives on earth will soon be ended, I propose to cheer myself, and cheer you with the glories to come, which shall utterly eclipse all the glories past; for my text tells us that eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, anything like the advancing splendors."

The city of Corinth has been called the Paris of antiquity. Indeed, for splendor the world beholds no such wonder to-day. It stood on an isthmus washed by two seas, the one sea bringing the commerce of Europe, the other sea bringing the commerce of Asia. From her wharves, in the construction of which whole kingdoms had been absorbed, war galleys with three banks of oars pushed out and confounded the navy yards of all the world. Huge handed machinery, such as modern inventions cannot equal, lifted ships from the sea on one side and transported them on tracks across the isthmus and set them down in the sea on the other side. The revenue officers of the city went down through the olive groves that lined the beach to collect a tariff from all nations. The mirth of all people sported in her Isthmian games, and the beauty of all lands sat in her theaters, walked her porticos and threw itself on the altar of her stupendous dissipations. Columns, and statue, and temple bewildered the beholder. There were white marble fountains, into which, from apertures at the side, there rushed waters everywhere known for health giving qualities. Around these basins, twisted into wreaths of stone, there were all of the beauties of sculpture and architecture; while standing, as if to guard the costly display, was a statue of Hercules of burnished Corinthian brass. Vases of terra cotta adorned the cemeteries of the dead—vases so costly that Julius Caesar was not satisfied until he had captured them for Rome. Armed officials, the Corinthian, paced up and down to see that no statue was defaced, no pedestal overthrown, no bas-relief touched. From the edge of the city a hill arose, with its magnificent burden of columns and towers and temples, (1,000 slaves waiting at one shrine, and a citadel so thoroughly impregnable that Gibraltar is a heap of sand compared with it. Amid all that strength and magnificence Corinth stood and defied the world.

Oh! it was not to rustics who had never seen anything grand that Paul uttered this text. They had heard the best music that had come from the best instruments in all the world; they had heard songs floating from morning porticoes and melting in evening groves; they had passed their whole lives among pictures and sculptures and architecture and Corinthian brass, which had been molded and shaped until there was no chariot wheel in which it had not sped, and no tower in which it had not glittered, and no gateway that it had not adorned. Ah, it was a bold thing for Paul to stand there amid all that and say: "All this is nothing." These sounds that come from the temple of Neptune are not music compared with the harmonies of which I speak. These waters rushing in the basin of Pyrene are not pure. These statues of Bacchus and Mercury are not exquisite. Your citadel of Acrocorinth is not strong compared with that which I offer to the poorest slave that puts down his burden at that brazen gate. You Corinthians think this is a splendid city; you think you have heard all sweet sounds and seen all beautiful sights; but I tell you eye hath not seen nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him."

You see my text sets forth the idea, however exalted our ideas may be, of Heaven, they come far short of the reality. Some wise men have been calculating; how many furlongs long and wide is the New Jerusalem; and they have calculated how many inhabitants there are on the earth; how long the earth will probably stand; and then they come to this estimate: that after all the nations have been gathered to Heaven, there will be room for each soul—a room sixteen feet long and fifteen feet wide. It would not be large enough for me. I am glad to know that no human estate is sufficient to take the dimensions. "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard," nor arithmetics calculated.

I first remark that we can in this world get no idea of the health of Heaven. When you were a child, and you went out in the morning, how you bounded along the road or street—you had never felt sorrow or sickness. Perhaps later you felt a glow in your cheek, and a spring in your step, and an exuberance of spirits, and a clearness of eye, that made you thank God you were permitted to live. The nerves were harp-strings, and the sunlight was a doxology, and the rustling leaves were the rustling of the robes of a great crowd rising up to praise the Lord. You thought that you knew what it was to be well, but there is no perfect health on earth. The diseases of past generations came down to us. The airs that float now upon the earth are not like those which floated above Paradise. They are charged with impurities and distempers. The most elastic and robust health of earth, compared with that which those experienced before whom the gates have been opened, is nothing but sickness and emaciation. Look at that soul standing before the throne. On earth she was a life-long invalid. See her step now, and hear her voice now. Catch, if you can, one breath of that celestial air. Health in all the pulses—health of vision, health of spirits, immortal health. No racking cough, no sharp pleuritis; no consuming fevers, no exhausting pains, no hospitals of wounded men. Health swinging in the air; health flowing in all the streams; health blooming on the banks. No headaches, no sideaches, no backaches. That child that died in the agonies of croup, hear her voice now ringing in the anthem. That old man that went bowed down with the infirmities of old age, see him walk now with the step of an immortal athlete—forever young again. That night when the needle-woman fainted away in the garret, a wave of the heavenly air resuscitated her forever. For everlasting years to have neither ache, nor pain, nor weakness, nor fatigue. "Eye hath not seen it, ear hath not heard it."

I remark, further, that we can, in this world, get no just idea of the splendors of Heaven. John tries to describe them. He says "the twelve gates are twelve pearls," and that "the foundations of the wall are garnished with all manner of precious stones." As we stand looking through the telescope of St. John, we see a blaze of amethyst, and pearl and emerald and sardonyx and chrysoprasus and sapphire, a mountain of light, a cataract of color, a sea of glass, and a city like the sun.

John bids us look again and we see thrones; thrones of the prophets, thrones of the patriarchs, thrones of the angels, thrones of the apostles, thrones of the martyrs, throne of Jesus—throne of God. And we turn round to see the glory and it is thrones! thrones! thrones!

John bids us look again, and we see the great procession of the redeemed passing; Jesus, on a white horse, leads the march, and all the armies of Heaven following on white horses. Infinite cavalcade passing, passing; empires pressing into line, ages following ages. Dispensation tramping on after dispensation. Glory in the track of glory. Europe, Asia, Africa, North and South America pressing into line. Islands of the sea, shoulder to shoulder. Generations before the flood following generations after the flood, and as Jesus rises at the head of that great host and waves his sword in signal of victory, all crowns are lifted, and all ensigns slung out, and all chimes rung, and all hallelujahs chanted, and some cry: "Glory to God most high," and some, "Hosanna to the son of David;" and some, "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain"—till all exclamations of endearment and homage in the vocabulary of Heaven are exhausted, and there comes up surge after surge of "Amen! amen! and amen!" "Eye hath not seen it, ear hath not heard it."

Skim from the summer waters the brightest sparkles and you will get no idea of the sheen of the everlasting sea. Pile up the splendor of earthly cities and they would not make a stepping stone by which you might mount to the city of God. Every house is a palace. Every step a triumph. Every covering of the head a coronation. Every meal is a banquet. Every stroke from the tower is a wedding bell. Every day is a jubilee, every hour a rapture, and every moment an ecstasy. "Eye hath not seen it, ear hath not heard it."

I remark further, we can get no idea on earth of the reunions of Heaven. If you have ever been across the seas and met a friend, or even an acquaintance, in some strange city, you remember how your blood thrilled, and how glad you were to see him. What will be our joy, after we have passed the seas of death, to meet in the bright city of the sun those from whom we have long been separated. After we have been away from our friends ten

or fifteen years, and we come upon them, we see how differently they look. The hair has turned, and wrinkles have come in their faces, and we say, "How you have changed!" But oh, when we stand before the throne, all cares gone from the face, all marks of sorrow disappeared, and feeling the joy of that blessed land, methinks we will say to each other, with an exultation we cannot now imagine, "How you have changed!" In this world we only meet to part. It is good-by; good-by. Farewells floating in the air. We hear it at the rail car window, and at the steamboat wharf—good-by. (Children hush it, and old age answers it. Sometimes we hear it in a light way—

"good-by;" and sometimes with anguish in which the soul breaks down. Good-by! Ah, that is the word that ends the thanksgiving banquet; that is the word that comes in to close the Christmas chant. Good-by; good-by. But not so in Heaven. Welcomes in the air, welcomes at the gates, welcomes at the house of many mansions—but, no good-by. That group is constantly being augmented. They are going up from our circles of earth to join it—

little voices to join the anthem—little hands to take hold in the great home circle—little feet to dance in the eternal glee, little crowns to be cast down at the feet of Jesus. Our friends are in two groups—a group this side of the river, and a group the other side of the river. Now there goes one from this to that, and another from this to that, and soon we will all be gone over. How many of your loved ones have already entered upon that blessed place. If I should take paper and pencil, do you think I could put them all down? Ah, my friends, the waves of Jordan roar so hoarsely, we cannot hear the joy on the other side when that group is augmented. It is graves here, and coffins and hearse here. A little child's mother had died, and they comforted her. They said: "Your mother has gone to Heaven—don't cry," and the next day they went to the graveyard and they laid the body of the mother down into the ground; and the little girl came up to the verge of the grave, and, looking down at the body of her mother, said: "Is this Heaven?"

Oh, we have no idea what Heaven is. It is the grave here—it is darkness here—but there is merry-making yonder. Methinks when a soul arrives some angel takes it around to show it the wonders of that blessed place. The usher angel says to the newly arrived: "These are the martyrs that perished at Piedmont; these were torn to pieces at the Inquisition; this is the throne of the great Jehovah; this is Jesus." "I am going to see Jesus," said a dying boy; "I am going to see Jesus." The missionary said, "You are sure you will see Him?" "Oh! yes; that's what I want to go to Heaven for." "But," said the missionary, "suppose Jesus should go away from Heaven—what then?" "I should follow Him," said the dying boy. "But if Jesus went down to hell—what then?" The dying boy thought for a moment and then said, "Where Jesus is there can be no hell!" Oh! to stand in his presence! That will be Heaven. Oh! to put our hand in that hand which was wounded for us on the cross—to go around amid the groups of the redeemed, and shake hands with the prophets, and apostles, and martyrs, and with our own dear beloved ones! That will be the great reunion; we cannot imagine it now, our loved ones seem so far away. When we are in trouble and lonesome, they don't seem to come to us. We go on the banks of the Jordan and call across to them, but they don't seem to hear. We say, "Is it well with the child? Is it well with the loved ones?" and we listen to hear if any voice come back over the water. None! none! Unbelief says, "They are dead, and they are annihilated;" but blessed be God, we have a little Bible that tells us different. We open it and we find that they are neither dead nor annihilated—that they never were so much alive as now—that they are only waiting for our coming, and that we will join them on the other side of the river. Oh, glorious reunion! we cannot grasp it now. "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him." Oh! what a place of explanation it will be!

I see every day profound mysteries of Providences. There is no question we ask oftener than Why? There are hundreds of graves in Greenwood and Laurel Hill that need to be explained. Hospitals for the blind and lame, asylums for the idiotic and insane, almshouses for the destitute, and a world of pain and misfortune that demand more than human solution. Ah! God will clear it all up. In the light that pours from the throne no dark mystery can live. Things now utterly inscrutable will be illumined as plainly as though the answer were written on the jasper wall, or sounded in the temple anthem. Bartimeus will thank God that he was blind; and Lazarus, that he was covered with sores; and Joseph, that he was cast into the pit; and Daniel, that he denuded with the lions; and Paul, that he was humpbacked; and David, that he was driven from Jerusalem; and that invalid, that for twenty years he could not lift his head from the pillow; and that widow, that she had such hard work to earn bread for her children. The song will be all the grander for earth's weeping eyes, and aching heads, and exhausted hands, and scourged backs, and martyred agonies. But we can get no idea

of the anthem here. We appreciate the power of secular music, but do we appreciate the power of sacred song? There is nothing more inspiring to me than a whole congregation lifted on the wave of holy melody. When we sing some of those dear old psalms and tunes they rouse all the memories of the past. Why, some of them were cradle songs in our father's house. They are all sparkling with the morning dew of a thousand Christian Sabbaths. They were sung by brothers and sisters gone now—by voices that were aged and broken in the music—voices none the less sweet because they did tremble and break. When I hear these old songs sung it seems as if all the old country meeting-houses joined in the chorus; and city church and sailors' beehel and Western cabins, until the whole continent lifts the doxology and the scepters of eternity beat time to the music. Away, then, with your starveling tunes that chill the devotions of the sanctuary and make the people sit silent when Jesus is marching on to victory. When generals come back from victorious wars, don't we cheer them and shout, "Huzza! huzza!" and when Jesus passes along in the conquest of the earth, shall we not have for Him one loud, ringing cheer?

All hail the power of Jesus' name!  
Let angels prostrate fall.  
Bring forth the rival dulcians,  
And crown Him Lord of all.

But, my friends, if music on earth is so sweet, what will it be in Heaven? They all know the tune there. All the best singers of all ages will join it—choirs of white-robed children, choirs of patriarchs, choirs of apostles. Morning stars clapping their symbols. Harpers with their harps. Great anthems of God, roll on! roll on!—other empires joining the harmony till the thrones are all full and the nations all saved. Anthem shall touch anthem, chorus join chorus, and all the sweet sounds of earth and Heaven be poured into the ear of Christ. David of the harp will be there. Gabriel of the trumpet will be there. Germany, redeemed, will pour its deep bass voice into the song, and Africa will add to the music with her matchless voice.

I wish we could anticipate that song. I wish in your closing hymn to-day we might catch an echo that slips from the gates. Who knows but that, when the heavenly door opens to-day to let some soul through, there may come forth the stream of the jubilant voices until we catch it? Oh, that as the song drops down from Heaven, it might meet half way a song coming up from earth.

They rise for the doxology, all the multitude of the blest! Let us rise with them; and so at this hour the joys of the church on earth and the joys of the church in Heaven will mingle their chaises, and the dark apparel of our morning will seem to whiten into the spotless raiment of the skies. God grant through the rich mercy of our Lord Jesus Christ we may all get there.

### An Insulted Negro.

Jim Webster—Whar has yer been, Mistah Johnsing?

Sam Johnsing—I has been ter Houston, sah.

"Did yer 'muse yerself while yer was dar?"

"Didn't 'muse myself at all; I was confulated, Mistah Johnsing."

"Yer means insulted, Mistah Webster."

"Maybe I does, but I knows dat I nebber had my feelings trod on so sence de wah."

"How did it happen?"

"Hit happened jess dis way: I went inter one ob dese high-toned restarants ter git a cup of coffee. Dar was a white generman at a table wid a glass of beer before him. I says: 'Good day, sah; I suppose you has no objection to a respectable culled man sittin' at dis table?'"

"What did he say?"

"He said dat ob course he didn't hab no objections, because it was a house of public resort and ebervbody could sit whar he pleases."

"What did you say?"

"I said dat I was mighty obleeged ter him; dat I had no race objections needer; dat I knowed he was a generman as soon as I sot eyes on him, and I sot down at de same table and called for coffee."

"What did the white generman say when yer sot at de same table?"

"I nebber was so 'sprised in my life. He said dat dis being a place ob public resort ebervbody had a right to sit whar he pleased, so he would take advantage ob dat circumstance and sit at de oder end ob de dining-room, before he would sit at de same table wid a kinky-headed, splay-footed coon like me; and pickin' up his glass he sot hisself at anoder table. Dem Houston folks am de mos' imperlite people eber I seed." Texas Siftings.

THE mind is like a trunk; if well packed, it will hold almost everything—if ill packed, next to nothing.



## PITH AND POINT.

A WELL-WISHER is one who invests in oil territory.

RIGHT WRONGS no man, but you should be careful what you write.—*Texas Siftings.*

DRUM would be a good name for a bar-tender—spirit-stirring, you know.—*Texas Siftings.*

MARY CROSBY, of Wilmington, Del., has been married seven times. She seems to be a Mary-go-round.

WOMEN are the dearest, cutest creatures in the world, but they can't tell how a shoe fits till they see the number.

REAL ESTATE is worth \$1,000 a foot in Chicago, but it must be remembered that it is a Chicago foot.—*Arcola Record.*

INSURANCE AGENT—How many times have you been married, ma'm? Widow—Hold on, I'll look in my hair album and see.

He (before the wedding)—You are sure you won't be nervous at the altar? She (four times a widow)—I never have been yet.

EVOLUTION—Tight boots make a corn; corn makes whisky; whisky makes a man tight in his boots.—*Boston Commercial Bulletin.*

MRS. FANGLE.—Can you tell me who is Minister to England now, Mrs. Cumso? Mrs. Cumso—No, I'm not very well posted on religious affairs.

SOME people think a double wedding is unlucky. Some people think a single wedding is, too. Generally these last are people who have tried it.

THE good woman of Tennessee who had her new bonnet buried with her doubtless had misgivings as to the style of the crown laid up for her above.

MILLIONS of eggs are imported to this country every year. But they are not for table purposes so much as for platform uses. Something stronger than the American egg is needed for lecturers nowadays.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

"PA," said little Johnny McSwillingan, "here's a piece in the paper about parasites, what are they?" "Parasites, my boy, are people who live in Paris. I think you ought to know that, and you in the third reader."—*New York Dispatch.*

PEOPLE who have studied into the origin of phrases all agree that the saying, "I acknowledge the corn," was invented by a man. A woman never acknowledges the corn, no matter in what condition her husband may find his pet razor.—*Summerville Journal.*

SHARPELEY was invited the other day to dinner by old MacSkint. In due course two chops made their appearance. "You see your dinner," remarked the host. "Yes," replied Sharpeley, helping himself to both the chops; "but I don't see yours."—*Judy.*

TRAMP—Will you give me 20 cents to buy a drink of whisky with? Gentleman—Isn't that a rather cheeky request? Tramp—You won't think so when you hear the particulars. You see, I've been drinkin' all the mornin' at a fren's expense, an' I want to reciprocate. I'm white, if I am a tramp.—*New York Sun.*

HIS LOVE WAXED. I passed by a hair-dresser's window. A fair-like form met my sight. A delicate face nearly hidden. In wondrous hair, black as the night. It tumbled in billows of darkness. O'er shou durs so dainty and neat. I knew I must love the fair owner. Ere life with joy be replete. That head with its crown like the midnight. Filled, waking or sleeping, my life; I'd seek her, I'd love her, I'd win her. In time I would make her my wife. Alas! for the dreams that I cherished. Alas! for my suffering heart. My love was of wax and her dark hair Was made by the hair-dresser's art.—*Texas Siftings.*

"On Thursday night," says the editor of a Mississippi newspaper, "while we were writing an editorial on the financial condition of the country, some fiend in human shape threw a brick through our window and struck us on the head. We fell to our floor and lost our senses. How long we remained in our condition of unconsciousness we know not. The first thing we remember was being taken up by Maj. Gribner, our good friend. We were taken to a drug store, where our wound was dressed. Our wife and children soon came, and we were taken to our home. We are naturally indignant over this cowardly attack upon us, and we offer a year's subscription to our paper to the man who discovers who it was that hit us."

## Australian Mythology.

Every one who has lived in Australia has heard of the Bunyip, which corresponds to our sea-serpent. It is the one respectable flesh-curdling horror of which Australia can boast. The Old World has her tales of ghouls and vampire, of Morelei, spook and pixie, but Australia has nothing but her Bunyip. There never were any fauns in the eucalyptus forests, nor any naiads in the running creeks. No mythological hero left behind him stories of wonder and enchantment. No white man's hand has carved records of a poetic past on the gray volcanic looking boulders that overshadow some lonely gullies which I know. There are no sepulchres hewn in the mountain rampart surrounding a certain dried-up lake—probably the crater of an extinct volcano—familiar to my child, and which in truth suggests possibilities of a forgotten city of Kor. Nature and civilization have been very niggard here in all that makes romance.

No Australian traveler ever saw the Bunyip with his own eyes, and, though there are many stockman's yarns and Black's patters which have to do with this monster, they have all the hazy uncertainty which usually envelops information of the legendary kind. Some night perhaps when you are sitting over a camp fire brewing quart pot tea and smoking store tobacco, with the spectral white gums rising like an army of ghosts around you and the horses' hobbles clanking cheerfully in the distance, you will ask one of the over-landing hands to tell you what he knows about the Bunyip. The bushman will warm to his subject as readily as an Irishman to his banishee. He will indignantly repel your insinuation that the Bunyip may be after all as mythical as Alice's Jabberwock, and he will forthwith proceed to relate how a friend of his had a mate, who knew another chap, who had once in his life had a narrow escape from the Bunyip and had actually beheld it—and in a certain lagoon not a hundred miles from where you are squatting. He himself had never set eyes upon the Bunyip, nor has his mate, but there is not the smallest doubt that the other chap has seen it. When facts come to be boiled down, however, "the other chap's" statement will seem seriously vague and contradictory, and if the details are to be accepted as they stand a remarkable contribution to natural history must be the result.—*London Society.*

**The Motive Power of the World.**  
The Bureau of Statistics in Berlin has recently issued some interesting information in connection with this subject. It appears that four-fifths of the engines now working in the world have been constructed during the last twenty-five years. France owns 49,500 stationary or locomotive boilers, 7,000 locomotives, and 1,850 boats' boilers; Germany has 59,000 boilers, 10,000 locomotives, and 1,700 ships' boilers; Austria, 12,000 boilers and 2,800 locomotives. The force equivalent to the working steam engines represents—in the United States, 7,500,000 horse-power; in England, 7,000,000 horse-power; in Germany, 4,500,000; in France, 3,000,000, and in Austria, 1,500,000. In these figures the motive power of the locomotives is not included, whose number in all the world amounts to 105,000, representing a total of 3,000,000 horse-power. A steam horse-power is equal to three actual horses' power, and a living horse is equal to seven men. The steam engines of the world represent, therefore, approximately the work of 1,000,000,000 men, or more than double the working population of the earth, whose total population amounts to 1,455,923,000 inhabitants. Steam has accordingly trebled man's working power, enabling him to economize his intellectual development.—*London Standard.*

**The New Prize Story**  
is eagerly sought for, read with pleasure or disappointment, is then tossed aside and forgotten. But ladies who read of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription read it again, for they discover in it something to prize—a messenger of joy to those suffering from functional derangements or any of the painful disorders or weaknesses peculiar to their sex. Periodical pains, internal inflammation, and ulceration readily yield to its wonderful curative and healing power. It is the only medicine for women sold by druggists, under a positive guarantee from the manufacturers, that it will give satisfaction in every case, or money will be refunded. This guarantee has been printed on the bottle wrapper, and faithfully carried out for many years.

It's curious how affection and affection seem to harmonize.

## AN OPEN LETTER

From Rev. J. Roberts, Pastor First M. E. Church, Fremont, Mich.  
Rheumatic Syrup Co., Jackson, Mich.  
GENTLEMEN—My daughter Anna has used Hubbard's Rheumatic Syrup and Plasters, which you so strongly recommended her to try. It has now been about eleven weeks since she commenced, and her inflammatory rheumatism is nearly broken up. Her limbs were badly swollen, and the poor girl was in terrible agony. In the midst of the pain we wound the Plasters about her limbs, and, as a result, the swelling was reduced and she became quiet and rested. The Syrup corrected her indigestion, cleansed the rheumatic poison from her blood, and she is now able to be around the house. She still uses the Syrup and Plasters, and will continue to do so until entirely well. We consider Hubbard's Rheumatic Syrup and Plasters remedies of great merit.  
Rev. J. Roberts,  
Pastor First M. E. Church,  
Fremont, Mich., Oct. 20, 1887.

The small feet of American girls are out of all proportion to the immense largeness of the country.—*Pack.*

**In General Debility, Emaciation, Consumption, and wasting in children,** Scott's Emulsion of Pure Cod Liver Oil with Hypophosphites is a most valuable food and medicine. It creates an appetite for food, strengthens the nervous system, and builds up the body. Please read: "I tried Scott's Emulsion on a young man whom physicians at times gave up hope. Since he began using the Emulsion his cough has ceased, gained flesh and strength, and from all appearances his life will be prolonged many years."—JOHN SULLIVAN, Hospital Steward, Morganza, Pa.

The indiscretion of our first parents was a mighty good thing for tailors and dress-makers.

OLD pill boxes are spread over the land by the thousands after having been emptied by suffering humanity. What a mass of sickening, disgusting medicine the poor stomach has to contend with. Too much strong medicine. Prickly Ash Bitters is rapidly taking the place of all this class of drugs, and curing all the ills arising from a disordered condition of the liver, kidneys, stomach and bowels.

THERE is nothing so flattering in the world of art as the picture of a summer-resort hotel.—*Boston Transcript.*

You will get more comfort for 25c. in Lyon's Heel Stiffeners than in any other article you buy.

THE receipts of a walking match are properly called gait money.

## Dyspepsia

Does not get well of itself; it requires careful, persistent attention and a remedy that will assist nature to throw off the causes and tone up the digestive organs till they perform their duties willingly. Among the agonies experienced by the dyspeptic, are distress before or after eating, loss of appetite, irregularities of the bowels, wind or gas and pain in the stomach, heart-burn, sour stomach, etc., causing mental depression, nervous irritability and sleeplessness. If you are discouraged be of good cheer and try Hood's Sarsaparilla. It has cured hundreds, it will cure you.

**Hood's Sarsaparilla**  
Sold by all druggists. \$1; six for \$5. Made only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass.  
**100 Doses One Dollar**  
**STEKETEE'S**  
**Dry Bitters!**

**Make Your Own Bitters.**  
Why pay a Dollar for a bottle of Stomach Bitters, containing more poor whisky than medicine, when the undersigned will send you by mail one 4 oz. package of ROOTS, HERBS and BERRIES, which will make ONE GALLON of the best TONIC anyone ever used. The use of this Tonic has cured INDIGESTION, DYSPEPSIA, FEVER and AGUE, as an appetizer none better; acts on the kidneys and cures Debility, and gives Tone to the stomach; in fact, I challenge all other Tonics. It is far the cheapest Tonic known. One package will equal one dozen bottles of ordinary Bitters sold for One Dollar per bottle. Full directions on every package. Ask your Druggist for "STKETEE'S DRY BITTERS." If your Druggist does not keep them on sale, then send to the undersigned. I will send one package to any address within the U. S. on receipt of 25c. U. S. postage stamp taken in payment. Two packages 50c. and a trial bottle STEKETEE'S NEURALGIA DROPS included. Address: GEO. O. STEKETEE, Grand Rapids, Mich. Use STEKETEE'S PIN WORM DESTROYER, sure cure. Price 25 cents.

**FOR ALL DISORDERS OF THE**  
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**PACIFIC LIVER PILLS**  
**STRICTLY VEGETABLE.**  
Cure Constipation, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Piles, Sick Headache, Liver Complaints, Loss of Appetite, Blisters, Nervousness, Jaundice, etc. For Sale by all Druggists. Price, 25 Cents.  
**PACIFIC MANUFACTURING CO., ST. LOUIS, MO.**  
**PENSIONS** to Soldiers and Heirs. L. HING-HAM, Att'y. Washington, D. C.  
GOLD is worth \$200 per ounce, Pettit's Eye Salve \$1.00, but is sold at 25 cents a box by dealers.



The treatment of many thousands of cases of those chronic weaknesses and distressing ailments peculiar to females, at the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, Buffalo, N. Y., has afforded a vast experience in nicely adapting and thoroughly testing remedies for the cure of woman's peculiar maladies.  
**Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription** is the outgrowth, or result, of this great and valuable experience. Thousands of testimonials, received from patients and from physicians who have treated it in the more aggravated and obstinate cases which had baffled their skill, prove it to be the most wonderful remedy ever devised for the relief and cure of suffering women. It is not recommended as a "cure-all," but as a most perfect Specific for woman's peculiar ailments.  
As a powerful, invigorating tonic, it imparts strength to the whole system, and to the womb and its appendages in particular. For overworked, "worn-out," "run-down," debilitated teachers, milliners, dressmakers, seamstresses, "shop-girls," housekeepers, nursing mothers, and feeble women generally, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the greatest earthly boon, being unequalled as an appetizing cordial and restorative tonic.  
As a soothing and strengthening nerve, "Favorite Prescription" is unequalled and is invaluable in allaying and subduing nervous excitability, irritability, exhaustion, prostration, hysteria, spasms and other distressing, nervous symptoms commonly attendant upon functional and organic disease of the womb. It induces refreshing sleep and relieves mental anxiety and despondency.  
**Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription** is a legitimate medicine, carefully compounded by an experienced and skillful physician, and adapted to woman's delicate organization. It is purely vegetable in its composition and perfectly harmless in its effects in any condition of the system. For morning sickness, or nausea, from whatever cause arising, weak stomach, indigestion, dyspepsia and kindred symptoms, its use, in small doses, will prove very beneficial.  
"Favorite Prescription" is a positive cure for the most complicated and obstinate cases of leucorrhoea, excessive flowing, painful menstruation, unnatural suppressions, prolapsus, or falling of the womb, weak back, female weakness, anteversion, retroversion, bearing-down sensations, chronic congestion, inflammation and ulceration of the womb, inflammation, pain and tenderness in ovaries, accompanied with "internal heat."  
As a regulator and promoter of functional action, at that critical period of change from girlhood to womanhood, "Favorite Prescription" is a perfectly safe remedial agent, and can produce only good results. It is equally efficacious and valuable in its effects when taken for those disorders and derangements incident to that later and most critical period, known as "The Change of Life."  
"Favorite Prescription," when taken in connection with the use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, and small laxative doses of Dr. Pierce's Purgative Pellets (Little Liver Pills), cures Liver, Kidney and Bladder diseases. Their combined use also removes blood taints, and abolishes cancerous and scrofulous humors from the system.  
"Favorite Prescription" is the only medicine for women, sold by druggists, under a positive guarantee, from the manufacturers, that it will give satisfaction in every case, or money will be refunded. This guarantee has been printed on the bottle wrapper, and faithfully carried out for many years.  
Large bottles (100 doses) \$1.00, or six bottles for \$5.00.  
For large, illustrated Treatise on Diseases of Women (100 pages, paper-covered), send ten cents in stamps. Address:

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**Better THAN THE BEST**  
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**PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION**  
LADIES provided for during confinement at Dr. L. Thayer's Sanitarium, 54 Walton Ave., Ft. Wayne, Ind.



## REMINISCENCES OF PUBLIC MEN.

BY BEN: PERLEY POORE.

Charles Sumner possessed that root of statesmanship, the power of forethought. Stepping boldly in advance of the Republican forces, he would plant a banner bearing as an inscription some movement toward emancipation, and then urge others, the President, Congress, the Cabinet, to come forward and sustain it. He was the only directing mind in the Senate which deliberately fixed a distinct end of action, selected the means for arriving at that end, and pursued it steadily with a courage which shrank before no opposition and suffered no abatement in defeat. "Why, Mr. Sumner," said Mr. Lincoln one day to the Massachusetts Senator, "I am only six weeks behind you." Mr. Sumner was always in the advance, and his place on the service roll of the Great Rebellion will be "Leader of the Vanguard of Freedom."

Mr. Sumner as a Senator was a man of more imposing presence than was Mr. Sumner when a student, and it might be said of him in his latter days, as Dr. Johnson once said of Edmund Burke, "Sir, if you should meet him under a bridge during a shower, and had never seen him before, you would know him to be a great man." He was six feet two inches high, his average weight was 208 pounds, and he measured forty inches around the chest. After his infelicitous marriage, his thought-worn face was serious, even to sadness, and his long, waving hair became silvered. His manners were gentlemanly and cordial; he was an industrious collector of paintings, engravings, rare books, autographs and historical curiosities; he was hospitable and generous, and those who served him loved him. He possessed no element of humor or romance, and his modesty was so well known at Washington that the most famous teller of ribald stories there never uttered one in his presence.

Mr. Sumner's share in the diplomatic success of the North during the great Rebellion should not be lost sight of. He endeavored to have the President select for appointment to diplomatic positions men of experience in public affairs and of known integrity, rather than bestow those places as rewards for political services or asylum retreats for defeated candidates for office. Mr. Lincoln and Mr. Seward both entertained the highest regard for him, and by humoring some of his weaknesses, made him a valuable coadjutor in conducting foreign affairs during the difficult and delicate period of the Rebellion. Mr. Sumner had always been accused of "Anglo-mania," but in 1869 he blew such a "jarring blast" concerning the responsibilities of Great Britain for the damages committed on American commerce by Confederate privateers fitted out in the British ports, as to awaken the ire of her gracious majesty's subjects, especially those of them connected with the public press. Indeed, he rarely made a speech of any length in which the well-balanced periods, the terse expressions, and the purity of the language were not marred by violent and audacious phrases.

The closing years of Mr. Sumner in the Senate were not happy ones for him. He found himself at war with some of those with whom he had stood shoulder to shoulder in the great battle for equality before the war, while corrupt men were wearing the uniform of the Republican party that they might plunder the military chest.

An Albany raconteur is responsible for the following anecdote of the "Great Expounder": "How do you like that Daniel Webster?" said Caterer John Keeler to one of the guests at his restaurant on State street, the other day. The guest was eating a fish ball deliciously browned, with a silvery poached egg on top of it. "Why do you call these 'Daniel Websters?'" was the reply. "Why," said Mr. Keeler, "because Mr. Webster got them up. He was the first man who ever prepared them, and I make them from his recipe, and, by the way, I am having a copy made of Webster's clam-chowder recipe, the regular old New England chowder. I will astonish you with that some day." As the conversation progressed, a gentleman with long hair and with a carpet-bag between his feet, who had been eating a plate of oyster soup, turned around, caught Mr. Keeler by the sleeve, and inquired: "Say, mister, who got up them fish balls and eggs?" "Why, Daniel Webster," said Mr. Keeler. "Daniel Webster," repeated the stranger, "where did he keep his eatin' house?"

The opportunity for a lecture on American history suddenly developed itself to Mr. Keeler, of which the rural visitor obtained full benefit free of charge.

### Watered Oysters.

Not every lover of the oyster knows that the size and plumpness which are so highly prized in the great American bivalve, and which are so attractive in specimens on the half-shell or in the stew as to lead the average man to pay a considerably extra price for extra size, are not entirely natural; and even those who do know that the majority of the oysters in the market are artificially swollen by introducing water into the tissues are not all aware that the process by which this is done is closely analogous to that by which the food in our own bodies is conveyed through the walls of the stomach and other parts of the digestive apparatus and poured into the blood and lymph to do its work of nourishment.

Physiologists are, I believe, agreed that the passage of the digested food through the walls of the alimentary canal in man and other animals is, in large part, due to osmosis or dialysis, and that the operation of this physical law is a very common one in the animal body. But the quantitative study of the chemical changes involved is generally rendered difficult or impossible by the very fact of their taking place in living animals, where the application of chemical analysis is impossible. An opportunity is, however, offered by the oyster, which, since it lives in water and has a body so constituted as to readily permit the inflow and outflow of water and solutions of salts, may be easily used for experiments. The results of the experiments have a practical as well as scientific interest, since they confirm the common explanation of the increase in bulk of oysters by "floating," and show that it is essentially a process of watering, in which the bulk is increased without any corresponding increase, but rather, if anything, a loss of nutritive material. —Prof. W. O. Atwater.

### What the Man Said to the Horse.

Apropos of "horse whispering," a correspondent points out that the mystery is very simply explained by Barrow. Here are his words in the "Roman Rye": "I knew a cob in Ireland that could be driven into a state of kicking madness by a particular word used by a particular person in a particular tone; but that word was connected with a very painful operation which had been performed upon him by that individual, who had frequently employed it at a certain period while the animal had been under his treatment. The same cob could be soothed in a moment by another word used by the same individual in a very different kind of tone—the word 'deaghblasda,' or sweet-tasted. Some time after the operation, while the cob was yet under his hands, the fellow—who was what the Irish call a fairymith—had done all he could to soothe the creature, and had at last succeeded by giving it gingerbread buttons, of which the cob became passionately fond. Invariably, however, before giving it a button he said: 'Deaghblasda,' with which word the cob by degrees associated an idea of unmixed enjoyment. So, if he could rouse the cob to madness by the word which recalled the torture to its remembrance, he could easily soothe it by the other word, which the cob knew would be instantly followed by the button which the smith never failed to give him after using the word 'deaghblasda.' —St. James Gazette.

### An Old Viking.

When the grave of an old Viking was opened recently his skeleton showed that he had been laid to face the setting sun. He had worn a woolen surcoat, edged with a frilling of gold, and buckled at the neck with a golden clasp. His belt was of stamped leather, fastened with two gold buckles. Over his lap was his shield, round, two feet across, with the underside of wood and the outer of bronze, with a rim of iron. His hands were placed across his shield as if to clasp it to his breast, and on them had been bracelets of bronze, with serrated edges and rims of gilded silver. His two-edged sword of iron, thirty inches long and sheathed in wood, lay at his side, and close at hand was a dagger of iron and a barbed javelin. To the right of his feet was a bucket, such as the Saxons carried on their war ships, made of the same materials as his shield.

### The Winter Nap.

By mid-October most of the Rip Van Winkles among our brute creatures have lain down for their winter nap. The toads and turtles have buried themselves in the earth. The woodchuck is in his hibernaculum, the skunk in his, the mole in his; and the black bear has his selected, and will go in when the snow comes. He does not like the looks of his big tracks in the snow. They publish his goings and comings too plainly. The coon retires about the same time. The provident woodmice and the chipmunk are laying by a supply of nuts or grain, the former usually in decayed trees, the latter in the ground. I have observed that an unusual disturbance in the woods near where the chipmunk has his den, will cause him to shift his quarters. One October, for many successive days, I saw one carrying into his hole buckwheat which he had stolen from a near field. The hole was only a few rods from where we were getting out stone, and as our work progressed and the racket and uproar increased, the chipmunk became alarmed. He ceased carrying in, and after much hesitating and darting about, and some prolonged absences, he began to carry out; he had determined to move; if the mountain fell, he at least would be away in time. So by mouthfuls, or cheekfuls, the grain was transferred to a new place. He did not make a "bee" to get it done, but carried it all himself, occupying several days, and making a trip every ten minutes.

Insects also go into winter quarter, by or before this time; the bumble-bees, hornet, and wasp. But here only royalty escapes; the queen-mother alone foresees the night of winter coming and the morning of spring beyond. The rest of the tribe try gyping for awhile, but perish in the first frosts. The present October I surprised the queen of the yellow-jackets in the woods looking out a suitable retreat. The royal dame was house-hunting, and on being disturbed by my inquisitive poking among the leaves, she got up and flew away with a slow, deep hum. Her body was unusually distended, whether with fat or eggs, I am unable to say. In September I took down the nest of the black hornet, and found several large queens in it, but the workers had all gone. The queens were evidently weathering the first frosts and storms here, and waiting for the Indian summer to go forth and seek a permanent winter abode. If the covers could be taken off the fields and woods at this season, how many interesting facts of natural history would be revealed! The crickets, ants, bees, reptiles, animals, and for aught I know, the spiders and flies, asleep or getting ready to sleep in their winter dormitories; the fires of life banked up and burning just enough to keep the spark over until spring. —John Burroughs.

### Fine Crape—How It Is Manufactured.

"What's that?" A jobber in imported dry goods was showing a visitor a piece of flimsy black material that looked uncommonly like common gauze. "Why do you ask?" "I didn't know that you imported any goods of that description." "Why, that is one of our staple articles. That is a very fine quality of crape!" "The kind of crape that widows wear?" "The same. It has been washed in hot water. That makes the change in its appearance." "How could it?" "I'll tell you. Crape is light, transparent, plainly woven of hard silk of the natural color. Its peculiar appearance is caused by the dyeing and dressing after it leaves the loom. Gum is added to the material, and the threads, owing to their stiffness, unweave the twist they receive in the mill. This gives it its unevenness." "Doesn't any kind of wetting hurt it?" "Yes, more or less, but it never looks like gauze until it is thoroughly soaked in hot water. That is one of our tests as to the quality of the material and workmanship. If you ever want to test any crape that you may buy, you had better take the dealer's word instead of your own experiment, for once crape is washed out it can never be restored." —New York Mail and Express.

EDUCATION is the leading of human souls to what is best, making what is best out of them.—Ruskin.

M. T. BISHOP,

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Having secured the services of an experienced workman, I am now prepared to do all kinds of Blacksmithing and Repairing in a first-class manner. Special attention given to repairing machinery. Give me a call. Prices reasonable.

A. W. Hall, St. Joe.



# THE ST. JOE NEWS.

VOL. I.

ST. JOE, IND., FRIDAY, JANUARY 13, 1888.

NO. 51.

## Churches.

### DISCIPLE.

SERVICES every alternate Sunday evening, in the Lutheran church. Cottage prayer meeting every Friday evening.

J. A. THOMAS, PASTOR.

### METHODIST PROTESTANT.

SERVICES every alternate Sunday at 10:30 A. M. Prayer meeting every Tuesday evening. Sunday School at 9:30 A. M.

J. M. LANGLEY, PASTOR.

### EVANGELICAL LUTHERAN.

SERVICES every Sunday, one Sunday in the morning at 10:30, and the following Sunday in the evening. Prayer meeting every Thursday evening. Sunday School at 9:30 A. M.

S. P. FRYBERGER, PASTOR.

## Societies.

### G. A. R.

REGULAR meetings on Saturday evening on or before the full moon of each month, at their hall over Leighty's store.

O. H. WIDNEY, COMMANDER.  
J. M. MILLIMAN, ADJUTANT.

## Business Notices.

H. W. BOWMAN, M. D., Physician and Surgeon, St. Joe, Ind. Office opposite the Drugstore.

ST. JOE HOTEL, Wm. Leighty, proprietor. Special attention given to furnishing teams for commercial men.

B. S. SHEFFER, M. D., Physician and Surgeon, St. Joe, Ind. Prompt and careful attention to all business entrusted to his care.

ST. JOE BARBER SHOP, one door west of hotel, Will Gee, proprietor. Satisfaction guaranteed. Your patronage is solicited.

FILLEY, LOUNSBERRY AND SHULER, proprietors of the St. Joe Saw and Planing Mill. All work promptly done. Cash paid for Oak Logs.

CITY BARBER SHOP, St. Joe, Ind., John Hull, proprietor. Shaving, Hair Cutting &c. done in the best of style. Come and see me. Two doors west of Kinsey's Furniture Store.

SIMON WINELAND, proprietor St. Joe Handle and Feed Mills. Feed grinding a specialty. Highest prices paid for second growth White Ash. Enquire at the mill for full particulars.

## INDIANA STATE NEWS.

The officers of the northern prison have filed their annual reports with the Governor. The condition of the prison is, in the customary language, represented as being in every way perfect. The directors state that solitary confinement is the most severe mode of punishment now used, and the warden, in speaking of the same matter, says: "Since my last report I have abolished the use of the 'cats' as a means of punishment. After a long experience, I have become convinced that it is lowering in its tendencies, and is not conducive to good discipline, and degrading in its effects, and is wholly unnecessary in controlling convicts. I think better results come from a more humane system of treatment, with a judicious use of milder disciplinary measures. As the years go by I am more strengthened in my opinion that a classification of the inmates of our prisons into different grades is imperatively necessary, if we hope to decrease crime and place unfortunates under our charge on the road to reformation. The promiscuous herding of the young in age and crime with the old and hardened criminals is a relic of the past. This age demands better methods, and every effort should be brought to bear in our Legislature to bring about a change in this respect." The number of convicts in the prison at the beginning of the year was 697, and at the close 634. The number discharged was 314, against 290 received, while sixteen were paroled by the Governor and thirteen died. The warden paid to the State Treasurer during the year \$110,245.56 and received from the State \$102,245.56. His receipts and earnings amounted to \$105,635.42. He now has \$10,107.59 due the State and \$3,270.98 due the convicts. The sales to prisoners amounted to \$5,250.63. The average cost of feeding each prisoner is 35-6 cents per meal; of clothing, 2 cents a day, and fuel, 1 1/2 a day. Including everything, the average cost of maintaining each prisoner is 37 3/10 cents per day.

A serious accident occurred at Martin's ice house, two miles north of Crawfordsville. Preparations were being made to put in a new stock of ice; the old ice left over from last season was being removed, and in doing this work dynamite cartridges were frequently used. Charles Coombs laid one of the cartridges on a stove in a small room adjoining. When the cartridge became sufficiently hot it exploded with disastrous effect, the occupants of the room being ignorant of the fact that such a thing was upon the stove. The following persons were injured: Perry Endicott, frightfully cut about the head and face, having thirteen gashes; B. F. Snyder, severely cut about the head; Will Martin, hit in the face and one cheek badly injured, also one eye. Three other men were also more or less injured.

The press dispatch sent out from Louisville to the effect that there is a great scarcity of coal in the Ohio Valley does not apply to the lower Ohio Valley, of which Evansville is the center. There is no scarcity of coal there, there being sixty coal shafts within twenty miles, six of which are within the city limits, Evansville being situated over two heavy veins of rich bituminous coal. Higher prices elsewhere never affect Evansville materially, the average price for coal for steam-making purposes being 75 cents per ton the year round.

While boring for gas, one mile west of Edinburg on S. C. Thompson's farm, coal was struck in paying quantities at the depth of sixty feet, which was tested and pronounced equal to Cannelton coal. A company was organized with a capital stock of \$10,000, with the following officers: S. Cutsinger, President; H. Maily, Vice President; S. C. Thompson, Treasurer; H. W. Schooler, Manager. Prepara-

tions will be begun at once to work the mine.

John W. Vaughn, an employe at the Ohio Falls car works, Jeffersonville, was killed while assisting to raise a new coal car in one of the setting-up shops. The iron "jack" Vaughn was using being out of repair, the catch slipped, allowing the car to topple over on him. The main sill on the side of the car on which he was working caught Vaughn across the chest, pinioning him to the ground and crushing out his life in an instant.

Mrs. Hannah Ellis, of Rockport, met a horrible death by fire. She was more than 70 years old and a helpless paralytic, and was left in her room by the family sitting in an arm-chair by the fire. No one visited her room for half an hour, and when she was discovered her clothing was all burned up. She was speechless, and her suffering was terrible. She died within an hour without regaining consciousness.

Postmaster John E. Banta, of Muncie, issued an order which provides that no minor can get mail at the office without an order from his or her parents or guardian. The moral effect of the proclamation is working good results, as the schemes of many young ladies who have been carrying on correspondence with young men, for no good cause, has been checked altogether.

In the number of pensioners on its list the Indiana pension agency ranks third in the country. During the month of December there was a decrease of 116 and a net gain of 286, making the number on the list 36,081. The last quarterly disbursement amounted to a million and a quarter.

At Columbus, Bemie Springer and wife were driving in a single buggy, when the horse became frightened and ran away, throwing them violently to the frozen ground. Both were dangerously hurt. Mrs. Springer is in a delicate condition, and it is feared she cannot withstand the shock.

Frank Bruder, 8 years of age, son of C. F. Bruder, of the New Albany Fire Department, in attempting to get on a train in the yards of the New Albany and Chicago Railroad, fell and was run over. The left leg was so badly crushed that death ensued in two hours.

A large vat of mash in the distillery at Terre Haute exploded, breaking the leg of an employe, destroying the building, and causing a loss of several thousand dollars.

Archie Smith was run over by a freight train at Spray's Station and killed. His head was severed from his body.

Judge Vinton, of the Lafayette Circuit Court, has decided that telephone companies doing a general telephone business, are compelled by statutes to furnish instruments at the legal rate of \$3 per month.

The Executive Committee of the Hendricks Monument Association of Indianapolis, have \$18,000 in the treasury, and only require \$3,000 more. The committees are considering several designs.

The silver mines of Dubois County are turning out ore rock that assays \$69 of silver and \$4 of gold to the ton. The smelter treats about twenty tons of the rock per day.

Congressman Brown, of Ohio, has introduced a bill to appropriate \$20,000 to erect a monument at the grave of Gen. W. H. Harrison, at North Bend.

Indianapolis is credited with having the second largest baking-powder manufactory in the United States.

Susan Wilson, aged 82 years, was found dead in bed at Cloverdale from heart disease.

George Halverson, fireman, was crushed to death in a railway accident at Wabash.

"This is a fee-nominal case," remarked a lawyer who received a dollar for defending a man.

## MONEY

## TO

## LOAN

## On Farm Property

IN SUMS OVER \$200.

Interest only once a year. We charge no commission. You can pay any part or all of the loan at any time. You can keep the money as long as you please if the interest is promptly paid. For further particulars call on or address

W. C. Patterson,  
ST. JOE, IND.

## Ho for Arkansas!

## Cheap Homes for Everybody!

In a high, healthy, rich land country. On the 15th of September and the 1st of October there will be excursions from this place to that point at a very low rate of fare. For full information in regard to these excursions call on A. B. Coburn, Real Estate Agent, St. Joe, Ind. Office with Dr. Sheffer, one door east of Drugstore.

GO to the News Office, St. Joe for all kinds of Printing. All work done promptly, and at the lowest prices. Give us a call.

G. E. EMANUEL, M. D., Physician and Surgeon, Spencerville, Ind. Office in J. Emanuel & Son's Drug Store. All calls promptly answered.

HOUSE PAINTING, Graining, Glaizing Paper Hanging and Ceiling Decorating a specialty. All work guaranteed. B. A. Woodcox. Call and see me, or leave orders at the St. Joe Drugstore.



# The St. Joe News.

ST. JOE, INDIANA.

MORT & WILLIAMS, PUBLISHERS.

## EVENTS OF A WEEK.

### THE OLD WORLD.

—Unusually severe winter and heavy snows are reported in various parts of Europe. In Austria railroad trains are blocked.

—An American prima donna, Miss Ella Russell, of Cleveland, has made a successful appearance in opera at Warsaw, the capital of Poland.

—The *National Zeitung*, of Berlin, in an article on the political situation, says: "Germany neither expects nor desires war. Prince Bismarck has thrown into the scale the decisive word in favor of peace. It is hardly probable that Russia will be in a position to force a war upon Germany and her allies. The chances are, therefore, that peace will prevail, although this peace cannot be taken as synonymous with the restoration of European tranquillity—a fact for which Russia must answer to the world."

—Gladstone expresses the belief that peace will continue throughout the winter, but he is not so sure as to what the spring will bring forth.

—A cable dispatch to the *Chicago Herald* says:

The conviction is rapidly solidifying that the already strained relations of the various European powers with one another are fast becoming unbearable, and that the irksome and barriers must soon be swept aside with the inevitable consequence of bloodshed. The *Standard*, discussing the situation in an exceedingly serious strain, concludes that there must be an armed struggle on the continent in the near future, or else there must be on the part of the weaker powers an abject submission to the will of the stronger. Nothing in the nature of a middle course, the *Standard* believes will suffice, while a continuance of the present state of things must necessarily lead to the bankruptcy of the leading European powers, both in home and foreign affairs. The outlook for Great Britain for the New Year is anything but promising. Trade is dull, and the expenses of coercion in Ireland are enormous and threaten to be still heavier. There is a feeling that war upon the continent is inevitable in the spring, and a fear exists that England may be dragged into the struggle. Bismarck and his intrigues are distrusted by the British mind.

—The observance in St. Peter's, at Rome, on the 1st inst., of the Pope's jubilee, was most enthusiastic. The Pontiff took part in the ceremonies, and was greeted with shouts by the assembled worshippers. The occasion was suitably commemorated in all parts of the world where the Pope's dominion is recognized.

### POLITICAL POINTS.

—Great excitement prevails throughout Harper County on account of the bitter feeling between Harper and Anthony over the contest for the county seat. In the last election Harper received a majority of 300 votes. The candidates were given certificates, but the Anthony folks are contesting the election on the ground of fraud and ballot-box stuffing in Harper. A few days ago the citizens of Anthony held a mass-meeting, and after passing a series of very belligerent resolutions proceeded to organize a Winchester Rifle Klub. The Anthony paper is taking an active part in the matter, and when the news of the developments reached Harper hundreds of men offered their services to defend that burg's people and property. The outcome is a matter of lively speculation.

—Lieut.-Gov. Albert P. Morehouse has been sworn in as Governor of Missouri to finish the unexpired term of the late Gov. Marum. His first official act was to appoint V. C. Yantis, Private Secretary to the dead executive, to the same position under himself. Gov. Morehouse was born July 11, 1835, in Delaware county, Ohio. His early life was spent on a farm. He moved to Nodaway county, Missouri, in 1856 with his parents, who are still living there. He served through part of the war as a lieutenant in the Union militia of Missouri. Most of his life has been spent in teaching school and practicing law. He was a delegate to the Democratic National Conventions of 1872 and 1876, and has served in the legislature. His only state office has been that of Lieutenant-Governor, to which position he was elected on the ticket with Gov. Marum in 1884.

—The Kansas Temperance Union, in convention at Topeka, passed resolutions to continue earnest work for constitutional prohibition, and declared against third party agitation.

### FINANCIAL AND INDUSTRIAL.

—A statement of the comparative growth of industry and business in the South for the past two years shows remarkable progress. During 1887 the total amount of new capital employed, including the capital stock of incorporated companies, was \$256,248,000, against \$124,224,000 for 1886.

—The Wall street magnates pronounce the year just closed one of weakness and low prices on the Stock Exchange.

—The following is a recapitulation of the debt statement (cents omitted) issued by the United States Treasurer on the 3d inst.:

INTEREST-BEARING DEBT.	
Bonds at 4 1/2 per cent.	230,544,600
Bonds at 4 per cent.	732,442,100
Refunding certificates at 4 per cent.	151,530
Navy pension fund at 3 per cent.	14,000,000
Pacific Railroad bonds at 6 per cent.	44,823,512

Principal	\$1,041,761,743
Interest	12,001,801

Total \$1,053,763,543

DEBT ON WHICH INTEREST HAS CEASED SINCE MATURITY.

Principal	\$3,161,953
Interest	178,392

Total \$3,340,345

DEBT BEARING NO INTEREST.	
Old demand and legal-tender notes	\$346,706,121
Certificates of deposit	6,986,000
Gold certificates	96,934,057
Silver certificates	170,853,423
Fractional currency less \$3,375,934, estimated as lost or destroyed	6,942,214

Principal	\$664,254,815
Interest	12,181,193

Total \$676,436,008

Less cash items available for reduction of the debt \$29,019,424

Less reserve held for redemption of United States notes 100,000,000

Total \$547,416,584

Total debt less available cash items \$1,255,441,281

Net cash in the Treasury \$1,255,441,281

Debt less cash in Treasury Jan. 1, 1888 \$1,255,441,281

Debt less cash in Treasury Dec. 1, 1887 1,210,183,053

Decrease of debt during the month \$45,258,228

Decrease of debt since June 30, 1887 \$45,258,228

CASH IN THE TREASURY AVAILABLE FOR THE REDUCTION OF PUBLIC DEBT.

Gold held for gold certificates actually outstanding \$96,934,057

Silver held for silver certificates actually outstanding 170,853,423

U. S. notes held for certificates of deposit actually outstanding 6,986,000

Cash held for matured debt and interest unpaid 15,344,148

Fractional currency 796

Total available \$290,919,424

RESERVE FUND.

Held for redemption of U. S. notes, viz. January 14, 1875, and July 12, 1882 \$100,000,000

Unavailable for reduction of debt \$100,000,000

Fractional silver coin \$24,327,528

Minor coin 55,761

Total \$124,373,289

Certificates held as cash 37,479,964

Net cash balance on hand 63,842,569

Total cash in Treasury as shown by the Treasurer's general account \$527,025,556

—The great Reading strike promises to become a serious matter in the anthracite region. A telegram from Reading says:

Had the strike on the Reading Road proved successful and traffic been entirely paralyzed there could not have been more genuine alarm throughout the great industrial regions of the Schuylkill Valley than there is to-day. The proprietors of large furnaces and iron works in this section predict that if the mines are shut down for two weeks the majority of the large establishments will be obliged to close owing to the lack of a supply of coal. Many of them have been running for weeks short of coal and most of them have less than a week's supply on hand. All the industrial cities and towns in this section such as Reading, Birdsboro, Norristown, Pottstown, Hamburg, and smaller places, receive their coal over the Reading Railroad, and with the stoppage of work at the mines, trade will be entirely paralyzed. The members of the Knights of Labor in this city, while refusing to strike, have promised the Schuylkill miners financial support, the same as they are giving the men in the Lehigh region. There is a movement on foot among the business men of this end of the Schuylkill Valley to hold a meeting in this city and bring such pressure to bear upon President Corbin as to cause him to consent to arbitration of the miners' strike at least. It is argued that the immense industries of this section of the State cannot afford such a fearful paralysis to business and trade. The strike will not only throw 30,000 miners out of employment but 30,000 ironworkers as well.

### FIRES AND ACCIDENTS.

—The greater part of the town of Hicksville, Ohio, was wiped out by fire. The loss to business men will reach \$100,000, and the inhabitants are suffering. Porter & Macreau's wholesale grocery house at Memphis, Tenn., was destroyed by fire; loss, \$90,000. A. H. & O. K. Jones' shoe factory at Stratford, N. H., was burned, entailing a loss of \$80,000. The Lake Shore and Michigan Southern depot at Okego, Allegan County, Mich., and the Stevens & Brace Iron Company's establishment, Kansas City, were likewise destroyed. Damage in the latter case is estimated at \$100,000. The loss by fire at Houma, La., is estimated at \$150,000.

—A Livingston (Ala.) special says: "A landslide on the Queen and Crescent Railroad caught and buried eight cars on a freight-train. Two minutes later the south-bound express came dashing along, struck the debris, and wrecked two passenger-cars, injuring sixteen passengers."

—A collision on the Cincinnati Southern Railroad, at Louisville, Ky., resulted in the death of seven persons and serious injury to many others. A dreadful smash-up took place on the New York, Pennsylvania and Ohio Railroad, five miles west of Meadville, Pa., the New York limited dashing into a

freight train. Both trains were two hours late. Five persons were killed instantly, and sixteen badly injured. Another disastrous wreck took place at Kouts, Ind., on the Chicago and Atlantic Railroad. The second section of a freight train ran into the first in a blinding snow-storm, and a fireman lost his life.

—Storage warehouse property along the Brooklyn water front amounting in value to \$10,000,000 is about to be put into the control of a colossal trust. Fully one-half the foreign commerce of the port of New York will be involved.

### THE CRIMINAL RECORD.

—The Coroner's jury at Waverly, Iowa, has finished its investigation of the celebrated Billings-Kingsley murder case, and returned a verdict finding Billings guilty of willful and premeditated murder. He was subsequently arrested on a Coroner's warrant charging murder in the first degree.

—Judge Steneman, of the United States Circuit Court, at Cedar Rapids, Iowa, has declared the Iowa registry law unconstitutional.

—A special dispatch from St. Francis, Ark., says:

William Herrig, who murdered his young wife and her paramour near here, has been hanged by a band of vigilantes. After the murder Herrig set out toward the northern boundary line, with the purpose, evidently, of escaping into Missouri, and making for Kansas City or St. Louis. Directly after the crime was discovered a posse of men set out to find him. They caught him about four miles north of Keosauqua. He was informed that he must die, and he made no protest. In fact, he said he was willing and ready; he had done nothing he had cause to regret. His wife had been untrue to him and he had killed her lover, and this he regarded as justice. Regarding the shooting of his wife he said he could offer nothing in the way of defense.

—A recent telegram from Wichita, Kan., says: "Charles Green, a cattle dealer from 'No Man's Land,' has arrived here, and gives some details of the capture and lynching of the Kelly family, whose horrible crimes, published widely a few days ago, were as equally atrocious as anything committed by the Bender family. The Kelly family left their ranch near Oak City, going south. A posse of citizens started in pursuit, and found them fifty miles south, in Texas. The old man escaped, but the son, Bill, was hanged, and the mother and daughter were shot while the posse was endeavoring to capture them."

—A negro incendiary named Oscar Conger was hanged by a mob at Cherokee, Ala. He was caught in the act of setting fire to a house.

—A negro watch-meeting at Fordtown, Alabama, wound up with a shooting-match in which three persons were killed and several wounded.

—The Lathrop memorial building at Albany, N. Y., erected by Mrs. Leland Stanford as a home for working women's children, has been dedicated. It cost, with its furniture, \$75,000.

—The United States Consul at Odessa has unearthed customs frauds in wool invoices shipped to this country amounting to \$10,000,000 or \$15,000,000.

—A special dispatch from Waverly, Iowa, says: "The preliminary examination of M. E. Billings closed at Waverly on Tuesday. O. C. Miller, one of the leading attorneys of Waterloo, appeared for the defense. After some preliminary discussion the State offered in evidence the documents which were taken from Billings when he was arrested. They consisted of the decoy, letters, the alleged confession, etc. The defense objected to their admission, but the magistrate decided they were admissible, on the ground that Billings in his evidence had voluntarily testified to their contents. The counsel for the defense then waived further examination, and Billings was bound over to the February term of the District Court without bail."

### MISCELLANEOUS NOTES.

—The recommendation to place the Union Pacific in the hands of a receiver created no alarm in Boston, where the owners live. The following of Gov. Patterson's suggestions, it was said would lead to twenty years' litigation and settle nothing.

—A movement has been organized in North Carolina for securing a repeal of the tax on tobacco, and a delegation will be sent to Washington for that purpose.

—The saloon-keepers of St. Paul are hereafter to be taxed \$1,000 for license. They are working up a scheme to consolidate the business of liquor-selling on the "trust" principle, the brewers to furnish the capital and give employment to men only engaged in the business.

—The list of veterans of the war of 1812 has decreased to 1,064, while widows of veterans survive to the number of 11,831, which indicates that the old soldiers very numerously took young women for wives. Senator Hearst, of California, will shortly introduce a bill to increase from \$8 to \$25 per month the pensions of these surviving veterans.

### SOME CURIOUS FIRES.

Singular Instances of Spontaneous Combustion Accounted For.  
(Fire and Water.)

Cotton in bales has always been supposed to be free from spontaneous combustion until lately, when a case was discovered in a storehouse in northern New Jersey. A number of bales of sea island cotton stored there were found to be on fire, and when it was extinguished in one spot it would break out in another. A careful examination of the cotton and its condition showed that it was roller-gin cotton—that is, cotton which had not been run through a gang of saws, after the method of Eli Whitney, but the lint had been drawn away from the seeds by a pair of rolls, one large and one small, set at just the distance to keep the seeds from passing through, while the fiber passes on and goes into a bag.

It was found in this lot of cotton that some of the seeds had passed into the rolls and been cracked, which caused the oil to exude, saturating the fiber, which was thus, by the time it arrived in the north, in the proper condition for spontaneous combustion. Careful and extensive inquiry among northern mills failed to reveal any other such case, and therefore it can hardly be taken as a strong objection against the use of roller-gins in general. The ordinary roller-gin is practically a prehistoric tool, as it has been in use since cotton was known in ancient India. It is not nearly so fast as the ordinary saw gin, but it is said to do its work something better and with the least possible injury to the fiber, and to be therefore preferred for sea island cotton, which is of long fiber, and almost double the value of the ordinary grades.

Another curious fire was that which occurred in a knife factory in Massachusetts. In the middle of a room a small milling machine was working on hard-wood handles of knives. The dust or small fragments of the wood which were ground off were drawn up through a metal tube about one foot in diameter by a blower in the room above, and then forced through a wooden pipe out into the air. A spark from an emery wheel fifteen feet away from the milling machine struck a window twenty feet away, and glancing back entered the mouth of the metal tube, and set the hard-wood dust on fire, a stream of which twenty feet in length poured out of the wooden pipe into the air. The alarm was given by people outside, the workmen in the room being entirely unaware of any fire.

Another peculiar instance was a fire started by some cotton waste which an engineer in cleaning up a mill put in front of a boiler where it would be convenient for the firemen to burn in the morning. During the night the waste got on fire from spontaneous combustion and set fire to the kindlings and succeeded in raising sufficient steam to cause the boiler to blow off, very thoroughly scaring the watchman, who naturally thought the boiler, which he knew had been left without a fire, was going to explode.

Still another singular case was that of a fire caused in a picker-room of a jute-mill by a man driving a nail in the ceiling. The nail glanced off and was struck by the rapidly moving beaters, and the sparks which were caused thereby led to a serious blaze.

### TOO IRREGULAR.

"If men voted as they pray," said a prohibition orator, "the prohibitionists would elect the next President of the United States." Oh, come off, thou reservoir. If men voted as they pray some men would spend their lives in the penitentiary for repeating, while others would never cast a vote in all their lives, and others again would do all their voting during babyhood. Vote as they pray, indeed—Burdette.

ONE need not be in the ring to have a large circle of acquaintances.



## DIVINES DISAGREE.

A Discussion Not Decided by Prayer—Intolerance of Opinion.

The following is an extract from a late New York Tribune editorial: "There is, perhaps, no mental vice so common as intolerance of opinion. Even such as think they have emancipated themselves from the clinging defect find it hard to acknowledge frankly to themselves that the opinion of some one else upon a matter they have studied may very well be as deserving of respect as their own, if it differs radically from their own. If we could all get rid of this last infirmity, not only of 'noble minds,' but of nearly all human minds, how much less friction there would be in life, how much less bitterness and heart burning and envy and all uncharitable feelings."

In an adjoining column of the same paper was found the following peculiar commentary on the editorial:

"The bitterness of the controversy in the American Board over the question of probation after death was very great. This rather shocked the simple-minded and earnest foreign missionaries who attended the sessions of the board, one of whom said he had always thought such questions were decided by prayer. But if the debate was not altogether Christian in spirit, it was strictly parliamentary. The brethren didn't forget to put a copy of Cushing's Manual in their valise along with their Bible; and apparently some of them consulted it oftener than the Bible."

"Is it a fact that there is but little toleration in this country, and less than in others?"

"Comparisons are odorous," said Mrs. Malaprop. Perhaps we have been claiming too much for this free nation.

We must admit that in the professions there is yet much of the old-time prejudice against new ideas. Preachers preach the old doctrines and doctors prescribe the old medicines. Bitter controversies arise when anything new is proposed.

But the march of progress is not stayed. Men are traveling heavenward under new creeds and being cured by new medicines.

Much the same state of facts seems to exist in other countries.

When Dr. Robson, a leading physician of London, formerly of the Royal Navy, proclaimed that Warner's safe cure was a specific in kidney derangements, the hide-bound school to which he belonged threatened to debar him from practice if he did not recant. But he replied that his statement was based on such evidence that he could not recant.

Since then Dr. Wilson, F. R. S. E., editor of "Health," a recognized English authority, announces in his magazine that "Warner's safe cure is of a perfectly safe character and perfectly reliable." Many English physicians are now prescribing it.

The "schools" in this country still bar all proprietary medicines. But Dr. Gunn, Dean of a New York Medical College, long since published: "Warner's safe cure is a very valuable remedy," and says he knows that many physicians prescribe it, though not by name.

Good things in creed or practice are not to be cried down by the old fogies simply because they are new. The spirit of toleration thrives on opposition.

## A Smart but Mean Girl.

First Omaha Girl—Oh, I'd like to bite somebody!

Second Omaha Girl—What's happened?

"You know that horrid Miss Pert?"

"Yes."

"She has a spite against me, and when she found out Mr. Nicefellow was coming to see me what do you think that horrid, envious, jealous creature did?"

"Told him you had an awful temper, I suppose."

"No, indeed, she didn't. She's too smart for that. She's the smartest girl I ever saw." She told him something which will just keep me in misery, and if I do a thing to give him any other impression he'll think I'm a little hypocrite and deceive my own friends. Oh, that creature is smart. I'd like to bite her."

"But what did she say?"

"She told him I was so shy that if he ever came within five feet of me I'd get horrified and never look at him again."—Omaha World.

In answer to casual question,  
How easy and truthful to tell it's  
A cure for the worst indigestion,  
To take Pierce's Purgative Pellets.

GOOD resolutions, like a squalling baby at church, should be carried out.—Boston Advance.

## AN OPEN LETTER

From Rev. J. Roberts, Pastor First M. E. Church, Fremont, Mich.

Rheumatic Syrup Co., Jackson, Mich.:  
GENTLEMEN—My daughter Maud has used Hibbard's Rheumatic Syrup and Plasters, which you so strongly recommended her to try. It has now been about eleven weeks since she commenced, and her inflammatory rheumatism is nearly broken up. Her limbs were badly swollen, and the poor girl was in terrible agony. In the midst of the pain we wound the Plasters about her limbs, and, as a result, the swelling was reduced and she became quiet and rested. The Syrup corrected her indigestion, cleansed the rheumatic poison from her blood, and she is now able to be around the house. She still uses the Syrup and Plasters, and will continue to do so until entirely well. We consider Hibbard's Rheumatic Syrup and Plasters remedies of great merit.  
Rev. J. ROBERTS,  
Pastor First M. E. Church,  
FREMONT, Mich., Oct. 20, 1887.

## "I Don't Want Relief, But Cure."

is the exclamation of thousands suffering from catarrh. To all such we say: Catarrh can be cured by Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. It has been done in thousands of cases; why not in yours? Your danger is in delay. In close a stamp to World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y., for pamphlet on this disease.

RED pepper may not be a great luxury, but, nevertheless, it makes one's eyes water.—Puck.

## In General Debility, Emaciation,

Consumption, and wasting in children, Scott's Emulsion of Pure Cod Liver Oil with Hypophosphites is a most valuable food and medicine. It creates an appetite for food, strengthens the nervous system, and builds up the body. Please read: "I tried Scott's Emulsion on a young man whom physicians at times gave up hope. Since he began using the Emulsion his cough has ceased, gained flesh and strength, and from all appearances his life will be prolonged many years."—JOHN SULLIVAN, Hospital Steward, Morganza, Pa.

THEY are preparing for war in the oil regions. At least, they are drilling constantly.—Texas Siftings.

## Catarrh Cured.

A clergyman, after years of suffering from that loathsome disease, Catarrh, and vainly trying every known remedy, at last found a prescription which completely cured and saved him from death. Any sufferer from this dreadful disease sending a self-addressed stamped envelope to Prof. J. A. Lawrence, 212 East Ninth street, New York, will receive the recipe free of charge.

The best and surest Remedy for Cure of all diseases caused by any derangement of the Liver, Kidneys, Stomach and Bowels. Dyspepsia, Sick Headache, Constipation, Bilious Complaints and Malaria of all kinds yield readily to the beneficent influence of

# PRICKLY ASH BITTERS

It is pleasant to the taste, tones up the system, restores and preserves health. It is purely Vegetable, and cannot fail to prove beneficial, both to old and young. As a Blood Purifier it is superior to all others. Sold everywhere at \$1.00 a bottle.

## KIDDER'S

# DIGESTYLIN

A SURE CURE FOR INDIGESTION and DYSPEPSIA.

Over 5,000 Physicians have sent us their approval of DIGESTYLIN, saying that it is the best preparation for indigestion that they have ever used. We have never heard of a case of Dyspepsia where DIGESTYLIN was taken that was not cured.

## FOR CHOLERA INFANTUM.

IT WILL CURE THE MOST AGGRAVATED CASES. IT WILL STOP VOMITING IN PREGNANCY. IT WILL RELIEVE CONSTIPATION.

For Summer Complaints and Chronic Diarrhea, which are the direct results of imperfect digestion, DIGESTYLIN will effect an immediate cure.

Take DIGESTYLIN for all pains and disorders of the stomach; they all come from indigestion. Ask your druggist for DIGESTYLIN (price \$1 per large bottle). If he does not have it, send one dollar to us and we will send a bottle to you, express prepaid. Do not hesitate to send your money. Our house is reliable. Established twenty-five years.

WM. F. KIDDER & CO.,

Manufacturing Chemists, 83 John St., N. Y.

## FOR ALL DISORDERS OF THE

# Stomach, Liver

# and Bowels

# PACIFIC LIVER PILLS

STRICTLY VEGETABLE.

Cure Constipation, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Piles, Sick Headache, Liver Complaints, Loss of Appetite, Biliousness, Nervousness, Jaundice, etc. For Sale by all Druggists. Price, 25 Cents. PACIFIC MANUFACTURING CO., ST. LOUIS, MO.

\$5 to \$25 a day. Samples worth \$1.50 FREE. Lines not under the horse's feet. Write to Brewster Safety Beam Holder Co., Holly, Mich.

OPIMUM Morphine Habit Cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till cured. Dr. J. Stephens, Lebanon, Ohio.

PENSIONS COLLECTED and Increased by Fitzgerald & Powell, Indianapolis Ind. Old cases reopened. Send for copy of Laws, free.

PENSIONS to Soldiers and Heirs. L. BINGHAM, HAM, Atty., Washington, D.C.

## ST. JACOBS OIL.

WHAT IT HAS DONE.

Relief.—In any climate at any season one or two applications of St. Jacobs Oil relieves, often cures permanently. This is the average experience in ten years.

Cures.—The contents of a bottle have cured thousands of extreme chronic cases. Used according to directions there is a cure in every bottle.

The Testimony.—Thousands of testimonials substantiate the above statements in the cure of all kinds of painful ailments.

The Proof.—To make sure of this showing, answers to inquiries concerning the permanency of the cures resulted as follows: That from date of healing to date of response every cure has remained permanent without recurrence of pain.

Its Supremacy.—The twenty million bottles sold can be justly rated as so many cures; in almost every case a permanent cure. Its price is the surety of every bottle being the same, every bottle being a cure and the poor are protected.

Sold by Druggists and Dealers Everywhere.

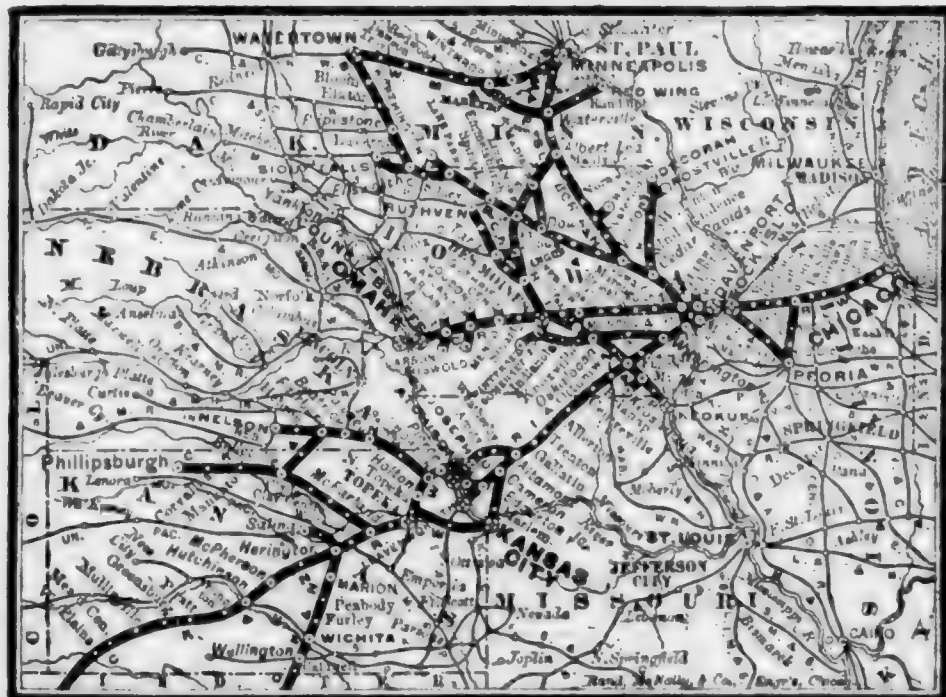
The Charles A. Vogeler Co., Balto., Md.

## DETECTIVES

Wanted in every County. Showed men to act under instructions in our Secret Service. Experience not necessary. Particulars from Grassman Detective Bureau Co. 412 Broadway, Cincinnati, O.

# A MAN

UNACQUAINTED WITH THE GEOGRAPHY OF THE COUNTRY, WILL OBTAIN MUCH VALUABLE INFORMATION FROM A STUDY OF THIS MAP OF THE



## CHICAGO, ROCK ISLAND & PACIFIC R'Y.

Its central position and close connection with Eastern lines at Chicago and continuous lines at terminal points, West, Northwest, and Southwest, make it the true mid-link in that transcontinental chain of steel which unites the Atlantic and Pacific. Its main lines and branches include Chicago, Joliet, Ottawa, LaSalle, Peoria, Geneseo, Moline and Rock Island, in Illinois; Davenport, Muscatine, Washington, Fairfield, Ottumwa, Oskaloosa, West Liberty, Iowa City, Des Moines, Indianola, Winterset, Atlantic, Knoxville, Audubon, Harlan, Guthrie Centre and Council Bluffs, in Iowa; Gallatin, Trenton, Cameron, St. Joseph and Kansas City, in Missouri; Leavenworth and Atchison, in Kansas; Minneapolis and St. Paul, in Minnesota; Watertown and Sioux Falls in Dakota, and many other prosperous towns and cities. It also offers a CHOICE OF ROUTES to and from the Pacific Coast and intermediate places, making all transfers in Union depots. Fast Trains of fine DAY COACHES, elegant DINING CARS, magnificent PULLMAN PALACE SLEEPING CARS, and (between Chicago, St. Joseph, Atchison and Kansas City) restful RECLINING CHAIR CARS, seats FREE to holders of through first-class tickets.

## THE CHICAGO, KANSAS & NEBRASKA R'Y (GREAT ROCK ISLAND ROUTE)

Extends west and southwest from Kansas City and St. Joseph to Fairbury, Nelson, Horton, Topeka, Herington, Hutchinson, Wichita, Caldwell, and all points in Southern Nebraska Interior Kansas and beyond. Entire passenger equipment of the celebrated Pullman manufacture. Solidly ballasted track of heavy steel rail. Iron and stone bridges. All safety appliances and modern improvements. Commodious, well-built stations. Celerity, certainty, comfort and luxury assured.

## THE FAMOUS ALBERT LEA ROUTE

Is the favorite between Chicago, Rock Island, Atchison, Kansas City, and Minneapolis and St. Paul. The tourist route to all Northern Summer Resorts. Its Watertown Branch traverses the most productive lands of the great "wheat and dairy belt" of Northern Iowa, Southwestern Minnesota, and East-Central Dakota.

The Short Line via Seneca and Kankakee offers superior facilities to travel between Cincinnati, Indianapolis, Lafayette, and Council Bluffs, St. Joseph, Atchison, Leavenworth, Kansas City, Minneapolis, and St. Paul.

For Tickets, Maps, Folders, or any desired information, apply to any Coupon Ticket Office in the United States or Canada, or address

E. ST. JOHN,  
General Manager.

CHICAGO, ILL.

E. A. HOLBROOK,  
Gen'l Ticket & Pass'r Agent.



Do you want to BUY NORTHERN GROWN SEEDS the finest flow. Vegetables and Crops in your market, and make \$50 per acre on Early Cabbage, Potatoes, Peas, etc., and get raising farm crops? If so, plant SALZER'S SEEDS! 50 Packages Earliest Vegetable Novelties on trial, postpaid, \$1.00. 100,000 Roses and Plants! Tremendous stock of Grass and Farm Seeds. Floor area, 15 acres! Potato Cellar, 35,000 bu. CHEAP FREIGHTS. Send 5c stamps for sample Bonanza Cabbage and get finest catalogue ever published. JOHN A. SALZER, Seed Grower, LaCrosse, Wis.

## FOR SALE CHEAP!

One of Payne & Son's automatic ten-horse power engines. It has only been used about two years, and is in every respect as good as the day it came out of the shop. This engine is equal to twenty-horse power if required of it. Address, FORT WAYNE NEWS-PAPEL UNION, 55 & 57 Columbia St., Fort Wayne, Ind.

## KIDDER'S PASTILLES

Sure relief for ASTHMA. Price 50 Cents. By mail, Stowell & Co., Charlestown, Mass.

N. U. F. W. No. 2-88.

When Writing to Advertisers, please say you saw the Advertisement in this paper.



MORT & WILL OLDS, PUBLISHERS.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:

One Year, in advance ..... \$0.75  
Six Months ..... 50  
Three Months ..... 25

Entered at the Post Office at St. Joe as second-class matter.

FRIDAY JANUARY 13, 1888.

There were 13,000 miles of railroad built in the year 1887.

The icy roads of late has been money in the blacksmith's pocket.

Miss Emma Tustison returned last week from an extended visit with friends in Ohio.

Obas. Emanuel, one of the legal lights of Auburn, was in town Wednesday, on business.

Ira Gingery, a prominent merchant of Hicksville, made an assignment last week, to Bert Morris, of Toledo.

The Teacher's Reading Circle of this township, enjoyed a pleasant session, at the school building, on Wednesday evening.

The mercury got down below zero on Tuesday night. It was not so terrible cold, and yet it fit up pretty snug around the corners.

A boy threw a ball at his sister and hit her on the back of the head so hard, that the bowl came out of her mouth. Do you see the point?

The English sparrows have incurred the everlasting displeasure of Grandfather Leighty, and he has borrowed a shot-gun and proposes to slay all that come in his way.

The leap year party last week was a success, and the girls just waltzed the boys around in fine shape. One of them came in and took our devil off in such a rush, that he had not even time to wax up his moustache.

Mina Van Heyde, who was agent at this place several years ago, but is now located at Fostoria, was awarded a premium of \$25, for having the best kept station on the Chicago Division during the year 1887. Mina was not the least bit stingy, with his good luck, but divided the money among his clerks and set up a couple boxes of cigars besides.

Squire Ables hitched up another couple this week in his usual graceful manner. Chauncy Patterson and Mary Younglove of Coletown, were the happy pair. Uncle "Jeems" seems to have a corner on marrying folks over in that neighborhood. Preachers don't stand any show at all. His Honor, ought to pay the News a royalty of two dollars on each ceremony he performs, as it is largely through our efforts in his behalf that he gets so much business in that line.

George Hinsdale lives at Grangeville and takes life about as easy as the common run of mortals. He came into St. Joe the other day on business, and after transacting the same, he started for home. He rode a horse and when near the gravel pit, it became frightened in some way, and threw him off against the railing of the creek bridge. He was considerably bruised up, and bled quite freely, but gathered up what he could of himself, and walked the rest of the way, leading the horse. George didn't propose to go through any more acrobatic performances.

OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

SPENCERVILLE.

Ben Zimmerman was at Auburn Tuesday.

Mrs. T. S. Murray was in Hicksville Saturday.

Miss Emma Prosser is visiting in the family of J. A. Provines.

John Wise, of Auburn Junction, was in town a couple of days this week.

Rev. Charles Hollopeter filled the pulpit in the M. E. church Saturday and Sunday evenings.

Becks Erick and wife left for White Pigeon, Mich., Wednesday to attend the wedding of his sister.

Quite a number of the Masons from this place, attended a public installation at Newville Monday evening.

Mrs. Dr. Hull has been in the country during the past week, having been called there by the illness of her mother.

The many friends of Miss Susie Kinsey, formerly of this place, but now of Kansas, will be surprised to hear of her marriage on New Year's day. We wish her much happiness in her western home.

OBITUARY.

Otis R. Coburn, oldest brother of C. M. and R. G. Coburn, of Coburntown, died very suddenly at his home in Trumbull Co., Ohio, December 31st, 1887 and was buried January 2nd 1888, age 71 years. Mr. Coburn was born in Ontario Co., New York, November 1816, and moved with his parents to Trumbull Co., Ohio, in 1827, being at that time eleven years old. He was married to Emma Barstow in 1836. With the exception of five years spent in Wisconsin, he has continued to reside in Trumbull Co. He leaves a wife and four children to mourn his loss, one son and three daughters; he also has four brothers and one sister in this county. He had been a member of the Christian church for over fifty years, and has always been a zealous and faithful christian, therefore he was prepared to meet his God. "Be ye also ready, for in the hour ye think not the bride-groom cometh."

R. G. C.

John Davis has six fine calves for sale.

Mart Tustison tapped a new barrel of pickles yesterday.

Ben Leighty is now head butcher in Curie's meat market.

Johnny Tustison is quite sick with congestion of the liver.

White & Culbertson shipped a car load of hogs on Tuesday.

Frank Smith, of Garrett, was in town one day last week.

Miss Matie Bohls spent last Sunday with her parents in this place.

Mrs. Robert Davis spent New Year's day with her daughter, in Gallion, Ohio.

Mrs. Dr. Bowman and her sister, Mrs. Thayer, visited friends at Fort Wayne this week.

S. & F. Barney are buying large quantities of clover seed. They pay the highest price in the market.

If you think of getting any pictures enlarged, by all means see William Leighty before doing so. He can supply you with an excellent quality of work at reasonable prices.

The Bristol Banner of last week says: "Harry Congdon visited over Sunday with his best girl at St. Joe, Ind." Now who is Harry's best girl, and what business has he got coming clear down here to see a girl, anyhow?

FINE SMYRNA RUGS

\$1.30  
\$2.00  
\$3.00  
\$3.50

AT J. D. LEIGHTY'S.

PRESBYTERIANS

Who do not take the Herald and Freebyter, should

SEND

Five One-Cent Stamps

FOR A

Sample copy of that paper and a beautiful steel-engraved

Calendar for 1888

Size 4x6 1/2 inches.

Or send names and addresses of ten or more Presbyterians of different families who do not now take the paper, and receive the Calendar and sample copy free. Send at once. Mention name of church and pastor, and say where you saw this. Address

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DENTIST,

HICKSVILLE, O.

Teeth extracted without pain. Filling teeth with gold or other material, carefully and promptly done. All kinds of artificial teeth made to order and warranted. Rooms over Miller & Jeffries' Hardware, in Casebeer's Block, Hicksville, Ohio.

The Anchor Mills,

FULL ROLLER,

In every particular, and the farmers reliable place to get their grists ground. We guarantee satisfaction. We keep constantly on hand a supply of mill feed. Our trade is booming, and customers continue to come from far and near to the Anchor

Full Roller Mills,

HICKSVILLE, OHIO.

Auburn paid 81 cents for wheat last week while our merchants were paying 82.

New Goods Arriving Daily!

CALL ON US FOR

BIG BARGAINS.

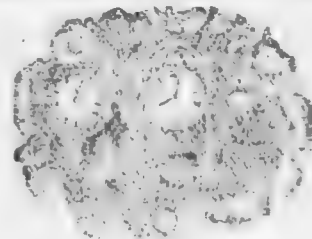
FULL LINE OF

LADIES CLOAKS AND WRAPS

FINE STOCK OF CLOTHING ON HAND.

HEATING & COOK STOVES A SPECIALTY.

S. & F. BARNEY, ST. JOE, IND.



W. A. PATTERSON.

at the St. Joe Drugstore, repairs Clocks, Watches and Jewelry. All work warranted and prices reasonable. Give me your work

Talk is Cheap

but the best place to buy Lemons, Oysters, Cranberries, Pickles, Onions, Candies, Canned Goods, Cigars, Tobaccos &c., is at

Mart Tustison's.



TRUTH IS MIGHTY AND WILL PREVAIL.

LOOK THIS WAY!

I keep on hand a fine line of Furniture, which I will sell for the next 60 days at prices that defy competition. Glass Cupboards \$8.50. Double Cane Seat and Back Rockers \$2. Dressing Case, with French Plate Glass \$12.00. Carpet Lounge \$6.50. Solid Comfort Beds for \$2.25. Undertaking a specialty.

August Kinsey, St. Joe, Ind.



## At the Drugstore.

A good Watch for \$5; worth \$7.  
A fine Stand Lamp for .98 cents; worth \$1.25.  
A fine Hanging Lamp for \$2.25; worth \$3.00.  
A few nice Books to close out at a bargain.  
A full line of Drugs and Medicines at bottom prices. Now is the time to buy and save money.  
School Books, Slates, Pens, Pencils and Inks at 10 and 20 per cent cheaper than other dealers offer.

## At the Drugstore.

### D. W. & K.,

That stands for Daniels, Wilson & Kagey, proprietors of the Hicksville Full Roller Flouring Mills; one of the most complete mills in the state. They guarantee satisfaction in every instance. Their old friends as well as all others, will be sure to give them a call when they go to Hicksville.

*Daniels, Wilson & Kagey,*

#### LOCALS.

Preaching at the Lutheran church Sunday evening.

Freight traffic on the B. & O. is booming at present.

There are a few slight changes in the B. & O. time card this week.

The series of meetings at the Methodist church closed Tuesday evening.

Several of the Masonic brethren of this place attended lodge at Newville Monday evening.

Traveling-men are out with spring samples. Mosquito bar and palm leaf fans, for instance.

Butler has quite a supply of gas, some of which is being piped into residences and used for fuel.

Nearly all of our correspondents seem to be frozen up this week. A little warm sunshine will probably bring them out alright.

Mr. Groff, who has been running the Orangeville Mill for three or four years, will move back onto his farm near Edgerton, in the spring.

Already the contracts have been let for the erection of several new brick buildings on the site of the burnt out district at Hicksville. Her citizens are not the chronic kind that sit down in sackcloth and ashes, and weep over their loss, but they go right to work to make better and more permanent improvements.

Ben Harper, the hoosier-prohibition-democrat, who is wintering over at Mack Leighty's, went down below Mayville some time ago, and traded horses. Ben got badly worsted in the dicker, but went back the next day and "crawfished" out of the trade. Both of the nags wasn't worth more than seventeen cents.

The Lake Shore railroad changed time Saturday.

Hicksville will have a farmer's Institute in February.

J. H. Conrad and family visited with Mrs. Conrad's mother over last Sabbath.

W. C. Patterson, wife and daughter Bessie, spent last Sunday with friends in Hicksville.

August Kinsey expects to put up a new furniture room, on the lot west of Frank Walker's harness shop, in the spring.

The Disciples organized their Sunday school last Sunday by electing, Alex. Filley, Superintendent, Miss Prudie Lounsberry, Organist, and Frank Hart, Chorister.

Hugh Nelson, of Hicksville, well known to many of our citizens, fell and broke his arm last week. Mr. Nelson seems to be having his full share of this world's troubles.

It is said there was quite a circus at Washler's model saloon Saturday evening. Quince Fusselman of Newville, was the star actor, and he entertained the audience in first class manner.

An exchange gets off the following, and there is about as much truth in the item as you ever find in that many words: "Women are the dearest, cutest, creatures in the world, but they can't tell how a shoe fits until they see the number."

Hicksville is like the man who locked his barn after his horse was stolen—now that part of the town has burned down, they talk of purchasing a fire engine. But seriously, a good fire department would have no doubt saved most of the buildings that were destroyed in the fire of last week.

Dr. Mitchell, of Ligonier, formerly owner of the drug-store, at this place, was in town for a few hours one day last week. The Doctor thinks there has been a wonderful improvement in St. Joe since he left, and by the way he rather intimated to one of our citizens, that he would have been better off had he remained in this place.

A WOMAN'S DISCOVERY.—"Another wonderful discovery has been made and that too by a lady in this country. Disease fastened its clutches upon her and for seven years she withstood its severest tests, but her vital organs were undermined and death seemed imminent. For three months she coughed incessantly and could not sleep. She bought of us a bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption and was so much relieved on taking first dose that she slept all night and with one bottle has been miraculously cured. Her name is Mrs. Luther Lutz." Thus writes W. C. Hamrick & Co., of Shelby, N. C.—Get a free trial bottle at W. C. Patterson's Drug Store.

Don't mention it to any one, but there is a rumor going the rounds to the effect that the B. & O. company will straighten their track in the spring, and in that case the road will run directly through Spencerville. The reason assigned for the change is, that it will shorten the distance, and prevent a great many accidents, which are caused by the curves in the road. We think there is some foundation to the rumor, as we noticed a man in town last week, wearing a plug hat, and he said he was going to Spencerville on business. He had a tape line with him and it is but reasonable to suppose that he was looking up a new right-of-way. Further developments will be watched with great interest by our citizens, but the best thing we can do at present is to lay low and keep "mum."

## CHANGE OF FIRM!

Owing to certain changes that will take place in our firm on the first of March, we have decided to offer our stock at cost from now until that date. This is a rare opportunity to get goods at a bargain. All Best Prints at 4 and 5 cents. Ladies' Cloaks and Jackets at even less than cost. Clothing at your own price; in fact we want to close out what Clothing we have on hand, and will make special low prices on same. Now is your time to buy an Overcoat cheap. Remember this offer only lasts for 60 days. Call at once, to secure best bargains.

CASE & OLDS, St. Joe, Ind.

### NEW

0000000 THE BEST OF FITS, 0000000

## Merchant Tailor,

0000000 AT THE LOWEST PRICE, 0000000

### Hicksville, Ohio.

I have opened a Merchant Tailor Establishment in the Center Room of the Correll Block, and I solicit the patronage of the citizens of St. Joe and vicinity. I have a fine line of

#### FINE PIECE GOODS.

and I invite you to call and see them. With good goods, first-class workmen and low prices, I hope to please all. Remember I guarantee a perfect fit in every particular.

### A. Bequilliard,

HICKSVILLE, OHIO.

#### Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

THE BEST SALVE in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever, Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. PRICE 25 cents per box. For sale by W. C. Patterson.

## Baltimore & Ohio R. R.

Trains Leave St. Joe as follows:

#### WEST BOUND.

No. 9 Mail and Express 10:55 A. M.  
17 Accommodation 4:12 P. M.  
3 Chicago Express 11:00 P. M.  
33 Local Freight 5:47 P. M.

#### EAST BOUND.

No. 10 Express and Mail 2:04 P. M.  
16 Accommodation 10:25 A. M.  
4 Morning Express 3:48 A. M.  
32 Local Freight 7:55 A. M.

W. I. McKee, Agent.

We were in error last week in saying that J. H. Conrad took his Sunday school class up to his mother-in-law's, north of Concord; instead of that, he took them to the residence of John Davis, near town, where Mrs. Davis served them with as fine a supper as a pack of hungry boys ever sat down to. It seems that it was the birthday of Frank Davis, and a party had been arranged for him, and he knew nothing of it. The boys were all completely taken by surprise, but that didn't prevent their having the jolliest kind of a good time.

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To know  
Prohibition  
Should Read  
THE  
New Era  
Published every week.  
\$1 a year; 3 pages, 13 columns. A First-class Family Weekly. Sample Copies Free.  
Address New Era Co., Springfield, O.

#### THE VERDICT UNANIMOUS.

W. D. Sult, Druggist, Bippus, Ind. testifies: "I can recommend Electric Bitters as the very best remedy. Every bottle sold has given relief in every case. One man took six bottles and was cured of Rheumatism of 10 years standing." Abraham Hare, druggist, Bellville, Ohio, affirms: "The best selling medicine I have ever handled in my 20 years' experience, is Electric Bitters." Thousands of others have their testimony, so that the verdict is unanimous that Electric Bitters do cure all diseases of the Liver, Kidneys or blood. Only a half dollar a bottle at W. C. Patterson's Drug Store.

#### TOWNSHIP INSTITUTE.

At a late hour Saturday morning the Institute was called to order by the Trustee, who was immediately chosen chairman, with Miss Maud Murray as secretary. "School government," was talked about by two teachers, having had much experience in this line. While newer and better methods than using the club were brought forward and recommended; still the subject was left with the weapon well poised for the first culprit who broke a rule in any of the schools of the township. After the discussion, we adjourned to meet at one o'clock. At the afternoon session the Reading Circle work was taken up, and an interesting time was spent in reading Psychology by the entire class of teachers present. Mr. Irwin Hadsell talked about the possessive pronoun, and did good work. This ended the work of the day. All the teachers of the township were present except the teacher from district No. 1. The Institute adjourned to meet in four weeks at this place.

A fine lot of ice is being put up at this place.

There was a public installation of officers of the Masonic lodge, at Newville Monday night.

A very pleasant party was held at the residence of Henry Hull, on Tuesday evening.



## THE TABERNACLE SERMON.

### "The Women Who Fight the Battles of Life Alone."

Woman Is an Independent Creation and Is Able to Be Her Own Supervisor and Achieve Her Own Destiny—The Story of the Dove and the Vulture.

BROOKLYN, Jan. 8.—The Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D. D., preached at the Tabernacle this morning the first of a series of sermons to the women of America, with practical hints to men. The subject of this discourse was "The Women Who Fight the Battles of Life Alone," and the text was from Proverbs xiv, 1: "Every wise woman buildeth her house." Dr. Talmage said:

Woman a mere adjunct to man, an appendix to the masculine volume, an appendage, a sort of afterthought, something thrown in to make things even—that is the heresy entertained and implied by some men. This is evident to them: Woman's insignificance as compared to man is evident to them, because Adam was first created and then Eve. They don't read the whole story or they would find that the porpoise and the bear and the hawk were created before Adam, so that this argument drawn from priority of creation might prove that the sheep and the dog were greater than man. No! Woman was an independent creation, and was intended, if she chose, to live alone, to walk alone, act alone, think alone, and fight her own battles alone. The Bible says it is not good for man to be alone, but never says it is not good for woman to be alone, and the simple fact is that many women who are harnessed for life in the marriage relation would be a thousand-fold better off if they were alone. God makes no mistake, and the fact that there is such a large majority of women in this land proves that He intended that multitudes of them should go alone.

Who are these men who, year after year, hang around hotels and engine houses and theater doors, and come in and out to bother busy clerks and merchants and mechanics, doing nothing even when there is plenty to do? They are men supported by their wives and mothers. If the statistics of any of our cities could be taken on this subject you would find that a vast multitude of women not only support themselves, but masculines. A great legion of men amount to nothing, and a woman by marriage managed to one of these nonentities needs condolence. A woman standing outside the marriage relation is several hundred thousand times better off than a woman badly married. Many a bride, instead of a wreath of orange blossoms, might more properly wear a bunch of nettles and nightshade, and instead of the Wedding March a more appropriate tune would be the Dead March in Saul, and instead of a banquet of confectionery and ices there might be more appropriately spread a table covered with apples of Sodom, which are outside fair and inside ashes.

Many an attractive woman of good sound sense in other things has married one of these men to reform him. What was the result? Like when a dove noticing that a vulture was rapacious and cruel set about to reform it and said: "I have a mild disposition, and I like peace, and was brought up in the quiet of a dove cote, and I will bring the vulture to the same liking by marrying him." So one day, after the vulture had declared he would give up his carnivorous habits and cease longing for blood of flock and herd, at an altar of rock covered with moss and lichen the twain were married, a bald-headed eagle officiating, the vulture saying: "With all my dominion of earth and sky I thee endow, and promise to love and cherish till death do us part." But one day the dove in her flight saw the vulture busy at a carcass and cried: "Stop that! Did you not promise me that you would quit your carnivorous and filthy habits if I married you?" "Yes," said the vulture, "but if you don't like my way you can leave," and with one angry stroke of beak and another fierce clutch of claw the vulture left the dove eyeless and wingless and lifeless. And a flock of robins flying past cried to each other and said: "See there! that comes from a dove's marrying a vulture to reform him."

Many a woman who has had the hand of a young inebriate offered, but declined it, or who was asked to chain her life to a man selfish or of bad temper and refused the shackles, will bless God throughout all eternity that she escaped that earthly pandemonium.

Besides all this, in our country about 1,000,000 men were sacrificed in our civil war, and that decreed 1,000,000 women to celibacy. Besides that, since the war several armies of men as large as the Federal and Confederate armies put together have fallen under malt liquors and distilled spirits so full of poisoned ingredients that the work was done more rapidly, and the victims fell while yet young. And if 50,000 men are destroyed every year by strong drink before marriage, that makes in the twenty-three years since the war 1,150,000 men slain, and decrees 1,150,000 women to celibacy. Take then the fact that so many women are unhappy in their marriage, and the fact that the slaughter of 2,150,000 men by war and rum combined

decides that at least that number of women shall be unaffiliated for life, my text comes in with a cheer and a potency and appropriateness that I never saw in it before when it says, "Every wise woman buildeth her house," that is, let woman be her own architect, lay her own plans, be her own supervisor, achieve her own destiny.

In addressing these who will have to fight the battle of life alone I congratulate you on your happy escape. Rejoice forever that you will not have to navigate the faults of the other sex, when you have faults enough of your own. Think of the bereavements you avoid, of the risk of unassimilated temper which you will not have to run, of cares you will never have to carry, and of the opportunity of outside usefulness from which marital life would have partially debarred you, and that you are free to go and come as one who has the responsibilities of a household can seldom be. God has not given you a hard lot as compared with your sisters. When young women shall make up their minds at the start that masculine companionship is not a necessity in order to happiness, and that there is a strong probability that they will have to fight the battle alone, they will be getting the timber ready for their own fortune, and their saw and ax and plane, sharpened for its construction, since "Every wise woman buildeth her house."

As no boy ought to be brought up without learning some business at which he could earn a livelihood, so no girl ought to be brought up without learning the science of self-support. The difficulty is that many a family go sailing on the high tides of success, and the husband and father depends on his own health and acumen for the welfare of his household, but one day he gets his feet wet, and in three days pneumonia has closed his life, and the daughters are turned out on a cold world to earn bread, and there is nothing practical that they can do. The friends of the family come in and hold consultation. "Give music lessons," says an outsider. Yes, it is a useful calling, and if you have great genius for it go on in that direction. But there are enough music teachers now starving to death in all our towns and cities to occupy all the piano stools and sofas and chairs and front door steps of the city. Beside that, the daughter has been playing only for amusement, and is only at the foot of the ladder, to the top of which a great multitude of masters on piano and harp and flute and organ have climbed.

"Put the bereft daughters as saleswomen in stores," says another adviser. But there they must compete with salesmen of long experience or with men who have served an apprenticeship in commerce, and who began as shop boys at 10 years of age. Some kind-hearted dry goods man having known the father, now gone, says: "We are not in need of any more help just now, but send your daughters to my store and I will do as well by them as possible." Very soon the question comes up, Why do not the female employees of that establishment get as much wages as the male employees? For the simple reason, in many cases, the females were suddenly flung by misfortune behind that counter, while the males have from the day they left the public school been learning the business.

How is this evil to be cured? Start clear back in the homestead and teach your daughters that life is an earnest thing, and that there is a possibility, if not a strong probability, that they will have to fight the battle of life alone. Let every father and mother say to their daughters: "Now, what would you do for a livelihood if what I now own were swept away by financial disaster, or old age or death should end my career?" "Well, I could paint on pottery and do such decorative work." Yes, that is beautiful, and if you have genius for it go on in that direction. But there are enough busy at that now to make a line of hardware from here to the East River and across the bridge.

"Well, I could make recitations in public and earn my living as a dramatist. I could render 'King Lear' or 'Macbeth' till your hair would rise on end, or give you 'Sheridan's Ride' or Dickens' 'Pickwick.' Yes, that is a beautiful art; but ever and anon, as now, there is an epidemic of dramatization that makes hundreds of households nervous with the cries and shrieks and groans of young tragedians dying in the fifth act, and the trouble is that while your friends would like to hear you, and really think that you could surpass Ristori and Charlotte Cushman and Fanny Kemble of the past, to say nothing of the present, you could not, in the way of living, in ten years earn ten cents.

My advice to all girls and all unmarried women, whether in affluent homes or in homes where most stringent economies are grinding, is to learn to do some kind of work that the world must have while the world stands. I am glad to see a marvelous change for the better, and that women have found out that there are hundreds of practical things that a woman can do for a living if she begin soon enough, and that men have been compelled to admit it. You and I can remember when the majority of occupations were thought inappropriate for women, but our civil war came and the hosts of men went forth from North and South, and to conduct the business of our cities during the patriotic absence, women were demanded by the tens of thousands to take the vacant places, and multitudes of women who had been hitherto supported by fathers and brothers and sons were compelled from

that time to take care of themselves. From that time a mighty change took place, favorable to female employment.

Among the occupations appropriate for woman I place the following, into many of which she has already entered, and all others she will enter:

Stenography, and you may find her at nearly all reportorial stands in our educational, political, and religious meetings.

Savings banks, the work is clean and honorable, and who so great a right to toil there, for a woman founded the first savings bank, Mrs. Priscilla Wakefield?

Copist, and there is hardly a professional man that does not need the service of her penmanship, and, as amanuensis, many of the greatest books of our day have been dictated for her writing.

There they are as florists and confectioners and music teachers and stationers and book-keepers, for which they are specially qualified by patience and accuracy, and

Wood engraving, in which the Cooper Institute has turned out so many qualified, and

Telegraphy, for which she is specially prepared, as thousands of the telegraphic offices would testify.

Photography, and in nearly all our establishments they may be found there at cheerful work.

As workers in ivory and gutta serena and gum elastic and tortoise shell and gilding and in chemicals, in porcelain, in terra cotta, in embroidery.

As postmistresses, and the President is giving them appointments all over the land.

As keepers of lighthouses many of them, if they had the chance, are ready to do as brave a thing with our and boat as did Ida Lewis and Grace Darling.

As proof-readers, as translators, as modelers, as designers, as draughtswomen, as lithographers, as teachers in schools and seminaries, for which they are especially endowed, the first teacher of every child, by divine arrangement, being a woman.

As physicians, having graduated after a regular course of study from the female colleges of our large cities, where they get as scientific and thorough preparation as any doctors ever had, and go forth to a work which no one but women could so appropriately or delicately do.

On the lecturing platform, for you know the brilliant success of Mrs. Livermore and Mrs. Hallowell and Mrs. Willard and Mrs. Lathrop.

As physiological lecturers to their own sex, for which service there is a demand appalling and terrific.

As preachers of the Gospel, and all the protests of ecclesiastical courts cannot hinder them, for they have a pathos and power in their religious utterances that men can never reach. Witness all these who have heard their mother pray.

O, young women of America! as many of you will have to fight your own battles alone, do not wait until you are flung of disaster, and your father is dead and all the resources of your family have been scattered; but now, while in a good house and environed by all prosperities, learn how to do some kind of work that the world must have as long as the world stands. Turn your attention from the embroidery of slippers, of which there is a surplus, and make a useful shoe. Expend the time in which you adorn a cigar case in learning how to make a good, honest loaf of bread. Turn your attention from the making of flimsy nothings to the manufacturing of important somethings.

Much of the time spent in young ladies' seminaries in studying what are called the "higher branches" might better be expended in teaching them something by which they could support themselves. If you are going to be teachers, or if you have so much assured wealth that you can always dwell in those high regions, trigonometry of course, metaphysics of course, Latin and Greek, and German and French and Italian of course, and a hundred other things, of course, but if you are not expecting to teach, and your wealth is not established beyond misfortune, after you have learned the ordinary branches, take hold of that kind of study that will pay in dollars and cents in case you are thrown on your own resources. Learn to do something better than anybody else. Buy Virginia Penny's book entitled, "The Employments of Women," and learn there are five hundred ways in which a woman may earn a living.

My sisters, give not your time to learning fancy work which the world may dispense with when hard times come, but connect your skill with the indispensables of life. The world will always want something to wear and something to eat and shelter and fuel for the body, and knowledge for the mind, and religion for the soul. And all these things will continue to be the necessities, and if you fasten your energies upon occupations and professions thus related the world will be unable to do without you. Remember that in proportion as you are skillful in anything your rivalries become less. For unskilled toil, women by the million. But you may rise to where there are only a thousand; and still higher until there are only a hundred; and still higher till there are only ten; and still higher in some particular department till there is only a unit and that yourself. For a while you may keep wages and a place through the kindly sympathies of an employer, but you will

eventually get no more compensation than you can make yourself worth.

Let me say to all women, who have already entered upon the battle of life, that the time is coming when women shall not only get as much salary and wages as men get, but for certain styles of employment women will have higher salary and more wages for the reason that for some styles of work they have more adaptation. But this justice will come to woman not through any sentiment of gallantry, not because woman is physically weaker than man and therefore ought to have more consideration shown her, but because through her finer natural taste and more grace of manner and quicker perception and more delicate touch and more educated adroitness she will in certain callings be to her employer worth 10 per cent. more, or 20 per cent. more, than the other sex. She will not get it by asking for it, but by earning it, and it shall be hers by lawful conquest.

Now, men of America, be fair and give the women a chance! Are you afraid that they will do some of your work and hence harm your prosperities? Remember that there are scores of thousands of men doing women's work. Do not be afraid! God knows the end from the beginning, and He knows how many people this world can feed and shelter, and when it gets too full He will end the world and, if need be, start another. God will halt the inventive faculty, which, by producing a machine that will do the work of ten or twenty or a hundred men and women, will leave that number of people without work. I hope that there will not be invented another sewing machine, or reaping machine, or corn thresher, or any other new machine for the next 500 years. We want no more wooden hands, and iron hands, and steel hands, and electric hands substituted for men and women who would otherwise do the work and get the pay and earn the livelihood.

But God will arrange all, and all we have to do is to do our best and trust Him for the rest. Let me cheer all women fighting the battle of life alone, with the fact that thousands of women have in that way won the day. Mary Lyon, founder of Mount Holyoke Female Seminary, fought the battle alone; Adelaide Newton, the tract distributor, alone; Fidelity Fisk, the consecrated missionary, alone; Dorothea Dix, the angel of the insane asylums, alone; Caroline Herschel, the indispensable re-enforcement of her brother, alone; Maria Takrzeska, the heroine of the Berlin Hospital, alone; Helen Chalmers, patron of sewing schools for the poor of Edinburgh, alone. And thousands and tens of thousands of women of whose bravery and self-sacrifice and glory of character the world has made no record, but whose deeds are in the heavenly archives of martyrs who fought the battle alone, and, though unrecognized for the short thirty or fifty or eighty years of their earthly existence, shall through the "quintillion ages of the higher world be pointed out with the admiring cry, 'These are they who came out of great tribulation and had their robes washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb.'"

Let me also say for the encouragement of all women fighting the battle of life alone, that their conflict will soon end. There is one word written over the faces of many of them, and that word is Despair. My sister, you need appeal to that Christ who comforted the sisters of Bethany in their domestic trouble, and who, in His last hours forgot all the pangs of His own hands and feet and heart as he looked into the face of maternal anguish and called a friend's attention to it, in substance saying: "John, I cannot take care of her any longer. Do for her as I would have done if I had lived. Behold thy mother!" If under the pressure of un-rewarded and unappreciated work your hair is whitening and the wrinkles come, rejoice that you are nearing the hour of escape from your very last fatigue, and may your departure be as pleasant as that of Isabella Graham, who closed her life with a smile and the word "peace." The daughter of a regiment in any army is all surrounded by bayonets of defense, and, in the battle, whoever falls, she is kept safe. And you are the daughter of the regiment commanded by the Lord of Hosts. After all you are not fighting the battle of life alone. All Heaven is on your side. You will be wise to appropriate to yourself the words of sacred rhythm:

One who has known in storms to sail  
I have on board;  
Above the roaring of the gale  
I hear my Lord.  
He holds me; when the billows smite  
I shall not fall.  
I shout, 'tis sharp; 'tis long, 'tis light;  
He tempers it.

#### Truthful Diplomacy.

"Solomon," said, remarked the dominie, as he carefully trimmed a birch switch four feet long before going into committee of the whole on the state of the country. "Solomon said, 'Spare the rod and spoil the child.'"

"Yes," said the trembling minority members of the committee, "but see what awful children Solomon raised." And while the master thought and thought and thought, the minority went out to revise his report and forgot to come back.



## MARINE MINERS.

*Old Habitations Constructed by the Inhabitants of the Deep.*  
(Golden Days.)

Some of the most remarkable miners are found among the marine animals, especially in the shell group, or mollusks. Some years ago, while living on a key at the extreme end of the Florida peninsula, I had an opportunity of observing the practical results of their work.

The key boasted only two docks, made of heavy yellow pine, the logs under water being protected by a casing of hard wood, thoroughly covered with tar and fine concrete.

This would seem a sufficient protection against a delicate mollusk, but such was their power of boring that in a few months the strong structure was made insecure, and at times, when loaded heavily, the entire dock caved in. From the outside the wood showed no evidence of its weakness, and often what appeared to be a solid post was a mere empty shell.

The animal that committed these ravages was the teredo, or ship worm. It attacks woodwork, especially in the Southern waters, and burrows in, forming a tube as it goes, and carefully lining it with a smooth, calcareous deposit that forms it home and is really a living extension of its shell.

These tunnels wind in and out through the wood, in some incomprehensible way avoiding nails and other shells, showing in this way much more penetration than many human delvers under the earth's crust, and in a very short time a strong solid timber will be found completely honey-combed by these leads or tunnels.

In this same locality I often visited the wreck of an old ship that was high on the reef and partly under water. I had always thought the timbers were strong and heavy until one day I slipped and my foot struck the bottom of the hull and sank into it as if it had been pasteboard. I then found that the entire hull of the old ship was a mere skeleton, and not long after, during a heavy gale, it fell in pieces, very much after the fashion of the "one-hoss shay." Experiments have showed that the palmetto was the only wood that resisted their inroads for any length of time.

The amount of damage these little animals are capable of doing is well shown in the case of the dikes of Holland. These immense structures are strengthened by heavy piles driven into the ground, and upon them depends, to a greater or less extent, the safety of the "longshore" folks.

In the year of 1730 a dangerous leak was discovered that threatened the entire coast. Repairs were immediately commenced, when it was found that the cause of the mischief was the teredo. All of the great piles were pierced in every direction by these silent miners.

In this case new piles were driven in, and the surface under water covered with broad-headed nails, the rust having some effect upon the animals.

The ordinary teredo is about six inches in length, but in the waters of Sumatra and Borneo specimens have been found whose tunnels were four or five feet long, several inches through, and when covered with shells and other animals weighing many pounds.

These giants (and they are called *Teredo gigantes*) were discovered after a violent earthquake, the withdrawal of the water leaving their great tunnels standing upright in the mud.

One of the most powerful of the molluskous miners is the pholas, a bivalve shell that carries its light like a human miner, being phosphorescent in the dark. They penetrate the hardest granite, and after attaining a position within the stone they enlarge their cell and grow, building or increasing the size of their shell, until finally they are imprisoned.

Pieces of granite containing these large shells, with only a small opening

through which they have seemingly gone, are often exhibited as puzzles, the uninitiated being unable to explain the seeming paradox.

The pholas bores by, perhaps, grinding with its shell and dissolving the stone by some secretion which it emits. Such, at least is the theory.

In every branch of the animal kingdom we find these miners. Birds, fishes, insects, mammals, all have their representatives among the subterranean workers.

## FUN FOR THE MISSIONARY.

A missionary in the San Juan Islands, in Washington Territory, gives, in the *Golden Rule*, the following curious notes from his life among the "children of nature" to be found in that region. His first service there was continually interrupted by men going out to drink whisky from bottles concealed in the bushes. On another occasion, when a collection had been taken amounting to \$1.75, a man came to the desk after the close of the service and demanded his money again.

"What money?" asked the minister. "Why, the money I put in the collection plate."

"If you put it in why do you want it back?"

"Oh," said he, "I only put it in for example's sake."

He then sought in the plate, and having selected two five-cent pieces pocketed them and left.

Having kept an appointment for preaching one Sunday, the missionary found seventy-five or eighty people waiting for him near the cabin of a leading man in the islands.

"Shall I conduct the service here?" asked the preacher.

"No, sir. Just you wait a little," replied the man, and going into his house presently reappeared with hammer, nails, saw, ax, and a shingle, which he handed the minister, saying:

"You take that and follow me."

Minister and congregation accompanied the man through a narrow trail for a long distance and halted at an open space. The man then took off his coat and began cutting brush for seats, after which he drove two stakes into the ground and nailed a shingle on them.

"There's your pulpit, sir," said he, turning to the minister. "Fire away."

So the preacher fired away, while the congregation did so in another sense, for almost all of them indulged, while listening, in a quiet smoke.

Another anecdote is good enough to conclude the series. At the close of a marriage ceremony the minister was given a fee of \$5, and a week later the newly-married husband appeared at his house, asking that he might take back the money, as he needed it to buy provisions.

## HUNTING FOR A BATTLE-FIELD.

"What is your politics, Mr. Hotspur?" "Well, sometimes I'm blessed if I hardly know. I am a Republican, a red-hot Republican; voted for Fremont, Lincoln, Grant, Garfield, and Blaine; but when I lay myself out for a good, red-hot discussion with my neighbor Spitfire, who is a poison Democrat, and voted for Buchanan, Breckridge, Seymour, and Tilden, I find we are both high-tariff protectionists, and Grand Army men. I can't understand it, and I don't like it. I'd like to be something that Spitfire isn't, so as to enjoy a little lively discussion now and then. What's the matter with politics in these days, anyhow?" —Burdette.

Mrs. WALDO of Boston—I have a letter from your Uncle James, Penelope, who wants us to spend the summer on his farm. Penelope (dubiously)—Is there any society in the neighborhood? Mrs. Waldo—I've heard him speak of the Holsteins and Guernseys. I presume they are pleasant people.

DOM PEDRO II., the present Emperor of Brazil, and who visited this country in 1876, was born in 1825.

Are you sad, despondent, gloomy?  
Are you sore distressed?  
Listen to the welcome bidding—  
"Be at rest."  
Have you aches and pains unnumbered,  
Poisoning life's Golden Cup?  
Think not there's no balm in Gilead, and  
Give it up.

A Golden Remedy awaits you—  
Golden not alone in name—  
Reach, oh, suffering one, and grasp it,  
Health lies in it.

There is but one "Golden" Remedy—Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It stands alone as the great "blood-purifier," "strength-renewer" and "health-restorer" of the age! The Liver, it regulates, removing all impurities. The Lungs it strengthens, cleansing and nourishing them. The whole system it builds up, supplying that above all other things most needed—pure, rich Blood.

## No Law to Her.

A little miss of 5, with a good deal of originality and independence in her composition, has a brother-in-law of whom she is very fond. They are great chums, and it is hard to decide whether the little girl or the man is the more mischievous when they begin their romps. She persists in calling him "my brother."

"Your brother-in-law," corrected a precise lady visitor one day.

"He's no law to me," retorted the youngster—a fact so self-evident that it precluded further genealogical explanations.

"I have been occasionally troubled with Coughs, and in each case have used **Brown's Bronchial Troches**, which have never failed, and I must say they are second to none in the world."—*Ellis A. May, Cashier, St. Paul, Minn.*

When your toes are asleep they are coma-tose. —*St. Paul Herald.*

Only pill boxes are spread over the land by the thousands after having been emptied by suffering humanity. What a mass of sickening disgusting medicine the poor stomach has to contend with! Too much strong medicine. Dr. King's A-H-B-L-T-R is rapidly taking the place of all this class of drugs, and curing all the ills arising from a disordered condition of the liver, kidneys, stomach and bowels.

MONEY flies pretty fast, considering that it has no wings. —*Judge.*

A Letter from the Pastor of the M. E. Church.

FRANKLIN, OAKLAND CO., MICH.,  
Dec. 2, 1887.

Rheumatic Syrup Company:  
DEAR SIRS—Mr. A. A. Rust, of this place, furnished me one bottle of your Rheumatic Syrup. Have taken about two-thirds of it. Before taking it the slightest change in the weather affected me very much. I am now almost entirely free from the awful twinges of rheumatism, and changes in the weather do not affect me. S. A. LONG,  
Pastor of Methodist Church, Franklin, Mich.

A PRINTER, as well as a lawyer, is glad to reach a point where he can rest his case.

## Itching Files.

Symptoms—Menture; intense itching and stinging; most at night; worse by scratching. It allowed to continue tumors form, which often bleed and ulcerate, becoming very sore. Swayne's Ointment stops the itching and bleeding, heals the tumor, and in many cases removes the tumors. It is equally efficacious in curing all Skin Diseases. Dr. Swayne & Son, Proprietors, Philadelphia. Swayne's Ointment can be obtained of druggists, or by mail.

## Consumption Surely Cured.

To the Editor:—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above-named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their Express and P. O. address. Respectfully,  
T. A. SLOCUM, M. C., 181 Pearl St., N. Y.

If afflicted with Sore Eyes, use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye Water. Druggists sell it.

## Scrofula

Probably no form of disease is so generally distributed among our whole population as scrofula. Almost every individual has this latent poison coursing his veins. The terrible sufferings endured by those afflicted with scrofulous sores cannot be understood by others, and their gratitude on finding a remedy that cures them, astonishes a well person. The wonderful power of

## Hood's Sarsaparilla

In eradicating every form of Scrofula has been so clearly and fully demonstrated that it leaves no doubt that it is the greatest medical discovery of this generation. It is made by C. I. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass., and is sold by all druggists.

## 100 Doses One Dollar



ELY'S CREAM BALM  
IS SURE TO CURE  
COLD IN HEAD  
QUICKLY.

Apply Balm into each nostril.  
ELY BROS., 235 Greenwich St., N. Y.

## PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION

LADIES provided for during confinement at Dr. L. Thayer's Sanitarium, 54 Walton Ave., Ft. Wayne, Ind.  
H. M. E. Study. Secure a Business Education by mail from PLYANT'S BUSINESS COLLEGE, Buffalo, N. Y.  
(OLD is worth \$300 per pound, Pettit's Eye Salve (11,000, but is sold at 25 cents a box by dealers.

## Don't! Don't!

DON'T continue to suffer from the many ailments brought on by an impure state of the blood when Dr. Guyssot's Yellow Dock and Sarsaparilla will restore perfect health and physical strength. Use it, and you use the best blood purifier and tonic that medical science is able to produce. It cures Scrofula, King's Evil, Erysipelas, Boils, Pimples, Sore Eyes, Pains in the Bones, Joint-aches, Syphilis and Syphilitic Symptoms, Dyspepsia, Jaundice, Costiveness, Salt-rheum, Weak Kidneys, Liver Complaints, Female Irregularities, Sick and Nervous Headaches, General Debility, Low Spirits, Loss of Appetite, Chronic and Constitutional Disorders, and as a Spring and Fall Medicine, as a Cleanser and Renewer of the entire system. Dr. Guyssot's Yellow Dock and Sarsaparilla is far better than any other remedy made.

## Cough! Cough! Cough!

What is more grating to the ears and saddening to the hearts of loving friends who thus behold their dearly beloved who have inherited consumptive tendencies approaching the brink of an early grave? What effort can be counted great, what exertion too severe, that will give to all such suffering ones a new lease of life? And yet the way is open. Dr. Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry will give satisfaction when all else fails. Keep a bottle always in the house; a single dose will relieve a painful fit of coughing.

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FREE Government LANDS.  
TENS OF MILLIONS OF ACRES of each in Minnesota, North Dakota, Montana, Idaho, Washington and Oregon.  
SEND FOR Publications with Maps describing the BEST Agricultural, Grazing and Timber Lands now open to Settlers. Sent Free. Address  
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PAYS THE FREIGHT  
5 Ton Wagon Sealer,  
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Tare Beam and Beam Box for  
\$60.  
Every size Scale. For free price list  
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**I CURE FITS!**  
When I say cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY, or FALLING SICKNESS a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office.  
H. G. ROOT, M. C., 183 Pearl St., New York.

## WANTED!

Good Second-Hand Newspaper and Job Presses, Paper-Cutters,

and other kinds of printing machinery in exchange for new printing material and paper stock. Give full particulars, and your address

FORT WAYNE NEWSPAPER UNION,  
55 & 57 E. Columbia St., Ft. Wayne, Ind.

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Is the Grand Rapids Business College and Practical Training School. (Established 1864.) Send for College Journal. Address, C. G. SWENBERG, Grand Rapids, Mich.

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TO EVERYBODY: A specimen copy of the Best and Cheapest Family Story Paper in the United States. Send name and address on postal to THE CHICAGO LEDGER, Chicago, Ill.

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**\$250 A MONTH.** Agents wanted. 50 best selling articles in the world. 1 sample FREE. Address JAY BRINSON, Detroit, Mich.



## PERSONAL VANITY.

Why People Will Not Admit Their Own Identity of Character.

Why is it that most people won't admit their own essential unity and identity of character with their brothers and their sisters, their cousins and their aunts? Vanity, vanity, pure human vanity, is at the bottom of all their violent reluctance. Every man flatters himself at heart that he possesses an immense number of admirable traits not to be found in any other, and inferior members of his own family. Those spurious imitations may indeed resemble him somewhat in the rough, as coarse pottery resembles eggshell porcelain; but they lack that delicacy, that refinement, that native grace and finishing touch of character which distinguish himself, the cream and flower of his entire kindred, from all the rest of a doubtless worthy but very inferior family. I fancy see you now—you, even you, my excellent critic—with that graceful cynical smile of yours playing lambent upon your intellectual upper lip, when you loiter at your ease in your club armchair, and murmur to yourself complacently as you read, "The idea of identifying me with my brother Tom, for instance. Me, a cultivated intelligent university man, with that stolid, stupid Philistine sugar broker. If only I'd his wealth, how differently I'd use it! The notion's simply too ridiculous! Why, I'm worth a dozen of him!" My dear sir, believe me, at this very moment your brother Tom, glancing hastily through the pages of the present paper in an interval of relaxation on his way home by Metropolitan Railway from his lair in the city, is observing with a corresponding calm smile of superiority to himself, "Ha, ha, what an absurd idea of this magazine fellow, to tell me I'm no better than my brother Jack, that briefless barrister; Jack indeed, in the name of all that's ridiculous! If only now, I'd had his advantages and his education—sent to Rugby and Oxford for the best years of his life while I was stuck at seventeen into a broker's office to shift for myself and pick up my own living! And yet, what has my native talent and industry enabled me to do? Here am I at barely fifty a wealthy citizen, in spite of all my disadvantages, while he, poor idle dog, has never been able to secure as much as a brief, with all his learning!" Vanity of vanities, saith the preacher, all is vanity.

The fact is, if we want impartially to discuss this question of characters we must each leave our own supernaturally beautiful character out of the question, and think only of the vastly inferior and ordinary characters of other people. We mustn't even allege striking instances from the history of our sisters, our cousins and our aunts, because there on the one hand, our calm sense of the excellence of the stock from which we ourselves are the final flower and top-most outcome is apt to prejudice our better judgment; while on the other hand our natural contempt for the gross shortcomings of our near relations under such closely similar circumstances, when compared with our own virtues and strong points, is liable to beget in us too lordly a superciliousness toward their obvious failings. It is best entirely to dismiss from consideration all the persons standing to ourselves within the list of prohibited degrees set forth in the Prayer Book, to abstain from too fond an affection for our grandmother and to concentrate our attention wholly on the person of that common vulgar herd of outsiders falling as aforesaid under the contemptible category.

### Mammoth Turtles and Their Eggs.

Every few days there are great green turtles landed at the wharf that have been taken in the Gulf of Mexico, and are soon put in a conspicuous place in the market, but there are few women who know they are still alive, as they lie perfectly motionless for hours at a time. Turtles often live a month after being caught without food or water, and do not appear to lose flesh or deteriorate in flavor from their long fast. Turtle-fishers have several methods of catching them, the most successful of which is to watch the female when she comes ashore to deposit her eggs, when by simply turning them over on their backs in the sand they are rendered helpless. The mother turtle exhibits a great deal of cunning in concealing the exact locality in which the eggs are left, and will back around in several directions, seeming to know by intuition that her unwieldy body makes deep tracks by which she can be easily fol-

lowed. After the eggs are laid she repeats the same cautious maneuvers, and the ground for quite a distance around the eggs is a mass of deep tracks. Turtle eggs are a delicacy for soup superior to the flesh itself, and they are eagerly sought. They are enveloped in a square-shaped sack, of a motley gray color, which gives the eggs the appearance of a lump of mud rather than anything edible. When a turtle is killed it is struck on the head and stunned, after which the throat is cut and the carcass hung up and allowed to bleed five or six hours. Then the shell is removed from the back, the entrails cleaned, and the feet and curious front fins are used in connection with the flesh for soup. An ordinary turtle weighs from seventy-five to one hundred pounds, and its meat will keep fresh for several days.—*San Francisco Examiner.*

### Rev. Whangdoodle Baxter on "Ter-backer."

De subject ob dis ebenin's discourse am de wice ob terbacker.

On dis heah-subjeo' dar's a great diffunce of erpinyun wedder or not terbacker am calkerlate ter injure de human frame, and permote premature insalubrity or otherwise.

Far one, I se not exposed ter smokin' cigarettes, sence I heered dat hit kills off de doodes. De smoke ob de cigarette am no doubt de bes' disinfectant. No self-respectin' cholera germ or yaller-feeber germ would stay in de neighborhood whar dar was one ob dose cigarette suckers. Dar may be cigarettes what has good terbacker in 'em, but dey ain't made in dis kentry.

Talking about cigars, I mus' tell yer a story about Sam Johnsing. He was employed as a servant by Kurnel Yerger, and de Kurnel he cotched Sam smoking one ob his fine Conneterkut cigars. Kurnel Yerger was gwinter cuss Sam out, when dat niggah spoke up and says: "Ef dermostic cigars ain't intended fur de use ob dermostics whaffor am dey called by our name for?"

Dat broke de Kurnel all up. Terbacker was first interdooced inter England by Sir Walter Raleway, but his appetite for smoking was interfered wid by his having his head cut off. Dis goes ter show de unhealfulness ob terbacker.

I knows anoder instance ob de unhealfulness ob terbacker. Hit killed a niggah in Houston so dead he nebber kicked. A hogshead ob de stuff fell on him from de second story ob de warehouse.

Den, agin, smoking has hits 'advantages. De cannibals in de Souf Sea Island what eats de mishunaries we sends 'em nebber teches de meat ob a man who has been in de habit ob chewin' terbacker.

I heahs a heap a talk about de money de man who don't use terbacker sakes up in a yeah, but ef yer wantter stump him jess ask him ter show yer de money.

Dar's a great deal ob smokin' what hasn't got nuffin ter do wid terbacker. In der langwidge ob Tom Chrystal, ob de Sunday Morning New York Journal, dar's a tendency ter palm off oleocabinage cigars fer de generwine Havanaer.

Hit's no use ter-preach ebout de evils ob terbacker so long as dar am in ebry community a man who nebber uses terbacker in no shape, and who am so triffin' and wiffless dat he ain't wuff de powder hit would take ter shoot him.—*Texas Siftings.*

### The Journalistic Nose for News.

"What will you give," asked the space writer, "for a tip top sensation about a German deserter, who is a coachman in Providence, falling heir to a fortune of \$2,500,000?" "Couldn't use it," replied the editor; "we had him in from Camden, Buffalo, and Louisville since August. But I say, I'll tell you what I do want for Sunday morning: A beautiful and accomplished white girl, graduate of Wellesley and all that, sold to a tribe of Alaska Indians by her drunken father. Sell her little sister, too, and get rid of her mother some how. About a column." "I will start for Alaska this very hour," said the scribe, and hastily wending his way to the library he copied a few Indian names from Jones' "Rivers of Alaska," and called himself up to receive a special.—*Kurdette.*

THE speaking trumpet used by ships at sea is a very early invention, one of them being used by Alexander, it is said in 335 B. C.

## HOW THEY SAY IT IN GERMANY.

BY CARL DUNDER.

When I see a long funeral procession I vhas sure der widow or der widower vill marry again shust like grease.

If der vind doan' blow my haystacks down I doan' stop to ask where he comes from nor whither he goes.

I haf seen lots of great men buried in costly caskets, but dey vhas shust as dead as der poor man in his pine coffin.

Some folks dot doan' whistle nor sing haf lots of time to ponder oafar devltry. When I find a poy who doan' whistle I look out for my apples.

I haf noticed sometimes dot I get madt oafar vhas I doan' know aboutt sooner dan if I know all aboutt her. We can forgive men who dispute facts sooner dan men who dispute theories.

After all, what was it to us if der worldt vhas made in six days or six hoondred years? We look more dot it shall be a good year for cucumbers.

It vhas like all of us dot we could train oop somepody else's poy in der vhay he should go, while our own trains himself oop.

Der man who runs a wagon all der time mitout any grease would be called a fool. Der man who never allows himself a play-spell vhas no petter.

I haf no use for somepody who gets drunk. It has taken man too long already to reach a point where der peast leaves off and der man begins.

Maype, if you watch eafery day for feefy years, you can tell from der sunset vhas der weather next day shall pe, but if you spend dot same time mit der pumpkins you vhas rich und doan' care for weather.

To say of some mans dot he vhas goot-hearted vhas a more shentle vhay of saying dot he got left behind when der rest of der peoples goes mit der idiot asylum.

Maype I shall agree mit my neighbors; maype not. A good deal depends on whether my shickens scratch on my land or his.

Envy vhas a canker dot gnaws at der heart. If some rich mans vhas poor dot doan' make me any petter off. When somepody goes by mit a carriage der pest vhay vhas to pelief dot walking vhas der pest for der health.

I know peoples who pelief in luck, und I know some lucky people. Der last vhas peoples who vhas willing to work hardt und pe saving. Der former vhas peoples who lif on deir neighbors.

If I find a man who doan' haf some troubles I put him down as a person who vhas either too hard-hearted to feel grief or of too little consequence for der Lord to notice.

Maype I belief in second marriages, but I also like to say dot all der first husband's clothes should be sold py der peddlers, und dot der second husband doan' pay for der gravestone.

When you find a man ready to fight for his opinion you must walk avhay. He vhas more certain to be deadt wrong, und if you lick him he vhas no petter.—*Detroit Free Press.*

### Ben Butler and the Apple.

An old-timer who was in the mob said: "I was quite a shaver at the time Gen. Butler made his famous speech in this city. It was not made in Union Square, but in the city hall park opposite the city hall, alongside the old, hideous statue of Washington, which stood a few feet from where the present park fountain stands. Butler did not take an apple out of his pocket. The fact is the mob had been throwing all sorts of things at the General, none of which hit him, but some fellow in the crowd, with a more accurate aim than that of the others, threw an apple which hit him plump in the stomach. As the apple struck him he instinctively slapped his hand over his stomach, and in doing so caught the apple against his vest. It was then that he deliberately took out his penknife, coolly proceeded to peel it, and then began eating it. The mob, which had up to this time been savage in its attacks, broke out in roars of laughter, and Butler won the day. The speech he delivered was a 'corker.' One of the mildest things that he told his listeners was that when he was in New Orleans he had hanged better men than they were.—*New York Telegram.*

RURAL VISITOR (to waiter)—Reckon you may bring me some clams. Waiter—Little Necks, sir? Rural Visitor—Naw, gimme the biggest you've got. Just sold a load of hay, an' I'm going to have a good time if it costs twenty cents.—*Pittsburgh Chronicle.*

M. T. BISHOP,

—DEALER IN—

LUMBER, LIME,

—LATH—

SHINGLES,

MOULDING &c.

Large Stock and Low Prices. Yard Near Depot, St. Joe, Ind.

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MAKER AND DEALER IN

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WHIPS, HARNESS OIL &c.

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Repairing done promptly. Prices as low as the lowest. Call and see.



WILLIAM CURIE,

PROPRIETOR OF

MEAT MARKET

ST. JOE, IND.

Highest market price paid for Hides, Tallow &c. Give me a call.

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Prices the Lowest. All work guaranteed. Call and see me.

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Having secured the services of an experienced workman, I am now prepared to do all kinds of Blacksmithing and Repairing in a first-class manner. Special attention given to repairing machinery. Give me a call. Prices reasonable.

A. W. Hall, St. Joe.



# THE ST. JOE NEWS.

VOL. I.

ST. JOE, IND., FRIDAY, JANUARY 20, 1888.

NO. 52.

## Churches.

### DISCIPLE.

SERVICES every alternate Sunday evening, in the Lutheran church. Cottage prayer meeting every Friday evening.

J. A. THOMAS, PASTOR.

### METHODIST PROTESTANT.

SERVICES every alternate Sunday at 10:30 A. M. Prayer meeting every Tuesday evening. Sunday School at 9:30 A. M.

J. M. LANGLEY, PASTOR.

### EVANGELICAL LUTHERAN.

SERVICES every Sunday, one Sunday in the morning at 10:30, and the following Sunday in the evening. Prayer meeting every Thursday evening. Sunday School at 9:30 A. M.

S. P. FRYBERGER, PASTOR.

## Societies.

### G. A. R.

REGULAR meetings on Saturday evening on or before the full moon of each month, at their hall over Leighty's store.

O. H. WIDNEY, COMMANDER.  
J. M. MILLMAN, ADJUTANT.

## Business Notices.

H. W. BOWMAN, M. D., Physician and Surgeon, St. Joe, Ind. Office opposite the Drugstore.

ST. JOE HOTEL, Wm. Leighty, proprietor. Special attention given to furnishing teams for commercial men.

B. S. SHEFFER, M. D., Physician and Surgeon, St. Joe, Ind. Prompt and careful attention to all business entrusted to his care.

ST. JOE BARBER SHOP, one door west of hotel, Will Gee, proprietor. Satisfaction guaranteed. Your patronage is solicited.

FILLEY, LOUNSBERRY AND SHULER, proprietors of the St. Joe Saw and Planing Mill. All work promptly done. Cash paid for Oak Logs.

CITY BARBER SHOP, St. Joe, Ind, John Hull, proprietor. Shaving, Hair Cutting &c. done in the best of style. Come and see me. Two doors west of Kinsey's Furniture Store.

SIMON WINELAND, proprietor St. Joe Handle and Feed Mills. Feed grinding a speciality. Highest prices paid for second growth White Ash. Enquire at the mill for full particulars.

## INDIANA STATE NEWS.

Muncie has put another feather in her cap. The Hemingrays' glass factory, of Covington, Ky., the largest west of Pittsburgh, will positively remove to that city at once. The contract has been signed. Mr. Hemingray, after a thorough investigation of the gas field in Ohio and Indiana selected Muncie as the point for the investment of their \$250,000 capital. They will employ 150 hands. The magnitude of this industry may at first not be appreciated, but when it is considered that 1,500 people will be added to Muncie's rapidly increasing population, some idea of what this and other factories that will locate there, with those now in course of construction will be for Muncie, it may be no idle boast to say that in a few years Muncie will become a very important manufacturing town.

Captain Charles Reese, the present Assessor of the city of Fort Wayne, was in command of the Twentieth Indiana Volunteers in the battle of Gettysburg. A minnie ball entered his forehead, almost between the eyes, and he was left for dead upon the field. The Captain recovered, but surgeons always feared to extract the ball. The bullet worked downward, and frequently the wound discharged through the nose. Recently Captain Reese awoke with an uncomfortable feeling in his throat and began coughing. He coughed up the Gettysburg bullet of twenty-four years ago. It was rough and irregular and weighed 46½ grains, 27½ grains over an ounce. Captain Reese has drawn a large pension for his wound, and his face is badly disfigured.

Patents have been issued to Indiana inventors as follows: James Collins, Crawfordville, wood joint; Wallace H. Dodge and R. D. O. Smith, Mishawaka, manufacture of wooden boots and wooden shoes; Isaac N. Elliott and P. A. Reid, Richmond, fence machine; Daniel C. Ganter, Indianapolis, device for steaming and cooking purposes; Henry A. Goetz, New Albany, seed tester; Amos E. Kunderd, Cornuna, animal trap; Hugh S. Null and J. Bussard, Huntington, plow attachment; Hermon Nye, Corydon, liquid-measuring faucet; Henry B. Pitner, assignor of one-half to J. F. Croft, LaPorte, carriage top; Joshua Sandage, South Bend, drop hammer; Joseph E. Schooley, Kyle, band-cutter.

The Buck Shoals Silver-mining and Smelting Company are smelting about twenty tons of silver-bearing rock daily. The product is from sixty-five to seventy-five pounds of metal from each blast of twenty-four hours. An assay of one ton of the rock showed a silver product of \$60 and \$4 in gold. The ledge of rock is in the bluffs of White River, in Dubois County.

John Bergdahl, a Swede, of Attica, met his death in a peculiar manner. He was crossing a wooden bridge over a stream that runs from the Lithium spring, when he made a misstep and fell into the water. He was intoxicated, and, though the fall was only two feet and the water but four inches deep, he drowned before discovered. He was 65 years of age.

Mrs. Otis Fuller, of Milford, was accidentally shot and killed by her husband, who was cleaning his revolver near by. According to Mr. Fuller, he was in the act of laying the revolver on the table, when it was discharged, shooting her through the chest and instantly killing her. The deceased was 21 years of age, and leaves an infant child.

The Tri-State Fair Association which has been holding annual fairs in Fort Wayne for many years past, has reorganized, as follows: President, W. D. Page; Vice President, E. A. K. Hackett; Secretary, W. W. Rockhill; Treasurer, D. C. Fisher; Superintendent, J. W. Pearson. The standing member of the association is P. A. Randall.

Mrs. Catherine Burgess, widow of one of the pioneer real-estate owners of Richmond, fell down stairs, and it is possible that, on account of advanced age, her injuries will prove fatal. She is 83 years of age, and, besides sustaining three broken ribs and a dislocated shoulder, her physician fears she is injured internally.

Dogs attacked a flock of eighty sheep belonging to John Meer, in Washington Township, Hendricks County, slaughtering about forty of the number, and seriously wounding several others. The loss will probably reach \$200. The appraised value of those killed will be paid by the township.

At the house of Fred Sadenwater, four miles south of Michigan City, his 14-year-old daughter Mary, while passing a stove, brushed her dress in the fire, and she came near being literally roasted before the fire could be extinguished. Her father was also badly burned. The girl will die.

The other day while Wm. Crouch, a laborer, was at work at Oak Hill Cemetery Crawfordville, he killed a hoop-snake which was rolling around on the ice as lively as though it were the 1st of July instead of the middle of winter. His snake-ship measured four feet in length.

James Tutt, a farmer living a short distance north of Brazil, died of what was first thought to be inflammatory rheumatism. One of his horses was afflicted with glanders, and it is supposed he contracted the disease while doctoring it, and died from the effects.

While Robert Henry, aged 17 years, a farmer living in Knight Township, Vanderburg County, was engaged in felling a tree the limbs caught on an adjacent tree, caused it to roll over, and, before he could get out of the way he was caught and crushed to death.

One of a battery of boilers in furnaces Nos. 13 and 14, at Brazil, exploded, destroying the mill and scattering ruin everywhere. One man was fatally burned, others seriously injured.

About a year ago the citizens of Knightstown voted to build a city hall, to cost not over \$10,000. The Council has purchased grounds for that purpose, and work will commence as soon as spring opens.

A large vat of mash in a distillery at Terre Haute, exploded, breaking the leg of an employee, destroying the building, and causing a loss of several thousand dollars.

Governor Gray has appointed Thomas L. Sullivan Judge of Marion and Hendricks Counties, to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of Judge A. C. Ayers.

The Pennsylvania Company is to reconstruct the yards at Fort Wayne, increasing the capacity by some four miles, the heavy through freightage handled there making such an improvement necessary.

Indianapolis lumber dealers in 1887, sold 98,000,000 feet of lumber. In this statement is not included the hard-wood lumber handled, but simply the lumber used for building purposes.

Henry Occleson, a rich farmer, living six miles north of Fort Wayne, slipped on the ice. His skull was cracked, and he died almost instantly of concussion of the brain. His age was 77.

Oscar B. Hord, a member of the law firm of Baker, Hord & Hendricks, at Indianapolis, was stricken with paralysis while sitting in his office. His condition is critical.

The shooting of gas well No. 1 at Amboy, has trebled the flow, making it one amongst the gushers of the State. Much satisfaction is exhibited at Peru over the result.

Archie Smith was run over by a freight train at Spray's station and killed. His head was severed from his body.

Two freight trains collided at Lafayette, demolishing both engines and injuring an employee.

## MONEY

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Interest only once a year. We charge no commission. You can pay any part or all of the loan at any time. You can keep the money as long as you please if the interest is promptly paid. For further particulars call on or address

W. C. Patterson,  
ST. JOE, IND.

## Ho for Arkansas!

## Cheap Homes for Everybody!

In a high, healthy, rich land country. On the 15th of September and the 1st of October there will be excursions from this place to that point at a very low rate of fare. For full information in regard to these excursions call on A. B. CoBurn, Real Estate Agent, St. Joe, Ind. Office with Dr. Sheffer, one door east of Drugstore.

GO to the News Office, St. Joe for all kinds of Printing. All work done promptly, and at the lowest prices. Give us a call.

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HOUSE PAINTING, Graining, Glazing Paper Hanging and Ceiling Decorating a specialty. All work guaranteed. B. A. Woodcox. Call and see me, or leave orders at the St. Joe Drugstore.



# The St. Joe News.

ST. JOE, INDIANA.

MORT & WILL OLDS, - - - PUBLISHERS.

## EVENTS OF A WEEK.

### THE OLD WORLD.

—The *Lourde Gazette* (St. Petersburg) states that the Budget for 1888 will retrench 2,000,000, of which 8,000,000 rubles will be accounted of reductions in the expenses of the war and marine departments.

—Advices from San Remo say that the Crown Prince's throat continues to improve. His voice is good and his health excellent. A Berlin dispatch says: "The Emperor slept badly last night. He had an interview lasting half an hour with Prince William yesterday. The Emperor was able to receive verbal reports from Gen. Albedyll and others to-day."

—A cable dispatch from London states that thousands of persons, packed Fleet street, attracted by a public notice that the great Sullivan would be at the *Sportsman* office at two o'clock. The police sent a special detail, whose members had all they could do to suppress a riot. Sullivan's business was to sign with any or all comers for a fight, and he had his money with him. A long wait, and nobody came. Sullivan grew furious, and called Smith, Kilrain, and Mitchell, especially the last-named, the hardest kind of names. In vain his friends tried to soothe him. After an hour's waiting the police came up, scared but deferential, to know if the big fellow could do something to quiet the crowd and he said: "I'll go down and give 'em a chance to see me." So he went down and smiled benignly, while the crowd surged about him, patted his brawn and called him pretty names. He went through the crowd like a snow-plow, took a cab and drove away, followed still by shouting, surging thousands.

—Dispatches from Bucharest state that Prince Ferdinand would rather leave his bones on the field of battle than abdicate, which would mean the assassination of Bulgaria. The government has made requisition for horses and wagons for war service in the proportion of one cart and two horses to every 200 householders, thus placing a large transport service at the disposal of the government.

### PERSONAL NOTES.

—Dr. Peter Parker has just died at his residence in Washington, aged 84. He was United States Minister to China thirty years ago, and had lived in Washington since 1821. He held the office of regent of the Smithsonian Institution for many years, and was one of the most eminent and respected citizens of the capital.

### POLITICAL POINTS.

—A Dubuque dispatch says that "out of 100 interrogations on the choice for President and other questions of National and State interest, sent out to the Republican officials and leading politicians in Iowa, seventy replies have been received. These replies conclusively establish the fact that Iowa's choice for President is Senator Allison. He leads by a handsome majority, as the first and also as the second choice for President. All of the State officials, from Governor Larrabee down, name Allison as their first choice, except Auditor Lyon, and he is for the nominee of the convention. For Vice President, Harrison, of Indiana, and Hawley, of Connecticut, are favorites, Lincoln being third. To the question, 'Do you favor a protective tariff?' all answer yes, with four exceptions. As to national prohibition, 37 favored it, 25 opposed it, and 10 expressed no opinion. Only four of the entire number opposed the continuance of prohibition in Iowa."

—Representative Phelan, of Tennessee, has introduced in the House a joint resolution proposing the following amendment to the constitution:

ARTICLE IV, SECTION 1. Congress shall have power to grant aid to the public school systems of the several States of the Union.  
Sec. 2. The aid so granted shall not exceed \$10,000,000 annually, to be distributed pro rata among the States on the basis of illiteracy.  
Sec. 3. The appropriations so made shall be paid to the person or persons designated by an act of the Legislature of each State, which shall specify that the aid so received shall be expended for public school purposes alone.  
Sec. 4. Congress shall not supervise the expenditure of the appropriations herein provided for. But it may require a report from the State officer or officers disbursing the same, and if it shall appear from said report that the aid so granted, or any part of it, has not been expended for public school purposes, then it may withhold from subsequent appropriations an amount equal to that not so expended.

### FINANCIAL AND INDUSTRIAL.

—A Reading (Pa.) dispatch says: "Arbitration or no arbitration, the Reading Company's miners as well as those employed by individual colliers in the Schuylkill regions, have decided to remain out until the Reading Company takes back its discharged employees on the railroad. In consequence of this stand every colliery is idle. There is not enough men left to work the machinery, even the en-

gineers having deserted their posts. The Reading officials are badly frightened at the magnitude of the strike, which they say is the most complete in the history of the anthracite regions. The striking committees of railroads and miners held a large meeting in Pottsville, and declared that unless Mr. Corbin comes to terms the struggle promises to be one of the most bitter in the history of strikes."

—R. G. Dun & Co., of New York, in their last weekly review of trade, say:

With perhaps a little more than the usual dullness for the first half of January, business still progresses without monetary pressure or unusual embarrassment from the failure of collections in any part of the country. While failures at some points are numerous, the aggregate is less than for the corresponding week last year, and complaint of collections is much less frequent than a month ago. Within thirty or sixty days payments on large fall purchases will be required, and some increase in failures would not be surprising. For the shrinkage in business toward the end of last year indicated that there had been overconfidence buying in some departments. But the new year opens with less embarrassment from that or other causes than was reasonably apprehended. The business failures during the week numbered for the United States 28, and for Canada 30, or a total of 58, as against 179 the previous week, and 323 for the corresponding week of 1887.

### MISCELLANEOUS NOTES.

—In the case of Miss Campbell against Millionaire Arbuckle for breach of promise the jury at New York rendered a verdict giving the plaintiff \$45,000 damages. The court also granted the prosecuting counsel \$1,000. A motion to set the verdict aside was rejected, and the case probably will be appealed.

—John A. Arndt, of Sioux City, Iowa, who was recently acquitted of the charge of killing the Rev. Dr. Haddock, is in Neenah, Wis., negotiating for the purchase of a brewery.

### SCORES FROZEN TO DEATH.

—The terrible storm which swept over the Northwest last week was the worst blizzard experienced since 1872. The victims of its fury are counted by the scores. From Dakota, Minnesota, Iowa, Kansas, Nebraska, and Montana, come pitiful stories of suffering and death from the icy blast which swept down from the regions of Korea. The wind blew at the rate of fifty miles an hour, and the snow, fine as powder, was hurled along by the gale. On the prairie an object forty feet distant could not be seen. A man's voice could not be heard six feet distant. The air was full of snow as fine as flour, and the roaring of the wind and the darkness caused by so much snow in the air made the scene the most dismal, drear and forsaken that man ever looked upon. Every railroad in Dakota and Minnesota and many in Iowa, Nebraska and Wisconsin were blocked. Telegraph wires everywhere were down, and it was not until Sunday night that the awful results of the storm became known. The following is the list of deaths so far received, while fifty more persons are missing:

In Dakota—Emil Gilterson, at Hitchcock; a Sioux Falls man, two sons of William Lister, at Raymond; two Mitchell youths, Emma Lauer, Carrie Annan, William C. Gathwaite, Laura Curtis, at Delmar; Mr. Davis and son, W. B. Hendly, at Burkston; Rowland Chambers, T. E. Gekerson, and James Newcomb's son, at Huron; Frank and William Nelson and Joseph Wilson, at Virgil; Mrs. Devine, Adam Germer, and J. W. Joslee, at Irons; George Allen, Jr., and Joseph Anderson, at Mitchell; four farmers, two Bridgewater men, Emil Gilman, Lewis Merriman and son, at Hitchcock; Miss Jacobson, — Glende G. Grundstrom, three unknown men, three children of Joseph Hutchinson, three Tyndall people, two Wakonda girls, Jacob Krutz, an unknown teacher, J. Paine, at Bowdler; Peter Parkins, at Koscoe; a White Lake man, four school children, James Smith and two sons, at Minot.

In Minnesota—John Loy at Luverne; Mrs. Knutson; Ole A. Beke at Albert Lea.

In Iowa—Two children of Mrs. Fitzgerald in Inwood; two boys; an unknown man at Sioux City.

In Nebraska—Child of John Dellinger at David City; Fred Eller, Wexwell Beck, and a young lady, at Omaha; Mrs. P. Smith at Lincoln; John Sparks of Cass County; Emil Grossman of Peru; Mrs. Chapman and her two little grandchildren at Stuart; Mr. Mason near Stuart; — Matthews near Sutton; a child named Bodine. Others are reported lost, and a number of escapes with frozen feet and hands are reported.

In Montana—Patrick Hanley at Marysville; William Overman at Belgrade.

In Kansas—James Kennedy, in Sherman County.

The following special dispatch from Huron, D. T., tells a graphic story of thrilling scenes in Southern Dakota:

Thos. E. Gilterson and a man named Rice went a short distance from town. When the storm struck them they started for home, but the team would not face it. The men then tied their horses to the wagon and each started for shelter. Rice got to the house much sooner than Gilterson, and after six hours' search Gilterson had not got home yet. A force of neighbors has searched for him all day, but found no trace of him.

James Newberry went to his slaughter-house and killed some sheep. Then he tried to ride home, but his horse would not face the storm. The man left the horse and tried to walk in the ball race, but failed. Not realizing the severity of the storm he tramped around in the slaughter-house and tried to keep warm but could not. Later he made a fire with some tallow but could not get warm. Then he lay down on the sheep pelts and got nearly to sleep. The cold aroused him and he kept on his feet till daylight. He then walked home with his feet and hands badly frozen.

Signal Service report: Men started to go over an ice block, which had a sidewalk, and

timed for home, and instead of going a block west he brought up against a fence a block southeast. He then stumbled along as well as a man could and soon fell over a drift in his own yard, not knowing where he was.

There were many cases of persons lost in crossing streets. Every railroad is at present packed full of hard snow, and there are drifts to the leeward of every spear of grass and fence-post. The passenger train that is in the drifts four and a half miles east of Bataton is dead and waiting for spring-time. It had thirty-four passengers. Nine relief trains were sent to them from Bataton, but could not get there.

Then the people turned out with a long rope, and the man at the head of the rope stood at the first telegraph pole. The second, with the rope, took his place at the next pole, and so on till the last man had reached his pole. Then he notified the one behind him, by shouting, which was repeated till the first man was notified, who then started on ahead. This round was followed till the train was reached. The passengers refused to see them, and to eat the food they had brought. When it came to return there were a dozen of the travelers who preferred staying in the cars. The others went back in safety to Bataton. The station hands carried a quantity of provisions to the snow-bound passengers, who said they were gay and happy. Another train from Hawarden was caught on the fly two miles north of Vilas. Its passengers were rescued in much the same manner as that of the Bataton train.

Two men named Pierson and a man named Wilson started home from Virgil. The dead bodies of the Piersons have been found, but Wilson's has not.

Mary Connell taught at a school eight miles northeast of Huron. She and James Newcomb's son and daughter started home together, but were soon lost. The boy, aged 13, insisted on striking out for himself and leaving the girls. The two latter wandered around all night on the prairie, and were found next morning badly frozen. The boy was found too—dead.

The death of Robert Chambers is the most pathetic reported. He, with his two sons, one 9 years old and the other 11, went together one mile distant to water some cattle. Mr. Chambers was on foot and each of the boys had a horse. The father, seeing indications of a storm, sent the older boy immediately home, as he is troubled with rheumatism. Mr. Chambers and Johnny undertook to drive the cattle home. They were soon bewildered and lost. Johnny, who lived through the storm, says that when his father said that they were lost, the father made a place in the snow for him and wrapped him up the best he could. They had no overcoat or extra clothing. Johnny says that he was so covered up that he was warm. His father went out and called and called, and a St. Bernard dog which was with them barked, but no answer came. Then the father and the dog got into the snow beside the boy. While the boy was warm he knew that his father was getting very cold. He urged his father to go on and find trees and then he could make the house, but the father said: "No, I cannot go and leave you here." The boy urged, but the father would do no more than to call for aid within certain reach of the boy's bed of snow. The dog also kept by the boy. Through the long night they had conversations about perishing, but the father kept assuring the boy they would get through all right if he would only be pure and be still. The boy was quite comfortable and finally fell asleep. When he awoke it was nearly morning.

His father was still alive, and discovering that Johnny was awake the father said to him: "Now, Johnny, you pray and I will pray, and then I know God will take you through all right." They prayed and a sun shone through all right. The boy was entirely covered up, except a little breathing place in the snow, and he laid still. The dog stood sentry and afforded the clew by which the bodies were found soon after daylight by a searching party. Johnny thinks his father had not been dead more than an hour when they were found. The boy's hands and feet are only slightly frozen.

A married man, spectral says, a Swede coming in from a remote Swedish settlement to the southeast of Miles Lake states that a Swede farmer named Henry Olsson butchered his whole family, consisting of his wife and seven children. The deed was done because the father found that all of them were going to perish in the extreme cold weather.

At Chester, Minn., six children of James Baker were frozen to death while returning from school.

### MR. CORBIN'S POSITION.

—A Reading (Pa.) dispatch says: "The breach between the Reading Railroad Company and its striking miners seems to be widening. To-night the impression prevails throughout the regions that they are farther from a settlement of their difficulty than ever



MR. CORBIN

before. President Corbin's refusal to see the committees of the strikers, his decisive answers to the business people of Schuylkill County, that he will not treat with any body of men as a labor organization, are all looked upon as evidence that he has decided to defy the miners. Coal is getting scarcer daily, and many of the dealers are entirely out and can not supply the demands of their customers."

### HITH AND POINT.

In a nut-shell—The worm.—*Puck*.  
An actor knows his lines when they are cast in pleasant places.—*New Orleans Picayune*.

It is the dry-goods clerk who most frequently sales under false colors.—*New Haven News*.

GIANTS are not particularly happy. An overgrown man has a growsome look.—*New Orleans Picayune*.

The difference between Chicago and Utah is that Chicago doesn't assume that its bigamy is right.—*Judge*.

The manufacturers of soda-water might form a pool by opening all their fountains at once.—*New Orleans Picayune*.

It may seem paradoxical, but a man must have some push to him to pull through life with more than ordinary success.—*Detroit Free Press*.

THERE were only two railway accidents of any consequence yesterday. Death is apparently away somewhere enjoying the holidays.—*Nebraska State Journal*.

ALDERMAN (to his guest after a good dinner)—"Elp y'self! Recollect every bottle o' champagne we drink provish employment for the workin' classesh!"—*London Punch*.

A TRAMP'S philosophy—"When a woman merely dislikes a thing she throws cold water on it. When she hates it like pizen she throws hot water on it."—*Burlington Free Press*.

"I GENERALLY pick my company," said Mrs. Yeast, haughtily. "Yes, I am aware of it," replied Mrs. Crimmonbank, sarcastically; "but you wait until after they have left your house and then you pick them to pieces."

TIMID young suitor who has won consent of papa—And now may I ask you, sir, whether ah—whether your daughter has any domestic accomplishments? Papa (sarcastically)—Yes, sir; she sometimes knits her brow.

"Ah, sir," exclaimed a Scotch clergyman in a tone of pathetic recollection, "our late minister was the man! He was a powerful preacher; for the short time he delivered the word among us, he knocked three pulpits to pieces, and daug the insides out o' five Bibles!"

The flexibility of the English language is shown in the reply of an Irishman to a man who sought refuge in his shanty in a heavy shower, and finding it about as wet inside as out, said, "You have quite a pond on the floor." "Yes; shure we have a great lake in the roof."

"WILLIE, who was fed by the raven," "What is a raven?" "Don't you know, and you an editor's son?" "Why, a raven is a bird like a crow." "Then I guess it must have been dead." "Why?" "I heard him say yesterday that he had been eating crow ever since thelection, and he was sick of it."

"Did you say that I never missed a drink, sir?" a man demanded of his neighbor in an angry and threatening manner. "I may have done so," was the reply. "But I never drink and you know it!" "Then you never miss it, do you?" That put the matter in a different light and they took a smoke together.—*Siftings*.

MAX (to editor)—Why is your paper opposed to the American party? Editor—Why, it would not do to advocate the principles of such an organization. "Why?" "Oh, well, in a reactionary way, my party would lose the foreign vote." "Yes, but, in entering too plainly to the foreign vote, might you not lose the native American vote?" "Native American vote! Why, my dear sir, we care nothing for such feeble support. But tell me, is their a native American vote?"—*Arkansas Traveler*.

### A Promising Young Capitalist.

Miss Sleepy, of St. Louis, to her cousin, Miss Sprightly, of Kansas City, who has come down for a little rest—Antoine is 15 years old to-day. He has discarded his knickerbockers, will remain home from school all day, and will dine with the family. He is so grieved that you did not bring your brother Bob. They are just of an age. Miss Sprightly—Oh, Bob couldn't come. Just at the last minute some Boston capitalists arrived, and he is figuring with them on a big deal. Then, too, he is just closing out 'Sprightly Place,' and getting the iron down on his dummy line. It's too bad, but business is business.

WHEN the will is ready the feet are light.



## CURIOUS FACTS.

An ivy vine has grown through the wall of the house of Arthur Westcott, of Atlantic City, and ornamented his sitting-room.

A GIANTNESS, who, though only 12 years and 5 months old, stands eight feet high and weighs 270 pounds, is on exhibition in Japan.

Not one of the Governors of the original thirteen States in 1787 had middle names. This year the Governors of the same States have middle names, with the exception of Oliver Ames, of Massachusetts, Henry Lloyd, of Maryland, and Fitzhugh Lee, of Virginia.

It has been proven through a series of experiments that a large ocean steamer going nineteen knots an hour will move over two miles after its engines are stopped and reversed, and no authority gives less than a mile or a mile and a half as the required space to stop its progress.

A NEW process has been discovered by which the most delicate patterns, even of lace work, can be produced in iron by casting the metal on the fabric after the fabric has been carbonized. Molten iron can be run on the most delicate fiber in the carbonized state without injuring or affecting it.

THE statistics of the ascents of Mount Blanc show that sixty-one women in all have made the ascent: English women, thirty-two; French women, fifteen; Prussian women, four; American women, three; Swiss women, two, and Russian, Danish, Hungarian, Italian and Austrian, one each.

THE carriage which was made by the United States Government especially for the use of Lafayette during his visit to this country in 1824 is owned in Chicago. It is a quaint old ark, hung on big springs and wide straps, and from his lofty seat the old Frenchman used to descend to the ground by steps with many foldings.

A BACHELOR in Frankfort, Germany, advertised for a "helpmate of agreeable exterior and good education; money a secondary consideration." He received 3,643 offers. Of these 2,137 came from Germany, and 237 from Frankfort. There were 1,827 who said nothing about their fortune, and 1,816 who gave their wealth at various figures from \$250 to \$50,000. Photographs accompanied 3,112 of the offers, and it cost the advertiser nearly \$250 for return postage on them. He picked out a poor Hanoverian maiden and married her.

THE aroma of red cedar is fatal to house moths; the aroma of black walnut leaves is fatal to fleas. It is a matter of common observation that persons engaged in the business of making shingles from odoriferous cypress are rarely, if ever, affected by malarial diseases, and that persons engaged in distilling turpentine do not suffer from either malarial diseases or consumption. It is said that when cholera was epidemic in Memphis, Tenn., persons working in livery stables were entirely exempt from it. It is affirmed that since the destruction of the clove trees on the island of Ternate, the colony has suffered from an epidemic unknown before; and in times when cholera has prevailed in London and Paris, those employed in the perfumery factories have escaped its ravages.

### Ice That Never Melts.

It is remarkable, indeed, that so much of the surface ground on the Yukon is frozen solid to a depth of several feet. It is all the more so when we come to realize the fact that during the summer it gets as hot there as in the South. During the heat of last summer the miners found it a great convenience to go in bathing in the streams at least twice a day, and to seek shady places in which to rock the gold out of the gravel. At the breaking up of winter the hours of sunshine are rapidly increasing, and continue so until mid-summer, when the sun beams forth twenty-two hours out of the twenty-four, while on the high mountain peaks it is for a period of several days in June not entirely out of sight during the twenty-four hours. But during all this heat and long days of continuous sunshine, the sun's rays do not penetrate the heavy mosses that cover nearly the entire surface of the country, and, consequently, the frozen ground underneath lies in that state as if packed in an icehouse. After it once becomes frozen, as any damp ground will do in the winter time, it rapidly becomes covered with this moss, which is of a remarkably rapid growth, and attains a depth of some

two feet or more. During the heat of summer this moss becomes dry to the depth of several inches, and the miners think that by a continuous burning of it as fast as it dries they will soon have the gravel bars along the creeks, at least, cleared off, being of the impression that when the gravel deposits are exposed to the scorching rays of the sun, and rains and atmosphere, they will readily thaw out. When winter sets in the hours of sunshine gradually decrease until during the shortest days the sun shines but four hours out of the twenty-four. But at this period the aurora is most intense and helps very materially in driving darkness from that dreary land. The thermometer goes down to seventy degrees in winter, but the atmosphere is very dry, and, consequently, the cold is not so perceptible as one would imagine. — *Juneau, (Alaska) Free Press.*

### Nutritious Meats.

Beef.—Among all civilized people beef is regarded as the principal animal food. By common consent we admit that beef is more nutritious than any other kind of flesh. This universal opinion is supported by the investigations of science. There is a larger proportion of nutritious material in beef than in the flesh of the sheep or hog. Beef is of closer texture and is fuller of red blood juices. It is richer in flavor than the flesh of any other domestic animal, and a smaller amount of it will satisfy hunger.

Mutton.—This is more easily digested than beef, though in a healthy man no marked difference would be observed, since in the stomach of such a man there arises no inconvenience from the digestion of beef. However, mutton will be found to tax the stomach of the dyspeptic less than beef does, and mutton broth is both acceptable and valuable to a person suffering from dysentery or kindred affections of the bowels. But mutton is not so nutritious as beef. There is quite a perceptible difference in the flavor of mutton taken from a fattened wether, which has been for some time deprived of all excess in his woolly coat, and of that taken from a sheep which has a heavy fleece. The smallest proportion of both fat and bone to muscle is found in the leg, consequently that is the most valuable part of the animal.

Veal is not nearly so nutritious as beef, and is much more difficult of digestion. Some persons are wholly unable to digest veal. It is more easy of digestion when well roasted or broiled than when boiled. The time required for the digestion of veal is five hours or more, while beef is digested in from two and a half to three hours.

Lamb.—This is not nearly so nutritious as mutton. The tissue is soft, gelatinous and rich in water. It is used principally on account of its delicacy of flavor, which, however, is very variable, depending upon the breed and nourishment. Lamb should not be selected for those whose digestive organs are weak.

Pork, Bacon, and Ham.—As a rule, dried meats are more difficult of digestion than the same meats in the fresh state. Bacon and ham are, however, exceptions to this rule, for when well cured they are digested with more ease than fresh pork. In cold weather nice bacon is especially suited for furnishing a large amount of heat by its oxidation in the body. The inhabitants of cold countries find fatty food necessary to their existence. Of all the meats ordinarily eaten this is most likely to be diseased. The flesh of the hog, therefore, should not be eaten unless it has been thoroughly cooked. — *Housewife.*

### Oh, Wise Young Judge!

Little Mabel, 5 years old, is not so young but that she has picked up some knowledge of the world. She said to her mother the other day, after a fit of deep musing:

"Say, mamma, who was papa before he married us, anyway?"

"Who was papa? Why, he was the same man that he is now."

"Yes; but what was he to you? Was he just a man that you mashed?" — *Alton (Ill.) Democrat.*

An accession of wealth is a dangerous predicament for a man. At first he is stunned, if the accession be sudden; he is very humble and very grateful. Then he begins to speak a little louder, people think him more sensible, and soon he thinks himself so. — *Cecil.*

## FAILING FINANCIERS.

Wall Street Leaders Go Down One by One—What Causes Their Fall.

Bank Presidents say that 75 per cent of the men who go into business fail. The percentage is much larger among financial operators. Ninety nine out of a hundred of the "Napoleons of Finance" of Wall street end their career in failure.

John Tobin, once President of the Hudson River Railroad, and worth \$2,000,000, is now a \$5 bucketshop operator. He gambled, lost money to John Morrissey, refused to pay, was reported to old Commodore Vanderbilt, and turned out of his Presidency.

Henry Smith was a noted operator in Wall street, for a time very successful, and accumulated a fortune of over \$5,000,000. He fought Jay Gould in numerous speculations, and once said: "I'll make Jay Gould earn his living with a hand organ and monkey." When he failed for \$5,000,000, Gould quietly remarked: "He might now try the hand-organ himself."

John Ponder was once famous as the homeliest, but one of the most successful men of Wall street. He was worth \$1,000,000, but has at last joined the long procession of "the busted."

These men are said to lose their heads. They first lose, in the granding processes of speculation, their physical stamina. Mental feebleness naturally follows. With physical weakness also comes lack of nerve. A clear head and nerve are essential requisites to Wall street success; with the primary organs out of gear, neither can be retained.

Derangement of the kidneys is a common result of mental overwork. When they fail to carry off the waste matter of the system, uric acid, that deadly poison accumulates, and sneaks through all the blood channels. The whole system becomes a sort of cess pool and every function is impaired. Unless help is found, the "general break-up" soon follows.

Mr. E. Evans, President of the Lumber Exchange Bank, of Tonawanda, N. Y., broke down in 1887, and ran down in weight from 180 pounds to 125 pounds. He rallied somewhat, but afterward became very low, with terrible pain in the kidneys. Physicians could not help him, but he finally procured Warner's safe cure, and he writes: "I was relieved of pain within twenty minutes after I had taken the first dose. I began to improve rapidly, and am still improving and gaining in strength and weight."

If the young "Napoleons of Finance" would "call" for fewer cocktails, "put" an occasional dollar into Warner's safe cure, and keep their kidneys "at par," they would retain longer grip on Wall street.

### Fish in the Sea of Galilee.

It has been discovered that the fish of the Sea of Galilee belong to the fish system of the great inland lakes of Africa, and the inference is that ages ago lake communication existed between Genesareth and Tanganyika, the Red Sea—then a fresh-water lake—being a link between them. One thing is even more certain than this, says a correspondent—that the fish represented in Raphael's famous cartoon of the "Miraculous Draught of Fishes" are not and never were to be found in the Sea of Galilee. — *London Exchange.*

**Coughs and Hoarseness.**—The irritation which induces coughing immediately relieved by use of "Brown's Bronchial Troches." Sold only in boxes.

"HERE is another lock out," said the barber, as he examined the elderly gentleman's head.

The best and surest Remedy for Cure of all diseases caused by any derangement of the Liver, Kidneys, Stomach and Bowels. Dyspepsia, Sick Headache, Constipation, Bilious Complaints and Malaria of all kinds yield readily to the beneficent influence of

# PRICKLY ASH BITTERS

It is pleasant to the taste, tones up the system, restores and preserves health. It is purely Vegetable, and cannot fail to prove beneficial, both to old and young. As a Blood Purifier it is superior to all others. Sold everywhere at \$1.00 a bottle.



**ELY'S CREAM BALM**  
Cleanses the head of CATARRHAL VIRUS, Allays Inflammation, HEALS the SORES, Restores the Senses of Taste and Smell.  
Apply Balm into each nostril.  
ELY BROS., 266 Greenwich St., N. Y.

## ARE YOU IN NEED

☉ A remedy that will cure every kind of humor, from a pimple or slight eruption to the worst scrofula and syphilitic disorders, use **DR. GUYSOTT'S YELLOW DOCK** and **SARSAPARILLA**. Three to five bottles cure Skin Diseases, Salt-Rheum or Tetter. Four to ten bottles cure Running Sores, Ulcers, Scrofula and Syphilitic Diseases. One to three bottles cure Sores, Boils, Carbuncles, Pimples on the Face, Itchy Sensations, etc. It is the most reliable blood cleansing and system strengthening compound that can be made from a thorough knowledge of the medicinal value of various roots and herbs, and is truly Nature's remedy. It is invariably recommended to others by all who have ever given it a trial, and the sale of over a million bottles yearly is altogether due to its healing virtue and blood cleansing power.

## Nutritious Food

Essential as an auxiliary in restoring a consumptive to health, but a remedy that will strengthen and heal the lungs, and soothe irritation of the bronchial tubes, and check the tendency to cough is also necessary. Such a remedy is **Dr. Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry**. It is the only sensible, rational Cough Preparation that can be prescribed, and its timely use has saved many from premature graves.

## WANTED!

Good Second-Hand Newspaper and Job Presses, Paper-Cutters,

and other kinds of printing machinery in exchange for new printing material and paper stock. Give full particulars, and your address.  
**FORT WAYNE NEWSPAPER UNION,**  
55 & 57 E. Columbia St., Ft. Wayne, Ind.

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When I say cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPIL. EMBY or FALLING SICKNESS a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office.  
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**LADY AGENTS** can secure permanent employment at \$30 to \$50 per month selling **Queen City Supporters**. Sample outfit free. Address Cincinnati Suspender Co., 11 E. Ninth St., Cincinnati, O.

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**PENSIONS** COLLECTED and increased by **Fitzgerald & Powell,** Indianapolis, Ind. Old cases reopened. Send for copy of Laws, free.

**PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION**



With a large lumber dealer of Grand Rapids, Mich., was in town over last Sunday. M. T. Bishop has bought over three thousand dollars worth of lumber of this firm in the last few weeks.

Rev. W. W. Lineberry, formerly pastor of the Methodist church at this place, but now located at Indianapolis, was in town for a short time on Saturday. His many friends will be sorry to learn that his health is very poor.

Two men and a bear struck the town last week, but the weather was too cold for out-door performances, and as a consequence their audiences were slim, and the nickels slimer. They claimed to have walked all the way from New York and were going to Wisconsin.

The Garrett Clipper says that this would be a splendid time for Representative Leighty to add to himself a great amount of glory, by introducing a bill to the legislature to have the law governing grand juries revised. Is it possible, that the Clipper man is not aware of the fact that there is no session of the legislature this winter, or does he mean that Mr. Leighty should introduce such a bill after he has been re-elected next fall?

**BRACE UP.**—You are feeling depressed, your appetite is poor, you are bothered with Headache, you are fidgetty, nervous, and generally out of sorts, and want to brace up. Brace up, but not with stimulants, spring medicines, or bitters, which give for their basis very cheap, bad whisky, and which stimulate you for an hour, and then leave you in worse condition than before. What you want is an alternative that will purify your blood, start healthy action of Liver and Kidneys, restore your vitality, and give renewed health and strength. Such a medicine you will find in Electric Bitters, and only 50 cents a bottle at W. C. Patterson's Drug Store.

Quite a large number of the good people of Sodom drove into town Saturday evening, and headed directly for the Methodist parsonage, and before Rev. Langley and family were aware of it, they had taken possession of the house, filled the woodshed full of wood, and left a liberal supply of horse-feed in the barn. The ladies, of course, had not forgotten one of the most essential features, and that was something to eat, and after exchanging friendly greetings with each other, a splendid supper was served, and the remainder of the evening was spent in a sociable and pleasant manner. Such occasions are always profitable, especially so to the recipient, and when we think of the many things that were donated, including a big pile of wood already cut for the stove, it almost makes us wish that we were a preacher, ourself.

Frank and Joe Scholes are at home this week.

Flora Tustison's health is very poor at present.

Emma Abels started for her home in Michigan last Monday.

Henry Saylor fell down cellar and hurt himself quite badly.

There was another hop at Freeman Abels' Wednesday evening.

Wilson Beaber's folks have gone to Hometown to visit his parents.

Perry Beaber was in the neighborhood last Thursday. He is laid up with a sore hand.

This is leap year, and I heard the remark made that there would be a great many weddings.

John Milliman's folks came near having a burn out the other day. The fire got to burning around the stove pipe.

There was a pleasant party at R. G. Coburn's last Friday evening. It was Ida Scholes' and Alva Coburn's birthday.

#### CONCORD.

Little Inez Guyinger has been on the sick list.

Mrs. Huffman's wood chopping was not very largely attended.

Miss Samantha Buchanan visited friends at Mt. Hope last week.

Miss Alice Draggoo was the guest of her aunt Mrs. Clara Reed of Auburn, last week.

Geo. Morr and family are lamenting the loss of a cow that they were fattening for beef.

The social was slimly attended last week on account of the very cold and stormy weather.

Mrs. Lena Rickett has been very sick for the past week, and at present is but very little better.

The young people crowded in at John Smith's last Wednesday evening, surprising him very much; and told him they were there because it was his birthday.

Mrs. Geo. Johnson was so completely taken by surprise last Saturday morning, that she said she did not know what she was about. It was her forty-fifth birthday, and friends flocked in until the house was full. Much credit is due her little son Georgie for the management of the whole affair.

With this issue of the News, we believe, closes our correspondence for one year. Whether the items have been of very great importance or not, we have tried to be faithful in furnishing them, and do not think we have missed many weeks. We have tried to write them correctly, and just as they were told to us, not always being an eye witness. If at any time we have offended any of the News readers we beg pardon, and think there can be some one else chosen to fill the position more acceptably than we have done.

**PIGEON RETREAT.**  
Jack Moody sallied forth one night,  
To call upon his neighbor;  
To chat awhile on women's rights,  
And of the Knight's of Labor.

As on he trudged he wandered what,  
Would be the price of leather?  
For new boots he must likely have,  
If it kept such rainy weather.

His neighbor Shutt he found alone,  
For a wonder at his leisure;  
To talk about the folks at home,  
Which gave Jack greatest pleasure.

Jack talked till nine or ten o'clock,  
Then said he must be going,  
For he must see about his stock,  
Because he saw 'twas snowing.  
His thoughts upon his homeward way,  
Was turned on novel stories;  
He had read about an Indian fray,  
And longed to share its glories.

"I'd fight the chief himself," thought Jack,  
"For I'm brave as a major;  
His scalp from the battle I'd bring back,  
I'm not afraid to wager."

He sat down to think o'er his griefs,  
And dropped off into slumber;  
He dreamed of Indian squaws and chiefs,  
And battles without number.

Meantime Elmer had started out,  
A searching for his brother;  
This state of things was brought about  
By Jack's anxious wife and mother.

Ell wakened Jack, with a deafening shout,  
Jack thought it was a warrior;  
And the way he ran from the frightful spot,  
Would credit a Spencerville lawyer.

He could not be induced to stop,  
Where was the bravery boasted?  
"They'll tie me to a stake tip-top,"  
Thinks Jack, "and I'll be roasted."  
They say, that he is wandering yet,  
Through fields and woods Oh! pity,  
Minerva's afraid she'll have to get,  
Him taken to Indianapolis city.

This one is sad, but shed no tears,  
Perhaps it is a fable;  
But we must write what news we hear  
The best that we are able.

Don't know why, but St. Joe, school-marius are always popular among the school boys of Pigeon's Retreat. Only the other day one of them remarked that the teacher was minus a hair-pin, for he had stolen one to keep for a keep-sake. The rest will be likely to follow suit.

## Talk is Cheap

but the best place to buy Lemons, Oysters, Cranberries, Pickles, Onions, Candies, Canned Goods, Cigars, Tobaccos &c., is at

## Mart Tustison's.



**TRUTH IS MIGHTY AND WILL PREVAIL.**

### LOOK THIS WAY!

I keep on hand a fine line of Furniture, which I will sell for the next 60 days at prices that defy competition. Glass Cupboards \$8.50. Double Canoe Seat and Back Rockers \$2. Dressing Case, with French Plate Glass \$12.00. Carpet Lounge \$6.50. Solid Comfort Beds for \$2.25. Undertaking a specialty.

August Kinsey, St. Joe, Ind.

## New Goods Arriving Daily!

CALL ON US FOR

## BIG BARGAINS.

FULL LINE OF

## LADIES CLOAKS AND WRAPS

**FINE STOCK OF CLOTHING ON HAND.**

**HEATING & COOK STOVES A SPECIALTY.**

**S. & F. BARNEY, ST. JOE, IND.**



## At the Drugstore.

The Finest Candies.  
The Best Cigars and Tobacco.  
Fine Watches, Clocks & Jewelry.  
The Purest Drugs,  
At prices that can't be beat.

## At the Drugstore.

### D. W. & K.,

That stands for Daniels, Wilson & Kagey, proprietors of the Hicksville Full-Roller Flouring Mills; one of the most complete mills in the state. They guarantee satisfaction in every instance. Their old friends as well as all others, will be sure to give them a call when they go to Hicksville.

*Daniels, Wilson & Kagey,*

#### \*LOCALS\*

The meetings at the Lutheran church are being well attended.

The sleighing is good but the weather is most too cold to enjoy it.

Hugh Watt, living north of Concord, fell and broke his arm one day last week.

Jacob Fridt, one of the old substantial farmers of Springfield township, Allen county, made us a pleasant call on Tuesday.

A party of young people from Hicksville drove over on Wednesday evening, and were royally entertained by Mr. and Mrs. Frank Coughanour.

Frank Barney has a new dog he calls by the scriptural name of "Joab." He is a terror to the young men that hang around Frank's front gate.

A sled-load of people from this place drove down to Lew Zeis's, near Maysville on Tuesday evening. They had a jolly sleigh-ride and were pleasantly entertained.

A telegram was received Tuesday, from Michigan, announcing the death of Mrs. Nichols, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Baker, of Concord. The funeral occurred on Wednesday.

A broken wheel caused the wreck of two coal cars near the river bridge at this place yesterday morning. The wreck-train came down from Garrett, and after a short delay of trains, the track was cleared.

The Salvation army struck Waterloo last week.

Rev. Thomas will preach Sunday afternoon at three o'clock.

Harry Meek has been working in Chicago for some time past.

A canning establishment is one of the talk-of new enterprises at the Hub.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Coughanour spent last Sabbath with friends at Hicksville.

Mr. and Mrs. George De Long of Newville, made this office a pleasant call on Friday, of last week.

The political pot is beginning to boil, and conventions are being called for the purpose of organizing for the campaign of next year.

It is said that the cold weather makes the gas pressure at Auburn very light, and the patrons find it difficult to keep their rooms warm.

Foreman Ridgway fell on his thumb last week and strained it quite severely. George should know better than to carry his thumb in his hip pocket.

Another wind mill company is to be organized at Auburn. There's millions in it, but like every thing else, there is a probability of its being over-done.

Art Woodcox says he swore off using tobacco on New Year's day, and hasn't had a chew since. The swelling in Art's right cheek didn't seem to bear him out in his good resolutions.

New cabbages are being offered for sale by the enterprising grocery-men of Hicksville. They were not raised in that vicinity, but were imported from Holland, and are quite expensive.

To live long, it is necessary to live slowly. But that isn't the way things are done now-a-days; everything is hurry-fury, and a person has to get up pretty early in the morning to keep up with the rush of the times.

George Weeks, postmaster at Newville, has resigned the position, and Miss Lizzie Seeley has been appointed to fill the office. Mr. Weeks has been postmaster for several years, and aside from his peculiarities, has given general satisfaction.

Arbuckle, the great coffee producer, was sued for a breach of promise recently, by Miss Campbell, of New York, and a judgement of \$45,000, was rendered in her favor. Probably that has something to do with the present high price of coffee. The old gentleman ought to keep out of such scrapes, and then perhaps he could reduce the price on his coffee.

A fine supper was served at the residence of Elmer Wyatt, near Newville, on Wednesday evening, for the benefit of the U. B. church. Over one hundred persons were present and a most enjoyable time was had. We understand that these socials are to be held quite frequently, and the proceeds are to be used for needed improvements on the interior of their church.

There is considerable petty thieving going on in our neighboring towns, and it would be well for our citizens to keep on the look-out for suspicious characters. Last week two tough looking tramps struck the town and hung around in the vicinity of the depot all day; toward evening George Ridgway told them that the citizens of the place were watching for them, and that only a short time before a man had been shot for breaking into a store, and if they knew when they were well off, they would get up and get. And they got.

## CHANGE OF FIRM!

Owing to certain changes that will take place in our firm on the first of March, we have decided to offer our stock at cost from now until that date. This is a rare opportunity to get goods at a bargain. All Best Prints at 4 and 5 cents. Ladies' Cloaks and Jackets at even less than cost. Clothing at your own price; in fact we want to close out what clothing we have on hand, and will make special low prices on same. Now is your time to buy an Overcoat cheap. Remember this offer only lasts for 60 days. Call at once, to secure best bargains.

CASE & OLDS, St. Joe, Ind.

### NEW

0000000 THE BEST OF FITS, 0000000

## Merchant Tailor,

000000 AT THE LOWEST PRICE, 0000000

### Hicksville, Ohio.

I have opened a Merchant Tailor Establishment in the Center Room of the Correll Block, and I solicit the patronage of the citizens of St. Joe and vicinity. I have a fine line of

#### FINE PIECE GOODS.

and I invite you to call and see them. With good goods, first-class workmen and low prices, I hope to please all. Remember I guarantee a perfect fit in every particular.

### A. Bequilliard,

HICKSVILLE, OHIO.

#### Bucklen's Arnica Salvo.

THE BEST SALVO in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions; and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. PRICE 25 cents per box. For sale by W. C. Patterson.

The Disciple church at Newville has a new seven hundred pound bell.

The W. C. T. U. will meet with Mrs. J. D. Leighty, Thursday, Jan. 26th, 1888, at 2:30 o'clock. All are cordially invited to attend.

Mrs. Anna Dwire and her daughter of Tiffin, Ohio, visited with the family of Charley Widney and other friends in this vicinity, last week.

One of those stinging cold days the fore part of the week, William Simanton came in and purchased three pair of ear muffs. We've been puzzled to know what he wanted with so many, and can't account for it in any other way, than that it took three pair of muffs to cover his ears.

Two men have been stopping at this place this week, and going out in the country, selling dry goods, clothing and notions, and taking notes for same. We know nothing about the parties or their manner of doing business, but as we have said heretofore, we would caution our readers against having anything to do with them whatever. When men offer goods at one third less than wholesale prices, there is a screw loose somewhere.



\*G. A. PATTERSON.\*

at the St. Joe Drugstore, repairs Clocks, Watches and Jewelry. All work warranted and prices reasonable. Give me your work.

### C. V. TANNEHILL.

## DENTIST,

HICKSVILLE, O.

Teeth extracted without pain. Filling teeth with gold or other material, carefully and promptly done. All kinds of artificial teeth made to order and warranted. Rooms over Miller & Jeffries' Hardware, in Casebeer's Block, Hicksville, Ohio.

## The Anchor Mills,

FULL ROLLER,

In every particular, and the farmers reliable place to get their grists ground. We guarantee satisfaction. We keep constantly on hand a supply of mill feed. Our trade is booming, and customers continue to come from far and near to the Anchor

### Full Roller Mills,

HICKSVILLE, OHIO.

#### THEIR BUSINESS BOOMING.

Probably no one thing has caused such a general revival of trade at W. C. Patterson's Drug Store as their giving away to their customers of so many free trial bottles of Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption. Their trade is simply enormous in this very valuable article from the fact that it always cures and never disappoints. Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Bronchitis, Croup, and all throat and lung diseases quickly cured. You can test it before buying by getting a trial bottle free, large size \$1. Every bottle warranted.

There will be an oyster supper in Blair's Hall, Newville, on Thursday evening, Jan. 26th, 1888.

S. & F. Barney bought nearly one thousand dollars worth of clover seed one day last week. On the plan that people generally spend their money where they get it, that, including the other business that was transacted, was a pretty big day's trade for St. Joe.



## DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON.

Second of the "Series to Women" at the  
Tabernacle.

"Marriage for Worldly Success Without  
Regard to Moral Character" the Subject  
Men Who Pretend to Despise Religion  
Are Rank Hypocrites.

BROOKLYN, Jan. 15.—In the Brooklyn Tabernacle this morning the Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D. D., preached the second of the series of sermons to the women of America, with important hints to men. The subject of the sermon was, "Marriage for worldly success without regard to moral character," and the text was from I. Samuel xxv, 2: "And there was a man in Maon, whose possessions were in Carmel, and the man was very great, and he had three thousand sheep and a thousand goats." Dr. Talmage said:

My text introduces us to a drunken bloot of large property. Before the day of safety deposits and government bonds and national banks people had their investments in flocks and herds, and this man, Nabal, of the text, had much of his possessions in live stock. He came also of a distinguished family and had glorious Caleb for an ancestor. But this descendant was a sneak, a churl, a sot, and a fool. One instance to illustrate: It was a wool raising country, and at the time of shearing a great feast was prepared for the shearers; and David and his warriors, who had in other days saved from destruction the threshing floors of Nabal, sent to him asking, in this time of plenty, for some bread for their starving men. And Nabal cried out: "Who is David?" As though an Englishman had said, "Who is Wellington?" or a German should say, "Who is Von Moltke?" or an American should say, "Who is Washington?" Nothing did Nabal give to the starving men, and that night the scoundrel lay dead drunk at home, and the Bible gives us a full-length picture of him sprawling and mandlin and helpless.

Now that was the man whom Abigail, the lovely and gracious and good woman married—a tuberoso planted beside a thistle, a palm branch twined into a wreath of deadly nightshade. Surely that was not one of the matches made in Heaven. We throw up our hands in horror at that wedding. How did she ever consent to link her destinies with such a creature? Well, she no doubt thought that it would be an honor to be associated with an aristocratic family, and no one can dispise a great name. Besides this, wealth would come and with it chains of gold and mansions lighted by swinging lamps of aromatic oil, and resounding with the cheer of banqueters seated at tables laden with wines from the richest vineyards, and fruits from ripest orchards, and nuts threshed from foreign woods, and meats smoking in platters of gold, set on by slaves in bright uniforms. Before she plighted her troth with this dissipated man she sometimes said to herself: "How can I endure him? To be associated for life with such a debauchee I cannot and will not!" But then again she said to herself: "It is time I was married, and this is a cold world to depend on, and perhaps I might do worse, and may be I will make a sober man out of him, and marriage is a lottery anyhow." And when one day this representative of a great house presented himself in a parenthesis of sobriety, and with an assumed geniality and gallantry of manner, and with promises of fidelity and kindness and self-abnegation, a June morning smiled on a March squall, and the great souled woman surrendered her happiness to the keeping of this infamous son of fortune whose possessions were in Carmel; and the man was very great, and he had three thousand sheep and a thousand goats.

Behold here a domestic tragedy repeated every hour of every day all over Christendom—marriage for worldly success without regard to character. So Marie Jeanne Philipon, the daughter of the humble engraver of Paris, became the famous Mme. Roland of history, the vivacious and brilliant girl united with the cold, formal, monotonous man because he came of an affluent family of Amiens and had lordly blood in his veins. The day when, through political revolution, this patriotic woman was led to the scaffold, around which lay piles of human heads that had fallen from the ax, and she said to an aged man whom she had confronted as they ascended the scaffold: "Go first, that you may not witness my death," and then, undaunted, took her turn to die—that day was to her only the last act of a tragedy of which her uncongenial marriage day was the first.

Good and genial character in a man, the very first requisite for a woman's happy marriage. Mistake me not as depreciative of worldly prosperities. There is a religious cant that would seem to represent poverty as a virtue and wealth as a crime. I can take you through a thousand mansions where God is as much worshiped as He ever was in a cabin. The gospel inculcates the virtues which tend toward wealth. In the millennium we will all dwell in palaces and ride in chariots and sit at sumptuous banquets and sleep under rich embroideries and live 400 or 500 years, for, if, according to the Bible in those times, a child shall die 100 years old, the average of human life will be at least five centuries. The whole tendency of sin is

toward poverty, and the whole tendency of righteousness is toward wealth. Godliness is profitable for the life that now is as well as for that which is to come. No inventory can be made of the picture galleries consecrated to God, and of sculpture and of libraries and pillared magnificence and of parks and fountains and gardens in the ownership of good men and women. The two most lordly residences in which I was ever a guest had morning and evening prayers, all the employees present, and all day long there was an air of cheerful piety in the conversation and behavior. Lord Radstock carried the gospel to the Russian nobility. Lord Cavan and Lord Cairns spent their vacation in evangelical services. Lord Congleton became missionary to Bagdad. And the Christ who was born in an Eastern caravansary has again and again lived in a palace.

It is a grand thing to have plenty of money, and horses that don't compel you to take the dust of every lumbering and lazy vehicle; and books of history that give you a glimpse of all the past; and shelves of poetry to which you may go and ask Milton or Tennyson or Spencer or Tom Moore or Robert Burns to stop now and spend an evening with you, and other shelves to which you may go while you feel disgusted with the shame of the world, and ask Thackeray to express your chagrin, or Charles Dickens to express the Pecksniffianism, or Thomas Carlyle to thunder your indignation; or other shelves where the old Gospel writers stand ready to warn and cheer us while they open doors into that city which is so bright the noon-day sun is abolished. There is no virtue in owning a horse that takes four minutes to go a mile, if you can own one that can go in a little over two minutes and a half; no virtue in running into the teeth of a northwest wind with thin apparel, if you can afford furs; no virtue in being poor when you can honestly be rich. There are names of men and women that I have only to mention, and they suggest not only wealth, but religion and generosity and philanthropy, such as Amos Lawrence, James Lennox, Peter Cooper, William E. Dodge, Shaftesbury, Miss Wolfe, and Mrs. Astor. A recent writer says that of fifty leading business men in one of our Eastern cities, and of fifty leading business men of one of our Western cities, three-fourths of them are Christians. The fact is, that about all the brain and the business genius is on the side of religion. Infidelity is incipient insanity. All infidels are cranks. Many of them talk brightly, but you soon find that in their mental machinery there is a screw loose. When they are not lecturing against Christianity they are sitting in bar-rooms squirting tobacco juice, and when they get mad swear till the place is sulphurous. They only talk to keep their courage up, and at best will feel like the infidel who begged to be buried with his Christian wife and daughter, and when asked why he wanted such burial replied: "If there be a resurrection of the good, as some folks say there will be, my Christian wife and daughter will somehow get me up and take me along with them."

Men may pretend to despise religion, but they are rank hypocrites. The sea captain was right when he came up to the village on the sea coast and insisted on paying \$10 to the church, although he did not attend himself. When asked his reason, he said that he had been in the habit of carrying cargoes of oysters and clams from that place, and he found since that church was built the people were more honest than they used to be, for before the church was built he often found the load, when he came to count it, a thousand clams short. Yes, godliness is profitable for both worlds. Most of the great, honest, permanent worldly successes are by those who reverence God and the Bible. But what I do say is, that if a man have nothing but social position and financial resources, a woman who puts her happiness by marriage in his hand re-enacts the folly of Abigail when she accepted disagreeable Nabal, "whose possessions were in Carmel, and the man was very great, and he had three thousand sheep and a thousand goats."

The marriage day comes and goes. The wedding ring was costly enough and the orange blossoms fragrant enough and the benediction solemn enough and the wedding march stirring enough. And the audience shed tears of sympathetic gladness, supposing that the craft containing the two has sailed off on a placid lake, although God knows that they are launched on a Dead sea, its waters brackish with tears and ghastly with ghastly faces of despair floating to the surface and then going down. There they are, the newly-married pair in their new home. He turns out to be a tyrant. Her will is nothing, his will everything. Lavish of money for his own pleasure, he begrudges her the pennies he pinches out into her trembling palm. Instead of the kind words she left behind in her former home, now there are complaints and fault-findings and curses. He is the master and she the slave. The worst villain on earth is the man who, having, captured a woman from her father's house and after the oath of the marriage altar has been pronounced, says, by his manner if not in words: "I have you now in my power. What can you do? My arm is stronger than yours. My voice is louder than yours. My fortune is greater than yours. My name is mightier than yours. Now crouch before

me like a dog. Now crawl away from me like a reptile. You are nothing but a woman, anyhow. Down, you miserable wretch!" Can halls of mosaic, can long lines of Etruscan bronze, or statuary by Palmers and Powers and Crawford and Chantry and Canova, can galleries rich from the pencil of Bierstadt and Church and Kenset and Cole and Cropsey, could flutes played on by an Ole Bull, or pianos fingered by a Gottschalk, or solos warbled by a Sonntag, could wardrobes like that of a Marie Antoinette, could jewels like those of a Eugenie make a wife in such a companionship happy?

Imprisoned in a castle! Her gold bracelets are the chains of a lifelong servitude. There is a sword over her every feast, not like that of Damocles, staying suspended, but dropping through her lacerated heart. Her wardrobe is full of shrouds for deaths which she dies daily, and she is buried alive though buried under gorgeous upholstery. There is one word that sounds under the arches and rolls along the corridors and weeps in the falling fountains and echoes in the shutting of every door and groans in every note of stringed and wind instrument: "Woe! Woe!" The oxen and sheep in olden times brought to the temple of Jupiter to be sacrificed used to be covered with ribbons and flowers—ribbons on the horns and flowers on the neck. But the floral and ribboned decorations did not make the stab of the butcher's knife less deathful, and all the chandeliers you hang over such a woman, and all the robes with which you envelop her, and all the ribbons with which you adorn her, and all the bewitching charms with which you embank her footsteps are the ribbons and flowers of a horrible butchery.

As if to show how wretched a good woman may be in splendid surroundings, we have two recent illustrations, two dual places in Great Britain. They are the focus of the best things that are possible in art, in literature, in architecture, the accumulation of other estates until their wealth is beyond calculation and their grandeur beyond description. One of the castles has a cabinet set with gems that cost \$2,500,000, and the walls of it bloom with Rembrandts and Claudes and Poussins and Gudeons and Raphaels, and there are Southdown flocks in summer grazing on its lawns, and Arab steeds prancing at the doorways on the "first open day at the kennels." From the one castle the duchess has removed with her children because she can no longer endure the orgies of her husband, the duke, and in the other castle the duchess remains confronted by insults and abominations in the presence of which I do not think God or decent society requires a good woman to remain. Alas for those dual country seats! They on a large scale illustrate what on a smaller scale may be seen in many places—that without moral character in a husband all the accessories of wealth are to a wife's soul tantalization and mockery. When Abigail finds Nabal, her husband, beastly drunk, as she comes home from interceding for his fortune and life, it was no alleviation that the old brute had possessions in Carmel, and "was very great, and had three thousand sheep and a thousand goats," and he the worst goat among them. The animal in his nature seized the soul in its mouth and ran off with it.

Before things are right in this world genteel villains are to be expurgated. Instead of being welcomed into respectable society, because of the amount of stars and garters and medals and estates they represent, they ought to be fumigated two or three years before they are allowed, without peril to themselves, to put their hands on the door knob of a moral house. The time must come when a masculine estray will be as repugnant to good society as a feminine estray, and no coat of arms or family emblazonry or epaulet can pass a Lothario unchallenged among the sanctities of home life. By what law of God or common sense is an Absalom better than a Delilah, a Don Juan better than a Messalina? The brush that paints the one black must paint the other black. But what a spectacle it was when last summer much of "watering-place" society went wild with enthusiasm over an unclean foreign dignitary, whose name in both hemispheres is a synonym for profligacy, and princesses of American society from all parts of the land had him ride in their carriages and sit at their tables, though they knew him to be a portable lazaretto, a charnel house of moral putrefaction, his breath a typhoid, his foot that of a Satyr, and his touch death. Here is an evil that men cannot stop, but women may. Keep all such out of your parlors, have no recognition for them in the street, and no more think of allying your life and destiny with theirs than "gales from Araby" would consent to pass the honeymoon with an Egyptian plague. All that money or social position a bad man brings to a woman in marriage is a splendid despair, a gilded horror, a brilliant agony, a prolonged death, and the longer the marital union lasts, the more evident will be the fact that she might better never have been born. Yet you and I have been at brilliant weddings where, before the feast was over, the bridegroom's tongue was thick and his eye glassy and his step a stagger as he clicked glasses with jolly comrades, all going with lightning limited express train to the fatal crash over the embankment of a ruined life and a lost eternity.

Woman, join not your right hand with such a right hand. Accept from such an

one no jewel for finger or ear, lest that sparkle of precious stone turn out to be the eye of a basilisk, and let not the ring come on the finger of your right hand lest that ring turn out to be one link in a chain that shall bind you in never ending captivity. In the name of God and Heaven and home, in the name of all time and all eternity I forbid the banns! Consent not to join one of the many regiments of women who have married for worldly success without regard to moral character.

If you are ambitious, oh woman, for noble affiancing, why not marry a king? And to that honor you are invited by the Monarch of Heaven and earth, and this day a voice from the skies sounds forth: "As the bridegroom rejoiceth over the bride so shall thy God rejoice over thee." Let him put upon thee the ring of this royal marriage. Here is an honor worth reaching after. By repentance and faith you may come into a marriage with the Emperor of universal dominion, and you may be an empress unto God forever, and reign with Him in palaces that the centuries cannot crumble or cannonade or demolish.

High worldly marriage is not necessary for woman or marriage of any kind in order to your happiness. Celibacy has been honored by the best being that ever lived and his greatest apostle, Christ and Paul. What higher honor could single life on earth have? But what you need, oh woman, is to be affianced forever and forever, and the banns of that marriage I am this moment here, and now ready to publish. Let the angels of Heaven lend from their galleries of light to witness while I pronounce you one—a loving God and a forgiven soul. One of the most stirring passages in history with which I am acquainted tells us how Cleopatra, the exiled queen of Egypt, won the sympathies of Julius Caesar, the conqueror, until he became the bridegroom and she the bride. Driven from her throne, she sailed away on the Mediterranean Sea in a storm, and when the large ship anchored she put out with one womanly friend in a small boat until she arrived at Alexandria, where was Caesar, the great general. Knowing that she would not be permitted to land or pass the guards on the way to Caesar's palace, she laid upon the bottom of the boat some shawls and scarfs and richly-dyed upholstery, and then lay down upon them, and her friend wrapped her in them and she was admitted ashore in this wrapping of goods, which was announced as a present for Caesar. This bundle was permitted to pass the guards of the gates of the palace, and was put down at the feet of the Roman general. When the bundle was unrolled there rose before Caesar one whose courage and beauty and brilliancy are the astonishment of the ages. This exiled Queen of Egypt told the story of her sorrows, and he promised her that she should get back her throne in Egypt and take the throne of widely dominion in his own heart. Afterward they made a triumphal tour in a barge that the pictures of many art galleries have called "Cleopatra's Barge," and that barge was covered with silken awning, and its deck was soft with luxuriant carpets, and the oars were silver tipped, and the prow was gold mounted, and the air was redolent with the spicery of tropical gardens and resonant with the music that made the night glad as the day. You may rejoice, oh woman, that you are not a Cleopatra, and that the one to whom you may be affianced had none of the sins of Caesar, the conqueror. But it suggests to me how you, a soul exiled from happiness and peace, may find your way to the feet of the conqueror of earth and sky. Though it may be a dark night of spiritual agitation in which you put out into the harbor of peace you may sail, and when all the wrappings of fear and doubt and sin shall be removed you will be found at the feet of Him who will put you on a throne, to be acknowledged as His in the day when all the silver trumpets of the sky shall proclaim: "Behold the bridegroom cometh," and in barge of light you sail with Him the river whose source is the foot of the throne and whose mouth is at the sea of glass mingled with fire.

### Vermont's Monument at Bennington.

For more than ten years the people of Vermont have been assiduously laboring to secure the erection of a monument to commemorate the victory of Gen. Stark, August 16, 1777, that should not only worthily symbolize the great importance of the event commemorated, but also the determined character of the men who achieved it and the gratitude of their descendants. It is also worthy of praise that in order to assure the speedy completion of the monument that the "Bennington Battle Monument Association" have secured the funds and deposited them in the Treasury of the State for the completion of the walls and are now erecting upon a foundation of solid rock a structure, plain and simple, 301 feet high, on one of the beautiful hills of the Green Mountain State, upon which were deposited the "Continental stores" which the attempt of Gen. Burgoyne to possess gave birth to the battle it commemorates.

A WELL-KNOWN detective—cloves.







## PARADISE ON EARTH.

*A Model Alabama City Without Debt, Drunkenness, and Other Vices.*  
(Cincinnati Enquirer.)

"There are more men at work—they are paid better wages, they have better homes—there is more cash invested in Anniston than in any other city of its size in America."

So says every man in this little city under the eaves of the Blue Ridge, and so the local statistics prove. There has been wonderful progress made in Alabama during the last five years, but at no one spot, with the possible exception of Birmingham, has it compared with Anniston. It is a place which has grown from a borough, or village, or one or two stores and two furnaces to a city of 9,000 people, and a mercantile center, with twelve or fourteen furnaces and some of the largest industries in the South, in about four years. Four years ago it was a mere dot in the valley, with its two furnaces, its one store, its one line of railroad, its handful of blacks and whites. To-day it will take you hours to traverse the streets and count up the business places and industries, and the population pushes and elbows you at every turn.

The agriculture of this valley would alone support a tidy little city and gradually improve the fortunes of all, and this fact is the basis upon which many a stranger has made an investment. Barren hillsides and unfruitful plains and valleys will fight the growth of a city as does the annual recurrence of an epidemic.

Imagine a city without debt; hundreds of homes without mortgage; dozens of industries which went into operation clear of creditors, thousands of workmen receiving their hard cash every Saturday night, and you have a picture of Anniston. With nearly \$12,000,000 cash invested here in enterprises, not one company owes a dollar which it cannot draw its check to cancel. If there is anything owing here it is from the workmen who have purchased lots or homes and are paying for them in instalments, finding it a sure and easy way to get a roof of their own over the heads of wife and children.

A city which owes no man a dollar, industries which are clear of debt, may be plucked a little now and then by the stringency of the money market, but there can be no such thing as hard times.

Now add to this novel state of financial affairs the fact that Anniston is absolutely without drink or drunkards, her workmen never strike and her record of crimes and offences scarcely includes anything graver than assault and battery or petty thieving. Add, also, that the city government is in the hands of men who have the confidence of the people, and that never a penny is misapplied nor suspicion directed against an official. She has churches and schools for all, and if not aptly and justly called "The Model City," then there is nothing in a name. I speak of it as a novel state of affairs. It is unfortunate for the country that we have so few towns in which these novelties exist. Neither the saloon-keeper nor the demagogue can find rest for his foot here. The 6,500 laboring men save at least \$5,000 per week which go into saloons in other localities. The consequence of all this is that the homes of the working class in Anniston have a distinctive feature of their own—have more comforts and refinement than are to be met with among a like class elsewhere. When a workman is getting ahead he is content. All the orators in the Knights of Labor party might come here and spout their eloquence for a week without making a convert or bringing on a strike. The laboring people are not only paid the best wages, but are paid promptly, and they have no grievances. What the saloons have taken from them—because there are no saloons—has given them

bank accounts and many of the luxuries of life. It is not a week ago that six pianos were sold here in one day to workmen, paid for with the "beer money" which other mechanics throw to the dogs. Such being the case, it is plain that Anniston is, beyond almost all other new cities of the South, the place where the workman may safely, wisely, and happily "pitch his tent."

## CURRENCY OF THE CANNIBAL ISLANDS.

Mr. Walter Coote has described some curious moneys of the New Hebrides and Solomon Islands. On one of the islands he noticed a neatly-kept house, which he was told was the money-house. Entering it, he found a number of maps hanging from the roof, beneath which a fire was constantly kept up, under the effect of which they become covered with a black, glistening coating and adorned with festoons of soot. It was a man's business to keep the fire always burning, and so low as not to scorch the maps. A well-colored map is worth about as much as a well-grown, vigorous boar. This is the strangest of all kinds of money, for it must never be taken from the money house, even when the title of it is transferred from one owner to another. The inhabitants of Santa Cruz Island use for money rope-ends, about an inch thick, and ornamented with scarlet feathers, which are worn about the waist. The traveler could not obtain new coins of this kind, but found them current everywhere. The specimens he bought were already old, and the feathers grown dingy. The money of the Solomon Islands consists of neatly-worked pieces of shell of about the size of our shirt-buttons. They are strung on strings about four yards long, and are distinguished under the names of red and white money. Dog teeth are of higher value, and comparable to our gold coins. They are usually worn on a string around the neck. Mr. Coote saw a necklace of this kind that was valued at about \$100. Marble rings are also worn on the breast for ornaments, and as valuable money.

## A FIENDISH PROPOSAL.

"Be mine, dearest Angelina," exclaimed Roland De Vere, the handsome young dry goods clerk, as he dropped on his knees at the feet of Angelina St. Clair; "be mine and make me the happiest man the world contains."

"Are you sure you love me?" murmured Angelina as she gently swayed her ninety-nine cent fan and glanced half bashfully, half coquettishly at the ardent youth prone at her feet.

"Love you, Angelina? I would do anything for you. Be mine and I will do your shopping for you, match your ribbons, your sewing silks—"

"Sir," exclaimed Angelina, drawing herself up haughtily and fixing upon him a stony glare, "this is the proof of your love, is it? This is what you would do for me? 'Ha! Do my shopping! match my ribbons, my sewing silk!' and she laughed a low, demoniacal laugh that made his flesh creep. "Do my shopping! Deprive me of one of the greatest pleasures of my life, nay, the greatest—the solace, the joy of a woman's existence! Fiend!" she hissed, looking majestic in her wrath, while the eyes erst brimful of tenderness emitted flashes of indignant flame. "Fiend, wretch, demon, begone!"

And Roland De Vere retired with such precipitation that he overturned a "what-not" and smashed to smithereens a crooked-neck bust of Shakespeare, the man who, it will be remembered, was so long supposed to be the author of the plays of Bacon.

Roland De Vere will in the future beware of arousing a woman's wrath by such a fiendish proposal as to do her shopping for her. —*Boston Courier.*

## FIRST ASCENT OF MONT BLANC.

Horace Benche de Saussure was born in 1740; and at an early age he was the associate of such men as Pictet, the astronomer; Bonnet, the philosopher and mathematician, and Albrecht Haller, of Berne. At the age of 19, when still a student at the Geneva Academy, he wrote a work on the "Nature of Fire." Becoming acquainted with the investigations of J. Pitton de Tournefort and the great Linnaeus, the young professor of mathematics commenced the study of botany. In 1762 he became professor of philosophy. About the same time electricity began to engage the attention of scientists of the period. After studying the works of Franklin, Volta, and Nollet, Saussure invented, in 1784, a portable electrometer, which he used in his investigations of aerial electricity. Saussure was a great traveler, and in 1768 he visited France, Belgium, and England. The year 1772 found him in the scientific circles of Paris. Subsequently he traveled in Italy, visiting Tuscany, the Italian Islands, and Rome, where he was historian, antiquary, naturalist and artist at the same time. He then proceeded to Naples and Sicily, the craters of which supplied scientific work for him. Everywhere he carried with him his meteorological and hygrometrical instruments and the indispensable hammer, collecting whatever seemed interesting to him. On returning from his travels he collected his experiences and gave them to the world.

Saussure's great merit consists in his study of the Alps, in which branch of investigation he was the pioneer, taking observations on air pressure, temperature, light, and electricity on their heights, which are still used at the present day. At the opening of the eighteenth century a perfect travel fever seized upon savants and the latter gradually penetrated into the Alpine world. The Alps of Savoy were the least known. The fertile and beautiful valley of the Arve was visited from Geneva, but the valley of Chamouni, lying at the foot of Mont Blanc, remained almost a closed book. And yet this valley is one of the most wonderful of the Alps. It is far from any route of communication, almost isolated, tending in a direction from northeast to southwest; from twenty to twenty-five miles long and only about a mile wide. It is watered by the Arve, and bounded on the northeast by the Col de Balme, on the southwest by the Lacha and Vaudagne, on the north by the Brevant and the chain of the Aiguilles range and by Mont Blanc (15,732 feet.) The village of Chamouni, which at that time was inhabited by chamois hunters and shepherds, was poor and but little known. In the summer of 1841 two Englishmen (Pocock and Wyndham) penetrated into the obscure valley and made it known to the world. From that time the number of visitors increased. Twenty years later two Englishmen made the first attempt on Mont Blanc, but did not reach the region of snow. Saussure, in his eagerness to study the Alps, also paid a visit to the valley, and ascended, within a radius of about two hundred and fifty square miles of the Alpine world, a number of peaks of average height. On August 1 to 3, 1787, finally, he made, in company with his servant and eighteen experienced guides, the first successful ascent of Mont Blanc. —*Chambers' Journal.*

"Do you mean to tell me," she asked, "that you are deliberately going to shoot little birds and timid, inoffensive animals?" "No, ma'am," he replied, "I will not go as far as to say that. If I have my usual luck I shall shoot nothing but my gun." —*Harper's Bazar.*

CERTAINLY the most likely place for a fisherman to get a bite would be at the mouth of the river

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